

UNDINE.

By W. L. COURTNEY.

CHARACTERS.

UNDINE.	FISHERMAN'S WIFE.
COUNT HULDBRAND OF RINGSTETTEN.	BERTALDA'S FOSTER-PARENTS.
BERTALDA.	SHEPHERD.
FATHER HEILMANN.	THREE BEGGARS.
FISHERMAN.	A BLIND MAN.

COURTIERS, ATTENDANTS, CROWD, ETC.

ACT I. INTERIOR OF FISHERMAN'S COTTAGE.

ACT II. HALL OF CASTLE OF RINGSTETTEN.

ACT III. A MOUNTAIN GORGE NEAR RINGSTETTEN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Interior of FISHERMAN'S cottage. There is a staircase coming down R. Fireplace C. Windows L.C. Doors R. and L. Spinning-wheel R. of fireplace. FISHERMAN'S WIFE spinning R. of fireplace. FISHERMAN enters by door L. Gust of wind. He closes the door, comes to fireplace, then to window and back again. Outside the wind is blowing and rattling the windows, and the rain is falling fast.

FISHERMAN. It is many years since we had such a storm—not since Undine came to us. And the water is rising all round, and cutting us off from the mainland. It makes one uneasy and restless. Where is Undine? How can you sit there, wife, hour after hour, as though nothing was happening—as though nothing was going to happen?

WIFE. No one can alter fate. [*She goes on spinning.*]

FISH. Oh, I have not your patience. You sit there, just as you have sat for years—spinning, spinning, spinning. And the world is altering all the time. So many mornings and evenings come and pass away; and the sun rises and sets, and the stars come out: and each day something is happening which may change all our lives. I am very uneasy and restless to-night. I feel that some change is coming. I feel it in my bones.

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WIFE. Well, husband, if it has to come, it will come. You can do nothing but wait and receive at Fate's hands whatever Fate has to give you.

UNDINE. [*coming down stairs, gaily singing.*]

Where is the Sea-King's home?
There where the great fish roam,
In the heart of the deep sea's foam,
There is the Sea-King's home. . . .

Arkël, Sibol, Harald, Kühleborn! I hear you! I hear you! [*dances round FISHERMAN'S WIFE and kisses her.*] I am coming, I am coming! [*goes to window.*]

FISH. Where are you going, Undine? It is not a night for you to leave the house.

UNDINE. [*laughs*] Why not? It is a night when all my kinsmen are abroad! Arkël, Sibol . . . [*She opens the window.*]

FISH. Hark, how the winds are howling and the rain . . . the rain!

UNDINE. Yes [*shutting window*], they are riding the wings of the rain! and I hear them calling for me . . . their voices are tossed along the paths of the storm! I am coming! I am coming! [*She goes to door.*]

FISH. [*coming up to her*] Undine, do not leave us!

UNDINE. [*blowing a kiss to him*] Only for a little while! I am the child of the storm! [*Sings a few notes and then goes out laughing.*]

[*FISHERMAN goes to door—looks after her—then shuts the door with a sigh and comes to fireplace.*]

FISH. All the spirits of evil are in the air. I can hear them muttering their spells. They whisper and whisper, and then they do the mischief which God allows. Hark, what was that? [*he crosses himself devoutly*] I thought I heard a cry. Undine! [*there comes a splash of water against the window panes, followed by a wild laugh*] Undine! Come back! Come home!

WIFE. She will not come. She loves the storm. She is the daughter of the winds and waves.

FISH. No, no, she is our daughter—yours and mine, wife. It is time she gave up her impish tricks. She is no longer so young as when we found her. She is no more a child. [*He goes to the door and calls.*] Undine! Come home!

VOICE IN DISTANCE. No—no—I am happy here! [*Laughter.*]

[*FISHERMAN shuts door.*]

WIFE. She will never be our daughter, husband. She is not of our kith and kin. Is it red blood that flows in her veins? I do not know, nor do you. What is it that is wanting in her face? Something which others have, men and women like ourselves, but she has it not. She has strange, uncanny ways. Can she be warm and loving and kind? Can she love? I do not know, nor do you.

FISH. She will be our daughter, I tell you, if you only give her time. She will forget all her wild kindred and no longer be the sister of winds and waves. And when she loves a man, as woman loves, then the something you speak of will come into her face, and we shall be proud of her, and have little grandchildren at our knees . . .

WIFE. I think not, I think not. She does not come to you when you call. Call her, she will not obey!

FISH. Hark, what was that? I thought I heard a cry. It is the second time I have heard a cry. [*He goes to the window: there is a knock at the door.*]

THE VOICE OUTSIDE. Let me in, let me in, for the love of God!

FISH. Shall I open, shall I open the door, good wife?

WIFE. Better not. It is Kühlehorn, it may be, Kühleborn, spirit of evil, disguised in some mad shape, come to mock at us.

FISH. But it may be some Christian soul. Yet who can be abroad on so wild a night? [*The knocking is repeated, and the same voice.*]

WIFE. It may be fate, good husband, knocking at our doors. One must open the door when fate knocks.

FISH. [*going to door*] Come in, come in. I pray God all may be well.

[*Enter KNIGHT HULDBRAND, wet from the storm.*]

HULD. I thank you, good friends. Peace be with you. I am worn and wasted with travel and I would fain rest awhile, if I may. Good Lord, how the wind blows to-night! [*He shivers.*]

WIFE. Come to the fire and welcome, sir. It is ill to be abroad in storms like these.

[*HULDBRAND throws off cloak, and comes towards fire.*]

FISH. We ask no questions, sir. We give all we can, warmth and shelter.

WIFE. Nay, but we can give some poor morsel to eat, if the Knight be hungry.

HULD. I am hungry, good mother—and cold and wet. [*Sits down.*]

[*The FISHERMAN bestirs himself to put bread and cheese and beer from a cupboard on the table, the KNIGHT watching him awhile, and then gazing into the fire abstractedly.*]

HULD. [*after a moment's pause*] You have not asked my name, good friends, but I owe it to you and to your hospitality to tell you. I am Count Huldrand of Ringstetten—perchance you know the castle?

FISH. Ay, ay. I have heard of it.

HULD. But what a forest! What a forest! [*Looks into the fire, gloomily.*]

FISH. You lost your way in our forest, sir?

HULD. Yes . . . All the devils of the air are abroad to-night!

WIFE. Ay, ay. They ride the horses of the wind, and the spirits of the forest come to meet them. Trouble and woe, trouble and woe for those who have to pass them, when they are at play!

HULD. [*shudders*] And the voices, and the whisperings, and the thunder of their laughter! I was mad to try the journey.

FISH. A task was set you, sir?

HULD. No—well, in one fashion, yes. I was bidden by the lady, Bertalda, the queen of the tourney, to pass through the forest. I could not be her liege-knight if I did not accept her challenge. But it was a fool's errand I was sent upon. I lost my horse, for he was frightened and threw me, and galloped into the night. And I was forced to make my way as best I could on foot. It was a fool's errand—just to win a lady's smile. May I eat, good mother?

FISH. Ay, sir, eat and drink. It is humble fare, but you are welcome.

[*The KNIGHT eats silently and there is silence. Suddenly there is a splash of water on the window panes and a peal of laughter. The KNIGHT starts.*

HULD. What was that?

FISH. Nay, sir, do not start. It is only my wild madcap of a daughter, playing us one of her tricks.

HULD. Your daughter? And abroad such a night as this?

FISH. Yes, our daughter, Undine. She has ever been fond of some roguery. But I would that she would come back home.

WIFE. She is not of our kith and kin, Sir Knight. We lost our own bairn, and heavy was our sorrow. Then was this child, Undine, found asleep on the edge of the lake. And we took her, and have brought her up as our own. But in nature she belongs not to us but to the waters whence she came. Undine, the child of the wave.

FISH. Come, come, good wife. She will grow to be our very own, in time. She is but seventeen, as yet. And dearer to us every year that passes. [*Goes to the window, open it and listens.*] But I would fain see her face and know that she is safe. Undine! Undine!

HULD. It cannot be well that she should be out and abroad to-night.

FISH. I am going out to find her, good wife. I cannot sleep in peace, if she be not returned.

HULD. And I will go with you and help you.

FISH. Nay, sir, I would not trouble you. You have had walking enough to-night.

HULD. I am stronger now. Come, Fisherman, we will find her. [*Puts on cloak and hat and they go out together.*]

WIFE. [*Left alone puts away the eatables in the cupboard and then goes on spinning.*] We do not know when Fate comes to our doors, for she comes in many guises. But she must always come in . . . there are no bolts and bars that will keep her out. As I sit here and spin I think of many things, and sometimes I know when Fate's moment has arrived. Dark and strange is the forest, and dark and strange the figure which moves through it . . . moving, moving to our doors. What will the morrow bring? That which is born of to-day. It is fated, it cannot be altered.

[*A chorus outside sings softly :*

High in the spaces of sky
Reigns inaccessible Fate :
Yields she to prayer or to cry ?
Answers she early or late ?

Change and re-birth and decay,
Dawning and darkness and light—
Creatures they are of a day,
Lost in a pitiless night.

Men are like children who play
Unknown by an unknown sea :
Centuries vanish away—
She waits—the eternal She.

Nay, but the Gods are afraid
Of the hoary Mother's nod;
They are of things that are made,
She the original God.

They have seen dynasties fall
In ruin of what has been :
Her no upheavals appal—
Silent, unmoved and serene.

Silent, unmoved, and serene,
Reigns in a world uncreate,
Eldest of Gods and their Queen,
Featureless, passionless Fate.

[Puts away spinning wheel and exits to her room.]

SCENE II.

[Enter KNIGHT HULDBRAND, with UNDINE. Both are wet with the rain, and UNDINE's hair is blown about her face. UNDINE very quiet, with large wistful eyes.]

HULD. I have found you, Undine. . . . I have found you at last.

UNDINE. Yes, you have found me. You were always sure to find me, for I have known you a long time past!

HULD. But how can that be, Undine? I knew your name, for your foster-father has told me, and your strange, wild history. But how do you know me? I have never seen you before, nor have you seen me.

UNDINE. I do not know your name—but that does not matter. What is your name?

HULD. Huldbrand—the Count Huldbrand, who lives in the castle of Ringstetten.

UNDINE. Huldbrand, Huldbrand. I will try to remember your name. But your name does not matter. I have known you a long time.

HULD. No, no, Undine . . . that is impossible.

UNDINE. Does it seem to you so strange? But I have dreamt of you, and dreams tell the truth.

HULD. When have you dreamt of me, Undine?

UNDINE. Oh, deep down in the blue waters, where all my childhood was spent. There were miles and miles of blue sea above me, and all my fathers and brothers and kinsmen were round me, and Kühleborn used to watch me with his big eyes.

HULD. Who is Kühleborn?

UNDINE. Hush! . . . you must not speak his name. He is my uncle, and he never liked me to dream, because he knew that in dreams I ceased

to belong to the sea. Dreams always take one into another world and then one gets restless. All love of change is born of dreams. And if one desires change, then the old world slips away and the new thing happens to one—the strange new thing which is to give one a soul! . . .

HULD. What do you mean, Undine?

UNDINE. They told me I had no soul, it was Kühleborn who told me. "You have no soul, Undine," he said, "what is the good of dreaming?" And I said, "But it is a soul I want, why should I not dream?" And he used to shake his head and turn away. But for me the passion grew stronger and stronger, the passion for the new thing, the passion for a soul. And it was you whom I saw, you who were to give me a soul. That is why I have come up out of the deep waters to find you. . . . Long time have I known you, Huldbrand—

HULD. You are very beautiful, Undine.

UNDINE. Can one be beautiful if one has no soul? I do not think so. The soul must look out of the eyes. In the deep world below the waters there are many shapes and bodies and limbs which are beautiful, but no beautiful faces, no beautiful eyes . . . they are all soulless . . .

HULD. You are more beautiful than the women of my world, Undine.

UNDINE. The women of your world, Huldbrand? Are they beautiful? Tell me of them . . . I have only seen my foster-mother [*laughs*]. Have you seen many fair women, Huldbrand?

HULD. Yes, Undine.

UNDINE. Fairer than I am?

HULD. Yes. . . . I do not know . . .

UNDINE. Beautiful women? Have you seen one most beautiful woman? For to all of us there must be one most beautiful thing—that for which the body is athirst and the heart craves. I saw that in my dream—a face and a body like yours, Huldbrand. And that is why I knew you when you came. But you—have you seen the one most beautiful woman?

HULD. I do not know, Undine—perhaps—I thought so—once.

UNDINE. You thought so once? When did you think so? Tell me about her. What was her name?

HULD. Never mind about her. Let us speak about you.

UNDINE. No, no, I want to know her name. Should I like her? I do not think I should like her.

HULD. Her name was Bertalda.

UNDINE. Bertalda—it is a beautiful name. But I do not like her. Why do I not like her? Was she good to you? Do you love her?

HULD. I do not know—perhaps.

UNDINE. Whose are those colours you are wearing? Are they Bertalda's?

HULD. [*smiling*] Yes. . . . But . . .

UNDINE. [*takes his hand and puts her teeth to it*] I hate her . . . I hate Bertalda! [*Her manner gets wilder.*]

HULD. Oh, little cat! Why did you bite me?

UNDINE. [*gets up and goes away from him*] What did Bertalda make you do? For all women make men do something. What did Bertalda make you do?

HULD. You hurt me, Undine. Why did you bite me?

UNDINE. Because I hate Bertalda. What did she make you do?

HULD. She made me come through the forest. She was the queen of the tourney, and I wore her colours and had to do what she ordained. And she challenged me to go alone through the enchanted forest. But the forest brought me to you, Undine.

UNDINE. Ah, yes, the forest! I knew what must have happened to you there. You had a strange time in the forest! [*waltzing with slow steps.*] Many of my kinsmen were round you, Arkël and Sibol and Harald, and—Kühleborn! They were round you all the time, and they teased you! [*Laughs.*]

HULD. Yes—yes . . . but it is over now.

UNDINE. [*still moving in slow dancing steps*] I heard them calling, calling all night. The spirit of storm, and the spirit of the trees, and the spirit of the waters. I knew that they were holding high revels. And once the voices were so loud that I went out, but they would not listen to me. And again, a little later, I heard them crying—"He is coming! He is coming! But Undine must not know! Stop him! Stop him! Bind him with your chains! Let him never get out of the forest, lest Undine should see him and love him!" I heard them plainly enough. [*Stops dancing.*] But it was fated that you should come here, and that I should see you, and that I should love you. [*Sings.*]

There was a kingdom fair to see,
But pale, so pale, with never a rose:
The cold wind blows across the lea,
Westward the pale sun goes.

There was a maiden, soft and dear,
But pale, so pale, with never a rose:
Each quivering eyelid holds a tear,
Sea-ward her sad heart goes . . .

[*Ends with almost a sob.*]

You will not go away again, Huldbrand? [*Comes and sits down again.*]

HULD. No—I shall not go away again.

UNDINE. You will not leave me?

HULD. No. I shall not leave you.

UNDINE. Am I beautiful, am I beautiful, Huldbrand?

HULD. Yes, yes.

UNDINE. More beautiful than all? More beautiful than—Bertalda?
[*Comes over to him and puts her hand on his shoulder.*]

HULD. Yes. Put your face near mine. Ah, you are beautiful, Undine! You are like the spring coming over the fields. You are the dawn coming over the waters. You are the first star that shines when the sun has gone down and the twilight creeps over the land. You are the flower of the earth, the fine-spun foam of the sea! You are beautiful—beautiful!
UNDINE. Do you love me—do you love me, Huldbrand?

HULD. Yes, I love you, Undine. Put your face close to me—close. Your mouth—give me your mouth. Your sweet, full lips. Ah!—[*He kisses her.*] Why do you tremble, dear?

UNDINE. I love you, Huldbrand—I shall always love you. [*She kisses him.*]

SCENE III.

[*Enter FISHERMAN with a priest, PRIEST HEILMANN, both very wet. UNDINE goes forward to greet the FISHERMAN.*]

FISH. Undine [*embraces her*], you have come back, thank the good Lord for his mercies. I knew you would come back [*turning to KNIGHT*]. You found her, Sir Knight? Nay, you might have let me know. I searched long and far, and all in vain!

HULD. And I only went down to the little river, and there on the opposite bank was Undine. I crossed the river—though she waved me back, for she knew the current to be strong—and the waves tore and tugged at me as I waded across. But I would not have Undine touch the water again.

FISH. You carried her over the water? [*the KNIGHT assents.*] And you, Undine . . . are you glad to be home? You have made me very anxious to-night.

UNDINE. Yes, I am glad to be home. [*She is very quiet throughout this scene. She sits in a corner of the room, watching everyone with big thoughtful eyes.*]

HULD. But you, too, have found some one? [*indicating the PRIEST.*]

FISH. Yes. Come forward to the fire, Priest Heilmann. Your dress is dripping with to-night's storm.

PRIEST. It is a good deed you have done in that you saved me to-night. I thought to die in the forest. But God was good to me. Perhaps he hath still some work for his servant to do [*looks at KNIGHT and UNDINE*].

FISH. Come, let us draw close to the fire, all of us. My old wife, I take it, has gone to bed. But we can talk awhile. Take some food and drink [*the PRIEST shakes his head*]. The storm is dying down, I think.

PRIEST. Nay, still the clouds press low upon the earth, and the wind is still moaning round the eaves of the cottage, and the waters are running in mad course—the waters which divide us from the mainland, and bring us nearer this strange lake. The lake, too, is full of voices. What do they say to you, Fisherman? What do they say to you, Sir Knight?

FISH. To me they say that Undine is returned.

HULD. And to me that Undine is won.

PRIEST. And to me that God hath still some work for his servant to do. Nay, what was that?

[*There is a burst of rain upon the window, which forces it open. All of them sit still and look fearfully out into the darkness.*]

UNDINE *slowly rises, and remains standing, spell-bound.*
The voice of KÜHLEBORN is heard singing.

[KÜHLEBORN *sings.*]

A night of storm
 And a night of woe !
 And the sailors bold
 And the ships of old
 Are hidden and buried for aye
 In the deep sea's mystery—
 Long, long ago !

 The ships are torn
 And the men are dead :
 And their names are lost
 And their bones are tost
 Hither and thither, to and fro,
 Where no man may see and no man know—
 I' the deep sea's bed !

HULD. Whose voice was that ?

UNDINE. It was Kühleborn's. [*She goes over to the window, muttering some words, and moving her arms. The window closes again. The PRIEST holds up the cross hanging on his girdle.*]

PRIEST. There is witchery here. Devil or angel, man or fiend, I bid thee leave us. . . . I ban thee from our sight. . . .

FISH. Nay, Father, we hear many such sounds, night and day. I pray you, be not concerned. For Undine knows how to govern these spirits. She talks to them in their own tongue, and they obey. Draw nearer the fire. The whole night has been alive with voices.

HULD. Ay, that is true. [*He shudders.*]

PRIEST. And for me it hath been a night of peril and of trial. The devil in many shapes hath been at my side: and strange, muttering shapes of temptation and sin have plucked at my girdle. . . . Not only storm and wind and rain have buffeted me. These I could bear. But hell hath been let loose and all Satan's messengers have been abroad. Fiends have sate upon the back of winds, and the thunder hath echoed words of fearful blasphemy. . . . Is my penance complete, O God, is my penance complete ?

[UNDINE *looks at him with wonder.*]

FISH. What is your penance, good Father ?

HULD. Is there some sin for which you have had to atone ? Tell us, if your lips be not sealed.

[UNDINE *comes forward with her eyes fixed on the PRIEST, and sits by the side of the KNIGHT on the ground, with her head resting against his knee.*]

PRIEST. Ay, I will tell you. For it is ill to bear a burden alone. Seven days ago I set out from a convent, because for me there was no longer a life within its holy walls. Only by suffering could I redeem what I had done. I had failed to save a soul.

UNDINE. Failed to save a human soul? [*She watches him intently.*]

PRIEST. An old man was dying, and to me it had been ordered to take to him the holy elements ere he died. I was to be with him at eleven—no later, for he was sinking fast, and I had some journey to travel ere I could reach him. But at ten deep sleep overcame me, I know not from what cause. And when I awoke at last and hurried to his side, it was too late. He was dead. His soul had gone unshriven to the other world, and the fault was mine, the fault was mine! Eternally mine! [*He covers his face with his hands.*]

HULD. Nay, but we cannot help the tyranny of sleep.

PRIEST. Sir Knight, can a man win the whole world if the cost be the loss of a soul? The fault was mine, the sin was grievous. There could be no excuse or pardon for a sin like this. Many waters will not wash away the deep stain of wilful transgression.

HULD. And the penance, Father?

PRIEST. The abbot bade me wander forth on a hopeless quest. I was to seek through all the land, nor ever rest by day or night in the shelter of a home, until I had given a soul—given a soul in compensation for the soul I had lost. Is this not a hopeless task? For where and how can I give that with which all human beings are born—God's gracious gift of a soul, which lifts us from the brute? Nay, even now I am wrong to linger here. I may not take shelter in a home, till my task be done. And that, alas, it can never be! Woe is me, for I am undone, for ever and ever! God's penance is harder than I can bear!

[*He rises slowly from his seat with a deep sigh. UNDINE goes over to him and lays her hand on his arm.*]

UNDINE. Holy Father, what is a soul?

FISH. Hear the child! What is a soul? Why, we all know that! Nay, mind her not, Father.

HULD. But let the child speak, and let the Father answer. What is a soul?

PRIEST. Ah, my child, I can only tell in part. It is that by which we live in this world and that by which we hope to live in the world to come. God gives it to us that we may be removed from the beasts that perish, and that we may know Him. . . .

UNDINE. Does it hurt, the soul?

FISH. Why, what means this strange question? How can the soul hurt? Hush, hush, Undine. . . .

HULD. I think I know what Undine means. . . . Is it true that things have more power to hurt us because we have a soul?

PRIEST. Ay, ay. Evil can hurt us, because we have a soul. Passion and sin can stain our lives, remorse can sting our conscience, because we have a soul. But. . . .

UNDINE. Is it to be hurt, to be stained, to be stung. . . .?

PRIEST. My child, it hath been so ordained, that by suffering men should become good.

UNDINE. Can one love without a soul? [*Looking away from PRIEST and nestling against HULDBRAND*] You can tell me, Huldbrand, for the Father knows little, may be, about love.

HULD. Tell me yourself, Undine, for indeed, I cannot say—

UNDINE. I think one may love without a soul . . . as the birds and the beasts love. But the love of human beings seems to be different from this. I cannot explain it altogether, but there seems to look from the eyes of men and women something which will make the man die for the woman, and the woman live for the man. Before we love, we think mostly for ourselves, but when we love we think always, always, always for that which is more than ourselves. . . . the thing to which the heart clings. [*The storm seems to rise again without.*] [*With a change of manner*] Hark! I hear the wind sighing and the waters moaning, Kühleborn, Kühleborn. . . . No, no, I do not want a soul! I want to be free—free! Kühleborn! [*She goes to the window, throws it open and looks out. Then turning round.*] Shall I sing to you, good Father? Listen to the song of the winds and waters.

[*She chants the same song that KÜHLEBORN had sung, and as she sings, a soft chorus outside repeating the same words, grows louder and louder.*

PRIEST. [*rises and goes over to her*] Child, what are you? I conjure you to tell me.

[*He raises the crucifix and UNDINE is cowed.*

UNDINE. I am Undine, the child of the wave. . . . I cannot harm you. But you can harm me. No—I do not want a soul. It frightens me, it frightens me!

PRIEST. [*to FISHERMAN*] Whose child is this?

FISH. It is ours, holy Father, my wife's and mine. It has been ours for many, many years.

UNDINE. No—no. I am the child of the sea-depths, born of the foam and the surge. My father is the Lord of the Mediterranean and Kühleborn is my uncle; and my cousins are Arkël, and Sibol and Harald! I want no soul! I want no soul! Why should I suffer pain and sorrow and remorse. . . .

PRIEST. Child, God hath sent me to you: He hath still some work for His servant to do. Is it not strange that I should come after seven days' wandering—I that had lost a human soul by my folly and neglect—to find that I may, if Heaven so will, give a soul? . . . I do not rightly understand who you are, nor what is the strange kinship with the winds and waves, of which you boast. But this at least I dimly see . . . that you are soulless, and that God gives you the chance, the one chance, to become human and to know Him. . . .

UNDINE. [*petulantly*] I am the spirit of the dancing waters. I will have nothing to do with your pain and sorrow and remorse. . . . Kühleborn, Kühleborn! [*She goes to the window and opens it.*]

PRIEST. Then my penance must remain unfulfilled; the hard yoke laid on me. . . . I must go forth from your home, Fisherman. . . . I must fare on my way alone. . . .

FISH. [*anxiously*] Undine, have you no pity on the holy Father?

HULD. Undine, Undine! Do you renounce my love? You cannot love without a human soul. You said so yourself. [*UNDINE looks wistfully at HULD BRAND.*] And your dreams, Undine? Did you not dream that

you would find me and put your hand in mine? Was not this the passion of your youth? Why, then, do you start back—now when the time comes to win a human soul? Have you forgotten, have you forgotten, Undine?

UNDINE. [*slowly*] No, I have not forgotten. [*She shuts the window, against which there comes a rattle of water and wind.*] Peace, peace, Kühleborn! It is fated that so it should be. No one can escape the thing that is doomed! And it is better that I should live the new life. . . .

PRIEST. God be with thee, my daughter, for thou see'st more than all of us. It may be that thou wilt suffer if thou becomest human: but thou shalt know joy and sorrow and love—the things which are of great price. And for awhile, may be, thou shalt taste all the blessedness of human warmth and the kindness of human hearts. . . .

UNDINE. [*whose manner has become very quiet and who has come back to HULDBRAND*] Say it again, say it again, Huldbrand!

HULD. Say what again, Undine?

UNDINE. That you love me.

HULD. I love you, Undine.

UNDINE. I love you, Huldbrand. I shall always love you. "

[*She kisses him.*]

UNDINE. [*starting away*] But will you always be kind to me? Never say a harsh or bitter word?

HULD. Never, never, Undine.

UNDINE. For, indeed, you must not be angry with me, if you would keep me by your side. Hark, how the spirits of the air are storming outside! Hark, how Kühleborn raves! For he knows that I am going away from him, from the old home . . . to the new home—where all will be strange. Never be angry with me, Huldbrand . . .

HULD. Never, Undine.

UNDINE. For if you speak bitter words to me, by the sea, or by the river, by running streams or dancing fountains, then will the spell be undone, and I shall go back to Kühleborn! It is by love that I am winning a human soul, and if love fails, then the human soul is lost . . . Do you understand, Huldbrand?

HULD. I understand [*he gives her his hand*].

UNDINE. Holy Father, give us your blessing. Make us man and wife.

PRIEST. [*raises his hands over them as they kneel*] If his love be thine and thine be his, then I pronounce you, Huldbrand and Undine, to be man and wife. God's blessing rest on you! [*They rise.*]

FISH. [*embracing UNDINE*] God be with you, my child. You are my child, at last!

UNDINE. [*going back to HULDBRAND*] Say it again, say it again, Huldbrand!

HULD. I love you, I love you, Undine . . .

[*They kiss.*]

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

[*Some weeks elapse.*]

SCENE I.

[*At Castle Ringstetten. A large hall opening on a balustrade looking over the courtyard. There is a fountain with gushing water at the end of the hall. The hall is full of guests, as it is the day of welcome for SIR HULDBRAND and his wife UNDINE. Among the guests are the FISHERMAN and his WIFE whose appearances causes some surprise and derision: but they are evidently there for a purpose. Constant movement in the crowd and laughter. There are three beggarmen and one blind man with dog on the steps.*]

1ST BEGGAR. It is a good day for us when the Count comes home.

BLIND MAN. Is the day fair? Does the sun shine?

2ND BEGGAR. The day is fair, but there is no sun; and there are dark clouds gathering in the west.

3RD BEGGAR. And what may that mean? Can you tell us that?

BLIND MAN. Joy and sorrow combined: sorrow coming in the evening.

1ST BEGGAR. But joy at mid-day. It is a good day for us when the Count comes home!

FISH. When does the Count come?

3RD BEGGAR. We know not: he is waited for now.

WIFE. [*to blind man*] Why sayest thou sorrow comes in the evening?

BLIND MAN. Nay, it is not given to me to say why. I see not with my eyes. I see only with the eyes of the soul.

WIFE. [*shaking her head*] Ay, ay, no one can tell how the day will end. What must be, will be.

FISH. And Undine comes too—Count Huldbrand's bride!

2ND BEGGAR. [*pointing*] See how the water rises and falls in the fountain!

BLIND MAN. Is the water angry? Does it rise and fall as though in pain and fury?

WIFE. Why should the water be angry?

BLIND MAN. Nay, I know not. I only know that which I see with the eyes of my soul.

1ST BEGGAR. It is a good day for us, when the Count comes home!

[*Enter BERTALDA, with her foster-parents, who, being people of dignity, are shown up to the dais.*]

BERT. [*to her parents*] It is now some weeks since I saw Count Huldbrand, and I marvel at men's fickleness. For, indeed, when I saw him last he was the victor in the lists, and I the queen to whom, after his battles, he made obeisance. And he made me a certain promise and asked for my gloves. But I said that he should have my gloves only when he had been through the forest (wherein no man is safe) and come back to me again. And now he comes not to beg of me any guerdon for his loyalty and the performance of his word, but as a disloyal knight, who has fallen in love with some leman's eyes, and brings her home as his

bride! Truly I marvel that a few weeks should make so great a change!

FISH. [*coming up to her*] I pray you, good lady, to pardon me, but how soon is the Lady Undine expected to arrive?

BERT. [*haughtily*] You had better ask one of the attendants. I know no Lady Undine.

FISH. Not know the Lady Undine? Why she is my daughter, and the wife of a worthy knight, Count Huldbrand of Ringstetten!

WIFE. Nay, she is no daughter of ours, I would have you know, fair lady, although my good man here is for ever thinking and saying so. She is our foster-daughter, given us by kind Heaven. when our own was lost, [*To herself*] I know not how all this will betide!

THE PEOPLE. [*watching eagerly and pointing to distance, suddenly raise a cheer*] Long live Count Huldbrand! Long live Sir Huldbrand of Ringstetten!

BERT. Worthy knight, indeed! And long live his wife, Undine, the fisherman's daughter!

FISH. [*eagerly*] Ay, ay. I say Amen to that! Long live Undine!

THE PEOPLE. [*laughing at him*] Thy daughter! A likely story! Tell us, old greybeard! [*They crowd round him.*]

FISH. Ay, sirs, she is my daughter. At least [*looking round anxiously for fear of his wife's correction*] she is our foster-daughter—a fair girl and a beautiful, and the very apple of my eye—

WIFE. Nay, good man, hold thy tongue. Dost see how all the folk are laughing at thee?

BERT. There is good cause for laughter if this tale be true. I am glad I let the old man talk. She is your daughter, old fisherman?

FISH. Ay, my lady, our foster-daughter.

BERT. And her name is—what did you say?

FISH. Undine, my lady.

BERT. And how came she to be Count Huldbrand's wife?

FISH. The Count came to my cottage—my cottage by the lake—through the forest, the dreadful forest, wherein no man is safe; and because rest is sweet after toil, and safety welcome after danger, he fared well and happily with me and my old wife.

BERT. Yes—and Undine?

FISH. She is a child of springs and seas and running water, and she found grace in the eyes of the Knight. So they were wed, and a Priest, who was with us, gave her his blessing and made them man and wife.

WIFE. I wonder at thee, that thou talkest so much. What matters all this to the good lady?

BERT. Nay, I thank you, good Fisherman. [*Goes up.*]

THE PEOPLE. [*shouting*] They come, they come! Here are the Count and his bride. Long live the Count Huldbrand! Long live his bride!

[*There is a general commotion, while HULDBRAND and UNDINE, preceded by Heralds and Serving-men, appear at the balustrade, having come up from the courtyard, and then pass through hall to the dais. General acclamation. Music and song of Choir. The Heralds blow a fanfare. UNDINE*

is looking here and there—with a pleased and happy smile—and as she sees FISHERMAN and WIFE she greets them heartily. Her eyes finally rest on the fountain and she grows pensive for a moment.]

HULD. My friends! I thank you for your welcome home. I am glad of your presence here on a day which means so much for my happiness, and I hope, yours also. And I present to you my bride—my bride, Undine, who is as joyful to be with you all as I am.

[*Cheers; UNDINE bows and smiles. "Long live Count Huldbrand's bride, Undine!"*]

[*BERTALDA and her foster-parents go up to HULDBRAND, who presents UNDINE to them. They remain talking while UNDINE slowly moves towards the fountain. She bends over it. The people are slowly filing out.*]

UNDINE. Kühleborn! Kühleborn! Will you not leave me this one day in peace? Nay, I know thy message, and I will deliver it faithfully. Peace, peace, Kühleborn!

BERT. What says your wife, Sir Count? Did I not hear her speak?

HULD. No—I did not hear her say anything.

BERT. I thought she said some words at the fountain. See, she is now wholly engrossed with the old fisherman and his wife. Perhaps she prefers their conversation to ours.

HULD. Why, yes, in some sort that may be true. They are her parents. Come hither, Undine.

[*UNDINE comes back to dais.*]

BERT. You know well the Fisherman and his wife, it seems. Can it be true, as I have heard, that they are your parents?

UNDINE. [*with a slow, sweet smile*] No—they were very good to me at the cottage by the lake. They are, in truth, my foster-parents. But I am not of their kin, I am the child of the waters.

HULD. Not now, Undine.

UNDINE. No—that is true. I was the child of the waters until I married you. Now I am Count Huldbrand's wife.

BERT. [*laughs*] One cannot so easily change one's blood by marriage, Undine.

UNDINE. No, Bertalda, one cannot easily change one's blood. For you, too, hold to your own proper ancestry and carry about with you the blood of your father and mother.

BERT. What do you mean? My parents came with me to this hall to wish you and the Count welcome.

UNDINE. Your foster-parents, Bertalda. But you do not belong to them, for you were given to them by the will of Heaven as a foundling. They have been very good to you, as my foster-parents have been to me; and you have lived with them now for many years, just as if you had been their very own. But I can give you your real father and mother. Your real father and mother are here!

[*Pointing to FISHERMAN and WIFE.*]

BERT. Mere fisherfolk!

HULD. What nonsense is this, Undine?

UNDINE. It is not nonsense, Huldbrand. I know what I am saying;

for the secret has been told me—by those you wot of. These two, the fisherman and his wife, lost their child and then found me. Their lost child was taken to Ringstetten and she stands there! [*Pointing to BERTALDA.*] Are you not glad to find your kith and kin?

BERT. Is your wife mad, Huldbrand?

HULD. Hush, hush, Undine, do not speak such wild words. All these things—secret messages, hidden mysteries, marvellous relationships—belong to your past. They have nothing to do with the present, remember!

UNDINE. But, indeed, indeed, what I say is true. [*To BERTALDA*] Are you not glad to find your father and mother? And you [*turning to FISHERMAN*], are you not glad to get back again your own child?

FISH. Nay, nay, you are my child, Undine; I want no other.

WIFE. And what have we to do with fine ladies? We live as we can, and we do that which Fate allows.

UNDINE. [*half crying*] Will no one believe me? Not you—or you—or you?

HULD. [*sternly*] Where did you learn these fancies, Undine? With whom have you been talking by the way? Are these two [*pointing to FISHERMAN and WIFE*] in this plot? [*They shake their heads and move off.*] Or is this fine story only your invention? I had thought differently of you, Undine.

BERT. She wishes to get rid of me, Huldbrand, that is what she desires.

UNDINE. There is no plot. There is no invention. It is true. He told me.

HULD. He told you? Who? [*UNDINE is silent.*] Was it Heilmann, the priest? [*UNDINE is silent.*] Who was it? [*He comes over to her and seizes her by the hands.*] Tell me. You shall tell me.

UNDINE. [*slowly*] It was Kühleborn. Oh, let me go!

HULD. [*throwing her off*] I thought all that was over. I hoped you were beginning a new life! But you have deceived me, it appears, Undine. You have made a mock at Bertalda. You have filled me with shame.

[*UNDINE, bursting into tears, goes sadly through the hall. The FISHERMAN and his WIFE hold out their hands to her, and she goes out with them. As she passes the steps the fountain bubbles furiously. 1ST BEGGARMAN is on the steps.*]

1ST BEGOARMAN. It is a good day for us when the Count comes home!

SCENE II.

[*BERTALDA and HULDBRAND alone. A silence.*]

BERT. I congratulate you on your wife, Huldbrand.

HULD. Nay, she was overwrought—tired, may be, with her journey.

BERT. Is that so? To me she seemed not so much tired, as—

HULD. As what, Bertalda?

BERT. Well, if she was mad, there was some sense and method in her madness.

HULD. What do you mean?

BERT. You must forgive me if I ask you a question, Huldbrand. For, indeed, in some senses, I have a right to know. When you went through the forest and found Undine at the cottage by the lake, did you have some talk, you two, about each other and about the past? Did she tell you anything about herself, and did you tell her anything about yourself?

HULD. Yes, we talked—we talked of many things. But I do not, of course, remember all that we said.

BERT. Oh, I know that Undine is more beautiful than I am, and beauty has its privileges. When a man talks to a beautiful woman he is not thinking of what she says, but of what she is. It is enough for him that something lovely and exquisite and gracious is before his eyes. So when you were talking to Undine, it was Undine's beauty you were thinking of, not of the precise words she was uttering. But perhaps you may remember what you told her about yourself.

HULD. Yes, Bertalda, I think I do.

BERT. Did you tell her why you had passed through the forest, for example?

HULD. Yes, I said I was under some sort of challenge and promise, so that I must needs pass through—on the honour of my knighthood.

BERT. And you mentioned my name?

HULD. Yes.

BERT. Then I quite understand Undine's little plot, Huldbrand!

HULD. Was it a plot, Bertalda?

BERT. You gave it that name yourself! But if Undine knew that you loved me before you loved her—or, shall I say, that we had talked together before ever such a woman as Undine had been heard of—why it is just possible that she was—what shall I say?—jealous? You are silent, Huldbrand—but is it not, at least, possible? And after all, what do you know of Undine?

HULD. Bertalda, Bertalda, she is my wife.

BERT. Yes, I know she is your wife, but what do you know of her, of her ancestry, of her character, her nature? Who is this Kühleborn of whom she speaks? And why does she mutter to herself when she thinks no one is noticing her? There is something strange and uncanny about her, and you know it.

HULD. Bertalda, she is my wife.

BERT. Oh yes, she is your wife; but is she the wife for Count Huldbrand of Ringstetten? How will Count Huldbrand be able to live with all these Kühleborns and this love of fountains and this muttering of spells and incantations? What is Count Huldbrand's place in a home shared with elves and sprites and hobgoblins? Have you thought of all this?

HULD. Oh, Bertalda, do not talk of these things, she is my wife.

BERT. And I—have I no right to be heard? Is Bertalda so wholly forgotten? What were the words you said to me only a few weeks ago?

For whose sake did you go through the forest? Who was the queen of the tourney when you fought so stoutly in the lists? Is it the same Huldbrand who whispered soft words of love in my ear, and who asked of me, as the gage and testament of his plighted troth, my gloves? Will you ask of me my gloves, now, Huldbrand?

HULD. Bertalda, Bertalda. . . .

BERT. Ah, Huldbrand, Huldbrand, is man's memory so short? I have not forgotten, Huldbrand, for woman's love has deeper roots—it cannot be torn up and flung aside so easily [*coming close to him*]. Huldbrand, will you take my gloves now?

HULD. No, no—Bertalda. . . .

BERT. See, I offer them to you, Huldbrand. I will give you my gloves and you shall give me that little chain you wear. It shall be my necklace, and it shall never be taken from my neck. . . . Just for memory's sake, Huldbrand, will you grant me this little boon?

HULD. Yes, Bertalda, [*slowly*] I will give you the chain and welcome. But your gloves I may not have. . . . no—no. . . . they cannot belong to me—now [*gives her the chain*].

BERT. Will you not put the chain round my neck, Huldbrand? For memory's sake? [*He is putting the chain round her neck. She holds up her face to him.*] For memory's sake, Huldbrand? [*He bends, as he kisses her.*]

[*The stage grows dark. The fountain splashes noisily. There is a flash, and KÜHLEBORN is heard singing. Terror of BERTALDA, who clings to HULDBRAND. In the midst of the turmoil, UNDINE comes in, and the stage grows light again. They start apart.*]

SCENE III.

UNDINE. Kühleborn! Kühleborn! Will you never leave me free? Peace! Peace! [*She goes over to fountain, which becomes calmed.*]

HULD. I know not what sort of peace we are likely to have here, Undine. But is there never to be any breaking of the old ties, which bind you to these spirits of yours? What kind of new life is this—such as you promised—nay, swore to me on your wedding-day? You are false to your oath, Undine.

UNDINE. Ah, Huldbrand, it is not I who am false to our oaths—the oaths we both made when we were wed. For, indeed, the spirit of the waters is not wroth without cause, nor is he wont to vex himself for naught. I know not what may have stirred his anger, but—

BERT. Perhaps it is I, Undine.

UNDINE. Perhaps—I know not.

BERT. [*to HULDBRAND*] You hear how madly she is set on driving me forth? First, the false story about my parentage: and now the suspicion that I vex her attendant. . . . devils!

HULD. For shame, for shame, Undine. What has Bertalda done that you thus pursue her with spite and jealousy?

UNDINE. [*sadly*] I pursue her with spite and jealousy? Of what, then, should I be jealous? Nay, I know not whether it be she or you or I, with whom the spirit of the waters is wroth. But Huldbrand, I beseech you, look not on me so coldly and strangely. Ask yourself what I have done. Have I failed in my wifely duty?

HULD. These interruptions from the spirit world, this constant reminiscence that I won you in spite of winds and waves—they make me mad. I thought the old order had changed when Father Heilmann gave us his blessing.

BERT. It is not likely to be a peaceful house, where spirits of evil are abroad.

UNDINE. [*with a sigh*] We must have the fountain closed, dear Huldbrand.

HULD. The fountain? But it has been here in this hall for years. It belongs to my father and grandfather and the past generations of my house.

UNDINE. Nevertheless, I beg of you, have it closed. If there be a great stone placed on the top, so that no water can bubble through, then the spirits of the water cannot make their presence known, and I shall be at rest and you once more content with me.

BERT. Close the fountain? What silly tale is this? For myself I like the fountain!

[*She goes over to it playing with the necklace which HULDBRAND had given her.*]

UNDINE. Bertalda, Bertalda, do not go near the fountain!

BERT. Why not? I am not afraid of it. I have known it for years. Dear fountain, we are old friends, are we not?

[*She bends over it. Suddenly a hand comes from the fountain and snatches the necklace away. BERTALDA gives a cry.*]

BERT. Oh, my necklace, my necklace!

UNDINE. Bertalda, what is it? What have you lost?

BERT. My necklace, my necklace! The necklace which Huldbrand gave me! Give it back to me! [*She holds out imploring hands to the fountain.*]

UNDINE. [*slowly*] The necklace Huldbrand gave you? When? Why? Oh, Huldbrand! [*She covers her face with her hands.*]

BERT. My necklace! Can you not help me, Undine? You are in league with these spirits! Ask them to give it back!

UNDINE. Am I to help her, Huldbrand?

HULD. [*turning away*] Of course. If you can, Undine.

UNDINE. Very well, if you wish it.

[*UNDINE goes slowly over to the fountain, and bending over it, sings a little crooning song.*]

I weave the spell of the wayside streams

Where the wise old willows grow:

There is peace, there is peace, 'neath the tender beams

When the westering sun is low.

I weave the spell of the twilight hour
Which all mortal things obey :
There is sleep, there is sleep, when the shadows lower
At the close of the long, long day.

[*Then she dips her hand into the water and brings out another necklace, made of coral, which she offers to BERTALDA.*]

UNDINE. Here, Bertalda.

BERT. But this coral gaud 'is not my necklace! I want no present from your evil spirits, Undine. I want the necklace with great pearls which Huldbrand gave me. Huldbrand, speak to her; speak to this sorceress of yours, who is not content with her lies and slander, but steals . . . what is yours and mine . . .

HULD. [*striding over to fountain*] Come, come, I have had enough of this. I do not choose to have my presents exchanged in this fashion! [*He seizes the coral necklace from BERTALDA's hands and flings it away.*] There! I wash my hands of all your devilries!

UNDINE. [*covers her face and bursts out weeping*] Oh, Huldbrand, Huldbrand!

HULD. Is it not time? Have I not borne with all this foolery long enough? When I married you, I did not marry all the wild heritage of the past. I married you for what you are—not for what you had been. The Undine whom I brought away from the cottage by the lake was quiet, tender, submissive . . . not a witch in league with spirits!

UNDINE. Oh, Huldbrand—and am I not even now quiet, tender, submissive? Can I help it that when you bring me near fountains and streams and running water, the old links which bound me to the sea, with my Father in the Mediterranean and with Kühleborn, revive and get strong again? Did I not warn you of this? Did I not, only a moment ago, bid you close up this fountain for fear of what might happen? Did I not beg Bertalda not to go near?

HULD. I have nothing to do with all this. I only know that Undine, my wife, must have no relations with Undine, the daughter of the floods! I thought that this was your promise when we plighted our troth in the cottage.

UNDINE. Oh, be patient, dear Huldbrand. For it only needs a little patience, a little love, a little affectionate sympathy, and all will be well. Gradually the whole past will wear itself away and be forgotten like a dream. But you must love me, you must love me, Huldbrand! Only love can work the miracle of change, or bring a soul to its full maturity.

BERT. [*laughs*] The daughter of the fisherman is too modest! Listen to the small and insignificant boon she asks!

UNDINE. Nay, it is not much for love to ask or love to grant.

HULD. And my life meanwhile? Is it to be one constant storm, haunted by all these demons of evil who scruple not to rob by force the gifts I choose to make? Or is it only to you that I may be allowed to give gifts?

UNDINE. Oh, Huldbrand, why did you give your necklace to Bertalda?

HULD. Ah, there, I suppose, is the root of the whole matter, Undine. But understand me, once for all, I shall give gifts when the fancy takes me, and I shall give them to whomsoever I choose. [*The fountain bubbles-up once more.*]

UNDINE. [*looking with alarm at the fountain*] Oh, Huldbrand, I beg of you not to speak so loudly!

BERT. [*laughs once more*] Are you master in your own house, Huldbrand?

HULD. I intend to be: and my wife must be something different from this . . . witch. [*Fountain bubbles up again.*]

UNDINE. [*throwing herself on her knees before him*] Oh, Huldbrand, Huldbrand, do not say such terrible words! See—I will do all you ask. I will try to be the wife you wish, there is no single thought or desire of yours that I will not seek to understand, and—if it be possible for me—carry out. I will work for you, tend you in health or sickness, surround you with my tenderest love, live for nothing else save you—you—only do not look at me so angrily: do not say such cruel words. Remember that I warned you, and you promised, not to be angry with me. You promised, you promised, Huldbrand. Have you forgotten?

HULD. Will you banish once for all these associates of yours, who live in fountains and waters? Will you swear to me that there shall be no more interruptions from the spirit world? Will you break this power which Kühleborn exercises over you and over my house? Am I to have peace or war?

UNDINE. Be patient, be patient, Huldbrand.

HULD. No, I will not be patient. I mean to have peace. Will you swear to me that henceforth you . . . [*Fountain again.*]

UNDINE. Oh, Huldbrand, you know I cannot yet . . . it is not possible yet. . . .

HULD. [*furious*] Very well then. My mind is made up. In the name of all the witches, go and live with them, and leave us mortals in peace! Sorceress as you are, there is no room for you in my house! Out of my sight . . . witch!

[*There is a blinding flash of lightning, the stage grows dark.*

KÜHLEBORN comes forth from the fountain, and clasps

UNDINE in his arms. *There is a long roll of thunder.*

UNDINE [*as she fades away*] Huldbrand . . . Huldbrand. . . .

[*Terror of BERTALDA, who runs to HULDBRAND. He holds her close for a moment. He then sternly repels her, and she runs out. HULDBRAND, left alone stands for a moment, gazing fixedly after UNDINE, takes a few steps after her, and returns. Then falls on his knees and holds out his hands.*

HULD. Undine . . . Undine. . . .

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

[*A week elapses.*]

A wild gorge of the mountains near Ringstetten through which a stream runs. Large boulders and rocks. On the crest of one of the environing hills is a wayside crucifix. FATHER HEILMANN and a SHEPHERD meet in the gorge.

HEIL. [*to SHEPHERD*] You are searching for something?

SHEP. Ay. It is difficult to find them sometimes when they stray away.

HEIL. What is it you are looking for?

SHEP. A sheep.

HEIL. I will help you, for I too am looking for something.

SHEP. What is it?

HEIL. A human soul. It is difficult to find it sometimes when it strays away.

SHEP. Ay, ay, maybe I shall find my sheep, before you find your human soul.

HEIL. I don't know. It is possible. Shall we help each other?

SHEP. I am willing enough. But I know a sheep when I see it, and . . .

HEIL. You do not know a human soul?

SHEP. [*with a laugh*] Well—no. It is your business, human souls: just as mine is sheep.

HEIL. Yes, we are both shepherds. You know the country well?

SHEP. I ought to. I have been over it since I was a boy. But the sheep are foolish things, when you leave them by themselves, and sometimes they fall down the gorge and break their legs.

HEIL. Yes, yes. Human souls are foolish things, too, when left to themselves. They are very apt to fall, or else they are driven away by cruelty, or stupidity, or carelessness: and then it is a long search to recover them again.

SHEP. [*who has climbed up and stands by the crucifix*] You will see the country better, if you stand up here.

HEIL. Yes. The Cross will help both you and me.

[*He climbs up. Meanwhile HULDBRAND comes down the gorge. There is a distant holla.*]

SHEP. Ah, Father, there is my mate calling to me. Mayhap, he has found the sheep! Good luck be with you! [*Exit.*]

HEIL. And God aid you!

[*They both disappear over the crest of the mountain.*]
HULD. [*sits and sings*]

Why do you turn away,
Face that was always kind?
If life hath gone astray,
Is nothing left behind?

You ask—must this be true
We pass and we forget;
With love for what is new,
For old a bare regret?

Not so: in worlds grown gray,
New good we shall not find;
Why do you turn away,
Face that was always kind?

HEIL. [*re-enters*] Ah, here is one of my penitents! Has he found his sheep, I wonder? [*He climbs down.*]

HULD. Father Heilmann, you? Let me help you.

HEIL. Nay, let me help you, my son. I think you need it more than I. You have not found Undine?

HULD. No. I have not seen her since she disappeared from Ringstetten. I have looked everywhere, but Kühleborn keeps his secret well.

HEIL. Have you asked yourself why she had to leave you?

HULD. Oh, Father, I know full well. I was wroth with her, exceeding wroth: and that, too, when I had promised never to be angry with her. I have done wrong, Father, a great, irremediable wrong! And now she has left me for ever!

HEIL. And Bertalda?

HULD. Speak not of her. She was to blame as well as I. I drove her from the castle. I shall never see her again.

HEIL. My son, you have done grievous wrong. But we must both look for Undine, lest she perish for ever. The burden lies as heavy on me as on you.

HULD. Nay, Father, you have not driven her away.

HEIL. But it was I who helped to give her a human soul. Her love for you inspired her with longing: the clasp of your arms fulfilled her desire. But it was the Divine blessing that my lips were allowed to utter, which set the seal on the bond. And as I found a human soul to lift off my own shoulders the penance that was set on me: so must I re-discover it again to save a human soul from perdition. Woe is me, if I find her not!

HULD. Must she perish, if we find her not?

HEIL. Surely—for then she returns to the spirits and demons from whom we delivered her.

HULD. [*sadly*] Nay—may it not be better that she should return to her old home? Was she not a stranger in our midst, an exile amongst us, of rough speech and wild ways, such as I?

HEIL. And you, my son, what will you do without her?

HULD. Mea culpa! I have done wrong and I must suffer.

[*Sits down wearily by a stone.*]

HEIL. [*mounting the pass again*] Come up to the Cross, my son! The Cross may help you. [*He goes over the crest of the hill and disappears.*]

[*HULDBRAND seated with head bowed by the stream. There is soft music and with a low sweet song, UNDINE comes out of the running stream. She stands over HULDBRAND.*]

UNDINE sings.

Death and sorrow and sleep—

Here where the slow waves creep

This is the chant I hear,

The chant of the measureless deep.

What was sorrow to me
Then when the young life free
Thirsted for joys of earth
Far from the desolate sea?

What was sleep but a rest,
Giving to youth the best
Dreams from the ivory gate,
Visions of God manifest?

What was death but a tale
Told to faces grown pale,
Worn and wasted with years—
A meaningless thing to the hale?

Death and sorrow and sleep—
Now their sad message I keep,
Tossed on the wet wind's breath,
The chant of the measureless deep.

UNDINE. Huldbrand!

HULD. [*starting up*] Undine!

UNDINE. You must not touch me, Huldbrand. I am no longer yours. Only have I had leave to speak with you for a while. For I saw you sad and lonely, and then I knew that your love for Undine was not dead, and that you would be glad to see her once again.

HULD. Ah, Undine . . .

UNDINE. Are you not glad, Huldbrand?

HULD. Yes, yes . . . but I know not what to say, Undine . . .

UNDINE. No, for all things are now changed. We can neither of us go back to the past, dear Huldbrand: the will of those mightier than ourselves has so ordained. But I wished to see you once more, as, indeed, I think you wished to see me. You have sought me for long, have you not?

HULD. I have sought you, Undine—as a hungry man seeks for bread, as a shipwrecked man strains his eyes to find the land, as a dying man prays for the Holy Elements to deliver his soul. . . .

UNDINE. But I may not deliver you, or at least not wholly. We cannot alter the past, neither by tears nor by prayer; and what has once been done remains done to the end of time. Perhaps I was foolish when I wished to become human and to win my humanity by marrying you. I do not know whether I was foolish or not, but the time is past for thinking of that. I have had my chance, and somehow—through my fault or another's—I have failed.

HULD. Undine, I cannot speak as you speak. Whether you were foolish or not in marrying me, Heaven knows: but I know that it was no madness in me to desire to marry you. For you were my Ideal, and you still are: only I have forfeited my Ideal, because I was too common and coarse and headstrong to live in the purer air.

UNDINE. Do not say that, Huldbrand. The fault, I think, was not altogether yours. How could I, child of the sea-waves and the running

ater, hope to be veritably human—to live the warm, fitful, inconstant life of mortal men? Only a miracle could have made my soul one with yours or teach my pulses to keep tune with yours. How did I hope to become all you wanted in a wife?

HULD. Another man might have taught you, Undine, the fault was that I could not. The highest life is that which realises the won- of spirit and flesh in our everyday existence. The man who plants a seed, does it: the man who writes or sings, does it. Some men can try the Ideal and bring her to their hearth-side.

UNDINE. But does she remain the Ideal? I know not, Huldbrand. Perhaps I am not the Ideal. Or perhaps, only in some other world can I be true to my nature . . .

HULD. Ah, Undine! [*Pauses.*]

UNDINE. Huldbrand?

HULD. Will you not come back to me—after all? May not the miracle wrought, even now?

UNDINE. No—no, Huldbrand, I may not come—it is not permitted. I was only allowed to see you for a brief moment or two . . . lest you should break your heart with longing.

HULD. My heart is breaking now, Undine . . .

UNDINE. No, no, Huldbrand.

HULD. I cannot live without you, for you have taught me things which I cannot forget. You have altered my life, and I cannot take it up again, though you had never been . . . Will you not kiss me, at least, Undine?

UNDINE. No—no—I may not . . . unless . . .

HULD. Unless?

UNDINE. Unless you choose to come to me. If I kiss you, it will kill you, Huldbrand. You will have to give up your human life and live my life, wherever I am . . .

HULD. Wherever you are, I choose to be with you. . . . Kiss me, Undine.

UNDINE. And live not your life, but mine?

HULD. And live your life—always . . . Kiss me, Undine.

UNDINE. Think well, dear Huldbrand. Your mortal life is sweet.

HULD. But life with you is sweeter . . . Kiss me, Undine.

[*He holds out his arms. She bends to him and kisses him.*]

HULD. I love you, Undine.

UNDINE. Say it again, Huldbrand, say it again.

HULD. I love you, Undine, I shall always love you.

[*The scene gradually fades as HULDBRAND and UNDINE are clasped in each other's arms.*]

(CURTAIN.)

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advocacy of the ex-Premier's very ideas. In short, it is clearer since the Chesterfield speech than ever before that the two men with whom the Empire has henceforth to reckon most, agree in everything except in their opinion of each other. Between Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain there may be alternation in office, but no antagonism except an unwholesome one of personal prejudices such as the Empire is little in the mood to tolerate. There can be no genuine and patriotic separation between them, no true political Opposition. In the vital characteristics of the statesmanship at which they both aspire they are as much alike as a pair of gloves. The thumbs may be on different sides, but that is all. Both these men desire, above all things, to renew and perpetuate the greatness of England, to replace once for all the insular by the Imperial conception of the State, and to supplement the new spirit by the definite and powerful organisation which alone can give the widest and most splendid ambition ever entertained by any people the slightest chance of permanency in the modern world. But if that is the purpose at which the two protagonists of the political future aim by instinct the methods by which they propose to realise it are identical in principle.

Is the cause of the Empire assured and supreme in all our politics? It was the action of the Colonial Secretary and his friends, in 1886, which made it so. At the parting of the ways, they swung the country into the right road when Lord Rosebery and his party took the disastrous path they now abandon. Does the ex-Premier declare that freedom from the "Irish alliance and its consequences" is the indispensable preliminary of any attempt of Liberalism to regain the confidence of the country? It is what the Colonial Secretary has been preaching to his old associates for the half a generation that has elapsed since the great schism upon Home Rule.

Was Lord Rosebery the earliest advocate of drawing the colonies more closely to the Mother Country? Mr. Chamberlain has done the work—he has done more than all the other statesmen of his time to draw the great over-sea States of the Empire as closely to the Mother Country as they ever can be drawn unless by the adoption of some federal band, and he has a hold upon the confidence of the colonies such as no other man possesses. Where is the personality by whom he would be fully replaced at the Colonial Office in any cast of an "alternative Government." The seer of Chesterfield has moments of second-sight such as come to no other man in public life. That is the suggestive and disturbing gift, invaluable under present circumstances, in which the nation feels that no one approaches him. His prophetic instinct was never more remarkable than in the passage from the speech at Melbourne eighteen years ago, when in disagreement with a contrary opinion endorsed by Mr. John Morley, he declared his belief that "the connection of loyalty between Australia and the

Mother Country *would* survive a war." But it is under Mr. Chamberlain's tenure of the Colonial Office and in respect of "Mr. Chamberlain's war," that Lord Rosebery's opinion in 1884 has been vindicated. The ex-Premier justly ridicules the religious devotion of rigid Radicalism to the obsolete. Nothing is truer in his analysis of the condition of his old party than his description of the Opposition Toryism which, in complete unconsciousness of its own character is as deep as that of the Carlton Club. There is a school of the Liberal party including the majority of its members over fifty, who believe that the principles of Liberal consistency were eternally settled—under Mr. Gladstone—and that when consistency was consummated with Home Rule, nothing more could be added or subtracted without profanity. The more obstinate difficulty in the way of the renaissance of Liberalism is not the "Stop the War" party, but the "Stop the Clock" party. Lord Rosebery, therefore, recommends for the future a more modern and accommodating mind. He is quite right, but Mr. Chamberlain is by far the most stimulating example of evolution and adaptability upon whose career a progressive Opposition could attempt to shape its plastic future. Upon the Queen's Speech of 1893, with all its heroic list of impossible promises—inserted not necessarily for legislation but as a guarantee of good faith, to borrow from the language of other notes to correspondents—Lord Rosebery pours mockery which recalls the very accents of Mr. Chamberlain in denouncing that Queen's Speech at the time.

But it is the same with every other main article of the Chesterfield policy. Lord Rosebery adjures all good men to come over and help him in returning to office, though of course, as everyone will agree, not for office. He appeals not to a party but to the nation, which means, if words have meaning, an appeal for a National Party. But that idea, above all, really must be recognised as the Colonial Secretary's own original and undoubted invention. It has been his favourite Utopia as unquestionably as Imperial Federation has been the ex-Premier's Utopia. If Lord Rosebery is in favour of a business Cabinet, is not Mr. Chamberlain himself the most complete example of the business man in politics that has yet been seen in the public life of this or perhaps of any other country? Of business-like address, for instance, in Parliament, one of the prime essentials to the modernisation of that institution, the Colonial Secretary is much the most perfect model we have ever had. If Lord Rosebery is in favour of efficiency so is Mr. Chamberlain, and with an equal opportunity would assuredly go much the straighter way to work to get it. Lord Rosebery cannot monopolise the gospel of efficiency. It is absolutely the one word in politics that no man can monopolise, nor shall any be found at the ford who will be unable to say "Shibboleth." But neither can the ex-Premier monopolise any other definite article in

lucid exposition of the principles of double entry will make a man a millionaire. We know what the ex-Premier would like to happen. Whether he has made up his mind as to what he, for his part, means to do whatever happens, is precisely what we do not know. In circumstances where the feat seemed impossible he has again baffled our final decision upon him with almost superhuman art, uniting by one and the same performance half the Unionists and half the pro-Boers in his praise. Fascinating and unsatisfying as he was before the Chesterfield meeting, unsatisfying and fascinating he remains. And yet this is in itself an extraordinary achievement. The reappearance upon that strange stage—the railway-shed in the middle of the snow, with all the world waiting for the ring of the bell, and the rise of the curtain—to speak effectual words to the Opposition without alienating either of its sections, and to attack the Government without breaking the spell he casts over so many of its supporters—this was a situation that no negligible nature could have survived for an hour. Final failure seemed probable, success hopeless. Yet the ex-Premier calculated by instinct exactly the maximum of success that was possible and secured it by employing all that is histrionic in his art with all that is most sincere and impassioned in his convictions. "What I can do to further this policy I will do," were the words which roused the meeting at Chesterfield to a wild ovation. Such words to such an audience ought to have had no meaning but that Lord Rosebery had returned to public life with the purpose of endeavouring to place himself at the head of his party. But they were followed by the characteristic and incorrigible spirit of qualification, and the orator's final warning was that he appealed to no party, but to public opinion. The only way of appealing to public opinion in this country is through some definite party. But whether that is what Lord Rosebery means is what no one knows.

The Chesterfield meeting has done some things that were not expected, but has not done the one thing most expected. Lord Rosebery has neither wholly found himself nor has the country shaken him off. All now depends upon his action in the immediate future. If Lord Rosebery has quitted retirement and is out for action once for all, he will assuredly satisfy the Empire that he is a man for whom it must find a use. If he fails in a determined attempt to make himself master of one party, the nation will demand a great place for him in the other, with which his principles and temperament are now in almost absolute agreement. But if Lord Rosebery's pledge to "do what he can" proves to mean that he is merely prepared to declaim from time to time by invitation upon the general principles of Imperial politics, we shall not now have long to wait for his complete removal from serious consideration. For most men, decision upon that matter will be a matter of weeks only. Lord Rosebery has contrived once again to

postpone the moment which will either establish or extinguish him. But he has brought it very near.

But upon the assumption that Lord Rosebery means to be heard and to be heard constantly in the accents that speak the inward soul of Sir Edward Grey, let us examine what he has achieved by the Chesterfield speech. Where does it leave him, in the first place, with respect to his party, and in the second with respect to the nation?

The ex-Premier has repudiated Gladstonian Home Rule, the National Liberal Federation, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and the policy of those who demanded either the supersession of Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner, or the despatch of a Special Commissioner to negotiate a peace over their heads. He agrees that to offer terms would be a fatal sign of weakness. In all these things Lord Rosebery has shown the courage and consistency which have been so often denied him. In all these things he has rendered valuable service in strengthening the immediate position of the Government. In all these things no man could seem to speak more expressly. But the surprising fact is that this process of sponging the whole slate should have been received with such faint and embarrassed protest, even from the portion of the Liberal party which was certain not to like it, and should have been hailed with all the transports of apparent rapture in quarters of democratic Radicalism which might have been thought equally certain not to like it.

What was astonishing in the Chesterfield speech was not his dismissal of Home Rule, but the way in which he dismissed it. It has been one of the most momentous controversies which ever convulsed political life. It has shattered one party and transformed the other. It has been deeply connected with the development of national consciousness and Imperial feeling in this country. The Irish Members still number eighty-five in the Imperial Parliament, and the House of Commons must shortly engage with them in what ought to be a death-grapple upon the question of a revision of procedure. It has been the fatal influence upon Lord Rosebery's own career, which has ever since been shadowed by the memory of his futile Ministry. Here was a case for a great epilogue to a great argument. Lord Rosebery waved it all away for ever in a few syllables of a two-hours' speech. That was strangely below the importance of this farewell, and the solemn levity of such a last word upon the Gladstonian phase of the Irish question, was a psychological revelation upon which no thoughtful man can reflect with easy feelings. But no objection of that kind has been made from any important Radical quarter, and the form of the Chesterfield declaration is so far justified. Some prudent heads, indeed, warn the Liberal party that it may prove impossible to come back to office against the Irish vote, and, although "the Irish alliance and its consequences" are at

an end, they would by no means exclude the possibility of a new alliance and a fresh compact. But that contingency is now too remote a speculation to concern the politics of the present, and it is quite plain that Lord Rosebery would have no real difficulty with any obstinate fidelity in the Liberal party to the memory of Mr. Gladstone's last cause. Upon the programme of the future the course is still clearer. Education, housing, temperance, are the three greatest questions to which the Liberalism of the Opposition can address itself, and if these three definite aims of legislation, and these three only, are to appear in future upon the cleaned slate, they will be a sufficient substitute for anything which has been spenged away. The Liberal party can have no monopoly of principle upon these questions, but it may be able, under circumstances which we may consider at a further point, to make a very strong representation to the country that if it wants thorough method upon the fundamental questions of social reform, it must call in the Liberal party.

Most striking of all, however, is the effect upon the Opposition of Lord Rosebery's references to the war. We are not to offer terms. The "incorporation" of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State with the Empire is an irreversible decree. But if Mr. Kruger will submit to that condition, then there is nothing he can ask which we shall refuse to consider. In any case, we are to lavish sympathy and treasure upon the Boer population, and to take the risk of granting a universal amnesty without listening to those who suggest that Lord Rosebery has net bottomed his Beer, and that there may be such a thing as the breaking of political as well as of military parole. It comes to this and to nothing but this, that by comparison with the copious source of the milk of human kindness in the breast of the ex-Premier, Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner appear hard men. There may indeed be something real in that contrast. The important thing is to find the vast mass of the Liberal party deciding that there is something in it. It is as plain as anything need be that Lord Rosebery's peace policy, such as it is, has superseded the peace policy of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and the Derby meeting of the National Liberal Federation, and has become the peace policy of the Liberal party. The pro-Boers, if Lord Rosebery is in the field for good to fight upon the lines of the Chesterfield speech, are clearly going to prove a far slighter obstacle than was thought. In a word, he has a better prospect than he could for a moment have imagined before his reappearance of re-uniting the Liberal party, for they recognise in his leadership a real, and the only real, possibility of returning to office, and that is the consideration which invariably overcomes every other under the party system.

In this respect he has succeeded to the utmost extent possible to any man where his task seemed hopeless. Upon the other hand he

has done somewhat less well where he would have been thought likely to do far better, and that is in his appeal to the nation as a whole. It approves the sweeping aside of the Gladstonian tradition upon the Irish question. It approves the gospel of efficiency, though believing that everyone wants it, and that no one can get it by talking at large about it without any positive suggestion of methods. As regards the war, there being not the least prospect of Lord Rosebery being charged with the conduct of any peace negotiations, his views are rather a help than a hindrance, because they dispose of the cry about methods of barbarism, and of the demand for the dismissal of the Colonial Secretary and the High Commissioner. What the country as a whole seeks in Lord Rosebery's suggestions upon these and many other points are revelations of mind and character to assist it in deciding whether it ought to trust Lord Rosebery or not, and so far as it finds them it is not content. It begins to fear that the ex-Premier is the great sentimentalist of politics, and that what may give him power over popular emotion is precisely what may make him perilous in office. The country is bent with a sound instinct upon beating the Boers, and would prefer that there should be no talk of amnesty till afterwards. Otherwise why should not the Cape Dutch turn rebel even now, with the full knowledge that at the worst there will be amnesty and all the fat of compensation?

But there were other and more disquieting indications of the exaggerated workings of Lord Rosebery's mind. The present Government is in no sense equal to the situation in which the Empire finds itself; and the country regards it with infinite distaste. But Lord Rosebery's attack upon it was a passage of theatrical display, and not the surgical work of intellectual criticism. As no man could possibly be so wise as Daniel Webster looked, no Government could possibly be so bad as Lord Rosebery tries to make Lord Salisbury's administration appear. The result has recalled Talleyrand's maxim that "everything which is exaggerated is insignificant," and the tremendous apostrophe to earth and heaven which made the railway shed ring, has distinctly forced the ordinary fair citizen, least bound by party ties, into the reflection that Ministers are not so imbecile as Lord Rosebery thinks them. The fair citizen wonders whether he also may not have done some injustice to Ministers. The indignation against the inimitable party-cry by which Mr. Chamberlain a little vulgarised the last General Election was preposterously overwrought at Chesterfield. The importance assigned in a speech upon the state of the Empire to Lord Kitchener's use of the word "bag" was inexpressibly trivial. It tempts to the retort that Rosamond Viney's mind was not big enough for little things to look small in.

Nor is the country satisfied with Lord Rosebery's references to foreign opinion. Mr. Chamberlain's remarks upon European

precedents for severity in war would have been better left unsaid. But any show of justifying German jingoism upon that subject had much better been left unsaid in the mouths of British statesmen. Twice recently during the debates in the Reichstag, once upon the Tariff Bill, and again upon the Polish interpellation, Count von Bülow has taken a very different tone. There were passages in Lord Rosebery's farewell address upon the Armenian question which showed a similarly exaggerated apprehension upon the subject of foreign susceptibilities. To make this important matter clearer, therefore, it may be well to quote the virile accents of the German Chancellor in the debates of the last few weeks. Upon the Tariff Bill in reply to the arguments of the Radical leader, Eugen Richter, Count von Bülow spoke as follows :—

"We have no need to be more nervous than other States. By the utterances of foreign powers we shall not be induced to swerve by a hair's-breadth from the path prescribed to us by our rights and interests. The attacks of the foreign press therefore do not trouble me further, on the contrary it would give me cause for serious reflection if the tariff were praised by the foreign press. I certainly do not doubt the patriotism of Herr Richter, or of any other member. But to threaten us eternally with the anger of other countries, as has been done for some time now in our press, the absolutely denunciatory manner with which it attempts to blacken the government of its own country in the face of other governments, that is most unworthy. How naive it is to be always threatening a government with the foreign Sir Rupert. I envy MM. my colleagues in other countries the zeal with which German newspapers set themselves to do their business for them. From a German standpoint it is unpatriotic out of motives of mere domestic party tactics to increase foreign egotism, which without that is in so many cases already strong enough. We desire to maintain with all Powers the very best relations . . . but by foreign censure, foreign attacks, and foreign measures, we are not to be influenced."

Count von Bülow may be right or wrong, as may Mr. Chamberlain, but they are more in harmony with each other in the sharp ring of their accents than is Lord Rosebery with either of them. But again let us listen to the German Chancellor as he spoke upon December 10th last upon the Polish demonstrations :—

"I cannot close without giving expression to my astonishment that the proposer of the motion could for an instant believe that foreign judgments upon our internal affairs could impress us in any way. Foreign opinions, tendencies, and demonstrations can produce not the slightest influence upon the course of our policy or the attitude of its responsible statesmen. For me the sole governing motive can only be reasons of State, and of the duty towards the German idea. From the fulfilment of this duty I shall not allow myself to be restrained."

This is Mr. Chamberlain's own dialect, and the nation would be exceedingly glad if Lord Rosebery even on foreign affairs would learn the note of that manner. If the Colonial Secretary believes that the best parry is always the "cut," it was one of the favourite maxims of Bismarck. Lord Rosebery is under a strange hallucination when he imagines that his Government in 1895 left this country in

the halcyon enjoyment of peace with honour so far as concerned the popular sentiment of the peoples of Europe in our regard. Does he suppose that the combustible material which burst into the open flame of hatred at the time of the Venezuela message and the Jameson Raid was all accumulated in the six months after a Liberal Government quitted office? The truth is that things underwent no change, and the Venezuela message and the Jameson Raid simply enabled us to see what foreign feeling towards us really was. In Germany above all, by the revulsion against everything English encouraged by the Iron Chancellor for perfectly definite and important purposes, the mine had long been laid and the Kruger telegram simply fired it. Since then Lord Salisbury has removed what was, at that time, the most imminent danger of our foreign relations by the series of settlements with France, which have left us free, as we had not been since Palmerston's time, to revise with advantage the whole adjustment of our international policy. Has the ex-Premier nothing to say about the improvement of our relations with America, by far the best and greatest result of British diplomacy in our time, and has he no word in recognition of the fact that Mr. Chamberlain has stood in front of all other men in advocacy of that cause? As a matter of fact, it is notorious that since Mr. Chamberlain's speech there has been the most remarkable change for the better in the tone of the Continental press, and especially in that of Germany. France and Russia together are more reasonably disposed towards us on the whole than was the case at any time when Lord Rosebery was in office. In un diplomatic phraseology, not in itself to be commended, the Colonial Secretary managed to remind the foreign hostility which Lord Rosebery laments, that there was a point beyond which it could not indulge itself with impunity. In that he did well. The practical effect has been good. Lord Rosebery does ill to use words which can only weaken that practical effect by increasing, as Count Bülow would say, "the foreign egotism which without that is already strong enough."

Yet with all this the vindication of the honour of the army and the Government with regard to the severities of the campaign was a passage of the Chosterfield speech which no Englishman could read without a movement of pride. The upshot of the analysis of Lord Rosebery's position with the mass of the nation outside his own party seems to the writer to be this. Its admiration of his qualities and its perception of his weaknesses are alike increased. The country feels that it wants him, and yet feels that it needs security for him. It knows that there can be no complete conversion of his party from the heart upon Imperial questions. If he gets to office at the head of it, the country is not sure whether he will master his party at last,

or whether his party will again master him. The constituencies will need some further inducement before they make up their mind to trust the ex-Premier alone.

The next move lies with the Unionists, and if they make a mistake in it they will throw the game into Lord Rosebery's hands. There is no question that their position is imperilled. They are called upon if not to "clean their slate" at least to revise their slate. Their monopoly of Unionism is gone, and though their work is done there is no gratitude in politics. That mine is worked out, and they have had besides the full political profit of it. They have much to apologise for in the past, and they cannot offer a more attractive programme for the future than Lord Rosebery's. What the country hates is the temperament of the Cabinet. It is convinced that there is vital work before the nation, and that upon the competent discharge of that work in the time upon which we are now entering will depend whether England is to remain great.

The stress of economic competition will be fiercer than ever we have felt it. We shall have to fight in earnest against America for the supremacy of our shipping, which is as essential to the Empire as that of our navy. In Germany the chemical and electrical industries in which we have been far outstripped and the latter of which will become of more and more immense importance, are simply the ultimate product of the schools. Education is a supreme issue for us, and no one believes that the Government, as at present constituted, can be brought to deal adequately with it. It is on this question that the Tory residue in the Ministry tells, and must continue to tell against reform. Housing and temperance are questions of industrial and Imperial efficiency quite as much as are the army and the fleet. The financial strain will imperatively demand the revision of our entire fiscal system. Upon all these things the country craves for the vision which Lord Rosebery possesses, and for the executive grasp and energy which not he but Mr. Chamberlain possesses.

The present Prime Minister's frame of mind under present circumstances is the despair of the nation. It will not be content with Mr. Balfour in his place. It does not believe that the Leader of the House is either of the powerful personality or the forward mind indispensable to a man at the head of the Government, for business of national reform and Imperial consolidation that might tax as much force and ability as were in the Cabinet of 1868. After sixteen years of an unexampled ascendancy the country desires to break the Cecilian tradition altogether, and it is for the Unionist party to consider what it means to do after Lord Salisbury's retirement. If Mr. Balfour is to be Prime Minister that will not be stimulating to the party or the nation. It would be impossible under such an arrangement for the powers of Mr. Chamberlain to have full

play, and yet for all popular purposes the prestige and fighting power of an administration under Mr. Balfour would absolutely depend upon the Colonial Secretary. -

Of Lord Rosebery's programme of administrative efficiency and social reform, not Lord Rosebery but Mr. Chamberlain is the born executor. If the Unionist party have the courage to recognise him once for all as the man above all others in their ranks entitled to the name and office of leadership; if they accept him, in despite of all the intelligible reluctance that would have to be overcome, as Mr. Disraeli was accepted, then the Unionist party will be in little danger from—the other Unionist party! But if Mr. Balfour's premiership is to continue the sense of a slack, unsure, uncompact administration, then Lord Rosebery's chances are most excellent.

If Mr. Chamberlain is not to be Prime Minister, Lord Rosebery will be. But alone he is not of the giant calibre for the programme he formulates. And the country's perplexity is that the ex-Premier is a Unionist Liberal, while Mr. Chamberlain is a Liberal Unionist; that they are both the exponents of the Imperialist spirit, both the advocates of National parties; that there is no honest difference of principle between them, and that much will be lost to the Empire if they are to work apart, and much gained if they can by any method be induced to work together. What the nation wants is not Mr. Chamberlain alone, or Lord Rosebery alone—though it would prefer the former alternative if compelled to choose. It wants both these statesmen, the seer and the executor; and it wants them in the custody of each other. There was never a combination in politics to which a certain apologue was more applicable. The blind man with the sturdy legs heard, as he stumbled forward, the voice that came out of the ditch from the man who could see but could not walk. When the latter was carried upon the back of the former both were well sped. Lord Rosebery desires ardently to work for the Empire in office, and otherwise cares nothing for anything that is peculiar to the Liberal party. The country wishes to see the ex-Premier in office, but to have the Colonial Secretary out of office is the last thing it desires. The conjunction is prevented by nothing but a personal asperity between two statesmen whose gifts in no way compete, but are curiously complementary. If the Duke of Devonshire were sent for by His Majesty upon Lord Salisbury's retirement, why should not Lord Rosebery become his Foreign Minister and Mr. Chamberlain his Leader of the House? Whether the two Liberal Imperialists, now agreeing in everything essential except their opinion of each other, are to work together to the gain of the Empire or against each other to the loss of the Empire, there is but one exalted intervention which can determine. It is that of the King!

CARCHAS.

SOME TRAITS OF MR. GLADSTONE'S CHARACTER.¹

IN any list that could be made of the five or six most famous men of the generation which has now just quitted the earth, Mr. Gladstone would find a place, a place beside Bismarek, who survived him a few months, as well as Lincoln and Cavour, who died many years before him, but belong to the same generation. There were so many sides to his character and such a wonderful variety in his prowess, that it would be impossible to convey an adequate idea either of the one or of the other within the space of a short article. I have made a study of them in a little volume published in America in the summer of 1898, and will not attempt to repeat here what was said there.

That which I am asked to do in the few paragraphs of this article is to note certain aspects of his character which may be of special interest to young men who desire, at the time when they are forming their own habits of thought and life, to know what were the salient traits and mental qualities of those illustrious ones whose names filled and occupied the world when they were entering it.

That which most struck the person who spent a few days in the same house with Mr. Gladstone was the restless and unceasing activity of his mind. People often talked of his industry. But industry rather suggests the steady and dogged application which plods through a task because the task is set and has got to be despatched. He seemed to work because he liked it, or perhaps because he could not help working. His energy was inexhaustible, and when he was not engaged on whatever might for the time being be deemed business, he was just as strenuously occupied in studying or writing about some subject, quite unconnected with his regular employment, which for the moment interested him.

Nearly everything, except, perhaps, natural science, of which he was strangely ignorant, did interest him. Theology and ecclesiastical history had the foremost place, but general history, classical archaeology, poetry—especially the Greek and Italian poets—were always in his mind, and books about them might always be seen on his table. The abundance of his interests and the zest with which he indulged them were a great help to him, for they enabled him to throw off the cares of politics, and they distracted his thoughts from the inevitable vexations and disappointments of public life. It was

(1) Copyright in the United States of America by the *Youths' Company*.

his practice, when he returned late at night from the House of Commons after an exciting debate, to place a light at the head of his bed and read some agreeable but not too exciting book, often, but not always, a novel, for twenty minutes, after which he scarcely ever failed to have a good night's rest.

Sometimes he felt the activity of his mind press too hardly on him. "I remember one misty evening, between ten and eleven o'clock, to have seen his remarkable figure a few yards before me in St. James's Park. There was no mistaking him even at night, so peculiar was his walk; indeed, so peculiar that people who did not know him would turn to watch him as he passed along the street. Thinking it hardly safe for him, famous as he was, to be alone in so solitary a place, I overtook him and asked if I might walk by him, apologising if I should be disturbing his thoughts.

"My wish," he answered with a touch of sadness, "and my difficulty is to avoid thinking, so I am glad to be disturbed." And a year or two later he told me that to rest and distract his mind he had formed the habit of counting the omnibuses he met in the space of three or four hundred yards between his residence in Downing Street and the House of Commons, so as to see whether he could make an average of them, based on a comparison of the number that passed each day.

Unlike most Englishmen, he cared nothing for any games or for any sort of what is called sport. As a youth he used to shoot a little, and on one occasion hurt a finger so badly that it had to be cut off by a country doctor. It was before the days of chloroform, and he described the pain as terrible. Like Sir Robert Peel, he was very sensitive to physical pain. But before he reached middle life he had given up shooting. Nor did he ride. Indeed, his only form of exercise, beside walking, was the felling of trees in his park at Hawarden. This practically restricted him, except when at Hawarden, to intellectual pleasures for recreation. Sometimes, however, he would play backgammon, a game which makes very slight calls upon memory or reflection.

This wonderful activity of mind did not seem to spring from any sense of haste or pressure to get through one piece of work in order to go on to something else. He was never in a hurry, never seemed anxious, even when the time was short, to finish a job off in an incomplete way in order to despatch the work which remained, but went straight on through everything at the same pace, reminding one of the strong, steady, uniform stroke of the piston of a huge steam-engine.

I remember how, having once called on him by appointment at 3 P.M., I found him just sitting down to arrange his thoughts for a great speech he had to make the same afternoon at a crisis in the

Eastern Question. He wished information on a point that happened to be within my knowledge, and besides questioning me very deliberately upon it, talked in a leisurely way on the subject at large as if he had nothing else to do. At five o'clock he rose to deliver one of his longest and finest speeches, which it would have taken most men days to prepare for. However, he never wanted words; all his care was to be sure of the facts and to dispose the matter of a speech in the proper order.

With many people a high sense of the value of time produces unpunctuality, because they desire to crowd more things into the day than the day permits. It was not so with him. He got rapidly through work not by haste, but by extreme concentration of his faculties upon it. And as he was never in a hurry, he scarcely ever failed to keep an appointment.

It was not only time that he hated to see squandered. He disliked waste in everything. Any heedless or lax expenditure of public money displeased him not merely because it increased the burdens of the people, but because it seemed to him stupid and wrong—a sort of offence against reason. He was more careful about public money than if it came out of his own pocket.

Once in the little garden behind his official residence he lamented that the surface was all gravel, saying that the wife of his predecessor had caused the turf formerly there to be taken away for the sake of her garden parties. When asked why he did not have the turf put back, he answered it would cost too much. "How much?" He named a sum, which, to the best of my recollection, was less than forty pounds, and evidently thought this cost more than he ought to ask the country to bear.

He used to express surprise at the modern English habit of using cabs to go quickly over a short distance in the city, contrasting it with the frugality of his contemporaries in his early days, when vehicles plying for hire were scarce. His eagerness to keep down the public expenditure was not much appreciated by the people, for during the last thirty years public opinion in England has become quite careless regarding the raising and spending of revenue.

This dislike of all needless expenditure accorded with the simplicity of his own life. He had an almost puritanical aversion to luxury in dress, in food, in the furniture of a house, in the external paraphernalia of life, and never went beyond the requirements of modest comfort. All his ideals were of the moral sort, all his pleasures of the intellectual sort. Though as a political economist and a financier he rejoiced in the extraordinary growth of wealth in England, he saw with disquiet the habits of luxury and the tendencies of thought and taste which wealth brought with it, and often declared that the humbler

classes were far more likely to be right in their political opinions than the rich and great.

The presence in the Legislature of men really indifferent to political issues, but seeking to use their position for the promotion of their private pecuniary objects, filled him with alarm. To most of us it does not seem to be at this moment a growing evil in England. But I recollect that in 1897, after he had retired from public life, he dwelt upon it as the greatest danger that threatened parliamentary institutions.

His pride, which was great, showed itself in his high sense of personal honour and dignity, a sense so high as almost to exclude vanity, any manifestation of which he would have thought beneath him. It never appeared in the intercourse of private life.

No one was more agreeable and easy in conversation. He gave unstintingly the best he had to give, and gave it to all alike, to the person of least as readily as to the person of most consequence. Though he talked copiously and in a somewhat oratorical fashion, with modulations of voice and gestures which reminded one of his speeches, he never tried to absorb the conversation, and was always quick to listen to anyone who had some new facts to give, especially if they lay within the lines of his historical and theological interests. His respect for learning was so great that he was sometimes imposed upon by people who professed more than they possessed. Still greater was his respect for the gift of poetry.

In a remarkable letter which he wrote after the death of Alfred Tennyson to the poet's eldest son, the present Lord Tennyson, and which is printed in the second edition of the latter's life of his father, he expressed with characteristic force his sense of the superiority of the genius which speaks to all succeeding ages through immortal verse to the talent of the statesman, whose work is done by lower methods and for his own time, and who is soon forgotten. Poetry and philosophy were to him the highest forms of human effort, and philosophy he valued chiefly as the handmaid of theology, taking—so far as his friends could discover—no very great interest in metaphysics proper, but only in such parts of them as could be made to support or explain morality and religion. His own favourite philosopher was Bishop Butler, in whom he found the union of these elements which he desired.

Towards German metaphysics, and perhaps even towards German literature in general, he betrayed a slight prejudice, which seemed to spring from his dislike to the sceptical influence German thought had exercised in the days of his early manhood.

Italian poets were his favourites, next after Greek and English ones; indeed, he sometimes seemed inclined to put Dante at the head of all poets. How far this was due to his sympathy with Dante's

theology it was not easy to determine. He would not have admitted it to be so, though, as every one knows, he tried to discover traces of Christian theology in the mythology of Homer. But he was more influenced by likings and aversions of this kind than he himself realised, being by no means what people call "objective" or detached in his judgments. Moreover, though sincere and earnest in seeking for truth, his mental methods were really more forensic than judicial, and he seldom delivered conclusions which had not been more or less coloured by the feelings of sympathy or repulsion which made him unconsciously adopt a view and then find arguments for it.

This was in one way an advantage to him in public life. It helped to make him sanguine. When he desired a thing, he found it easy to deem it attainable. Sometimes he erred by underrating the forces opposed to him. But on the whole he gained by the cheerful eagerness with which he threw himself into enterprises from which less hopeful men recoiled as impracticable.

The warmth of his feelings, though it sometimes betrayed him into language of undue vehemence in denouncing what he thought unjust conduct or pernicious principle, did not make him harsh in his judgment of persons or unfair in his treatment of them. In private he discussed people's character and capacities very freely. Few things were more instructive than to sit beside him and listen to the running commentary which he would deliver on the speakers in a House of Commons debate, noting the strong and weak points which they showed, and delivering estimates of their respective abilities.

These estimates were sometimes trenchant in exposing the pretensions of showy men, who imposed on the outside world. But they were hardly ever bitter. Even the antagonists who attacked him with violence or spite, forgetting the respect due to his age and position, did not seem to rouse any personal resentment in his large and charitable mind. Indeed, his friends often thought that he erred on the side of his indulgence, and honoured by elaborate refutation persons whom he had better have dismissed with a few words of contempt.

I cannot recall a single instance in which he seemed to be actuated by a revengeful wish to punish a person who had assailed or injured him, but, I recall many in which he refrained from opportunities others would have used. How far this was due to indifference, how far to a sense of Christian duty, was a question often discussed by those who watched him. Perhaps it was partly due to his pride, which led him to deem it below his dignity to yield to vulgar passions.

One of the strange contrasts which his character presented was that between his excitability on small occasions and his perfect composure on great ones. He would sometimes in a debate, arising suddenly, say imprudent things, owing to the strength of his emotions, would then

attempts to kill people and destroy buildings by dynamite had been made in London, it was thought necessary to guard his person, and the persons of some of his colleagues, by policemen who were charged to follow them about everywhere. This protection was most distasteful to him, and though to please his friends he generally submitted to it, he could not resist the temptation occasionally to escape.

There is a back way out of the House of Commons by which it is possible to get on to the Thames Embankment, the view from which over the river is always striking, and most so just before sunrise, when the morning star flames up above St. Paul's Cathedral, and the sky reddening over the city begins to redden the broad stream beneath. By this way he used to pass out late at night, eluding the vigilance of the police, and enjoy a solitary stroll under the stars before returning to his house, indifferent to the dangers which others feared for him.

So, too, on his journeys to and from London, and in his walks round Hawarden, he insisted on reducing the precautions taken to the lowest point that his friends would permit, hating the idea that any one would attempt to harm him, and having no apprehensions for himself.

The circumstances of his life and career called more frequently for the exercise of moral courage than of physical, nor is there any career in which such courage is more essential, either to success or to a man's own inward peace and satisfaction, than that of a statesman in a popularly-governed country. Whoever enters such a career must be prepared to be often misunderstood and still more often misrepresented. He is sure to excite enmities—and that not only from opponents—and he will from time to time have to face unpopularity if he obeys his conscience.

In an admirable speech delivered in the House of Lords just after Mr. Gladstone's death, Lord Rosebery referred to his frequent use of the word "manly," as indicating the quality which he most valued. It was one which he never failed to practise. He was cautious, carefully examining beforehand the country he was going to traverse. If he thought the risks of failure too great, he might choose some other course. But once he had chosen his course, no threats of opponents, no qualms and tremors of friends, could turn him from it.

Difficulties rather stimulated that wonderful reserve of fighting force which he possessed. None of his colleagues ever heard him suggest as a reason for dropping a measure or recoiling from an executive act, the personal attacks to which he or they would be exposed. It was a consideration that never crossed his mind, and this became so well known to those who were around him that they did not think of suggesting it as one which could affect his action. Although, as has been already observed, he was impetuous, and

sometimes threw too much passion into a speech when he had become excited, this courage had nothing to do with his impetuosity, and was just as manifest when he was weighing a question in cold blood.

Mr. Gladstone had his deficiencies and even his faults. No one who knew him need wish to deny them, because his great qualities were far more than sufficient to eclipse them. But I think that those who studied him closely, in private as well as in public, would have agreed in holding that they were faults rather of intellect than of character, so far as it is possible to distinguish these two things.

It was, of course, chiefly by his intellectual gifts that he was known, and for them that he was admired. Yet that which seemed most worthy of admiration in a man who had seen so much of the world and might well have been hardened by it, was the freshness and warmth of his feelings and the lofty plane on which his thoughts moved. In discussing a subject with him, one was often struck by the tendency of his mind to become fantastic, to miss the central point of a question, to rely upon a number of fine-drawn and subtle arguments, instead of one or two solid ones. But if an appeal was made to his love of humanity and justice and freedom, he never failed to respond.

He hated cruelty. One of the strongest motives he had for taking up the cause of Irish Home Rule was his horror at the atrocities which had been perpetrated in Ireland at the end of last century. He would often speak of them with a sense of shame as well as anger, which made one imagine that he thought some kind of expiation for them required from England. It was the same loathing for cruelty and oppression that made him, in 1876-78, and again in his latest years, so ardent an advocate of the cause of the Eastern Christians.

He had a very strong sense of public duty. His standard of personal honour was high in small things as well as in great, and I may illustrate this by saying that, though he was extremely ingenious in debate and extremely anxious to prevail, I cannot recall an instance in which he knowingly misrepresented an adversary's words, or used an argument which he himself knew to be fallacious, although these are the most familiar devices of parliamentary controversy, which, though certainly censurable, are used by many men deemed fair and trustworthy in the relations of private life.

His view of human nature was always charitable, and even indulgent. Sometimes it was too indulgent; yet this is the better side on which to err. The memory of these things, and of his magnanimity and of his courage, abides with those who knew him, and figures more largely in their estimate of his worth and his place in English public life than does their admiration for his splendid intellectual powers and his tireless intellectual energy.

JAMES BRYCE.

RUSSIA, GERMANY, AND BRITAIN: A WARNING AND A MORAL.¹

FOR more than twenty years I have been preaching, for the most part to deaf ears, the suicidal folly of our unreasoning policy towards Russia ever since the Crimean War, and the serious menace to our naval and commercial supremacy which the designs of Germany portend. In an article signed "Ignotus," in the April number of this Review, I traced in outline the methods by which Germany has, in the course of less than forty years, reached her present position in Europe. They have been methods of the most unscrupulous Machiavellian statecraft, beginning with the invasion of the Elbe Duchies on pretexts which were cynically cast aside when they had served their purpose, and ending with the buccaneering seizure of Kiao-Chow, which was the real cause of the Boxer rising. I must refer the reader to the article for the detailed proof of my indictment.

But Germany's ambition is not yet satisfied. She aims at "a world policy"; and to enable her to fulfil her destiny, "the future of Germany," says her ruler, must be "on the water." In plain language the aim of German policy is to wrest from Britannia the Sceptre of the Sea. This desire, which the German Chancellor has revealed under a transparent veil of diplomatic phraseology, is prompted partly by a domineering national pride, and partly by economic necessity. The victory of Germany over France seems to have gradually transformed the national character. From being a nation of students, idealists, philosophers, the Germans have become a nation of soldiers, tradesmen, financial speculators. Mars and Mammon are now the most popular deities in the land of Goethe, Schiller, and Hegel. Two or three years ago it happened to me to meet on board an English yacht in a foreign port an officer of rank in the German navy. He was well-informed, pleasant, and obliging. One of our party happened, in course of conversation, to remark on the strange fact, that while Germans could be most agreeable and friendly towards English people in private, the German nation showed the most bitter hostility towards the English nation. The officer's manner suddenly changed, and became almost fierce. "Do you wonder at it?" he asked. "I am a sailor, and have been all over the world. I have never entered a harbour without finding your flag flying. On land we are all-powerful. On the sea we are nothing while you keep your supremacy. We are sick of that, and are determined to put a stop to it." Germany

(1) To prevent misunderstanding, it may be better to state that this article was written before Mr. Chamberlain's Edinburgh speech and the agitation caused by it in Germany: and, of course, before the writer had an opportunity of reading "Calchas's" article in the December *Fortnightly Review*.

is conscious of her military hegemony, and her pride is stung by finding herself, through the supremacy of Britain, impotent on the ocean.

But nations do not in these days make war for glory only. Powerful motives of a very material sort lie behind Germany's thirst to make her future on the water. In the raw material of wealth she is a poor country, and her population is increasing by leaps and bounds. It is now over fifty-six millions. To provide for the wants of the nation and find an outlet for her redundant population she is thus forced to seek commercial development and territorial expansion. And she finds us athwart her path in every direction. We possess a number of good things which Germany needs and covets, and as if this were not enough, she complains that we have taken advantage of her impotence at sea to annex all that is profitable in South Africa. I have shown in my article on "Germany and England" in the April number of this Review that the telegram from the Kaiser to Kruger was by no means the offspring of a generous impulse, but a deliberate act of State policy which was to be followed by a league with Russia and France against us. This was candidly admitted by Count von Bulow in the German Reichstag on the 12th of December, 1900. Having discovered "that, in the event of a conflict with England in Africa," said the Chancellor, "we should have had to rely upon our own strength, a patriotic Government was bound to draw its own conclusions."¹ The first of these conclusions is the creation of a powerful navy which shall command the North Sea, and the remainder will depend on circumstances. Serious industrial troubles loom ominously on the political horizon of Germany, and industrial troubles in Germany would be more dangerous than in any other country, and this for two reasons. The first is that Socialism in Germany rests on a more scientific basis than Socialism anywhere else. Russian Nihilism, let us remember, is the offspring of German brains. German Socialism is thoroughly organised. It is already influentially represented in Parliament, and is rapidly spreading among the electors, as each successive election proves. The danger here is twofold: first, the control of the parliamentary machine by the Socialists; next, the control of the army. There is one aspect of military conscription which is apt to be

1. A later proof has been furnished in *Prince Bismarck after his Dismissal*, just published in Berlin, by Dr. Lämmer, an intimate friend of Bismarck, *e.g.*, the following: -- "In the Transvaal question Prince Bismarck's sympathies were openly on the Boer side. Coolly as he judged, yet he did not hide his views about events at the beginning of 1896, the result of which was the Emperor William's telegram to President Kruger. They were simply political burglary or piracy, and should it come to the worst, one could, he thought, depend on the Boers, who had iron natures added to a phlegmatic temperament, and were, besides, good shots. In Cecil Rhodes the Prince saw the clever stockbroker, towards whom the British Government had adopted an attitude which awakened the suspicion of complicity with, or at least fear of, him."

overlooked: I mean its tendency to propagate Socialistic ideas among the masses. This applies to Germany more than to any other European country. In France the conscripts, especially of the rural districts, remain under the influence of religion while with the colours, and return for the most part to homes where a religious atmosphere prevails. In Protestant Germany it is otherwise. The Christian creed, while formally recognised, has lost much of its hold, especially in the towns. It does not, as in France and Russia, enter into the woof and texture and substance of the people's character. The consequence is that it is liable to yield easily to corrosive influences. The German conscript leaves his rural home with his simple faith in God and Kaiser. But his faith is a traditional instinct, not a reasoned belief; and two or three years of barrack life will shake, and in many cases destroy, it. Numbers of soldiers thus return to their homes every year as full-fledged Socialists, and preach their new creed with the proverbial zeal and fervour of converts. This accounts for the steady and rapid increase of the Socialist vote. But it is inoculating the army as well as the parliamentary representation, and thus bids fair to get hold at no distant period of the legislative and coercive power of the Empire. This catastrophe would be accelerated, and might be precipitated, by severe industrial and agricultural distress, and a parliament and an army largely imbued with Socialistic ideas and doctrines would be apt, in such circumstances, to remodel existing institutions. Men who have been taught that there is no heaven hereafter for those who toil and suffer on earth are only too likely to seek their heaven here, and to seek it with the least possible delay. The body politic can have no more dangerous element in its constitution than an educated proletariat in distress. And that is what Germany is coming to unless she can find a promising outlet for her surplus population, and an expansion of trade sufficient to support her crushing armaments and to sustain in comfort her home population.

Now Great Britain is regarded in Germany, by rulers and ruled, as the one great obstacle to German expansion everywhere. Our fleet controls the sea, and while that supremacy lasts Germany cannot fulfil what she considers her manifest destiny without our permission. She has designs on the richest portions of the Turkish Empire, and has been sedulously cultivating for that purpose the friendship of the Sultan, even to the condonation of the Armenian massacres. But there, too, a Power which rules the sea can cry, "Thus far, and no farther!" It is natural that Germany should chafe at this restraint, and should strain every nerve to break loose from it. This she can only do, within any measurable distance of time, by securing the alliance of one or more of the Great Powers. She has already made two ineffectual attempts in that direction—in the Kruger telegram

and Fashoda incidents¹—and she will try again on the first favourable opportunity. It will be our fault if she succeed, for her only chance of success is an alliance with Russia against us; and Russia is not likely to form such an alliance unless we drive her into it. But she may be driven into it by an indefinite continuation of our stupid policy ever since the Crimean war; a policy of suspicion, detraction, nagging, jubilation over every check to her policy; menacing suggestions of an alliance against her—now with Turkey, then with Japan, and anon with Germany. If we persist in playing the part of the dog-in-the-manger, “willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,” and thus convince Russia that we are her one irreconcilable and chronic foe, then indeed she may consider that her interest lies in contracting an alliance even with Germany against us. On the other hand, the first article in the foreign policy of Germany ever since Bismarck shaped and moulded it is to keep on good terms with Russia, whatever may happen. So intent was Bismarck on the imperative necessity of this that he made, as we have lately learnt, a secret treaty with Russia after the formation of the Triple Alliance. His policy still reigns in the German Foreign Office; a fact of which we had a painful example in what Count von Bülow ostentatiously called “the Yangtze agreement”—a public avowal, which was preceded by a private intimation to Russia, that the Anglo-German agreement was intended to admit Germany into the British sphere of influence, but not to interfere with Russian policy in the Far East. The object of this was to persuade Russia that England was her enemy and Germany her friend. Count Waldersee pursued the same policy all through the international occupation of Peking; doubtless in obedience to instructions from Berlin.

The position is, therefore, perfectly plain. It is impossible to arrive at a working understanding with Germany. It is her interest to supplant us in the field of commerce and to destroy our supremacy at sea, and all nations—Germany most of all and least scrupulous of all—will pursue the policy which makes for their interest.

It is the interest of Russia, on the other hand, to cultivate our friendship; and ours not less to cultivate hers. Our respective interests do not necessarily clash anywhere. She has nothing which we covet. We have nothing which she covets: India least of all, as any one who considers the matter with an unprejudiced mind will see.

It is very curious that a nation so robust as the British, so full of common sense in ordinary matters, and possessed of such governing and administrative qualities as have made the British Empire the admiration of mankind, should nevertheless be often the victim

(1) See the article on “Germany and England,” in the *Fortnightly Review* of April, 1901.

of prejudices so unreasonable as really to deserve the name of monomania.

It would be incredible, did we not know it to be true, that masses of men of the highest ability and integrity may be victims of a prejudice which, to an unprejudiced mind, has not an atom of reason to support it. Such I believe to be the case of British Russophobia. Let us glance at the facts.

Some months before the Russo-Turkish war in 1877 the Emperor of Russia communicated his views with great frankness to the British Ambassador. The following are extracts from his communications:—

"Intentions are attributed to Russia of a future conquest of India, and of the possession of Constantinople. Can anything be more absurd? With regard to the former, it is a perfect impossibility; and as regards the latter, I repeat again the most solemn assurances that I entertain neither the wish nor the intention."

Again:—

"The Emperor has not the slightest wish or intention in any way to menace the interests of England either with regard to Constantinople, or Egypt, or India. With regard to India, His Majesty not only considers it impossible to do so, but an act of folly if practicable."

Again, after the war broke out:—

"His Majesty the Emperor attaches the greatest importance to the maintenance of good relations between the two countries. He will make every effort to that end; but the English Cabinet, on their side, must do the same."¹

These assurances were given by the Liberator of the Serfs, one of the noblest and most honest of Sovereigns. But I do not base my argument on the honesty of any Tsar or any Russian Government, though I believe them to be on a par in that respect with other Governments. Governments will, in the last resort, pursue that policy which they believe to be best for their country. In November, 1876, the Tsar assured our Ambassador that he considered the conquest of India "not only impossible, but an act of folly if practicable." Let us examine these two propositions in the dry light of facts. The conquest of India now would be a very different matter from its conquest by Alexander the Great and other leaders, when the country was divided under many sovereigns and chieftains who were, for the most part, in a state of chronic internecine strife. A prudent invader could rely on the co-operation of discontented potentates and tribes. A comparatively small army of determined warriors under a skilful general might under those conditions have sufficed. It lived chiefly on the countries through which it passed, and thus troubled itself but little about commissariat; while spears and bows and arrows could be carried with ease across roadless valleys and

(1) Parliamentary Papers, *Turkey*, No. 9 (1878), p. 2; No. 15 (1878), pp. 1, 2.

mountains which would present an almost impassable barrier to a modern army, even if there were no enemy to oppose it. Our own experience against the Boers ought to dissipate for ever this antiquated superstition, as Lord Salisbury truly called the fear of a Russian invasion of India. The Boers fighting against us probably never exceeded 30,000 men at one time, and for more than a year it is questionable whether they ever exceeded 20,000. And they are for the most part an army of peasant-farmers with no military training either for officers or men. Yet they have held out against us for more than two years. A few months after the war began we amassed against them an army much larger than Marlborough or Wellington had at any time under their command, and we gradually increased it to 250,000, and still maintain it at that figure, although Lord Kitchenor's estimate (November 13th) places the Boers in the field at only 10,000. And in addition to all this we possess all the towns and railways.

The truth is, arms of precision and smokeless powder place the invader at an enormous disadvantage in a difficult country, and would make the invasion of India under our rule a sheer impossibility. If it has cost us 250,000 soldiers, with command of the sea and of all the railways, to maintain a struggle of more than two years, still unfinished, against such a petty foe, what sort of army would Russia need for the invasion of India? Half a million, not including camp followers, would hardly be too many, considering the long line of communications to be guarded among hostile and warlike populations. According to the calculation of a military expert an invading army of only 200,000 men would require for transport service 400,000 camels, 300,000 horses, and 100,000 camp followers. The expedition would require many months of preparation, which could not be done in secret: and we should meanwhile be preparing to give the invaders a warm reception, and organising the intervening tribes to harass them on the march. We should know for certain the route they took, and would have an overwhelming force at the mouth of the few passes through which they would have to pass. They would be exhausted, and far away from their base, with their communications exposed to constant interruption, while our troops would be quite fresh, with their base at hand and their communications secure behind them. Defeat would be ruinous to the invaders. Their *prestige* gone, swarms of enemies would gather behind and around them, and their fate would probably be a repetition of the retreat of the Grand Army from Moscow. Such a disaster would imperil the rule of Russia throughout Asia and shake her position seriously in Europe. Well indeed might the Tsar declare a Russian invasion of India to be "impossible," while Prince Gortchakoff dismissed it as an idea "belonging to the domain of political

mythology." Only a government of lunatics would dream of making the attempt.

Let us look at the Tsar's second declaration, that the conquest of India by Russia "would be an act of folly if practicable." Surely that also is evident. If Russia should conquer India, and drive us out, she could not hold it. Our departure would be the signal for insurrections throughout the length and breadth of the land, and our experience in South Africa proves that our expulsion, supposing it possible, would be the lightest part of the task that Russia had undertaken. Nor, even if there were no insurrections, would she have a staff to man the Civil Service. Moreover, she would be forced to conquer, annex and hold all the territory between India and her present frontier. If the annexation of two petty republics, with no foreign territory or hostile tribes between, has strained so severely our military and financial resources, it needs no prophot to tell that the conquest of India would be more disastrous to Russia than a crushing defeat at our hands. She might survive the latter. The former would certainly be her ruin.

And where would lie the temptation of so ruinous a venture? India is not a rich country, and she is likely to become poorer year by year, owing to the onormous increase of her already teeming population. While Lord Lansdowne was Viceroy and Lord Wenlock Governor of Madras, they took a census of the population of British India, and found that the increase during the previous decade was thirty-three millions. That is an ominous outlook for the rulers of India in no distant future.

Russia, on the other hand, is a country larger than Europe, with a population of one hundred and thirty millions and boundless resources. What she needs, therefore, is years of peace, a larger population, and abundant capital. And to suppose that she is going to turn her back on that promising future for the sake of wasting her resources in men and money in order to conquer territories which would tax her strength to the breaking point in the effort, and would certainly ruin her if she succeeded, is to suppose that Russia is a nation of lunatics.

Tried, then, by the irresistible logic of facts, the Tsar's two declarations are incontrovertible. Russia knows that her conquest of India is "impossible," and would be "an act of folly if practicable." But may not Russia use her contiguity to our frontier in India to give us trouble when she has a dispute with us elsewhere? Undoubtedly she may.

Her position in Central Asia and on the frontier of China will always enable her to make some move which will alarm the nervous portion of the British public when the news reaches it through the exaggerated, perhaps inaccurate, report of some special correspondent.

Thus was the paltry and insignificant Penjdeh incident magnified almost into a *casus belli*, so that Mr. Gladstone was forced to ask Parliament for a war vote. Thus was the occupation of Port Arthur so manipulated by the press that the Government leased Wei-Hei-Wei as a sop to the journalistic Cerberus.¹

Of course Russia will use every coign of vantage against us if she finds us thwarting and worrying her whenever we get an opportunity, and helping other Powers—now Austria, as in the Treaty of Berlin; now Germany, as in the Anglo-German Agreement and in the Euphrates Valley Railway—to cross Russia's path. Russia's movements against us are in self-defence. We have for years constituted ourselves the universal janitor of Europe against her, closing the gates of the Dardanelles against her at one end of her empire and those of the Persian Gulf at the other. My own belief is that an intelligent appreciation of her own interest will always prevent Russia from seizing Constantinople except in the *dernier ressort* of keeping another Power out of it. For the possession of Constantinople, as the Emperor Nicholas foresaw, would almost certainly lead to the disintegration of Russia. Its commanding position would make it the capital of the Empire, which would then become a composite nation, partly Muscovite, partly Byzantine, with a conflict of interests, aspirations and ideals. We know how the old Rome on the Tiber and the new Rome on the Bosphorus led to the disintegration of the Empire of the Cæsars. A rivalry of alien capitals would work a like ruin in the Empire of the Tsars. Byzantium and Muscovy would

(1) Liberal writers and speakers have never ceased to accuse Lord Salisbury of pusillanimity for ordering two British war ships to leave Port Arthur during his friendly discussion of the subject with the Russian Ambassador. I am not concerned to defend Lord Salisbury, whose policy I have myself sometimes attacked. But I like fair play in controversy. Now what are the facts? Lord Salisbury denied that he gave any order. But if he had, I think he would have acted wisely. Two British war ships appeared in the harbour of Port Arthur after some Russian ships had anchored there, and in the middle of the *pourparlers* between the two Governments. Of course the British ships had a right to be there, and Russia never questioned that right. But the Russian Ambassador said that the sudden apparition of the British ships at that particular moment wore an appearance of menace, and was inflaming the public mind in Russia, and making the task of the Russian Ambassador more difficult. If Lord Salisbury had ordered the ships away, I submit that it would have been an act of patriotic duty and international courtesy. To risk war between two great countries for fear of being accused of cowardice in doing a right thing would indeed be the most abject exhibition of criminal cowardice; and that Liberals should be the accusers is passing strange. I believe they would have praised in Mr. Gladstone or Lord Rosebery what they censure in Lord Salisbury. I have been told by a naval officer, that it is the custom in our navy, especially in the Far East, that two of our ships should shadow every Russian war ship. Can anything more insulting and irritating be conceived? It is by these petty and offensive affronts that we have succeeded in inflaming the Russian people, who are naturally disposed to be our friends, against us. I trust that this custom will be abolished without delay. To single Russia out as a suspect nation, whose navy must be placed under British surveillance, is an affront which wounds a proud and powerful people more than open hostility.

refuse to amalgamate, and the Russian Empire would go to pieces in the vain effort of mutual assimilation. "If once the Tsar," said Nicholas, in one of those confidential conversations with our Ambassador in 1851, "were to take up his abode at Constantinople, Russia would cease to be Russia. No Russian would like that." He proposed, therefore, the creation of a confederation of Balkan States under the protection of Russia, with Constantinople as a free city under the protection of the Great Powers, which would then have practically meant Russia and Great Britain. We chose to "put our money on the wrong horse" and preferred the alliance of "the Sick Man."

But however that may be, the fate of Constantinople is no affair of ours. It is the affair of Austria and Germany, who have got us—very cleverly on their part, very stupidly on ours—to guard Constantinople for their benefit. We have just as little interest in Persia, if I am right in supposing that Russia has no designs on India, except to give us check when we are acting against her elsewhere. Commercially, Persia is at present of small value to us. Under Russian rule its natural resources would be developed, and we should be the chief gainers. I doubt whether Russia aims at annexing Persia, at all events within any measurable distance of time. She has enough on her hands of that kind of work for a long time to come without annexing by conquest a kingdom alien in race and religion. But in any case let us remember that a commercial nation like ours always profits by the annexation of barbarous territory by a civilised Power, with or without "the open door." The fact is, no civilised Power can close its door effectually against its neighbours' trade. In spite of all protective tariffs our annual trade with the United States is £138,500,000; with France £71,500,000; with Germany £61,500,000; with Holland £44,500,000; with Russia £34,000,000; with Belgium £31,000,000; with China, which looms so largely in the popular imagination as a mine of enormous value, only £10,000,000, exclusive of Hong-Kong, which is a British possession. Yet China is highly civilised compared with Persia. There is no greater fallacy in the history of commerce than the idea that "trade follows the flag." Our trade with foreign countries amounts to £554,000,000 as against £184,000,000 with our colonies, which tax our imports as if we were a foreign nation. It was supposed at the time that Russia's possession of Batoum would shut out British commerce. The event has proved that we are the chief gainers. Commercially, therefore, the possession of Persia, as of Manchuria, by Russia would benefit our trade exceedingly. Politically it would not hurt us if we can only convince Russia that we have no hostile designs

(1) See affable speech by Mr. McEwan, late M.P. for the Central Division of Edinburgh.

against her. If Russia really harboured those sinister intentions against India with which she is credited in prejudiced imaginations, she has let slip in the most inexplicable manner at least two splendid opportunities of putting her schemes in practice: the Indian Mutiny and the war in South Africa. The injury she could have done us on both occasions is incalculable. Yet her conduct on both occasions has been not only correct but friendly. She could have prevented us, and can do so still, from sending a single soldier from India to South Africa without giving us a tangible ground of complaint. She has twice within the last six years refused to join Germany in hostilities against us, as I have shown in my article in the April number of the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*. How can the Russophobists reconcile Russia's attitude on critical occasions with their theory?

Once admit that Russia has no motive, and therefore no wish, to disturb us in India or elsewhere if we only let her alone, and then the reasons which should induce us to seek a working understanding with her will be seen to be paramount. It is not a question of her getting a port in the Persian Gulf, but of her getting it with our consent, or in spite of us in a few years—*i.e.*, as soon as Germany has made her railway to the Gulf, and is ripe to offer Russia an alliance against us there. I have seen it stated that the question of allowing Russia an outlet on the Persian Gulf is not a matter for the British Government to decide, but for the Indian. The sooner that new-fangled and pernicious doctrine is stamped upon the better for the Empire. The Viceroy of India, be he ever so able, is the servant of the British Government, not its master; and the policy of allowing Russia an outlet on the Persian Gulf is a matter of Imperial, not merely of Indian, interest. There has been too much tendency in recent years to give a back seat to Great Britain and Ireland in the policy of the British Empire. "Greater Britain" is a phrase which British patriotism should resent as insulting. "Greater Britain" is in these famous islands in the Northern Seas. From them has gone forth the race that has created and administered colonies and dependencies that are unique in the history of mankind. But there are some people whose idea of greatness is material bulk, and who would regard a hippopotamus as a greater being than a man. Away with this unconstitutional doctrine that our relations with Russia must be dictated in Calcutta, not in London! If that doctrine had been acted upon after the Mutiny we should certainly have lost Oude, if not India, as will be shown in the sequel.

Of all countries in the world Syria and Asia Minor are potentially the richest, and, to a nation possessing our unrivalled commercial marine and a dominant navy, the most valuable. The Ottoman Empire possesses all the conditions favourable to agricultural and mineral development in a degree unapproached by any other country

in the world; climate, geographical position, fertility of soil, wealth of minerals, easy channels of exportation. Possessing the climates, it yields the fruits and products of all the zones. It abounds in lakes, is indented by numerous bays and gulfs, and is washed by six seas, all of which offer it rare advantages for maritime commerce. The country is, besides, intersected by broad and deep rivers, ready to bear its produce to the sea. In no country of the world have the gifts of God been lavished in richer profusion. In none have they been so grossly and so systematically neglected and abused by the folly and perverseness of man.

Germany knows well the value of those regions, and has been for years striving her utmost to forestall all competitors. Hence her anxiety to support the Sultan at whatever cost to humanity till her plans are matured for seizing the richest part of his inheritance. Hence the Kaiser's recent telegram to Abdul Hamid thanking Providence for shielding his "precious life" in a shock of earthquake: precious to German schemes, no doubt, for who can tell what might happen if the organiser of the Armenian massacres were gathered to his fathers?

Russia is cying with hostile vigilance the development of Germany's schemes in Asiatic Turkey, and the revived claims of France to a religious protectorate there is resented throughout Russia, and may gradually dissolve the Dual Alliance. Great Britain is the only Power that has no interests, religious or political, antagonistic to those of Russia, who would still, I believe, gladly welcome our co-operation in developing our mutual interests in the Far and Near East. The time is probably not yet past for coming to terms with her everywhere, on no other conditions than mutual confidence, mutual abstinence from aggression on either side, and mutual explanations frankly tendered in case of any proceeding on either side that may seem suspicious to the other. Our £10,000,000 a year from China is a mere bagatelle in comparison with the field waiting for British capital and energy in Asia Minor, if we do not, through our suicidal hostility to Russia, allow Germany to forestall us, as she has done so effectually, together with Austria, in the regions of the Balkans and the Danube. And what a field there is also for British capital and skill in the undeveloped province of Siberia. There, too, Germany is taking the lead, to our detriment. By disposition and economic necessity she is our deadly foe. In Asia Minor, in China, in the Southern Seas, we have made serious sacrifices to gain her friendship, and she has repaid us with bitter words and unfriendly deeds. She is not yet ripe for an open quarrel, and therefore when her press has been allowed full swing for a while in its virulent abuse of us, it receives an official hint to hush for a while, since the British navy is still a power to be reckoned with.

But Germany's eye is still on South Africa, without which her African colonies are useless to her. Let us take care that we do not play her game. Some time ago the *Berliner Neueste Nachrichten* observed: "England is too much shackled in Africa to cause uneasiness to Germany." It is that opinion, doubtless, which tempts Count von Bülow to garnish his speeches in the Reichstag with gibes and jeers against this country.

The calculation of the German Government is that this war will leave the Boers in such a state of exasperation and sullen hate towards this country that it will take a large army for an indefinite, but certainly a long, period to hold the country. And military authorities among ourselves now talk of the necessity of keeping 150,000 British troops in South Africa for a considerable time after the war is over. Consider what that means. It means in the first place the paralysis of our diplomacy. The most skilful diplomacy is sure to miscarry unless it has force behind it, and there can be no force behind our diplomacy while we have 150,000, or even 100,000, soldiers locked up in South Africa. As soon as the war is over a host of time-expired men will leave the army, and the omens seem to show that their places will not easily be refilled. And who is to pay for the army of occupation in South Africa? It is safe to say that neither South Africa nor any of our colonies will help us to bear the burden. And when the glory and glamour of the war are past, and the necessities of life have become dearer, and myriads of men are out of work—as they will be when the spurious stimulus imparted to various trades by the war has ceased—and are cast upon the rates, those who feel the pinch will certainly rebel against a state of things which imposes grievous hardships upon them without any return in appreciable value. The working classes are now, let us remember, our law-makers. They have hitherto shown no disposition to unite against the classes above them. But they have never been severely tried since they received the franchise, and it would be rash to calculate on their forbearance in anything approaching the distress which followed Waterloo. They need have no recourse to riots now: they can achieve their ends by constitutional means, and the party that promises most is likely to win.

With such a prospect before us, then, all who value the commonweal, and prefer the interest of their country to that of any party, should contribute any little help they can to what Lord Rosebery has called "the common stock." I wind up this article accordingly with a precedent from the annals of the Conservative Party which, I humbly think, the Government might follow in South Africa with advantage to the country and credit to themselves.

Lord Canning's justice and generosity to the natives of India, even to those who had risen against us, earned for him from the Anglo-

Indian community the sneering nickname of "Clemency Canning." Yet even he yielded at last so far to their persistent pressure as to issue a Proclamation confiscating the property of the people of Oude. A Conservative Government was in office at the time, under the leadership of Lord Derby in the House of Lords and Mr. Disraeli in the Commons. The Minister for India (Lord Ellenborough), on behalf of the Cabinet, cancelled the Viceroy's Proclamation without delay. The Opposition, thereupon, moved votes of censure on the Government in both Houses of Parliament. The motion was defeated in the Upper House by the narrow majority of nine. The debate collapsed in the House of Commons on the fourth night, owing to the interposition of influential members, including Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, who, while disapproving of the policy of confiscation, were desirous to give Lord Canning time to reconsider the matter, but would not support the vote of censure if pressed to a division.

I shall now make some extracts from the despatch cancelling Lord Canning's Proclamation, and then quote from the two ablest speeches in defence of the Government, Lord Ellenborough's and Sir Hugh Cairns', whose brilliant effort placed him at a single bound in the front rank of parliamentary orators. The despatch opens as follows :—

"We cannot but express to you our apprehension that this decree pronouncing the disinherison of a people, will throw difficulties almost insuperable in the way of the re-establishment of peace."

Again :—

"We are under the impression that the war in Oude has derived much of its popular character from the rigorous manner in which, without regard to what the chief landowners had become accustomed to consider as their rights, the summary settlement had in a large portion of the province been carried out by your officers.

"Suddenly the people saw their King taken from among them, and our administration substituted for his which, however bad, was at least native. . . . We must admit that under the circumstances the hostilities which have been carried out in Oude have rather the character of legitimate war than that of rebellion, and that the people of Oude should rather be regarded with indulgent consideration than made the objects of a penalty exceeding in extent and in severity almost any which has been recorded in history as inflicted upon a subdued nation.

"We desire to see British authority in India rest upon the willing obedience of a contented people. There cannot be contentment where there is general confiscation. Government cannot long be maintained by any force in a country where the whole people is rendered hostile by a sense of wrong; and if it were possible so to maintain it, it would not be a consummation to be desired."

"A noble sentiment," with which I close my extracts from a most statesmanlike despatch. A few extracts from Lord Ellenborough's speech will show his line of defence. Lord Shaftesbury, in moving the vote of censure, denounced the conciliatory language of

the despatch as encouraging the rebels. He exclaimed indignantly—

“What inflammatory language is this to send forth among the Princes of India! Is it wise thus to announce to a people actually in arms against you that they are not rebels, however much the Governor-General may say to the contrary, but legitimate warriors fighting for their own country and their own rights? Was it wise to say so if you intend to retain that Province?”

The real question at issue, said Lord Ellenborough in his reply, is practically this :—

“Shall the Government of India be conducted on the principles of justice and clemency, or shall it be conducted on the principles of severity, which appear in that Proclamation of Lord Canning? . . . Consider what confiscation is. . . . True, we have had confiscations in Ireland. It is said that large portions of that country have been confiscated three times over. Has the result in Ireland been prosperity? Do not all those who have considered the subject trace to confiscation all the disasters which have occurred in that country? Do you wish to turn Oudo into another Ireland? . . . There are some things which cannot be explained. Confiscation is one of them. It is incapable of explanation. It stands in all its naked deformity—the most cruel infliction which can ever be passed upon a country.”

Then there were twenty-seven disarmed regiments, which required British troops to watch them :—

“They have been almost maddened by the attacks made upon them in the course of the mutiny, and which they have learned from the newspapers. They have been threatened with hanging, with transportation, and they are now under a panic, hardly knowing what they are to do. But imagine the position in which they will be placed if they read the Proclamation. What must be their feelings when they find that all their property is confiscated, and that they have no homes to go to! . . . I do not believe that Lord Canning himself was the author of this Proclamation. It is contrary to his conduct and feelings. I believe it to have proceeded from other sources. I believe that he placed himself in dangerous hands—in the hands of men who have learnt nothing. . . . But I am told that this despatch will tend to encourage resistance on the part of the people now against us. I should meet that charge with an indignation I could hardly express did I not feel its utter absurdity. They (Oudo rebels) were men who had been fighting with the rope round their necks. My object was to remove that rope. They were men who had been fighting without hope. I wished to give them hope. The Proclamation left them without homes—without lands which would enable them to subsist. I gave them the hope of returning to their homes, to their villages, to all the comforts of their families. Was that to encourage resistance? or to give the only hope of salvation to the people? I distinctly used the word ‘amnesty.’ It is my firm belief—and I have heard it of many and from many in India—that there is no hope of ultimate success but by an amnesty.”

Lord Ellenborough then quotes from an unpublished letter of the Duke of Wellington, a passage concerning an amnesty for rebels. “I am for the principle of amnesty,” said the great Duke, with respect to a previous crisis :

“and I am convinced that, if it had been adopted at an early period, the critical

circumstances of the present moment would not exist. It is the principle upon which we have settled Mysore and the ceded districts, and that upon which we have made our way to this place."

And behind all were "other dangers which have always been found ultimately more fatal to a State," the dangers of a financial crisis and loss of credit:—

"I feel absolutely convinced, unless the Government of this country should impose upon the Government of India the principle of clemency as that which is to guide it towards natives who may be in what is called rebellion against them, that the war will last for a period the end of which I cannot foresee; and I beg your Lordships to bear in mind what would be the position of this country if we were unable to provide, on the security of India, the funds absolutely necessary for carrying on the war."

Sir Hugh Cairns's defence of the policy of clemency and amnesty was masterly, and really broke the back of the attack on the Government in the House of Commons. Here is the great lawyer's answer to the assertion that the people of Oude were rebels and in their warfare against us were guilty of crimes:—

"I know it has been said that Oude had voluntarily become incorporated with our dominions—that its people had willingly come into our allegiance, and that the hostilities in Oude were rebellion and not war. These assertions I deny. . . . That is a question which never has been, and in all probability never will be, discussed in this House as fully as it might deserve. . . . All that was done then was done under protest, and that protest continued until the Sepoy revolt broke out. The people of Oude, which was under a forced submission, taking advantage of that rebellion, made war against England—war, I admit, stained by bloody and barbarous crimes, but still war. . . . But now that we are victorious, let me ask what is the policy which as victors we ought to pursue? I am prepared to declare what that policy should be upon the broad grounds of justice. But first let me examine the question upon the narrower grounds of prudence and self-interest. Do you mean to hold Oude? If so, how do you propose to effect that object? Is it by the aid of a standing army? You may achieve your end in that way, but its attainment will cost you dear. Do you desire the willing and cheerful submission of the people of Oude? How can you procure that submission? A child could answer that question. Which of two things do you do, let me ask you—conciliate good-will, or provoke hostility by taking from them that which they hold dearer than life? . . . Therefore, I say, upon the lowest ground of self-interest and policy, it is for the advantage of this country to conciliate the affections of the people of Oude."

Then as to the cry for confiscating the property of rebels:

"Whatever other nations may do, England ought not to retrograde from those laws of war which civilisation has introduced. Now, then, upon the principles of justice and the practice of civilised nations, which this country is bound to observe, ought we to treat the property of a conquered people? . . . You might as well confiscate the lives of the conquered as their property. The matter is so clear that I am ashamed to ask the House to listen to the opinion of one or two great authorities upon the subject."

He proceeded to quote passages from Vattel, Wheaton, and the

Supreme Court of the United States, in denunciation of the policy of confiscation.

Lord Derby, in the House of Lords, was equally emphatic against a policy of confiscation and severity, which "was a certain means not to put an end to strife, but to protract this into a desultory and most embarrassing war, and to extinguish the hope of peace and security for months, perhaps for years to come." I shall finish my quotations with an extract from Mr. Disraeli's speech:—

"If it be supposed for a moment that I or those with whom I act are prepared in any way to retract the opinions which we have expressed with regard to the policy of confiscation which Lord Canning, under evil influences, unhappily adopted, but which I hope, and have some reason to believe, he has by this time relinquished, the House will indeed have misinterpreted what I have said, and the country will indeed be deceived as to the policy which we intend to pursue."

Lord Ellenborough's despatch ended with a strong recommendation to Lord Canning to resist the pressure of the Anglo-Indian community, who were too near the scene of trouble to take a dispassionate survey of the situation, and to rely on the loyal support of the Government in his disregard of the advice of the evil counsellors who had led him astray.

Lord Canning, like the fine, unselfish man he was, carried out the policy of the Government, and with the happiest effect, in spite of the angry protests and sinister vaticinations of those on the spot, who sought to monopolise the name of "loyalists." Under a policy of clemency and amnesty the rebellion was soon quelled; the rebels returned to the homes which had been wisely left them, and Oude has remained ever since one of the most loyal provinces in the Indian Empire.

The moral and warning are obvious, and I leave the reader to draw them for himself. The Government has avowedly given the generals in South Africa a free hand, and Lord Roberts is presumably the author of the policy of confiscation and devastation. It is a policy which was natural, perhaps, to a soldier who has had no experience in statesmanship, and whose only remedy is force. But has it answered? Has it not, on the contrary, fulfilled to the letter the ominous warnings of Lord Derby, Mr. Disraeli, Lord Ellenborough, and Sir Hugh Cairns—backed by the Conservative Party—when the Government of that day bravely refused to be driven by the exasperated British community in India into those drastic measures which the British community in South Africa have succeeded in extorting from the Governor. And let us remember that the worst accusations made against the Boers do not approach in gravity and heinousness the case against the people of Oude. Lord Clyde, to his credit be it said, gave his resolute support to those who recommended amnesty, clemency, and conciliation.

The Government then need not go to a distracted Opposition for a policy. They have it ready to hand as a splendid heirloom from a Tory Government in 1858. The event has proved that it was a policy as sagacious as it was noble. It is the antithesis of the policy that has been tried in South Africa, and its success was as speedy and conspicuous as that has been the reverse. Let the Government propose an armistice, and send out a Commission of able and fair-minded men representing both parties: men like the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord Spencer, the Chief Justice and Lord Reay. I would add Lord Kitchener, for his is an eminently equitable and judicious mind. It is evident that both General Botha and Mr. Steyn have the highest respect for his character. Indeed, I believe that if he had been sent out with full powers and a free hand at the beginning of hostilities, the war would have been over long ago and a stable peace established. Party Government may be an evil necessity, but surely on critical occasions—as in the pacification of Ireland and South Africa, for example—there should be a truce to party warfare and a union among opposing leaders in furtherance of the commonweal. Mr. Gladstone tried it on the question of the Redistribution of Seats, and with the happiest results. He had tried it previously in a modified form when he sent Lord Ripon and Sir Stafford Northcote to negotiate the Washington Treaty. That Treaty was very unpopular in England at the time. But it was not made a party question. And we behold its fruits now. It healed the wounds of a wicked war and a stupid and offensive statesmanship, and laid the foundation of the cordial friendship which now unites the two great nations in bonds which we all hope will be perpetual.

Such a Commission as I have suggested would cast no slur on Lord Milner. There are many precedents. Lord Salisbury's mission to Constantinople in 1877 cast no discredit on the British Ambassador. Give Lord Milner every credit that his warmest friends may suggest—and I count myself among the number—yet if he were an angel from heaven circumstances have disqualified him just now for the office of peacemaker. A bad settlement by another would have a better chance of success than a good settlement by him. An elementary knowledge of human nature must teach that lesson to anyone who reflects seriously on the facts. It would be the business of the Commission to examine the whole situation with their own fresh eyes and minds, taking counsel with Boers as well as with British. They would then return with a report and a scheme of settlement, which Parliament may be trusted to discuss without party spirit.

One thing more. We hear much of the encouragement which the Boers have received from sympathetic speakers and writers in this country. Is there no danger of discouraging the Boers—the danger which the Tory Government dreaded and avoided in Oude in 1858?

I believe it to be by far the greater danger of the two. Nothing nerves men with such reckless valour and desperate tenacity of purpose as the feeling that they have been rendered destitute, and left without a ray of certain hope for the future. For how can they hope for justice, or even mercy, from conquerors who exhaust the vocabulary of abuse and contempt against them? Even Lord Milner's warmest friends must regret that he allowed himself to characterise indiscriminately as "roving ruffians" the Boers who are still in the field, including men like Botha, De Wet, and Delarey. And it was only a month ago that I read in the London press a report of a public speech by the Governor of Natal, in which, among other severe language, he said of the Boers: "I call them no longer dogs of war, but yelping curs." Can the Boers be expected to believe in the possibility of fair play from men who insult them in this way?

Conservatives and Liberals appear to be agreed that the annexation of the Boer Republics becomes inevitable after the war. I am one of a non-party minority who cannot adopt that doctrine. I denounced it in the case of Alsace and Lorraine as a long stride back in civilisation, and I cannot recant now. I believe it to be, moreover, a most unwise and costly policy. If, after we had captured Bloemfontein and Pretoria, we had offered peace to the two Republics on condition of at least a modified independence and an indemnity of £100,000,000 (which they could have raised on the security of the mines), the war would have ended at once, and we should have secured friendship instead of hatred. Had Kruger opposed, which I doubt, he would not have carried the people with him. A numerous and powerful party, including the present military leaders, were opposed to him, and had been all along. It was the Raid that consolidated his power, and was the *fons et origo malorum*. That is the opinion at least of a leading member of the present Cabinet, expressed in a speech which has strangely been overlooked.¹

MALCOLM MACCOLL.

(1) "No one had lost more by the Raid than the Government, and no one felt more than the Government how much it had handicapped them in their negotiations. It had handicapped them, not because of the suspicions engendered by it, but because it made it impossible for the Transvaal Government to believe in the integrity of British statesmen. It had handicapped the Government also at a moment when President Kruger was almost exhausting the endurance of his own burghers in the unreasonableness of the treatment of the Uitlanders. If for a few months more the system of terrorising by means of an oligarchical government over a great body of men paying nearly the whole of the expenses of the government of the country had been allowed to continue, there were many evidences to show that even the burghers were ready to go further in concession than the Boer Government had lately been. If that system had lasted for a short time longer, and if the catastrophe had not been precipitated, that which happened in all civilised States sooner or later must have come about, when one man insisted upon pursuing an unreasonable policy against the wishes of those around him."—Mr. Brodrick's Speech in the debate on the Address, January 31, 1900. See *Times* of February 1, 1900, p. 13.

WORDSWORTH.

SINCERITY was at the root of all Wordsworth's merits and defects; it gave him his unapproachable fidelity to nature, and also his intolerable fidelity to his own whims. Like Emerson, whom he so often resembled, he respected all intuitions, but, unlike Emerson, did not always distinguish between a whim and an intuition. His life was spent in a continual meditation, and his attitude towards external things was that of a reflective child, continually pondering over the surprise of his first impressions. I once heard Mr. Aubrey de Vere, who had been a friend of Wordsworth for many years, say that the frequent triviality of Wordsworth's reflections was due to the fact that he had begun life without any of the received opinions which save most men from so much of the trouble of thinking; but had found out for himself everything that he came to believe or to be conscious of. Thus what seems to most men an obvious truism not worth repeating, because they have never consciously thought it, but unconsciously taken it on trust, was to Wordsworth a discovery of his own, which he had had the happiness of taking into his mind as freshly as if he had been the first man and no one had thought about life before; or, as I have said, with the delighted wonder of the child. Realising early what value there might be to him in so direct an inheritance from nature, from his own mind at its first grapple with nature, he somewhat deliberately shut himself in with himself, rejecting all external criticism; and for this he had to pay the price which we must deduct from his ultimate gains. Wordsworth's power of thought was never on the level of his power of feeling, and he was wise, at least in his knowledge of himself, when he said:

" One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can."

He felt instinctively, and his feeling was nature's. But thought, coming to him thus immediately as it did, and representing the thinking part of himself with unparalleled fidelity, spoke out of an intellect by no means so responsive to the finer promptings of that supreme intellectual energy of which we are a part. It is thus often when he is most solemnly satisfied with himself that he is really showing us his weakness most ingenuously: he would listen to no external criticism, and there was no inherent critical faculty to stand at his mind's elbow and remind him when he was prophesying in

the divine language and when he was babbling like the village idiot.

Wordsworth desired to lead a continuously poetic life, and it seemed to him easy, inevitable, in one whose life was a continual meditation. It seemed to him that, if he wrote down in verse anything which came into his mind, however trivial, it would become poetry by the mere contact. His titles explain the conviction. "Thus the beautiful poem beginning, "It is the first mild day of March," is headed, "To my Sister. Written at a small distance from my house, and sent by my little boy." In its bare outline it is really a note written down under the impulse of a particular moment, and it says: "Now that we have finished breakfast, let us go for a walk; put on a walking dress, and do not bring a book; it is a beautiful day, and we should enjoy it." Some kindly inspiration helping, the rhymed letter becomes a poem: it is an evocation of spring, an invocation to joy. Later on in the day Wordsworth will fancy that something else in his mind calls for expression, and he will sit down and write it in verse. There it will be; like the other, it will say exactly what he wanted to say, and he will put it in its place among his poems with the same confidence. But this time no kindly inspiration will have come to his aid; and the thing will have nothing of poetry but the rhymes.

What Wordsworth's poetic life lacked was energy, and he refused to recognise that no amount of energy will suffice for a continual production. The mind of Coleridge worked with extraordinary energy, seemed to be always at high thinking power, but Coleridge has left us less finished work than almost any great writer, so rare was it with him to be able faultlessly to unite, in his own words, "a more than usual state of emotion with more than usual order." Wordsworth was unconscious even of the necessity, or at least of the part played by skill and patience in waiting on opportunity as it comes, and seizing it as it goes. When one has said that he wrote instinctively, without which there could be no poetry, one must add that he wrote mechanically, and that he wrote always. Continual writing is really a bad form of dissipation; it drains away the very marrow of the brain. Nature is not to be treated as a handmaid of all work, and requires some coaxing before she will become one's mistress. There is a kind of unconscious personal vanity in the assumption that whatever interests or concerns me, however slightly, must be of interest to all the world. Only what is of intense interest to me, or concerns me vitally, will be of interest to all the world; and Wordsworth often wrote about matters which had not had time to sink into him, or the likelihood of taking root in any but the upper surface of his mind.

But there was another kind of forgetfulness which has had almost

the most fatal consequences of any. Wordsworth never rightly apprehended what is essential in the difference between prose and poetry. Holding rightly that poetry can be a kind of religion, he admitted what Gautier has called "the heresy of instruction." He forgot that religion has its sacred ritual, in which no gesture is insignificant, and in which what is preached from the pulpit is by no means of higher importance than what is sung or prayed before the altar. He laboured to make his verse worthy, but he was not always conscious that a noble intention does not of itself make great art. In "The Prelude" he tells the story of his own mind, of his growth, not so much as a man, but as a poet; and he has left us a document of value, together with incidental fragments of fine poetry. But it is not a poem, because what Wordsworth tried to do was a thing which should have been done in prose. It is a talking about life, not a creation of life; it is a criticism of the imagination, not imagination at work on its own indefinable ends.

And yet, just here, out of this unconsciousness which leaves him so often at the mercy of all intrusions, clogged by fact, tied to scruple, a child in the mischief-working hands of his own childishness, we come upon precisely the quality which gives him his least questionable greatness. To Wordsworth nothing is what we call "poetry," that is, a fanciful thing, apart from reality; he is not sure whether even the imagination is so much as a transfiguring, or only an unveiling, of natural things. Often he gives you the thing and his impressions of the thing, and then, with a childlike persistence of sincerity, his own doubt as to the precise truth of the thing. Whether I am right or wrong, he says to us gravely, I indeed scarcely know; but certainly I saw or heard this, or fancied that I saw or heard it; thus what I am telling you is, to me at least, a reality. It is thus that, as Matthew Arnold has said finely, "it might seem that nature not only gave him the matter for his poem, but wrote his poem for him." He has none of the poet's pride in his own invention, only a confidence in the voices that he has heard speaking when others were aware of nothing but silence. Thus it is that in the interpretation of natural things he can be absolutely pellucid, like pure light, which renders to us every object in its own colours. He does not "make poetry" out of these things; he sets them down just as they came to him. It is the fault of "Laodamia," and of some pieces like it, that there Wordsworth breaks through his own wise rule, and sets himself to compose, not taking things as they come. "Laodamia" is an attempt to be classic, to have those classic qualities of calmness and balance and natural dignity which, in a poem like "The Leech-Gatherer," had come of themselves, through mere truth to nature, to the humbleness of fact and the grandeur of impassioned thought illuminating it. Here, on the contrary, Wordsworth would be Greek

as the Greeks were, or rather as they seem to us, at our distance from them, to be; and it is only in single lines that he succeeds, all the rest of the poem showing an effort to be something not himself. Thus this profoundly natural poet becomes for once, as Matthew Arnold has noted, "artificial," in a poem which has been classed among his masterpieces.

In the sonnets, on the other hand, we find much of Wordsworth's finest work, alike in substance and in form. "The sonnet's scanty plot of ground" suited him so well because it forced him to be at once concise and dignified, and yet allowed him to say straight out the particular message or emotion which was possessing him. He felt that a form so circumscribed demanded not only something said in every line, but something said with a certain richness; that when so few words could be used, those words must be chosen with unusual care, and with an attention to their sound as well as to their meaning. The proportion, it is true, of his bad sonnets to his good sonnets is so great, that, even in Matthew Arnold's scrupulous selection, at least six out of the sixty would have been better omitted. Taking them at their best, you will find that nowhere in his work has he put so much of his finest self into so narrow a compass. Nowhere are there so many splendid single lines, lines of such weight, such imaginative ardour. And these lines have nothing to lose by their context, as almost all the fine lines which we find in the blank verse poems have to lose. Wordsworth's blank verse is so imperfect a form, so heavy, limp, drawling, unguided, that even in poems like "Tintern Abbey" we have to unravel the splendours, and, if we can, forget the rest. In "The Prelude" and "The Excursion" poetry comes and goes at its own will, and even then, for the most part,

" Its exterior semblance doth belie
Its soul's immensity."

What goes on is a kind of measured talk, which, if one is in the mood for it, becomes as pleasant as the gentle continuance of a good, thoughtful, easy-paced, prosy friend. Every now and then an ecstasy wakes out of it, and one hears singing, as if the voices of all the birds in the forest cried in a human chorus.

Wordsworth has told us in his famous prefaces exactly what was his own conception of poetry, and we need do no more than judge him by his own laws. "Poetry," he says, "is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science." "The poet thinks and feels in the spirit of human passions." The poet is "a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him." "I have said," he reiterates, "that poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings; it

takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity; the emotion is contemplated till, by a species of reaction, the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind." The poet, then, deals with "truth, carried alive into the heart by passion." "I have at all times," he tells us, "endeavoured to look steadily at my subject," and, as for the subject, "I have wished to keep the reader in the company of flesh and blood, persuaded that by so doing I shall interest him." "Personifications of abstract ideas rarely occur in these volumes, and are utterly rejected as an ordinary device to elevate the style and raise it above prose." "Poetic diction," which is always insincere, inasmuch as it is not "the real language of men in any situation," is to be given up, and, "it may safely be affirmed that there neither is, nor can be, any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition." The language which alone is suitable for verse, and which requires no change in its transference from the lips of men to the printed page, is defined, not very happily, in the original preface of 1798, as "the language of conversation in the middle and lower classes of society," and, in the revised preface of 1800, with perfect exactitude, as "a selection of the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation."

When these true, but to us almost self-evident things were said, Wordsworth was daring, for the first time, to say what others, when they did it, had done without knowing; and he was supposed to be trying to revolutionise the whole art of poetry. In reality, he was bringing poetry back to its senses, which it had temporarily lost under the influence of that lucid madness which Pope imposed upon it. The style of Pope was still looked upon as the type of poetical style, though Blake and Burns had shown that the utmost rapture of personal passion and of imaginative vision could be expressed, even in the eighteenth century, in a style which was the direct utterance of nature in her two deepest moods. Pope is the most finished artist in prose who ever wrote in verse. It is impossible to read him without continuous admiration for his cleverness, or to forget, while reading him, that poetry cannot be clever. While Herrick or Crashaw, with two instinctively singing lines, lets us overhear that he is a poet, Pope brilliantly convinces us of everything that he chooses, except of that one fact. The only moments when he trespasses into beauty are the moments when he mocks its affectations: so that

"Die of a rose in aromatic pain"

remains his homage, unintentional under its irony, to that "principle of beauty in all things" which he had never seen.

But it was not only against the directly anti-poetical principles of

Pope that Wordsworth protested, but against much that was most opposed to it, against the hyperbolic exaggerations of the so-called "metaphysical poets" of the seventeenth century, and against the half-hearted and sometimes ill-directed attempts of those who, in a first movement of reaction against Pope, were trying to bring poetry back to nature, against Thomson, Cowper, and Crabbe. He saw that Thomson, trying to see the world with his own eyes, had only to some degree won back the forgotten "art of seeing," and that, even when he saw straight, he could not get rid of that "vicious style" which prevented him from putting down what he had seen, just as he saw it. Cowper's style is mean, rather than vicious; "some critics," says Wordsworth, after quoting some lines from a poem of Cowper, then and afterwards popular, "would call the language prosaic; the fact is, it would be bad prose, so bad that it is scarcely worse in metre." With Crabbe, who may have taught Wordsworth something, we have only to contrast, as the note to "Lucy Gray" asks us to do, "the imaginative influences which" Wordsworth "endeavoured to throw over common life with Crabbe's matter-of-fact style of handling subjects of the kind." For, seeming, as Wordsworth did to the critics of his time, to bring poetry so close to prose, to make of it something prosaic; he is really, if we will take him at his word, and will also judge him by his best, the advocate of a more than usually lofty view of poetry.

In saying that there is no essential difference between the language of prose and of verse, Wordsworth is pointing straight to what constitutes the essential difference between prose and poetry: metro. An old delusion reappeared the other day, when a learned writer on aesthetics quoted from Marlowe:

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burned the topless towers of Ilium?"

and assured us that "it is certain that he could only have ventured on the sublime audacity of saying that a face launched ships and burned towers by escaping from the limits of ordinary language, and conveying his metaphor through the harmonious and ecstatic movements of rhythm and metre." Now, on the contrary, any writer of elevated prose, Milton or Ruskin, could have said in prose precisely what Marlowe said, and made fine prose of it; the imagination, the idea, a fine kind of form, would have been there; only one thing would have been lacking, the very finest kind of form, the form of verse. It would have been poetical substance, not poetry; the rhythm transforms it into poetry, and nothing but the rhythm.

When Wordsworth says "that the language of a large portion of every good poem, even of the most elevated character, must necessarily, except with reference to the metro, in no respect differ from

that of good prose," he is admitting, on behalf of metre, all that any reasonable defender of "art for art's sake" ever claimed on its behalf. But he is not always, or not clearly, aware of the full meaning of his own argument, and not always consistent with it. He is apt to fall back on the conventional nicety of the worst writers whom he condemns, and can speak of

"The fowl domestic and the household dog,"

or can call a gun "the deadly tube," or can say of the organ,

"While the tubed engine feels the inspiring blast."

He is frequently provincial in thought, and thus trivial in expression, as when he says with conviction :

"Alas ! that such perverted zeal
Should spread on Britain's favoured ground !"

He can be trivial for so many reasons, one of which is a false theory of simplicity, not less than a lack of humour.

"My little Edward, say why so ;
My little Edward, tell me why,"

is the language of a child, not of a grown man ; and when Wordsworth uses it in his own person, even when he is supposed to be speaking to a child, he is not using "the real language of men" but the actual language of children. The reason why a fine poem like "The Beggars" falls so immeasurably below a poem like "The Leech-Gatherer" is because it has in it something of this infantile quality of speech. I have said that Wordsworth had a quality of mind which was akin to the child's fresh and wondering apprehension of things. But he was not content with using this faculty like a man ; it dragged him into the depths of a second childhood hardly to be distinguished from literal imbecility. In a famous poem, "Simon Lee," he writes :

"My gentle reader, I perceive
How patiently you've waited ;
And now I fear that you expect
Some tale will be related."

There are more lines of the kind, and they occur, as you see, in what is considered one of Wordsworth's successes. If one quoted from one of the failures :

It was from Burns, partly, that Wordsworth learnt to be absolutely straightforward in saying what he had to say, and it is from Burns that he sometimes even takes his metres, as in the two fine poems written in his memory.

“ Well might I mourn that He was gone
Whose light I hailed when first it shone,
When, breaking forth as nature’s own,
It showed my youth
How Verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth.”

That has the very quality of Burns, in its admission of a debt which is more obvious than any other, except that general quickening of poetic sensibility, of what was sometimes sluggish in his intellect, which he owed to Coleridge, and that quickening of the gift of seeing with emotion, which he owed to his sister Dorothy. But, at his best and worst, hardly any poet seems so much himself, so untouched by the influence of other poets. When he speaks he is really speaking, and when speech passes into song, as in some of those happy lyrics which preserve a gravity in delight, the words seem to sing themselves unconsciously, to the tune of their own being. In what seems to me his greatest, as it is certainly his most characteristic poem, “The Leech-Gatherer,” he has gathered up all his qualities, dignity, homeliness, meditation over man and nature, respectful pity for old age and poverty, detailed observation of natural things, together with an imaginative atmosphere which melts, harmonises, the forms of cloud and rock and pool and the voices of wind and man into a single composition. Such concentration, with him, is rare; but it is much less rare than is commonly supposed to find an almost perfect expression of a single mood or a single aspect of nature, as it has come to him in his search after everything that nature has to say to us or to show us.

In Haydon’s portrait, the portrait by which Wordsworth is generally known, the eyes and the forehead seem to be listening, and the whole head droops over, as if brooding upon some memory of sound or sight. It is typical of a poet who, at his best, had a Quaker wisdom, and waited on the silent voices “in a wise passiveness,” with that “happy stillness of the mind” in which truth may be received unsought. For, as he says, summing up into a kind of precept what nearly all of his work represents to us indirectly :

“ The eye—it cannot choose but see ;
We cannot hid the ear be still ;
Our bodies feel, where’er they be,
Against, or with our will.

“ Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress ;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

“ Think you, ’mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come
But we must still be seeking ! ”

And, in "The Prelude," defining what he most hopes for as a poet, it is

"A privilege whereby a work of his
Proceeding from a source of untaught things,
Creative and enduring, may become
A force like one of Nature's."

To see, more clearly than anyone had seen before; seeing things as they are, not composed into pictures, but in splendid natural motion or in all the ardour of repose; and then to see deeply into them, to feel them,

"not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity:"

that is his aim, his ambition. In the note to a very early poem he tells us of some natural aspect that struck him in boyhood: "It was in the way between Hawkshead and Ambleside, and gave me extreme pleasure. The moment," he adds, "was important in my poetical history, for I date from it my consciousness of the infinite variety of natural appearances which had been unnoticed by the poets of any age or country, so far as I was acquainted with them; and I made a resolution to supply, in some degree, the deficiency." It was only gradually that the human figures came into the landscape, and at first as no more than a completion to the picture. He sees the Cumberland shepherd like one "in his own domain," among the rocks, and outlined against the sky:

"Thus was man
Ennobled outwardly before my sight,
And thus my heart was early introduced
To an unconscious love and reverence
Of human nature:"

still visual, you see, part of the honour and majesty of the eyes; and still secondary to nature:

"a passion, she,
A rapture often, and immediate love
Ever at hand; he, only a delight
Occasional, an accidental grace,
His hour being not yet come."

The hour came with a consciousness henceforward deeply, but not passionately, felt, with a moved, grave, pitying and respectful, but not passionate, sympathy with passion, of

"Man suffering among awful Powers and Forms."

When Wordsworth resolved to

"make verse
Deal boldly with substantial things,"

he turned, somewhat apprehensively, to what he feared and valued most in humanity, the elementary passions, and to those in whom they are seen most simply, the peasants of his country-side. It was

" the gentle agency
Of natural objects "

that had led him gradually to feel for passions not his own, and to think

" On man, the heart of man, and human life."

And so these " dwellers in the valley " come to us with some of the immobility of natural objects, set there among their rocks and stones like a part of them, scarcely more sentient, or scarcely less interpenetrated with the unconscious lesson of nature. They are stationary, a growth of the soil, and when they speak, with the emphatic slowness of the peasant, we are almost surprised that beings so rudimentary can become articulate.

" Words are but under-agents in their souls ;
When they are grasping with their greatest strength
They do not breathe among them."

There is something sluggish, only half awake, in the way " Michael " is told :

" 'Tis a common tale,
An ordinary sorrow of man's life ; "

and it is seen as if with the eyes of the old man, and told as if always with his own speech. Turn to those poems in which Wordsworth is most human, and at the same time most himself as a poet, " The Leech-Gatherer," " Michael," " Animal Tranquillity and Decay," " The Old Cumberland Beggar," and you will see that they are all motionless, or moving imperceptibly, like the old beggar :

" He is so still
In look and motion, that the cottage curs,
Ere he have passed the door, will turn away,
Wary of barking at him."

And Wordsworth conveys this part of natural truth to us as no other poet has ever done, no other poet having had in him so much of the reflective peasant. He seems to stop on the other side of conscious life, and I think we may apply to his general attitude towards the human comedy what he says in " The Prelude " of his attitude towards a play on the stage :

" For though I was most passionately moved
And yielded to all changes of the scene
With an obsequious promptness, yet the storm
Passed not beyond the suburbs of the mind."

In one of his poems Wordsworth rebukes Byron because he

"dares to take

Life's rule from passion craved for passion's sake ;"

and, in an utterance reported in Mr. Myers' *Life*, takes credit to himself for his moderation, in words which can hardly be read without a smile : " Had I been a writer of love-poetry, it would have been natural to me to write it with a degree of warmth which could hardly have been approved by my principles, and which might have been undesirable for the reader." Not unnaturally, Wordsworth was anxious for it to be supposed that he had not attained tranquillity without a struggle, and we hear much, from himself and others, of his restlessness, which sent him wandering about the mountains alone, of his nervous exhaustion after writing, of his violence of feeling, the feeling for his sister, for instance, which seems to have been the one strong and penetrating affection of his life. Were not these stirrings, after all, no more than breaths of passing wind ruffling the surface of a deep and calm lake ? I think almost the most significant story told of Wordsworth is the one reported by Mr. Aubrey de Vere about the death of his children. " Referring once," he tells us, " to two young children of his who had died about *forty years* previously, he described the details of their illnesses with an exactness and an impetuosity of troubled excitement, such as might have been expected if the bereavement had taken place but a few weeks before. The lapse of time seemed to have left the sorrow submerged indeed, but still in all its first freshness. Yet I afterwards heard that at the time of the illness, at least in the case of one of the two children, it was impossible to rouse his attention to the danger. He chanced to be then under the immediate spell of one of those fits of poetic inspiration which descended on him like a cloud. Till the cloud had drifted, he could see nothing beyond." The thing itself, that is to say, meant little to him : he could not realise it ; what possessed him was the "emotion recollected in tranquillity," the thing as it found its way, imaginatively, into his own mind.

And it was this large, calm, impersonal power, this form of imagination, which, as he says,

"Is but another name for absolute power
And clearest insight, amplitude of mind,
And Reason in her most exalted mood,"

which made him able to

"sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
In the loved presence of his cottage fire,"

and yet to look widely, dispassionately, into what in man is most akin to nature, seeing the passions almost at their origin, where

they are still a scarcely conscious part of nature. Speaking of his feeling for nature, he tells us that,

"As if awakened, summoned, roused, constrained,
I looked for universal things, perused
The common countenance of earth and sky."

And so, in his reading of "the great book of the world," of what we call the human interest of it, he looked equally, and with the same sense of a constraining finger pointing along the lines, for universal things.

"Him who looks
In steadiness, who hath among least things
An under-sense of greatest; sees the parts
As parts, but with a feeling of the whole,"

is his definition of what he has aimed at doing: it defines exactly what he has done. The links of things as their roots begin to form in the soil, their close intertexture underground: that is what he shows us, completing his interpretation of nature. We must go to other poets for any vivid consciousness or representation of all that waves in the wind when sap and fibre become aware of themselves above ground.

All Wordsworth's work is a search after

"The bond of union between life and joy."

The word joy occurs in his work more frequently than perhaps any other emotional word. Sometimes, as in his own famous and awkward line, it is

"Of joy in widest commonalty spread" -

that he tells us; sometimes of the joy embodied in natural things, as they are taken in gratefully by the senses; sometimes of disembodied joy, an emotion of the intellect:

"And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thought; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

Ecstasy, with him, is

"The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;"

and his highest joy comes to him in a sacramental silence. Even at this height, any excess of joy seems to him so natural, that he can speak of it quite simply, without any of the unfaith of rhetoric.

To Wordsworth there was an actual divine inhabitant of woods and rocks, a divinity implicit there, whom we had only to open our

eyes to see, visible in every leaf and cranny. What with other men is a fancy, or at the most a difficult act of faith, is with him the mere statement of a fact. While other men search among the images of the mind for that poetry which they would impute to nature, Wordsworth finds it there, really in things, and awaiting only a quiet, loving glance. He conceives of things as loving back in return for man's love, grieving at his departure, never themselves again as they had been when he loved them. "We die, my friend," says the Wanderer, looking round on the cottage which had once been Margaret's;

"Nor we alone, but that which each man loved
And prized in his particular nook of earth
Dies with him, or is changed."

Even the spring in the garden seems conscious of a grief in things.

"Beside yon spring I stood,
And eyed its waters till we seemed to feel
One sadness, they and I. For them a bond
Of brotherhood is broken: time has been
When, every day, the touch of human hand
Dislodged the natural sleep that binds them up
In mortal stillness; and they ministered
To human comfort."

What a responsiveness of the soul to the eye, "the most despotic of our senses," the sense of sight, as he calls it, truly! It is his chief reason for discontentment with cities, that in them the eye is starved, to the disabling or stunting of the growth of the heart:

"Among the close and overcrowded haunts
Of cities, where the human heart is sick,
And the eye feeds it not, and cannot feed."

The eye is realised by him as the chief influence for good in the world, an actual moral impulse, in its creation and radiation of delight. Sight, to him, is feeling; not, as it is with Keats, a voluptuous luxury, but with some of the astringent quality of mountain air. When he says that the valley "swarms with sensation," it is because, as he tells us of one living among the Lakes, "he must have experienced, while looking on the unruffled waters, that the imagination by their aid is carried into recesses of feeling otherwise impenetrable." It is into these recesses of feeling that the mere physical delight of the eye carries him, and, the visible world so definitely apprehended, the feeling latent in it so vividly absorbed, he takes the further step, and begins to make and unmake the world about him.

"I had a world about me—'twas my own,
I made it, for it only lived to me."

The Beatific Vision has come to him in this tangible, embodied form, through a kind of religion of the eye which seems to attain its final

rapture, unlike most forms of mysticism, with open eyes. The tranquillity, which he reached in that consciousness of

"A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things,"

is his own form of perfect spiritual happiness, or attainment. That "inpassioned contemplation" of nature, which he prized above all things, was his way of closing the senses to all things external to his own contemplation. It came to him through sight, but through sight humanised into feeling, and illuminated by joy and peace. He saw nature purely, with no uneasy or unworthy emotions, which nature might need to purify. Nature may, indeed, do much to purify the soul of these emotions, but until these are at rest it cannot enter fully, it cannot possess the soul with itself. The ultimate joy, as Wordsworth knew, that comes to the soul from the beauty of the world, must enter as light enters a crystal, finding its own home there and its own flawless mirror.

Yet, as there is an ecstasy in which joy itself loses so much of separateness as to know that it is joy, so there is one further step which we may take in the companionship of nature; and this step Wordsworth took. In the note to that ode into which he has put his secret doctrine, the "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood," he says, speaking of his early years: "I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature. Many times while going to school have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality." To Wordsworth, external things existed so visibly, just because they had no existence apart from the one eternal and infinite being; it was for the principle of infinity in them that he loved them, and it was this principle of infinity which he seemed to recognise by a simple act of memory. It seemed to him, quite literally, that the child really remembers "that imperial palace whence we came"; less and less clearly as human life sets all its veils between the soul and that relapsing light. But, later on, when we seem to have forgotten, when the world is most real to us, it is by an actual recognition that we are reminded, now and again, as one of those inexplicable flashes carries some familiar, and certainly never seen, vision through the eyes to the soul, of that other, previous fragment of eternity which the soul has known before it accepted the comfortable bondage and limit of time. And so, finally, the soul, carried by nature through nature, transported by visible beauty into the presence of the source of invisible beauty, sees, in one annihilating flash of memory, its own separate identity vanish away, to resume the infinite existence which that identity had but interrupted.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE "EITHER-OR" OF SÖREN KIRKEGAARD.

HAD Sören Kirkegaard, the Tycho Brahe, as he has been called, of Danish philosophy, been born on the continental side of the strip of water dividing his native land from Germany, it is probable that every cultured reader in the United Kingdom would be as familiar with his works as with those of the quasi-crazy prophet Nietzsche. But philosophy and literary excellence in Denmark at the period (1813-1855) in which Kirkegaard had the misfortune to be placed, would have seemed as improbable to his European contemporaries as that at an earlier epoch any good thing should come out of Nazareth. Even in his own land, it was the peculiar cut of his trousers and his stooping figure that first gained him notoriety, his name being for a long while chiefly useful to nursemaids as a bogey for little boys who wouldn't wear their clothes in proper fashion; and later, when his worth began to be appreciated by the discriminating few, the blaze of intellectual glory surrounding the period of Goethe and his German compeers, to a considerable extent blinded the shortsighted multitude to the less effulgent, yet clear and restful radiance of the Danish philosopher's writings. But that these writings have an intellectual brilliancy and an almost magical power of fascination, few who have read *Enten-Eller*, his great masterpiece, would probably deny. This work by its title immediately excites an interest which is not to be allayed till the last word of the two volumes has been read. For not till then does the full subtlety of the scheme of the composer become apparent. Not till the ethical value of the second volume has been digested and compared with the æsthetic interest of the first, does the riddle suggested by the title *Enten-Eller* (*Either-Or*) resolve itself. And then the originality, the boldness of the conception, strikes with strange force.

We may picture twin mountain peaks, side by side, but so divided as to command each a different aspect of the world. Up one of these it is necessary for each man to climb, since from one aspect or the other all must regard life. "Choose then between them, cries Kirkegaard from the respective volumes of this book, since everything depends upon the standpoint from which life is regarded—and without delay, for there is no time for thought-experiments, while you are hesitating, the choice is being made for you. The doubting helmsman in a moment of oncoming storm discovers that unless he is prompt, the decision is taken from his hands. There, then, are the two ways of life, the Æsthetic and the Ethical. Choose! "Either" calls Kirkegaard in the first volume with seductive voice showing the scented

flowery paths easy of ascent, "either" the *Æsthetic* life—life such as that led by the romanticists of the Weimar circle in the time of Goethe which Kirkegaard no doubt had in view, a life of which Schlegel's *Lucinde* was an admirable epitome, and of which in some ways George Sand, Shelley and Schleiermacher may be considered as in their respective countries partly representative; "or," cries Kirkegaard, sternly, in the second volume, pointing out with inexorable finger the almost insuperable difficulty of the ascent—the *Ethical* life—the *Ethical*, defined as that in life by means of which we *become* that which we become, in contradistinction to the *Æsthetic* which is described as that by means of which we *are*, through spontaneous relationship with destiny, that which we find ourselves. A true understanding of Kirkegaard's definition of *Æsthetic* is here essential, since only after this is obtained can be discerned the full significance of the "choice."

It is, perhaps, by the expression "desire to enjoy life" that the *Æsthetic* goal for action can most fitly be epitomised, and it is precisely in the conditions governing this desire that is contained the required differentiation between the two respective forms of living. For the conditions attending the necessity to "enjoy life" exist, says the Danish apostle, either outside the individual, or, if contained within himself—as in the shape of health, sport, or pleasure-seeking in any of a thousand forms—are of such nature as to be beyond his own control, they are conditions, in other words, that are relative to circumstances of time, country, surroundings, and the inherited place in the world of the individual whose spontaneity of action is controlled by a relationship to destiny which is beyond his own limit of responsibility. Whereas, in the *Ethical*, the conditions of life are contained within and not outside the individual, for the true *Ethical* sphere is reached, says Kirkegaard, alone by inwardness, by subjective conquest of the will, by the evolution of a power of will which, working in the direction of a consciousness of the value of the soul as a portion of the Eternal Entity, gives a thread of continuity, a teleological value to every action, lacking in the *Æsthetic* life of relativity, which is of the moment, and as such, is subject to fluctuating alternations of joy and of despair.

Yet it is this perpendicular rock of despair which may constitute the means of access to the garden of the Hesperides, to be desired by those who have courage to peer beyond the brink. There comes, says Kirkegaard, to every one a time when he outgrows the spontaneous qualities of his child's nature, when he becomes dissatisfied with a haphazard relationship to time and to existence, and wishes to assure himself of a definite place in the scheme of the universe; a time when he realises, with the Preacher of old, the vanity, the transitoriness, of that which he had set his mind upon, and when,

unconsciously it may be, he longs to grasp himself as Soul, as an Eternal Entity, rather than as a fleeting Ego, and—despair is the result. "Despair, then!" cries Kirkegaard, "and no longer wander as a ghost amongst the ruins of a world already lost to you." Despair! for despair is the culmination of the *Æsthetic* life which is itself despair, transitoriness being of its essence, and the moment of despair may be the moment of the "choice." It is on the importance of this "choice" that Kirkegaard lays stress. Not that the choice is absolute, as between good and evil—the *Æsthetic* life is not evil, it is indifference—its importance lies in the fact that what is chosen is the Self not as a limited, relative Ego in a circumscribed existence, but the Self as a portion of Eternity, of the great and everlasting Power. This choice constitutes in itself a treasure within each man that makes him greater than the angels. Nothing, he says, in life, can equal the solemnity, the significance of the moment when the individual becomes conscious of and chooses his Self as a portion of the Eternal Whole. At such a moment when all nature around is hushed, serene as on a starry night, and the soul is alone in all the world, then will the heavens seem to divide and there will be made visible the Everlasting Power. Then will the Ego become for the first time conscious of, and being conscious of, will choose or rather accept his Self. Then has the soul seen the highest, what no mortal eye can see, and what can never be forgotten, the soul has received that knighthood which ennobles for all Eternity. He becomes not another personality, but he becomes Himself; consciousness unites its fragments and he is for the first time Himself. And, continues Kirkegaard, in words that Ibsen has vitalised in dramatic concepts, "the great thing in life is not to be this or that, but to be one's self; and every one who *chooses* can be this."

So Kirkegaard makes these two volumes themselves alternatives of the two ways of life, and the reader is left to follow the author's command and "choose" between them. Fearlessly, Kirkegaard himself the Ethical, and later, also the iconoclastic reformer of religion, is content to fight the enemy on the latter's own selected battle-field, and accepting the *Æsthetic* desiderata of poetry and romantic chivalry as the basis of judgment for the great alternative, challenges from the Ethical camp the *Æsthetic* champions of the selected battle-cry. Boldly, as for instance in his essay on "the validity of the *Æsthetic* in marriage," does he in the second volume defy the romanticist in his most difficult and exalted enterprise to excel the qualities of chivalric devotion, combative patience and poetic self-sacrifice necessary to the Ethical standard of knighthood to be sustained during the long years of married life following the first realisation of desire. Consistently throughout the second volume,

but most admirably, perhaps, in the "adjustment between the *Æsthetic* and the *Ethical* in the development of the individual," does he show how even from the *Æsthetic* standpoint, the truest poetry, the most ideal possibilities of romance, are to be found, and only to be found, beyond the iron gates enclosing the *Ethical* kingdom.

It is true that in his *Ethical* teaching the religious instinct is throughout assumed, but this need be no bar to the acceptance of truths which are capable of purely *Ethical* interpretation. It is indeed apparent that in Kirkegaard's view, the *Ethical* is but the rainbow-bridge to the last of the three spheres—*Æsthetic*, *Ethical*, and *Religious*—to which throughout his writings he introduces us, and the bias of his own mind was never towards the purely human moral which, according to his teaching in *Enten-Eller*, required an open dealing with the world incompatible with his own mystic and recondite nature, but towards a pietistic and exacting religion which, acknowledging him as a necessary product of his time, as the descendant of a race for whose shortcomings it was his duty in person to atone, bade him seek in the travail of his own soul that truth which might alone rescue the spiritual element his race had nearly forfeited. It is this notion of inherited liability and of vicarious atonement that Ibsen has developed—as suggested by the writer of this paper in a previous number of this Review—in the person of the *Æsthetic* Brand, who makes it his work of life to "blot out his mother's debt of sin." It was the picture one day revealed to Kirkegaard of his father as a shepherd boy of twelve years of age standing on a height in the desert heath of West Jutland, and in his hunger and his desolation cursing God, that brought home to him the conviction that his life's duty lay in the attempt to expiate this sin for which the life-long melancholy of his father had not atoned. And this intrusion of mystery and blind obedience to a filial superstition, at once transferred his teaching from the sphere of ethics to that of an occult religion. "Religion!" he cried, in scoffing bitterness, "the question is not what does the religion of the Age lack, but what does the Age lack?" to which the answer is: "Religion, now falsely taught by state-kept preachers, who are no longer truth-witnesses."

But where lies truth? It is in the answer to this question that is contained the pearl of Kirkegaard's religious teaching, which aimed at counteracting that portion of the Hegelian philosophy which assumed man as only a transitionary point in the world's history, and which regarded the value of history as greater than that of the individual man. Truth lies, declared Kirkegaard, in subjectivity, and in subjectivity alone. Objective faith, whose external adjuncts are, indeed, a hindrance to true inwardness, and objective works, which weak-willed man vainly assumes to be an adequate

substitute for that religion which can be born only of inward struggle, are of no avail. The sum of man's achievements on this earth is nothing, and would have no power to advance the growth of the spiritual in man's nature, which can be accomplished solely by the will. So we are taken back to Schopenhauer, and through Schopenhauer to the subjective religion contained in the Upanishads of our ancestral faith, where nescience or ignorance, and lack of will-power to see the true relationship of the soul to God are the only stumbling-blocks to spirituality. But this religious consciousness of purely subjective origin is impossible of explanation, and has the effect, says Kirkegaard, of isolating man from his fellows, of making him feel himself alone in a small boat upon 70,000 fathoms of water. Here is involved the great paradox of life, the conflict of the spiritual and physical elements in man, which—as again referred to in the article above mentioned—Ibsen has turned to dramatic account in *Brand*. But Kirkegaard's religious tenets, his ultimate rebellion against all Church forms and traditions, and his invectives against the existing travesties of Christianity, were of a date subsequent to the production of the second and highly interesting volume of the *Either-Or*, where the Ethical is depicted as in contrast to the *Æsthetic* only.

But notwithstanding the greater intrinsic value of this second book, it is within the pages of the first volume of the *Either-Or* that the chief interest of the literary critic will lie. For here is contained the literary gem of Kirkegaard's masterpiece, his *Forførerens Dagbog* or *Diary of a Seducer*. This is the diary of a protagonist in the philosophy of the *Æsthetic* school, by whom we are initiated into the mysteries of love-making treated as a high art. Not the art of a common Don Juan, nor of a vulgar profligate, but of the man, the romanticist, who, ignorant of the imperishable poetry of the Ethical world, is conscious of the dissonances of life, and seeks, by *Æsthetic* gratification of desire, in a universal meaning of the word, to find the lacking harmony and make poetic stanzas of the realities of life. The question, quoted by Kirkegaard from the English poet, Young, on the title-page, "Are Passions then the Pagans of the Soul, Reason alone baptised?" is here answered in the reversed attestation of the romantic school. The idealisation of Passion tempered by Art, the fetish of the romanticists, could scarcely be exemplified with greater brilliancy and truer artistic instinct than by the supposed *Æsthetic* writer of this diary. From the moment of his first introduction to the object of his desire—a chance glimpse seen through a mirror on the opposite side of the street, of a small foot descending from a phaeton—to the *finale* of the story, the web is woven with a delicacy worthy of a high priest anxious for the reputation of the cult he represents.

Whether it is Passion hallowed by Art or Art made interesting by Passion, that the more fascinates in these pages, it would be difficult to say, but it is with a breathless interest that we follow the psychological manipulations of Kirkegaard's representative pastmaster in the science of *Æsthetic* emotion. An extract from the diary of Johannes, even in translated form, taken from the day on which he proposes to Cordelia and finds her, as it seems to him, come straight from the hand of nature, may serve to show Kirkegaard's charming simplicity of style.

"2nd August.—The moment had arrived. I had caught a glimpse of the Aunt in the street, I knew, therefore, that she was not at home, and Edward (the young man introduced by Johannes as a foil for his own purpose) was at the Custom-house, so there was every probability that Cordelia would be alone. And so it was; she was sitting at the sewing table, busy with some work. It was but seldom that I had visited the family at such an early hour, and naturally she was a little confused at seeing me. For a moment there was danger of a trifle too much emotion in the situation, this not through any fault of hers, as she soon regained her composure, but through my own fault, for, in spite of my resolve, she produced a strangely strong impression upon me. How charming she was in her blue-striped simple homely print frock, with a freshly plucked rose at her bosom—a freshly plucked rose, nay, the girl herself was like a freshly plucked rose, she looked so fresh, having just come from her night's rest; and who can know where a young girl spends the hours of sleep? In fancy-land I think, but each morning she returns, and hence her youthful freshness. She looked so young and yet so delicately matured, as though nature, like a jealous, tender mother, had only at that moment let her go forth from her hand. I had almost, it seemed to me, been witness of the parting scene when that loving Mother once more, as she took leave of her, embraced her, and said, 'Now go out into the world, my child, I have done everything for thee, take this kiss as a seal upon thy lips, it is a seal to guard the sanctuary, none can break it unless thou thyself desirest, but when the right person comes thou wilt understand him.'"

Unfortunately mother Nature had this time made a mistake, for Cordelia did not understand her Johannes when he came. He used the weapon against which, in love, woman is unguarded—mind—and finally secured the unconditional surrender he had made it his employ to obtain. The method by which he persuades the girl herself to break off their engagement—by taking her to visit continually at his uncle's house, a recognised rendezvous for engaged couples, where sordid ways and means and family personalities formed the main topics of conversation, and the noise of kisses was like fly-flaps round the room—is interesting as a suggestive source for much of Ibsen's invectives against the prosaicism of "engagements," and we can imagine Falk and Svanhild genuinely sympathising with the revulsion duly felt by Cordelia at the vulgar commonplace which amongst the officially engaged lovers, travestied all true poetic sentiments of love. In such poetic sentiments, however, Johannes was an expert. Did ever Julius, to his Lucinde, equal the poetic passion contained in this love-letter?

"Soon, soon thou wilt be mine. At the moment when the sun first closes his watchful eye, when history is over and mythology begins, then shall I not only wrap my cloak about me, but I shall wrap night as a mantle round me, and hasten to thee, and listen to find thee, not by footsteps, but by heartbeats."

But though the *Diary of a Seducer* takes first place at the literary symposium offered us in the first volume of the *Either-Or*, each individual essay is worthy of a seat of honour at the round table of artistic merit. How thoroughly the author understood the heart of the romantic school is perhaps especially illustrated in his panegyric review of Mozart's *Don Juan*, in which he seems—though himself no musician—literally to translate, according to the true romantic style, music into words. This review, together with his dissertation on the Play of Scribe, entitled *The First Love*, in which he pours forth the brimming vial of satire and contempt his personal experience had created in his own heart for romantic protestations of eternal love, would, indeed, in these days of cheap and hasty criticism, form instructive examples of the height to which the art of literary disquisition might aspire. Admirably does he, in short, in this volume of the *Either-Or*, satirise the romanticists and what has been called the three-leaved clover of their cult—idleness, described in *Lucinde* as the last fragment left of Paradise, caprice, and enjoyment.

But Kirkegaard's claim to recognition does not rest upon the literary excellence of any one work, epoch-making—to use the words of Georg Brandes—though that may have been. Kirkegaard was not only a great writer, but a man of serious and vigorous purpose, who was not afraid to be a witness of the truth as revealed to him by the travail of his soul during its earthly sojourn. Of him it may be said that he possessed, to an extraordinary degree, though limited in his technical knowledge of philosophy—the English empirical school being to him unknown, the rationalism of Germany alone familiar—the faculty of arousing in his readers that "Uro i Retning af Inderlighed," or unrest concerning matters of the soul, which was in his view the first requirement of the ethical or the religious life. But he was, it must be understood, no scientific philosopher dependant on abstract reasoning for his deductions. With him philosophy was, whether he were conscious of the fact or not, religion, and religion—embodied in the three terms, subjectivity, inwardness and paradox—was not a dogma, it was not a creed, but a condition, a condition, moreover, unattainable by the bulk of mankind now sunk in the slough of materialism and sham security into which they have been misled by the mirage of a false Christianity.

But now if these lines have succeeded in arousing an interest in Sören Kirkegaard, some reason for the neglect in which he has so long

lain buried will be required? In answer, the reason—in addition to that suggested on the first page—would seem to be, that had this talented thinker been solely either philosopher or lyrical writer, he must long ago have received his deserts, but that he is at once too didactic for the poetic reader, and too lyrical for the philosophic taste of the period which followed him, philosophy having been till within recent years regarded as a dry and abstruse science ill-mated with the more fanciful muses. But now the Zeit-Geist of the Age demands a bridge over the gulf which has hitherto divided the few abstract and purely scientific philosophic thinkers on the one side, from mankind with its ritualistic and dogmatic religion upon the other, and the time has perhaps come when, disappointed with the illusory nature of thinkers who, like Nietzsche, put away realities to find consolation in pretty coloured clouds, the large and increasing number of spiritually ambitious who have cast off the swaddling clothes of superstition can appreciate the helpful works of an earnest and vigorous thinker such as Sören Kirkegaard.

M. A. STOBART.

THE POLICY OF THE COMPELSORY PURCHASE OF THE IRISH LAND.

ENGROSSED as the nation is with the War in South Africa, and also with the condition of our foreign affairs, it would be well to consider for a moment a great domestic question, in which it has a very important interest. A widespread movement, on the increase in strength, has been set on foot for some time in Ireland for what is called the "Compulsory Purchase of the Irish Land," that is for the forcible expropriation of the landed gentry, and for placing their former tenants in their stead as owners of the soil. The Government has professed itself to be opposed to this policy; but it has promised to introduce a measure in the forthcoming session which must necessarily, as I shall point out, promote it; and its conduct for years, in all that relates to Ireland, has usually been one of concession to popular clamour; saying it would not consent, it has consented, like Don Juan's frail beauty. It is advisable, therefore, to examine this subject upon its merits, from a general, and not only from an Irish, point of view; the hard-pressed taxpayers of the three kingdoms ought, especially, not to be left in the dark as to what "Compulsory Purchase" means to them, and so ought not the owners of all kinds of property. A number of causes have led to this demand, which, a short time ago would have been deemed worthy of Bedlam, but which, as things now stand, has much hold on Irish opinion; they partly run into each other, but are largely distinct. A cry for the annihilation of Irish landlords was raised as long ago as 1798; it was the chief part of the evangel of John Finton Lalor, the most sagacious of the rebels of 1848; it was the main element in the programme of the Land League, and the main incentive in the hideous servile war that followed. In the southern provinces of Ireland, and even in nearly half of Ulster, it is backed by the great majority of the Catholic priesthood, unfriendly for the most part to the Protestant landlords; by the "Nationalist" Boards, called into being within late years, and by popular demagogues of all descriptions; and it has long been vehemently pressed at wild mob gatherings, assembled to denounce "landlordism" and to clamour for "Home Rule." The demand, therefore, for "Compulsory Purchase," though it has been quickened by the legislation to which I shall soon advert, is essentially, in by far the greatest part of Ireland, a prominent, nay the most prominent, feature in the policy of the conspiracy which, since 1878, '79, has been trying to subvert British rule in the island, and which aims at compassing its sinister ends by Socialistic appeals to the greed of an

ignorant peasantry. Mr. T. M. Healy thus let out the truth in old Land League days: "This is a movement to win back from England the land of Ireland, which was robbed from the people by the confiscating armies of Elizabeth and Cromwell . . . But I would remind you that Mr. Parnell . . . explained the basis of the movement when he told the Galway farmers that he would never have taken off his coat in this movement were it not with Irish nationality as its object."¹

The cry for the extinction of Irish landlords by the State, and for the creation of a "peasant proprietary," as the phrase is, throughout the country is, however, now widely and generally heard even in the Protestant and well-affected counties of Ulster. Its authors, indeed, do not agree among themselves, and many certainly are not sincere; they advocate a policy with their lips, which at heart they dislike. But the demand is urged by large bodies of tenant farmers, who have little in common with their fellows elsewhere, and by local associations in their avowed interests; it will have considerable support at elections for the House of Commons; unlike what is the case in the rest of Ireland, it is a demand made by loyal, not by disloyal classes. The reasons that have produced it, though in some respects the same, are, I have remarked, to a great extent different from those which have produced it in the other parts of Ireland. In 1881 Mr. Gladstone accomplished a revolution in the Irish land, by making what is known as the system of the "Three F's," "Fair Rent," "Fixity of Tenure," and "Free Sale," all but the universal mode of Irish land tenure, and that in an ill-conceived, dangerous, and illegitimate form. This is not the place to consider this legislation and its faults: enough to say that it has caused the gravest injustice; that while it has cruelly wronged the Irish landlord, it has not been as advantageous as was expected to the Irish tenant; and that it has simply turned the Irish land system upside down with demoralising and most pernicious results. To remedy the evils of this ill-starred experiment, Mr. Gladstone's successors devised the policy of what goes by the name of "Land Purchase"; that is, Irish landlords have been enabled since 1885 to sell their estates to their tenants, who are then made owners of their farms, the State advancing the whole of the price, and the tenants paying only terminable annuities, much less than any rent, and that for a comparatively short space of time. The transaction, therefore, is not in any sense "a purchase"—Mrs. Malaprop might have coined the word, it is a gift to a class in the nature of a bribe; and this nostrum, in my judgment, is nearly as much to be condemned as the Gladstonian nostrum it was designed to supplant. Whole pages might be written on its mischievous effects; I shall point out some of these afterwards;

(1) *Report of the Proceedings of the Special Commission*, vol. IV., p. 204.

but I can here only dwell on perhaps the worst; this policy draws a wide and most invidious distinction between so styled "purchasing" and rent-paying tenants; it divides them into a favoured and disfavoured class, and that without a pretence of justice; the second class, therefore, from the nature of the case, seeks to obtain the benefits limited in the first, and seethes with angry discontent if these are withheld. "Land Purchase," accordingly, "Voluntary" though it is in name, for no Irish landlord is obliged to part with his lands, has inevitably led to the demand for "Compulsory Purchase." I predicted eleven years ago that this would certainly happen,¹ and this prediction is now being simply verified. This demand is pressed in Protestant and loyal Ulster, exclusively for this reason alone, for "Land Purchase" has been common in this part of Ireland; in the other parts "Land Purchase" has been less prevalent, and though this reason undoubtedly has had its effects, the demand, hitherto at least, has chiefly been made on revolutionary and socialistic grounds.

The movement for the "Compulsory Purchase" of the Irish land is thus partly economic in disaffected Ireland, but mainly political, straining the true sense of the word; in well-affected Ulster it is economic only. And if we consider it merely from an economic point of view, it is certainly sustained by some logic and justice; it is irrational and unfair to separate a great body of men into a class of fat sheep in one pen and lean goats in another, without even a semblance of right; the Ulster tenant, therefore, thus hardly treated, insists that he must be raised to the same level as his pampered fellow; this can only be effected by the general expropriation of the Irish landed gentry, and the general conversion of their dependents into owners by force; and no one can deny the strength of the argument. But because an Irish peasant on one side of a fence is unable to get the advantages of land tenure his neighbour has got on the other side, it does not follow that, having regard to the interests of the State, and of the nation as a whole, "Compulsory Purchase" would be a safe or a wise policy; on the contrary, as I shall endeavour to show, it would be a measure of confiscation, I trust impossible, and, if possible, inexpedient in the highest degree, iniquitous, in no doubtful sense, infamous. Let us first see how it would necessarily affect the overburdened tax-payer, heavily weighted by the charge for the war in South Africa, and by the vast expenditure required for the defence of the Empire. Mr. Gladstone, in a speech to Lord George Hamilton, valued the Irish land, a few years ago, at a sum of £300,000,000; the estimate was, no doubt, too large; but the probable value is about £150,000,000; Mr. T. W. Russell's estimate of £100,000,000 is far below the mark. The expropriation, however, by force of the Irish landlords, as the

(1) In a series of letters published in the *Manchester Guardian*, and since republished.

present Chancellor of the Exchequer has rightly said, would mean giving them a great additional bonus; according to regular civilised usage, this could hardly be less than £50,000,000; the "Compulsory Purchase" of the Irish Land would thus cost the State about £200,000,000. Is it conceivable that the general taxpayer would make himself liable for this gigantic sum, equal to the ransom Germany wrung from vanquished France, in order, through a proceeding analogous to a huge and immoral bribe, to drive the Irish landed gentry from their lands and their hearths, and to plant their tenants as proprietors in their stead? Is this immense charge to be added to the National Debt, at a critical time in our financial history, that masses of peasants, the great majority of them instruments of a conspiracy hostile to our rule, shall be made owners in fee simple without an effort of their own, at the expense of the communities of England, Scotland, and Ireland? I should like to see the Minister who would go to the country with such a cry in his mouth, though it is worthy of remark that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, in the hope of snatching "Nationalist" votes, has lately committed himself to such a shameful policy. But I simply put it to the Electorate of the three Kingdoms. Will they mulct themselves in an enormous sum, to bribe Irish tenants into the ownership of their farms?

The "Compulsory Purchase" of the Irish land is, therefore, I am convinced, an impossible policy; the British taxpayer, only a short time ago, grumbled at voting £6,000,000 for "Voluntary Land Purchase"; he will not sink £200,000,000 or £100,000,000 in a Serbonian bog; he would turn out of office any Government mad enough to propose such a scheme. But it has been facetiously said that the State would run no risk by making itself responsible for these millions of treasure; the terminable annuities the tenant "purchasers" would assuredly pay would be an ample guarantee for the huge advance to be made. This would, doubtless, be true as regards the loyal Ulster farmers; but they would only be a fraction of the new owners as a whole; experience tells that it might not be true as regards the farmers of the rest of Ireland, in circumstances that easily may be conceived. The "No Rent Manifesto," and the "Plan of Campaign," were swindling repudiations of contracts made as it were yesterday; might not the terminable annuities and the payment of these be repudiated in the same way, in a season of distress, like that of 1879-80? And what if another Parnell were to arise and to announce to the adherents of the Land and National Leagues that they are to yield tribute no longer to an alien "Saxon Government"; what, in such an event, would the terminable annuities be worth, and how could they be recovered by an agency, of what would be a great absentee and condemned landlord? The

temptation too, to repudiate would always be strong; under these conditions the terminable annuities would be a wretched security for a gigantic advance; they would very probably go the way of Shallow's loan to Falstaff; and the tax-payer, happily seldom caught by chaff, would not fall into the trap laid before his eyes. The financial needs of the State, therefore, lay an absolute veto on "Compulsory Purchase"; but furthermore the configuration of Ireland herself and the character of her soil and her climate prove that this would be a vain and disastrous policy. Ireland is a great central plain shut in by hill ranges and the coast; a number of sluggish streams descend from her low watershed, through vast tracts of morass and bog; her large rivers usually curve as they approach the sea and in many places form marshy flats and swamps. Such a land, especially as it is drenched by torrents of rain, requires, above all things, arterial drainage, which can only be carried out under a system of large estates. Ireland has, besides, a very small agricultural area, and though there are breadths of magnificent pasturage in three or four counties, her plains and low uplands are not, as a rule, fertile, and are best adapted to the rearing of sheep and of great herds of young cattle. The towns of Ireland, moreover, are generally petty, and far from each other, few inland towns have more than 8,000 souls, the great majority are little more than mean and poor villages. "Peasant Proprietary," on anything like an extensive scale, could not, obviously, flourish in such a country. Ireland is utterly unfitted for the *petite* culture which has been fairly if not greatly successful in northern Italy, in parts of France, and in Belgium.

The distribution too of the population of Ireland on her soil would be incompatible with universal peasant ownership, after the forcible expropriation of the landed gentry. According to the latest returns the occupiers of the rural tracts of Ireland consist of about 486,000 families; but of these some 132,000 held mere plots under five acres in extent; some 90,000 are farmers of substance, and this class includes the great graziers of Meath and other counties, some holding from 500 to 2,000 acres and upwards. Are petty cottars to be converted into owners in fee? Are large capitalist tenants to be made proprietors through a bribe, at the charge of the British artisan and trader? In a word, are all these bodies of men to be thrown into one mass, and to be transformed into absolute possessors of the Irish land at the expense of the State? The idea would be laughable were it not monstrous; in fact, the number of families which, on any plausible pretence, could be fit to be made owners of the farms they occupy does not exceed 270,000 families, and they do not hold two-thirds of the country as a whole. These considerations, however, by no means exhaust the case which the state of the population of Ireland presents.

The class of Irish rural labourers without land is large and increasing ; it probably comprises 200,000 families ; to a very considerable extent it depends for its support on the landed gentry, impoverished as they are for the most part ; it is usually badly treated by the tenant farmers, who have proved themselves to be most oppressive masters. What would be the condition of this great body of men—not less, perhaps, than a million of souls—were the Irish landlords forced out of their estates, and their tenants universally made owners of the land ? But this is not all, or even nearly all ; “ peasant proprietorship,” carried out through all parts of Ireland, would do infinite mischief to the best Irish industries, especially to those of the refined type ; it would reduce thousands of artisans to beggary ; it would be most disastrous to the few great towns in the island. Dublin and Belfast, indeed, have already begun to protest against a revolution that will be ruinous to them.

Not the least conclusive reasons against “ Compulsory Purchase ” have, nevertheless, to be still brought forward. Some 50,000 or 60,000 Irish tenants have been converted into owners in fee, at a charge to the State of about £18,000,000, under the system of “ Voluntary Purchase,” falsely so named, that is through a socialistic jugglo really a bribe. These purchasers have paid their terminable annuities, on the whole, very well, though strikes against payment have occurred on a few estates, and in some instances lands forfeited for non-payment have been “ boycotted,” their sale in the market being thus prevented. But in other respects this experiment has been far from successful ; in fact, it has largely proved to be a failure, as persons who know Ireland foretold would happen. It has not created in the provinces of the south at least a body of loyal and law-abiding freeholders ; hundreds of these “ purchasers,” freed from the power of landlords, are among the most active emissaries of the United Irish League, the successor of the conspiracies of 1879-1889. It has not generally created a class of thriving and progressive tillers of the soil ; these “ purchasers ” are in numberless instances slovenly, ill-conditioned, and bad farmers, steeped in debt, the prey of local usurious harpies. And the whole class has all but universally cut down every tree on their lands, destructive work in a climate of constant rains ; and it has all but universally neglected arterial drainage, one of the chief requirements of the Irish soil, but which a “ peasant proprietary,” I have said, can hardly carry out. Above all these, “ purchasers,” being only subject to terminable annuities less than any rents, even those rents called by a burlesque “ fair,” have sub-divided, mortgaged, and sublet their possessions largely ; they are gradually reproducing the almost extinct race of middlemen, rightly known as the pests of Irish land tenure, the oppressive tyrants of rack-rented serfs. Whatever politicians, little versed in Irish affairs, and mere doctrinaires may

have fondly imagined, these results were what was to be expected; to defy political science and bribe a class as a concession to popular clamour and trouble is hardly a way to make good citizens and thrifty, and successful husbandmen. But if "Voluntary Purchase" has been producing these mischiefs, the "Compulsory Purchase" of the Irish land would assuredly multiply them a hundred fold. The forcible transfer to the tenant class of the ownership of the soil was the most important demand of the Land and the National Leagues; Parnell always contended that a "peasant proprietary," formed by these means, would be "more than ever true to the cause"; the prediction of the "uncrowned King" is being already realised. In this matter it is mere foolishness to ignore the positive assertions of a very able man, in deference to shallow theories being now blown to the winds; vainly, indeed, would the net be set before the bird, were it not seen that the forcible expropriation of the Irish landlords, and the transformation of their tenants into owners everywhere would enormously strengthen the conspiracy against British rule in certainly by far the greatest part of Ireland. For the rest "Compulsory Purchase" would make infinitely worse, and would extend over an immense area, the economic evils of "Voluntary Purchase," to adopt the phrase. The new "purchasers," who would monopolise nine-tenths of Ireland, and would have been made owners of the soil through a revolution and a bribe, would probably, in most instances, form a body of bad farmers; they would have been planted on the land under conditions of the very worst kind; you cannot expect grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles; agriculture would greatly decline in most parts of the country. Ireland, too, would be disafforested in many counties, with destructive results; the fine works of arterial drainage which have been executed within the last half century would be effaced and become things of the past; whole districts would return to swamps and morasses. These consequences, however, would be by no means the worst; the race of "compulsory purchasers," and for the same reasons, would do what their "voluntary" fellows are often doing now; they would sub-divide, mortgage, and sub-let their lands wholesale; the process would be as certain as that water runs down a hill; a natural Irish tendency would receive an intense artificial stimulus. A great class of the harshest kind of landlords would thus be created, lording it over a population of down-trodden cottars; and many parts of Ireland would revert to the state in which they were before the famine of 1845-47.

But how would the Irish landed gentry fare were they extruded by the State from their lands by compulsion? I shall not refer to the facts that this body of men have been a mainstay of our power for centuries throughout Ireland, and that they have truly been called the "British Garrison" by the avowed foes of England. I shall

not point out how they have given the State far more than their natural proportion of great worthies, illustrious in the achievements of war and of peace; I shall not comment on the wrongs they have suffered from the Gladstonian legislation of 1881, and from the policy of the so-called "Land Purchase," which has created against them a false standard of rent, analogous to a base coinage; I shall not dwell on the circumstance that they have been acquitted of nearly all that has been laid to their charge by interested partisans or unscrupulous enemies. Nor shall I bespeak for them the sympathy due to a class driven summarily from their hearths and their dwellings, and "out off" from the associations, often of ages, which property in land almost always creates, though I might remind a reader of these significant words of Burke:—"When men are encouraged to go into a certain mode of life by the existing laws, and protected in that mode as in a lawful occupation—when they have accommodated all their ideas and all their habits to it . . . I am sure it is unjust in legislature by an arbitrary act, to offer a sudden violence to their minds and their feelings, forcibly to degrade them from their state and condition, to stigmatise with shame and infamy that character and those customs, which before had been made the measure of their happiness and honour. If to this be added an expulsion from their habitations and a confiscation of all their goods, I am not sagacious enough to discover how this despotick sport, made of the feelings, consciences, prejudices, and properties of men, can be discriminated from the rankest tyranny." I pass by considerations such as these, and shall confine myself to the case of the Irish landlord, as this would come out in pounds, shillings, and pence, in instances of an ordinary kind, were he made the subject of "Compulsory Purchase"; I have taken care to understate the facts. In the prosperous times from 1864 to 1877, an Irish country gentleman had, I will suppose, an income of £2,000 a year, less by a family charge of £10,000 at £4 per cent., that is, had a net income of £1,600 a year. Agricultural depression would actually have reduced his rental say to £1,600 since 1877; but let us assume that through the operation of the Land Act of 1881 it has been cut down £400 a year more. He would still have £800 a year he could call his own; but in what position would "Compulsory Purchase" leave him? Let us admit that his estate would fetch eighteen years' purchase, an estimate far above the average; the purchase money therefore, would be £14,400, perhaps £14,000 striking off law costs; but the family charge would absorb £10,000; the surplus would be £4,000 only; this at £4 per cent. would yield £160 a year; and this is all that would be left to a victim who, less than a quarter of a century ago, had an income not less than ten times that sum. Irish landlords, however unjustly, are an unpopular

class. But I confidently put it to fair-minded Englishmen, would not this be an act of plain and shameful robbery, effected, be it remembered, by the State?

These results, however, are exaggerated, it has been alleged; Irish landlords would only be deprived of their rented lands, they would be left in possession of their mansions and demesnes. This is mendacious deception urged for a purpose; nineteen-twentieths of the Irish landed gentry would be involved in such ruin by "Compulsory Purchase," that they would have to dispose of their mansions and demesnes for a song; besides, all but certainly, the whole class would abandon a country in which they had been cruelly betrayed. The "Nationalist" leaders, indeed, it is well known, have marked down the homes of the Irish landlords, as a spoil for themselves; associates of the Clan-na-Gael and other Fenian worthies, are to ornament the abodes of Geraldine and Butler, as Jacobins dwelled in the abodes of the De Rohans and the Condés; this, in fact, is to be one of the main ends of "Compulsory Purchase." This policy, therefore, as regards the Irish landed gentry, is simply a gigantic confiscation, by far the worst of the confiscations even Ireland has seen. On this subject I may refer to another passage from Burke: "I am unalterably persuaded that the attempt to oppress, degrade, impoverish, confiscate, and extinguish the original gentlemen and landed property of a whole nation cannot be justified under any form it may assume."¹ The forcible expropriation of the Irish landlords, and the planting their tenants in their place as owners, considered from every point of view, and in the general interest, would thus, as I have endeavoured to prove, be a scheme of sheer iniquity and of extreme unwisdom, disastrous to the whole community of the three Kingdoms. It would subject the tax-payer to a liability enormous and unjust; it would do infinite mischief to Ireland herself; it would establish a precedent for spoliation on a colossal scale, dangerous in the extreme in a democratic age. This last consideration, indeed, ought to be borne in mind by the owners of land in England and Scotland, and in truth, by all who believe that the rights of property should be held in respect. What would be the effect on the relations of landlord and tenant from the Land's End to John-o'-Groats, especially at a time of agricultural depression like this, were English and Scottish farmers to learn that Irish peasants, the distance of the Channel alone between them, had suddenly, without justification of any kind, been made owners in fee of their holdings, at terminable annuities much less than any true rents? What, indeed, would be the effect of such a revolution, immoral, iniquitous, and arousing the worst predatory tendencies in human nature, on the classes which had anything to lose?

(1) Letter to a Member of the National Assembly, 1—478.

: The Government, I have said, have announced that they will introduce in the Session of 1902 a Bill for facilitating what is falsely called "Land Purchase," that is for bribing Irish peasants into the absolute possession of their farms. Like their predecessors, in the case of the Encumbered Estates Act, a measure of confiscation which proved a sorry failure, they are bent on carrying out a mischievous policy; as they have a large majority they will doubtless make their project law; like their predecessors, they will only be taught by experience. They have declared against the "Compulsory Purchase" of the Irish land; but their scheme of "Voluntary Purchase" must promote "Compulsory Purchase" from the nature of the case, as I hope to have conclusively shown; and I commend this fact to the British public. I hardly think they will ask further sums from the House of Commons to extend "Land Purchase"; they will only endeavour to make the existing system work more rapidly than it does at present. But if they venture to make a demand of this kind, let every elector in the country put to himself this question: "Are you prepared, at the charge of the over-burdened taxpayer, to make the great graziers of Ireland, some worth thousands a year, owners of their farms without paying down a shilling, and to change all tenants in Ireland into proprietors in fee, as a concession to buy off agitation and trouble?" For the rest, the legislation of the last twenty years has reduced the Irish land system into an economic chaos, and some kind of order must be restored if the island is to make real social progress. That this will be difficult in the extreme is certain, but it is possible, I believe, to some extent at least; it will be effected not through "Land Purchase," either on "voluntary" or "compulsory" lines, nor yet through the quackery of the Land Acts of 1881, and of subsequent years; it can be effected only by a searching reform after a full inquiry, and on just principles of Irish land tenure in the proper sense of the word, that is of the relations between landlord and tenant. This, I need not say, has been the judgment of every real thinker on the Irish Land from Edmund Burke to John Stuart Mill, down to Butt and Longfield.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

M. DELCASSÉ: A CHARACTER SKETCH.

COMPARING the situation which M. Delcassé had to face, when he became Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1898, with that which confronts him to-day, it will at once be recognised that his residence at the Quai d'Orsay has been, not only longer, but more fruitful than that of any Ministers of Foreign Affairs under the Third Republic. In fact, in 1898, relations with the United States were not wholly satisfactory, with England they were dangerous, with Russia uncertain, with Germany cold, and with Italy distrustful. In the East nothing had been done to restore the prestige of the tricolor, and international difficulties loomed in the Far East. As chance and bad luck played a conspicuous part in this situation, it would be unjust to throw all the blame on the shoulders of M. Delcassé's predecessors. They were responsible for two grave errors; the first being their non-intervention on behalf of the Armenians after the massacres. An intervention backed by England would have drawn all Europe with it; it would have been in accordance both with the traditions and the interests of France. The second error was the Marchand mission to the Nile, at a time when this proceeding was distinctly irritating to England, and very soon might have assumed the character of a provocation.

Barring these two mistakes, the various Ministers of Foreign Affairs conducted the business of their department as well as the somewhat unstable nature of their position allowed. But events supervened which made their task still more complicated. Thus, as regards America, whilst acknowledging the correctness of France's official attitude, everybody was made keenly aware of the enthusiastic sympathy shown by the French to the Spaniards after the Cuban War; sympathy which was sometimes accompanied by demonstrations not very flattering to their adversaries. The traditional friendship between France and the United States had never been more nearly compromised, unless it was after the expedition to Mexico, undertaken by Napoleon III. At the same time a number of small and little-known incidents, which it would be tedious to insist on now, had rendered the relations between Paris and Petersburg less cordial, even just after the President's visit to Russia. Félix Faure was personally much appreciated by the sovereigns of Europe, because of the care he took to establish friendly relations and common interests. It is no secret nowadays that he entered with great zest into a correspondence with them, in which, being unable, as the irresponsible head of the State, to treat of matters of high political

importance, he confined himself to polite commonplaces. But this correspondence was not without its advantages. The President could have profited by it on occasion; for he showed more than once when the need arose that he was not wanting in initiative and energy. However, security abroad was not so great under his Presidency as it had been under that of Carnot, or even of Casimir Périér. In Germany and Italy there seemed to be some fear lest certain incidents of home policy might move France to some unrestful diversion abroad. In short, the Chino-Japanese, the Greco-Turkish, and Spanish-American wars were a counter-blow that overturned or thwarted the foreign policy of France, and alienated old friendships without making new ones. That was the situation when M. Delcassé became Minister.

And now the Russian alliance is consolidated, there is a better understanding with Italy; France has regained the alienated sympathy of the United States, without losing that of Spain; friendly relations are established with England; French prestige is restored in the Mediterranean; French influence is growing in the Far East. These are the results achieved in the last four years. They are very considerable results, too; and those of my fellow-countrymen who, like myself, are not altogether satisfied with the home policy of the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet, may find, like myself, a delightful compensation in watching the position which France has recovered in the world, which to-day is in every respect worthy of our country's great and glorious past.

I.

Everyone will recall the manner of the mediation between France and the United States. It effected for the United States a saving in men and money, and for Spain a saving in *amour-propre*. The war might have lasted ever so much longer, without any profit to the belligerents; for there was no more for the one side to take or the other side to yield. But the conquerors no less were unable to offer terms of peace; and to ask them was an insupportable humiliation for the conquered. Under these conditions intervention was possible, but it was not easy; it had to be brought about with infinite tact and diplomacy. In this M. Delcassé and M. Jules Cambon, our ambassador in Washington, were completely successful; so much so that the threatened danger to French policy was averted. The fierce pride of Spain was grateful for this delicate help out of an undignified situation, while the youthful vanity of America was equally pleased with the consecration of the New World's victories by the signatures of peace exchanged at Paris. Since then the French Ambassador in America has enjoyed immense consideration; the Universities grant

him their diplomas, he is fêted and ovated on every occasion. Every day new ties are being formed between the two great Republics, and even in the east, in Chicago for instance, where, ten years ago, we had no influence whatever, France has gained ground considerably. Personally, I, who made my modest efforts in the same direction just twelve years ago, feel on this point a special gratitude to M. Delcassé and M. Jules Cambon. For I know better than most of my fellow countrymen the extent to which the French mind had been gradually alienated from the United States, and I realised the importance of a better understanding.

For a long time M. Delcassé has been a partisan of the Russian Alliance. It is interesting to recall that the first speech delivered by him to the Chamber of Deputies (November, 1890), set forth the necessity of a *double* alliance between France and Russia, as opposed to the triple alliance already formed between Germany, Austria and Italy. But from the first M. Delcassé regarded the Franco-Russian Alliance as a policy of action and not as a purely defensive line. This view did not prevail all at once. President Carnot, and most certainly the Emperor Alexander III, merely tried to shelter France against any attacks that might be made on her in the future. If they saw beyond that, they did not think that the moment was come to push things any farther. President Félix Faure and M. Hanotaux, during their stay in Russia, made it a point of honour to secure official mention, in an after-dinner speech, of this Alliance, whose existence was perfectly well known to all the Cabinets. This did not add much to its importance. In fact, nothing was materially modified. Under M. Delcassé, on the contrary, new methods were introduced into the relations between Paris and Petersburg. Communications became incessant, ministers consulted each other on every subject, and tried to act in accordance with each other in every affair of any importance. This frequent interchange of negotiations and opinions ended in securing for the French Minister a very powerful personal influence with our allies. The Czar Nicholas has absolute confidence in M. Delcassé. On more than one occasion when some difficulty arose, he was heard to say: "Delcassé will arrange all that." In their familiar brevity these words surely are a very significant eulogium of the Minister of the Republic.

It was M. Delcassé who discreetly, but firmly, impressed on the Czar the necessity of revisiting France; who drew out in detail three months beforehand the programme of the reviews of Dunkerque and Rheims, and of the visit to Compiègne. The Emperor was greatly pleased with this programme, which he accepted as it stood, and decided that the Empress should accompany him in his journey. The toasts given at the *déjeuner* after the Rheims review showed

the radical change accomplished by the Russian Alliance in the last four years. President Loubet, in thanking the Sovereigns for their friendly visit, was able to say that the aim of this Alliance was to serve the interests of France and Russia, while reconciling them with the general interests of the modern world.

As for China, it is hardly necessary to recall M. Delcassé's success there. It was his famous Note, addressed last year to the Powers that took part in the Peking expedition, which served as the basis of negotiations. Between the extreme severity to which Germany inclined and the excessive indulgence shown by Russia and the United States there was room for a reasonable *juste milieu*; and it was M. Delcassé who indicated the terms of it. He did this at the dramatic moment with a precision and a discretion which were greatly appreciated in Europe.

In Morocco the intervention of France (necessitated by the murder of a French subject, M. Pouyet, a merchant) was effected with an energy none the less tempered by prudence. For, if ships of war had to be sent to the Sultan of Morocco with an ultimatum, this ultimatum did not specify any territory to be ceded, or any advantage which might have argued the intention of the French Government to take possession of any portion of the country, or to establish a protectorate. Not long after, there appeared in Turkey a squadron of war flying the tricolour. These events are still too recent for it to be necessary to recall them in detail, but it may be well to point out the difficulty of this affair, so as to realise how admirably that difficulty was surmounted.

It was high time for France to intervene in one way or another in the East. Her prestige there was lowered; her Catholic Protectorate was threatened; her material interests even were suffering (those interests are highly important, both as regards annual commerce and invested capital, there being very nearly a thousand millions of French money in Turkey). But since the Emperor William accomplished his famous Oriental tour, and labelled himself the high Protector of the Ottoman Empire, all armed intervention was likely to encounter resistance, encouraged, and, if necessary, supported, by Germany. France could not risk kindling a big war in the East with the simple view of restoring her prestige and consolidating her Catholic Protectorate.

With extreme adroitness M. Delcassé concealed the primary question, that of prestige, behind a very secondary one, that of certain debts contracted by the Porte with French citizens, some of which dated a long time back. When the French ambassador quitted Constantinople, this apparent rupture made a considerable sensation in Europe. But time went on; France seemed in no hurry to dispatch her ships of war; she showed such patience that public opinion

abroad was inclined to consider this attitude exaggerated. So there was nothing to be said when the squadron finally set out and began to occupy Mitylene. After so much astonishment at the patience of the French Government it was out of the question to reproach it now with too precipitate action. The Sultan was abandoned by everybody in his evil plight, and there was nothing for him but to yield. This was just what he did; and, instantly, in a spirit of honour no less impressive than its energetic action, the French Government, having obtained the satisfaction it considered itself justified in demanding, evacuated Mitylene and recalled the squadron. All the honour of this affair rests with M. Delcassé; he knew both how to foresee and to improvise; to act and to hold back; he was at once moderate and vigorous; loyal and adroit. The congratulations he received on the issue of the Franco-Turkish conflict were the most deserved ever addressed by a foreign government to a French statesman.

A very great and very satisfactory impression was made in Paris by the tone of the English Press during these events. The English journals were incessant in their warm support of the action of France. It is well known, by the way, that M. Delcassé is highly esteemed in England. And if this is so, it is simply because England recognises the efforts made by our Minister of Foreign Affairs to maintain peace between the two countries. I am sure that he would still more desire and see with even greater pleasure the restoration of that friendly goodwill which is so important to two neighbouring nations, very different from each other, and yet on that account all the better calculated to profit by intimate and frequent intercourse. M. Delcassé showed remarkable coolness in conducting the *dénouement* of the deplorable Fashoda affair. He was not responsible for it, but he acted as if he had been. He was most careful in his handling both of English and French susceptibilities; and ever since then he has been untiring in his efforts to avoid every cause of conflict between them, as soon as perceived. In so doing he renders a service not only to two great nations, but to humanity. The Cabinet in London acknowledges the perfect propriety of his attitude during the South African war, and is indebted to him for having refrained (while showing all due respect to fallen greatness) from giving President Krüger the least encouragement, even of that deceptive kind which amounts to no effectual support. In this, as in everything else, we perceive the master quality of M. Delcassé's mind—moderation. So well-balanced a mind is it that it has no hesitation in finding the just, equitable, and urbane solution.

A fresh proof of this has just been given by his manner of effecting a happier understanding between France and Italy. The two nations have many grounds for friendship, none for hatred or ill-will. But

there has been a long-standing and certainly well-founded quarrel between them. The Italians had ample cause for a grudge against Napoleon III., who, after promising to make Italy "free to the Adriatic," abandoned them at Villafranca, and made off with Nice and Savoy. On the other hand the French (who, after all, did most to "build up Italian Unity"), were justly hurt to see their neighbours, immediately after the War of 1870, taking up a line antagonistic to France. But M. Delcassé understood perfectly well that, however justified in the past, these grievances had now become historical, and that there was no longer any ground for insisting on them. On the contrary, he perceived all the eventualities to which the formidable question of Austro-Hungary might give rise in the future. In the great settling it would be before all things desirable that France and Italy should not be enemies. So he engaged the Cabinet of Rome and Italian statesmen in an interchange of what he called "*loyales explications*," and soon a very satisfactory understanding was established. It was continued at Toulon, in April, 1901, by the visit of the Italian squadron, under the command of the Duke of Genoa, uncle of the King of Italy, who saluted the President of the Republic, and gave him the Grand Order of the Annunciation, which is one of the highest distinctions a European monarch can bestow.

It was not an alliance, there being no material for one; but it was the restoration of a most fruitful and profitable friendship.

Such, in a few words (and without mention of many less important matters which he has dealt with no less advantageously) is the work accomplished by M. Delcassé in the last four years.

II.

If we ask what his method is, by what means he has been able to do all that he has done, we find it in the fact that M. Delcassé possesses the confidence of Europe. There have been ministers who never succeeded in inspiring confidence. Prince Bismarck distrusted all the world, and all the world mistrusted Bismarck. Mr. Chamberlain goes farther still, since he is sometimes mistrusted even by his ministerial colleagues. On the other hand, there have been statesmen in whom even their enemies put faith. We have seen them at work; we know the way they act; we know that their word is unshakable, their proceedings open, their aim honest. Whether they speak or act we are sure that neither in word or deed will they go beyond what is fair. Such men soon acquire ascendancy among governments, and M. Delcassé is one of these men.

When we analyse this nature, to know it better, we find that the first characteristic of M. Delcassé is his immense power of work. It is no exaggeration to say that from the time of his first installation

at the Quai d'Orsay the French Minister has never left his desk. He takes no holidays, he has given up every sort of distraction; he has left off going to the theatre, which used to be his chief pleasure. When his family is away from Paris, he sometimes works on till nine o'clock in the evening without thinking about dining. In spite of very robust health, this life has its drawbacks, and such perpetual high pressure must wear out the strongest constitution sooner or later.

M. Delcassé's method of work is altogether intellectual and reflective. In this he is not in the least like those impromptu ministers who surround themselves with thousands of documents, and keep themselves posted up in every book published on their special subject. There is nothing impromptu about M. Delcassé. He made his political *début* under the leadership of Gambetta, who marked him out from the first. And questions of foreign policy have captivated him ever since. Gambetta had no littleness of mind. He saw a hidden significance and importance in the smallest questions; and Delcassé, too, accustomed himself to look far and high, and not to let himself be carried away by momentary and sordid considerations. Colonial policy fascinated him at one and the same time as foreign policy, and he applied himself to the simultaneous study of diplomacy and colonisation. When M. Charles Dupuy, who succeeded Casimir Périer, was forming his Cabinet after 1894, he wanted to entrust Delcassé with the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, but Delcassé would only accept that of the Colonies for which he felt himself better fitted. Six months later the Dupuy Cabinet fell, and M. Delcassé had three years more in which to prepare himself to become "Chancellor of the Republic"; for he performs the function, if he has not the title. He has all the moral authority of the Chancellor of a great Empire.

Consequently, as his past labours have given him full knowledge of everything which concerns foreign policy, diplomatic and colonial, M. Delcassé reflects more than he reads. His brain is always active, always turning round the same poles. He follows Boileau's precept:—

" Sur le metier sans cesse remettez votre ouvrage ;
Polissez le sans cesse et le repolissez."

Hence the finish and precision of his thought, unsatisfied till it finds its exact expression. Hence that appearance of sober perfection which so happily characterises all utterances of his, written or spoken.

They have another quality—they are rare. We have here a second characteristic of M. Delcassé, more important and certainly more surprising than the first. M. Delcassé is a Southerner, not only by

birth (he was born at Pamiers, the 1st of March, 1852) but by temperament. Anyone who talks with him is struck by his lively speech, his rapid thought, his imagery of expression, his ardent look. He is all this in private life. In public he is very different; he is then a most silent and discreet person. Nothing will make him speak if he thinks proper to hold his tongue; nothing will make him say one word more than he thinks necessary. He seldom appears in Parliament, and takes no part in any discussion outside his department; he has sufficient strength of mind to let himself be attacked both with violence and injustice without replying and without ever losing his temper. When the time comes he mounts the tribune and, to give more weight to his utterances, he reads them. They are very brief; every sentence has been weighed, and corresponds clearly and precisely to his thought. That done he becomes silent again, and lets the storm—if storm there be—pass over his head.

He has the gift of happy phrasing, summing up a whole situation, or crystallising an opinion. When at the time of the Fashoda affair the English ambassador came to call on him, very likely with an ultimatum in his pocket, which would have spoiled everything, the Minister forestalled him with a phrase. "You may count on my good will," said he, "provided you don't ask impossibilities." Sir Edmund Monson saw that there were "impossibilities," and that the immediate recall of Marchand was one of them. It would be demanding satisfaction of a sort which no French Minister could consent to give. More lately, during the Morocco affair, the Minister made it perfectly clear that France was not meditating any aggression against that country; but he mentioned the "singular interest" with which she was compelled by the force of circumstance to watch everything that went on there. And everybody understood that that one term was equivalent to saying that she would never suffer the establishment of a rival power in Morocco. M. Delcassé's diplomatic documents are full of expressions of this sort.

These notes will give us some idea of the invaluable qualities of M. Delcassé. We know him to be extremely able, because limited in his ability—a stubborn and deliberate worker—a writer and orator, brief, precise, and to the point—a man of immense discretion and few words, who knows how to keep his resolutions to himself, as well as the secrets confided to him, as long as he considers it advantageous to keep them. One last characteristic outlines his physiognomy. M. Delcassé is an independent in every sense of the term. Hence his high views and fine breadth of character. It is remarkable, his persistent refusal to pledge himself to any "*groupe*." In the French Parliament parties are not always very clearly defined; but the "*groupes*" are. A new deputy inscribes himself as a member of the "Union of the Right," or the "Radical Left," or the "Socialist

groupe," or the "Left Progressives," and so on. When he became deputy M. Delcassé energetically refused to be member of any of these "*groupes*." He was a Republican pure and simple, and reserved his liberty to vote according to his conscience, and independently of anybody else.

He has always followed this line of conduct. He became Minister of Foreign Affairs on the 28th of June, 1898; since then the leadership of the Cabinet has changed three times. M. Briçonnet, M. Charles Dupuy, and M. Waldeck-Rousseau in turn brought a different principle to bear on home policy. M. Briçonnet tried to balance the Radicals and the Moderates; M. Charles Dupuy was avowedly a Moderate; M. Waldeck-Rousseau looked for support to the Radicals and even the Socialists.

A politician who set his personal interests before those of the commonwealth would never have behaved as M. Delcassé did in those circumstances. For he would have dreaded making enemies for himself in all camps; no doubt Delcassé made some. In any case the Moderates and the Conservatives owed him a great grudge for the enormous prestige which, through his success, attached to the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet whose home policy exasperated them.

But such calculations as those were absolutely foreign to the mind of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. To increase the prestige of France abroad; to conclude advantageous negotiations; to foresee grave contingencies; to avoid useless conflicts; in a word to steer among so many dangerous reefs with the greatest safety to his country—this was M. Delcassé's single aim. Provided he accomplished it, he cared little under what Ministerial label he did so. This free soul has never been the slave of any political programme, and shades of parliamentary opinion escape it. He sees nothing but the good of France, and considers himself happy if he can only benefit his country by his devotion.

III.

From these few notes we may conclude that M. Delcassé is one of the most accomplished statesmen of the Third Republic, and that he will figure finely beside the men who have served it best—such men as Thiers, Gambetta, Carnot, Ferry. It would be interesting to know what will be the end of this fine career. Assuredly, as far as temperament goes, political *finesse* , diplomatic science and established relations, such a man would admirably fulfil the functions of Head of the State. As regards foreign affairs he has splendid ability and genuine prestige; on the other hand, by his independence and neutrality he is perfectly fitted for the rôle of arbitrator between parties, which is the most important branch of the President of the Republic's home policy.

Yet one wonders whether M. Delcassé would not serve his country still more usefully as the Head of the Government. Anxious to confine himself to his special subject, he has never had occasion to publish any programme of home policy. But it is more than likely that he has one, and that he has provided for eventualities which might any day lead President Loubet to entrust him with a mandate to form a Cabinet. M. Delcassé's policy as Premier would certainly be very characteristic. Though a member of the same Cabinet as such a Socialist as M. Millerand, who, moreover, happens to have been his playmate, M. Delcassé has never shown any leaning towards socialist solutions, which have always something utopian and impracticable about them. Very probably, having seen already on his own account the enormous advantages of ministerial stability, and the grave results which follow from the absence of it, he would try to realise this desirable end by different means.

In any case, whatever high post may await him in the future, we may be sure that M. Delcassé will fill it in a fashion which, if it adds nothing to his glory, will at least add to the esteem in which he is at present regarded by European sovereigns and their ministers, and by the most enlightened section of public opinion all over the world.

PIERRE DE COUBERTIN.

HIGHER CO-OPERATION: ITS INNER HISTORY.

I.

THE rise and progress of self-helping co-operation will probably be regarded in the future as a most remarkable industrial feature of the Victorian era. Many whom public report has made familiar with the term Co-operation may be interested in knowing something of its inner history, the incidents and vicissitudes of its career in the struggles between principle and commercialism to which all prosperous enterprises are liable.

The original object of co-operation was the elevation of Labour by self help, which neither menaces public interests, nor unsettles society, nor seeks advancement by charity. Its aim was to increase the income of working people as conditions of industrial honesty, intelligence and independence. The Earl of Winchelsea in his Presidential Address at the Woolwich Co-operative Congress (1896) said: "His sympathies were entirely with the Producer, and better conditions of life for him ought not to be conferred as a favour but as a *right*." Very few are willing to concede anything to industry which it is not able to extort. It is the object of higher co-operation to endow labour with this right without necessitating the peril of conflict or engendering the ill blood of resentment.

The two divisions of co-operation are Distributive and Productive. Distribution moves on a lower level than production. Participation in the profit of the store enables the worker's income to go further, but participation in the workshop increases his income. Higher co-operation applies the principle to life as well as to commerce—to character as well as to industry. Co-operation is an old term used in later days in a new sense. In its old sense it first meant union to gain strength for any purpose—it might be for the plunder or destruction of others for which purpose it is still largely employed. An American instance of its meaning is, when the son of an undertaker marries the daughter of a doctor with the view of increasing the business. In the new sense it means union for individual good compatible with the good of others. It is an old illustration of Gibbon Wakefield's that two hounds running together will run down more hares than four hounds running separately, but these hounds run down the hares for their masters. In the new sense the co-operators run down the hares for themselves, or a reasonable number of them. They do not purpose to take all the hares caught, as the ordinary employer does. Where capital and labour join in the chase a number of hares, equivalent to

its risks, fall in equity to capital. Equity claims for industry a portion of jointly-made profit for labour—not as a gift, but as a right. For in equity, if he whose labour makes capital profitable has no right to a share of what he has toiled to produce, no man has a right to anything: for there can be no greater or stronger title to wealth, than having earned it. Equity in industry is the cardinal principle higher co-operation seeks to establish.

Profit-sharing in the sense of patronage is not new; but profit-sharing as the *right* of labour is new. Those who do not understand the difference between a gift—which may be withheld, and a right—which is absolute—call profit-sharing “bonus,” which means charity. Yet charity, however kindly meant, implies patronage in the giver, and abjectness in the receiver. The only sense in which charity is noble in its essence, and free from misgiving in the recipient, is when it is accorded as an act of reparation for defect of nature, for social injustice, or unrequited public service. Wages are commonly called “the workman’s share of profits,” which it would be—if he did as little as the capitalist in producing gain. In fact, labour is the natural partner of capital. Without the nourishment of labour, capital dies. The joint gain should, in fairness, be shared in some proportion between them—or labour becomes indifferent, sullen and disaffected.

John Stuart Mill held that “to work at the bidding of others and for the profit of another without any interest in the work . . . would never be a satisfactory state of things to human beings of educated intelligence, who have ceased to think themselves naturally inferior to those whom they serve.”

Only within the past four years has any authoritative explanation been given of what is meant by participation. The International Co-operative Congress at Delft (1897) agreed upon a definition of profit-sharing which received the concurrence of the best known advocates of participation on the Continent and in America, which said: “By a ‘share’ in profits is meant a sum paid to an employé in *addition* to his wages, out of the profits, and the amount of which is dependent on the amount of those profits.

“A share allotted to employés in a profit-sharing scheme is part of the actual net balance of gain realised by the financial operations of the undertaking in relation to which the scheme exists.

“The money received by the worker in a profit-sharing scheme is strictly in consideration of work done by him.

“It is deemed essential that the share of profit agreed upon should be fixed in advance [for the security of the worker, who else would lack the inspiration of knowledge and confidence]. But it is not necessary that he should know the details of the business.”

“Co-partnership”—a term introduced by Mr. Edward Owen

Greening—was defined “as a system under which the actual employés of any business have in right of their labour a substantial share, fixed in advance, in the profits thereof, and in which they have also an effective share in the capital, control and responsibilities.”

Co-partnership extends participation in the co-operative store and co-operative workshop—to manufacturing and commercial enterprises. To what business it is applicable, or by what varying devices it may be carried out, depends upon the conditions of the business and the good sense and just judgment of the employer. Had wages kept pace with gains, the question of profit-sharing would lie sleeping. In equity the standard of wages for labour might be half as much as a gentleman would require for doing the same work. This would be complimentary to the gentleman and satisfactory to the workman.

The majority of workmen have skill and goodwill to sell, which employers do not think worth buying. Profit-sharing buys it at a small price and gains largely by it. That is the business defence of it, as Mr. George Livesey has proved more conspicuously than any other English employer.

Some who know nothing about it call profit-sharing “sentimental,” ignorant that just “sentiment” is but the conscience of the future. Business duty to-day was sentiment a few years ago. It is not by politicians, nor ecclesiastics, nor journalists—valuable as their aid may be—that peace will come to reign between labour and capital. Employers alone are the good or evil magicians of industry. They alone can clear the jungles of our cities of the wild beasts whom industrial despair has bred there. How is it that in every family manual labour is viewed with shame or distaste? It is because in the pursuit of honest industry hope is dead, and nothing is certain save the badge of inferiority. In America I was shown “Starvation Mountain,” up which a powerful tribe had driven their adversaries, and sat round the base until all upon the mountain were starved to death. Capital can do this by labour, as we have often seen, and may see again; and, be it owned, labour is not averse to doing the same thing to capital. This war of savages might be prevented in the future should equitable participation enter the understanding of employers.

The idea of labour participating in profits is little more than a century old. Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford [1717-1797], was the first public man in modern English politics to recognise that Labour had any rights.

No known seed of productive co-operation appears to have sprung up in England before 1777, when some working tailors in Birmingham engaged in a strike, invented a co-operative workshop. In 1794, when the French Revolution began to spread alarm among the

English governing classes, Bishop Barrington, who had real sympathy for the people, established the first recorded co-operative store in Mongewell, Oxfordshire. He supplied the stock, and a pauper store-keeper, at a salary of one shilling a week, conducted the business. Afterwards several industrial enterprises were undertaken, Count Romford being a fertile instigator. A society was established, to which King George the Third subscribed fifty guineas a year. Its aim was "increasing the comforts and bettering the conditions of the poor," by cheaper and better food and improved employment.¹ This movement had public policy to commend it. The working class, to whom the State had to look for soldiers, were stunted in growth by protracted labour and insufficient food, and were becoming unable to bear arms. Gentlemen were more inclined to pay for substitutes than to enter the ranks. This society for the better treatment of the poor lasted till the close of the war between England and France. In their workshops the capital was supplied without interest, and the profits were given to the workers. Of course the founders kept control of the works, and the discipline of the workers was in the hands of the Church. Thus in 1797 profit-sharing, in principle, was recognised in England, though it amounted to no more than co-operation by patronage.

In the same spirit a working people's store was provided by Robert Owen, in his mills at New Lanark, which gave the workers a better quality of food than was to be found in the town, and at lower prices. Thus their taste was educated, and as their provisions were paid for out of their wages, they were kept clear of credit and debt. A large portion of the profits made in Owen's mills was devoted to the instruction and recreation of the working people. No workmen before or since have anywhere been so well treated. In later years this splendid policy caused co-operation to be regarded as a new Religion of Industry. This was philanthropic, not self-helping, co-operation, but it led the way to it. Persons of ardent minds, like poets, see what is not present to others, in things before them. So in industry, a new hope enlarges the vision and is a gain—if reason inspires the conditions whereby it can be realised.

It was natural to think that the policy of New Lanark might be usefully extended to the State, and thus Mr. Owen, before Lassalle was born, became the advocate of the State establishing Industrial cities. When it was found that the Government did not adopt the project an appeal was made to the people, who began to form stores and workshops for themselves, the object being to devote the profits to establishing communities, in which all the gains would accrue to the residents. Thus commenced the alliance between the store and the workshop—the early ideal of higher co-operation, which during

(1) See *Self Help* 100 *Years Ago*. Sonnenschein.

three generations has been cherished by its best informed adherents. From 1820 to 1830 enthusiasm was mostly for productive co-operation. By the year 1830 as many as 300 associations of industry and trade existed in Great Britain, which held several Congresses. But the law gave no protection for the societies' funds. They could be robbed with impunity by knaves—always more abundant than is necessary. Distrust thus generated, enfeebled and destroyed many stores, and by 1840 they had largely disappeared. Yet attempts were made to found industrial communities which had become the impassioned form of higher co-operation. The attempts did not succeed. Inexperience, eccentricity, unfitness of persons admitted, cupidity on the part of some and insufficiency of capital, led to loss of money and to loss of enthusiasm.

In 1844 a new development of co-operation was established in Rochdale, where it was proposed that the profits of the store should be divided among the members in proportion to their purchases, and that shareholders who formerly had the sole right of profit, should receive 5 per cent. interest only. This was the cardinal innovation which gave vitality to the co-operative movement, as every purchaser had an interest in the store as well as the stockholder. This project of reviving interest in co-operation and attracting laggard customers, brought hilarious ridicule on those who believed in it.

When the device of taking the purchaser into partnership was made known, all the ravens of economical science flapped their foreboding wings over Toad Lane, where the store stood. "As no store made profits, how" it was asked, "can profits be divided when there are none?" How can the proposal to share nothing excite popular interest or bring profits into existence?" Nevertheless it did.¹

In 1857, thirteen years later, the History of the Rochdale Society, by the present writer (first commenced in the *Daily News*), was published, and afterwards translated four times into French, thrice into Italian and into Spanish, German, Hungarian, Finnish and other European languages. It caused within two years of its appearance the formation of 250 co-operative societies in Lancashire and Yorkshire,² which have since grown throughout Great Britain to more than 1,700.

How much this co-operative avidity contrasts with the intimidating predictions of its impossibility, which so long assailed the harmless innovators! All sorts of sad-eyed monitors filled the public ear

(1) A new order of political economists have arisen since that day. John Stuart Mill, Professors Fawcett, Marshall, Rogers, Newman, Foxwell, Bonar, applaud what their predecessors disparaged.

(2) Mr. William Cooper, corresponding secretary of the Rochdale Society, gave this information in a letter to the *Daily News* at the time.

with warnings after their kind. None doubted that all such undertakings were contrary to human nature. Philosophers thought them fatuous; economists ignorant; politicians dangerous; priests immoral, and all agreed they were ridiculous if not criminal.

Only working people who had no conventional character to lose, adventured into this untrodden path of social improvement. When Life Insurance was commenced by the Hand-in-Hand society, it was regarded as the wild craze of a few hopeless theorists. Was it conceivable that long-living, sane men, would pay premiums to be reaped by the glutton and the drunkard, who shorten their days by reckless self-gratification and who would receive as much as those who lived and paid premiums a generation longer? The temperate and prudent had to keep up their payments thirty or forty years after the lucky sensualists were dead. The whole plan was counted an insidious scheme for the encouragement and endowment of vice: as the first effect of these provident societies was to give encouragement to the improvident. Life insurance was open to all these objections, yet Insurance Offices have become universal, and philosophers and saints alike put their trust in them. The device of co-operation was never so absurd—it rewarded only industry and thrift, but was treated worse by the superior people, who deigned to notice it.

The Rochdale Society grew marvellously in a few years. The profit of the store—which made none in 1844—in 1876 was £50,668. Its principle, which gave it ascendancy, was participation of profit in the store according to purchases, and in the workshop, according to wages earned. Labour, of hand or brain, was regarded as being as much entitled to interest as capital, which did not exert itself but merely lent itself. Before the division of profits was made, 2½ per cent. was accorded for instruction in equity. These and kindred features came to be known as the “Rochdale System,” and its twenty-eight originators as the “Pioneers.” This recognition of labour and trade, as participants in profit, furnished proof that higher co-operation was financially sound. Where this principle lapses co-operation descends to a lower stage, a meagre fortune, and a narrower interest.

The policy of the Pioneers in saving their gains gave store members control of capital, by which they have been able to buy freehold land, erect stores, and build houses for their members. This policy has given permanence and opulence to co-operation. Lacking this device of thrift on the Continent (save in Holland) the stores are mainly hand-to-mouth stores. This is so in France, Italy, Germany, and even in America.

True to their objects the Rochdale innovators called themselves the “Equitable Pioneers.” As soon as they were able they commenced

a large spinning mill, and for some years the workers participated in the profits. After a time outside shareholders multiplied, who cared nothing for the equity of co-operation, and when they became the majority, they arrested profit-sharing and converted the mill into a capitalist joint stock company—much to the generous regret of John Bright, a resident of the town. When he heard of the adverse decision he urged that the question be put again, and had it been done, under the influence of his wish, and a canvass of the large number of absentees from the fatal voting, it might have been reversed. The Pioneers were defeated, but they won an imperishable distinction—that of saying what they meant and carrying out in practice what they said.

In 1854, ten years after the commencement of the store, the idea of establishing a wholesale Buying Society began to be entertained for the third time. The first time it was by Lady Noel Byron at Liverpool, 1830; the second by Mr. E. V. Neale and friends, in London, 1850. Co-operators promised just measure and pure commodities. Honesty in quantity was in their power, but purity was not, without means of choice in the markets. In those days (1854) each store had its own buyer, when several of them met in the same market each bidding against the other for the same commodity, and thereby putting up the price against themselves. They soon saw it would be more economical and co-operative to send one person to buy for the whole of them. Eventually a Wholesale Agency was formally established to purchase provisions in the best market and of the best quality to be had for ready money—to be distributed to stores, who were to receive two-thirds of any profits accruing. In 1864, the year of the commencement of this society, its purchases for the stores did not amount to £52,000. In 1896 they exceeded £14,000,000, and would have been greater had not commercialism superseded co-operation in the management. It was thought that greater profit would accrue from the Agency manufacturing what it supplied. There were serious objections to this, since its tendency was to arrest the initiative activity of groups of workers, who would improve their position and character by the education in responsibility, control and participation. But when this Agency sought to become sole initiator of all undertakings, workers would have no higher rank than hired hands, should participation be withheld from them.

For a time the Rochdale spirit prevailed in the Agency's workshops, and profits were shared with the workers. Then the commercial spirit, or some other spirit—it certainly was not the co-operative spirit—obtained ascendancy, and participation in profit was discontinued. An unforeseen thing had occurred. Working men who had themselves off and reasonably complained of inadequate remuneration—when they came to control co-operative business—denied participation

in profit to others of their own class, and did by their fellow-workers as their capitalistic employers had done to them.

Capitalism when it becomes an end soon learns to consider principle a sentimental impediment to success, and counts it "smartness," or, "good business" some call it, to take advantage of others—the contrary of the co-operative way. By taking the profits of the workshop from the men and giving them to the stores custom, it was thought, would be increased. Principle was dead then. The store directors in their turn, lacking co-operative conscience, or not understanding what was being done, accepted the spoil of the workshop and distributed it among their members, who thus gained about 2½d. each, and each worker was deprived every year of £9 10s. or more, of profit which his labour was computed to have earned for him.¹ The Buying Agency commencing to manufacture discouraged the formation of workshops. Its agents derided them—belittled them—and even wrote books to prove that they could not succeed. Thus it came to pass that the original aim of the movement—to raise the workers as a class, came to be frustrated within its own borders; obliterating the distinction of the movement—which was to extend to labour a profit reaping career. But for this England had ere now become a landmark of prosperous self-helping industry. Encouragers of the policy described have been Socialists, who insidiously creep about the movement. They are against co-operative self-help, which renders State help unnecessary. They hold profit to be unphilosophical since, when the State—in centuries to come—shall provide all men need, profit will be obsolete. In the meantime those who might save themselves will perish. A true association with £14,000,000 a year to expend has a great field before it—with all the markets of the world to know—having to provide an army of buyers with special knowledge and co-operative conscience, instructed to give the preference (quality and price being equal) to those producers whose workpeople are equitably paid. Had the Buying Society confined itself to buying it had had enough to do—as usefulness and distinction lay there—beyond anything mere commercialism has ever set itself to attain. Distributive agency is in itself so useful and indispensable that it is well able to stand on its own merits and in its own sphere. To describe is not to defame, unless points of excellence are kept out of view. Therefore let it be said that the English wholesale, as employers, set a good example in other respects to capitalist firms. In its factories the workers are treated better than hired workmen usually are. Their workrooms are healthy. Trade Union wages are paid, the hours of labour are shorter than is common, and fair recreation is generally accorded to the hands; but

(1) For many eloquent speeches of late, specifically protesting against this course, all workers are under obligation to Earl Grey and Dr. Westcott, Bishop of Durham.

the profit of their labour is taken from them as has been said, and given, strange to say, to somebody else who has not earned it. The share due to the bootmaker at Leicester or Heckmondwike, or the soapmaker at Irlam, is given to a member of a Southampton or a Perth store, who never made a boot or a pound of soap in his life.

Before the days of the Manchester Buying Society, and for some time after it commenced, there was unity in the co-operative movement. It was one in principle, one in aim, one in enthusiasm, one in practice, in store and workshop. When that society separated itself from the cause of labour, and limited co-operation to distribution, and capitalistic manufacturing, the effect was division. So far as respects goods, not made by itself, it aids participating workshops by selling their productions. Nevertheless it mutilated the edifice of the original movement.

Many naturally ask, "How is it that the Wholesale, which is but one society in a Union of a thousand societies, has come to dominate them all, and while asking the Union to be loyal to the Wholesale, is openly disloyal to the Congress of the Union?" There are many answers. Appropriating the profits of the workshops and giving them to the stores, gives the one society ascendancy. It controls the Bank (which holds the savings of the stores), instead of the Bank being under the independent control of the Union. It has thus the patronage of the movement in its hands. The Wholesale can personally influence officers of the stores, who are weekly in contact with it, for buying purposes. It can give situations to sons and daughters of co-operators whose parents naturally take sides with the Wholesale. Directors are sent on pleasant journeys to foreign countries on buying and other deputations. The executive of the Union is located at Manchester, where the commercial spirit is little co-operative. Wholesale officers attend as part of their business at meetings of the branches. Thus, and in many other ways, an anti-participation sentiment is cultivated in the stores. Had these influences been employed in like manner on behalf of labour, workshops would have grown with the stores, and a noble federated unity would have prevailed. For so small a bribe—less than threepence each member, which Judas would have rejected—the stores have been annexed, as it were, to one society; their independence has ceased; they have become powerless in Congress to enforce their will. They have subjected themselves to the mastership of their own servants. The delegates of shareholders in the Wholesale are the only persons having official power to alter this.

Let not this contention as to policy efface the sense of the amazing growth of the movement to which distribution has contributed. The position of the co-operative movement (Dec., 1899) was as follows:—

Number of Societies	1,651
„ Members	1,729,976
Shares	£21,381,527
Sales	£79,935,000
Profits	£7,913,272
Investment	£13,469,389

Deducting the Supply Associations—comparatively few and mostly conducted by gentlemen—the above summary represents the activity and capacity not supposed to exist among the people, which (notwithstanding the limitation of principle described) is a triumph of self-helping working-class co-operation.

The rectification of policy is only an affair of time and reason. The question grows in interest and influence every year. The vindication of principle would have commenced earlier had not those in favour of it been unwilling to believe that the cause of labour was actually and intentionally abandoned. For years they made motions in successive Congresses which were carried with acclaim. The “half movement” men declared they were in favour of profit-sharing, which deterred many who wished to believe it from taking organised steps to re-establish participation in the movement.

Thus were lost twenty years, while the absence of societies, which might have existed, became cited as proof of their impossibility. Fatal are the arts of beguilement! The professed friendliness to participation was as barren as the desert of Omdurman, and at last it came to be perceived that a new party had crept into the co-operative ranks, who were in favour of profit-sharing, *provided it was not to be carried out*. At the Royal Commission on Labour the Chairman of the Manchester Wholesale, in answer to a question, whether in the workshops he represented, participation in profit was recognised, said, “No, it was not good business.” At the London International Congress, 1895, participation was affirmed as a cardinal principle, when the appointed representative of the Wholesale Society at once announced, that if it were attempted to pledge that body to the principle he would withdraw from the Congress. Therefore the friends of participation have taken their own affairs into their own hands. Though each party stands on separate platforms, there is no antagonism to the store. The workshop aids it, since it increases the income of the household, which means increased purchasing power at the stores. Separateness is not hostility. The stores are founded on participation, which the workshop party maintain. In co-operation, as in other human questions, there is a difference of opinion as to policy, but each believing that the other acts as he conceives for the best, personal unfriendliness does not arise.

II.

Neither indifference nor hostility kill a principle which has entered into the heart of industry. Co-operation came into the world with a message to Labour in its mouth. To successive generations it is delivered with more precision and in a stronger voice. At length its watchword begins to be heard in the echoes of the world. It was participation which from the first inspired co-operation, and endowed it with a future. One who speaks with the authority of experience lately said: "After careful consideration he had come to the conclusion that employers must look forward to partnership with the employed. It was in that sense that he regarded profit-sharing, which was *supplementary to wages*, favourably."¹

Let no one think, because a principle is true and useful, it will be soon or largely accepted. It has to be shown to be true in practice, and conducive to public interests long before it commands assent.

Distribution (of the co-operative kind) is no mean undertaking. It means knowing what to buy, the quality of what is purchased, where and when to buy it advantageously—getting it economically conveyed to consumers—finding out where they lie, and giving them inducing reasons for becoming customers, with the good faith and courtesy which retains them.

Production (as respects co-operative workshops) requires a wider range of view and larger powers. Besides knowledge of material, of times and conditions of purchase, and methods of economical manufacture. Larger capital than distribution needs is necessary as a rule in production. Calculation of markets and their fluctuations have to be made. Longer periods of losses occur, necessitating intelligent patience. More workers have to be employed, and the difficulties of just administration demand high qualities of wise and genial supervision. The simplicity of ready-money business is less possible. Great sagacity is needed in giving credit, and good book-keeping is indispensable. Respect and sympathy for workers; the art of eliciting their talent, skill, and goodwill; educating them in responsibility and recognising their right of equitable participation in gains, are but examples of the higher qualities required in conducting co-operative workshops. Besides a hatred of indebtedness, personal good faith—not only a sense of equity but a love of it—interest in the elevation of each worker, and of the workers as a class—the absence of jealousy among workers at seeing managers and comrades of skill, better remunerated than themselves, are qualities indispensable, if labour is to have repute and honour, prosperity and preference.

(1) George Livsey, *Chamber of Commerce Journal*, January, 1896. Speech at the Trocadero.

One reason of the failure of co-operative workshops fifty years ago, was the low state of intelligence among Labour men. Now they are better informed and better fitted for the work of self-help. Another reason was that formerly money was lent to workmen to commence workshops with, and there was not the same care in its use as would have been exercised had the money been their own. Now, in every undertaking those who are to profit by it, are required to subscribe themselves a substantial portion of it, as security for what they may borrow.

It is the co-operative way to explain, not complain, when a right principle is deflected the wrong way, and to take steps to restore it to the right way. Eighteen years ago (1883) co-operators caring for higher results established a Labour Association and a Federation of Co-operative workshops, whose organ is *Labour Co-partnership* (now in its ninth year), the first English journal, officially or otherwise, representing the right of industry to a share of profit.

Of co-operative manufacturing societies, that of Hebden Bridge stands in the first place, with a record of thirty years. Its rule is that no worker's profit shall be withdrawn until he holds at least £20 shares in the society. The progress of the society is thus set forth :—

Year.	Members.	Capital.		Reserve.	Sales.	Profits.
		Share.	Loan.			
1870	95	£83	£3	—	£55	£3
1895	797	25,845	6,771.	£3,859	43,509	5,185
1896	822	26,417	6,471	3,937	46,646	4,774
1900					46,933	3,764

In this Society the workers are not eligible for committee, although they may vote in their election. The origin of this rule seems to be that in the early days of the Society the proportion of share capital held by the workers was very small, being, in fact, only one per cent. of the whole.

This society of Fustian Cutters is a romantic instance of self-help in production. Its first capital was raised in threepenny contributions by workers in the town. The society transformed a mill (which capitalists had deserted, unable to make profit in it) into noble workshops. The members now own a lake of scenic beauty, which cost them £5,000, whose water gives superiority to fustian productions as the waters of Burton do to Bass's ales; as the clay of Blaydon Burn does to Cowen's famous fire bricks. The Hebden Bridge Nutclough Works employ 331 workers, all of whom are members or shareholders having a vote, and holding, on an average, £26 per worker in share and loan capital.

Next in order of age and interest is the Leicester Hosiery Society, which has had a career of nearly twenty-six years. The resolute hosiers began in a cottage with a capital of £30. Now they

occupy an imposing factory and mill. I am more sanguine than a well-conducted person ought to be, yet when I saw the early difficulties of this society, it seemed that the members had a long day of little things before them. I never doubted their courage, but their success was the faintest star in the horizon of industry. The following figures are luminous with the light of progress. The next table shows it. Their trade in 1900 exceeded £70,000:—

Year.					Trade.	
1st year—1877					£1,000	
Year.	Members.	Share.	Capital. Loan.	Reserve.	Trade.	Profits.
1891	260	£6,416	£7,978	£680	£21,172	£628
1896	660	18,008	12,327	1,450	48,885	2,802
1897	729	27,884	19,960	1,800	53,594	3,139

Like the Hebden Bridge Society the Hosiery Society formerly had a rule which prevented a worker from being elected on the committee. This has now been altered, and two employees are eligible.

The Equity Brand Boot and Shoe firm, also of Leicester, was commenced (1887) by a few workmen of the Wholesale Society, which had declared itself unable to introduce profit-sharing in their works. These discerning workmen were resolved to try whether it was not possible to them. With little money, a small room, only three or four workers, they commenced business. The men employed now exceed 300, all of whom are shareholders. The following table shows the success of this society to 1897:—

Year.	Members.	Capital.		Reserve.	Trade.	Profits.
		Share.	Loan.			
1887	220	£420	—	£20	£2,800	£230
1896	1,070	9,879	£14,334	881	47,296	2,484
1897	1,049	10,364	14,817	990	46,863	1,874

All the workers, adult males and females, pay to a Trade Union as members, but ask nothing from it, need nothing from it, nor take anything from it. Some time ago, when all other boot and shoe works in Leicester were closed on strike, the Equity Co-operative Workshops were open and every one at work full time. They did not strike as they were their own masters; they had no motive for striking against themselves, and the Trade Union did not ask them. In the Equity shops the hours of work are only fifty a week, which private employers declare ruinous and distract the land by their combination to refuse it. The men have built themselves splendid workshops, abundantly lighted and so perfectly ventilated that (at a cost of £700) they have cool air in summer and warm in winter, at will.

The history of the Havelock Boot and Shoe Works, of Kettering, is not less remarkable. It is the only productive society of this class

which has a Personal Brand. From a beginning in which the courage exceeded the capital, the society has grown in ten years as the following table shows. In 1900 their trade was £40,836; profits, £2,477:—

Year.	Members.	Share.	Capital.	Loan.	Reserve.	Trade.	Profits.
1889	208	£1,032	—	—	—	£3,588	£328
1895	590	4,217	£2,776	£517	26,255	2,703	
• 1896	651	4,890	3,786	652	29,204	2,001	
1897	700	5,771	4,765	789	32,924	2,100	

The society has erected on freehold land of their own a noble and picturesque pile of buildings, and are providing for extensions. After defraying all charges and allotting ample sums for depreciation of buildings and machinery, they divided (1897) profits in the following manner:—

To Workers	£403	8	6	being 1/9 in the £ on wages.
„ Customers	416	5	7	„ 7d. „ „ trade.
„ Committee	35	0	0	
„ Capital	58	3	9	„ 9d. „ „ shares.
„ Education Fund	26	5	0	
„ Provident Fund	52	10	0	
Leaving £59 0s. 11d. to carry to Reserve.				

The aggregate divisions of profits down to 1896 were as follows:—

	£	s.	d.	¼
Reserve Fund	889	0	0	
Workers	4,282	0	0	
Committee	1,342	0	0	
Customers	2,205	0	0	
¹ Dividend on Capital	1,316	10	0	
Educational Fund	537	10	0	
¹ Provident Fund	1,060	0	0	
Special Service Fund	313	10	0	
Charitable and Propagandist Agencies	143	5	0	
Other Purposes	258	0	0	

Only fifteen participating workshops existed in 1883. This year (1901) 108 are in operation in the United Kingdom and Ireland. Earl Grey stated at Kettering that they maintained a higher standard of generous treatment to workers, and do more in other ways than the non-participating workshops. They provide libraries, news rooms, lecture rooms, provident funds, besides according participation in profit. The financial progress of these societies during fourteen years is thus given:—

(1) The “Reserve Fund” provides for the depreciation of machinery and fixtures, and other exigencies of business. The “Provident Fund” is a provision against ill-health, decay of strength, or other vicissitudes of workers, and might be called a Man-kind Depreciation Fund.

(2) Detailed accounts of these societies, historic and financial, by Thomas Blandford and Henry Vivian, can be obtained from the office of the Labour Association, 16, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

	1883.	1883.	1887.
Societies	15 .	108 .	169 .
Sales	£180,751 .	£1,292,688 .	£2,714,346 .
Capital	103,436 .	639,884 .	1,180,906 .
Profits	9,031 .	87,663 .	137,506 .
Losses	114 .	2,984 .	12,441 .
Dividend on Wages . unknown .		8,283 .	16,253 .

The rise of the Kettering Clothing Society, the Canterbury Tanners, and numerous other societies have stories as romantic and surprising as any told here, were there space for relating them.

The workshops erected in Leicester and Kettering are Industrial paradises, gay with light, spacious, fresh with ventilation, and labour radiant with the sense of ownership and profit; none of them would own anything beyond wages had they remained hireling workers in mere capitalistic employ.

In new societies paying a dividend on capital as well as interest, a stipulation is beginning to be made that when the property of the society affords the ordinary security for capital the interest upon it should not exceed 5 per cent. The dividend on custom, as a rule, need not be more than one-third of the profit accorded to labour. The main rule of division should be to secure to labour the largest possible dividend. It is the Labourer that most needs endowment that accumulated profits shall, in old age, give him competence without dependence upon the charity of individuals or the State.

Not all at once do adherents understand that co-operation is self contained and self sustained. It has established itself by success, and has the same right to a place in the commercial system as any other. It is not unfriendly to other interests because it maintains its own. Its rule is self defence, not defiance. Hence its preference to sell at market prices which, instead of underselling the shopkeeper, tends to keep up his prices. It does the same service to the manufacturer. A true co-operative journal advertises the business of others as well as its own. To refuse to do so is to boycott other tradesmen, which is the scandal of competition. Co-operation stands upon its own merits.

1. Honesty in business though some disadvantage may come by it.
2. Care for purity in provisions and excellence in manufacture.
3. Sharing profits with purchaser and worker.
4. In saving gains for purchasers teaching them thrift by creating a Profit Bank, where members draw money out who never put anything in from their own pockets.
5. In informing the purchaser of any defect known to the vendor.
6. Educating members in business and in principles of fraternity, thus elevating them as a class.

These are main points of distinctiveness. If the rule of informing purchasers of defects in goods before sale was acted upon in competitive markets it would put an end to the business of half the shops in London and Paris. Co-partnership has, for many years, been successfully practised at the Agricultural and Horticultural Association of Deptford and London, which engages in the manufacture of oil cakes, seed selling, manures, and other commodities of the farm. The workshops are separately assessed, and the profits made in each department divided among those whose labour or thought has created them. The social and educational conveniences provided for the working people made the Deptford Colony a community.

In Parliament and the Press credit is often given to distribution under the impression that it was solving the problem of capital and labour. But as the Bishop of Durham has said, "it does not touch that problem." It is Productive co-operation alone which does that.

Mr. E. O. Greening has proposed that Parliament should neither renew nor grant a monopoly, without stipulating that all excess of profit, beyond the amount the company is permitted to make for shareholders, shall be divided between the consumers and the workers employed. This arrangement would prevent the necessity of municipalising public works, beyond the capacity of Town or County Councils to manage, and confer upon the people the advantages now sought for them by Socialistic agitation. In this way profit-sharing would retain individual action and secure economy and public efficiency.

From the first co-operation had the dream of the higher life, and its steps to it were honesty in commerce and equity in labour. Its ideal was Industrial cities self-devised, self-sustained under conditions in which it should be impossible to be depraved or poor. Co-operation is Socialism with the madness left out—the madness consisting in endeavouring to arrest all other movements until theirs is tried. The Brotherhood Trust Societies, with their practical thought, disinterestedness and devotion—Labour Churches and the many enterprises of community life now increasing, all seek human betterment by the holy arts of service, reason and love.

No doubt the Higher co-operation, like Home Rule, requires (as Mr. Shaw, the Scotch Solicitor-General, said) a new sense—the sense of Justice to those not usually regarded as entitled to it.

It is too late now to declare that co-operative manufacturing is impossible to workmen. A generation ago storekeeping was declared impossible to be conducted by working people. The existence of thousands of stores, so conducted, refutes that prediction of incapacity. Co-partnership workshops now refute the doleful prophets of evil omen.

You never know how little attention any one has given to the

subject of participation, until you hear the question, "If workers share profits will they share losses?" They always do it. M. Charles Robert's words are entirely conclusive on this point. "Sharing in profit," he says, "was recognised as the right, not only of those who brought capital, but of those also who brought their labour. The labourer shared in the risk as capital did; as the capitalist might be bankrupt, so the labourer ran daily risk of injury and of death." Workers are the first to share losses. When hard times come the first thing, as a rule, the employer thinks of is not retrenching his own expenditure, but reducing the wages of his workmen.

The interest taken in the co-operative question by distinguished thinkers, prelatial and political, has always been from belief that its aspirations were higher than the till. The till is part of the movement, but only a part.

In 1872 Mr. Walter Morrison, in a speech to his constituents at Plymouth, said: "There was a deeper principle than saving money by co-operation, which has caused the working man to enter into the movement with such spirit as they have manifested from the first. This deeper principle is that it makes a working man a proprietor, and gives him a *social equality*, which is one of the marked improvements of our day." Mr. Morrison's own friendliness to co-operation was founded on belief that its aim was not alone to make better mechanics or superior grocers, but superior men.

One merit of participation is that it inspires workmen with higher aims. Mr. Ruskin is of opinion that "he who comes up to his own ideal of greatness must always have a very low standard of it in his mind." Even that standard leads onwards. It is no mean thing to incite a man to attain an ideal. Mr. Bright, who stood so high in public opinion, lamented how much his best efforts fell below his own ideal. Everybody knows that the workman's standard of excellence is generally higher than his employer's, who too often has shoddy in his soul. However, better a low standard than none at all. A low standard can be elevated, but where there is none there is nothing to go upon. Participation means social equality in the social sense, and that is a higher level than labour has yet reached.

Moralists tell us that the "secret of all true success is self-possession," but to possess something else as well as your self is a further advantage, and this is a higher standard for labour to claim and attain.

Those who are loudest in their warning of the impossibility of workmen conducting workshops are middle-class manufacturers, whose fathers were miners, or weavers, or bootmakers, who worked in humble ways, but, have by sagacity, thrift and industry raised themselves by the very qualities which their sons aver working men

are incapable of displaying. Besides, the participating workshop is far easier to organise than one on capitalist lines, because:

1. Strikes are unlikely.
2. Workmen devise mere economical and ingenious methods than their masters ever knew.
3. They can save their directors a good deal of thinking.
4. They save cost in superintendence.
5. They are contented where competitive workmen are never satisfied.
6. Co-partnership gives security to capital and increases the share coming to the employed.

The failures of participating societies are few compared with the failures of competitive undertakings. Well-devised plans are, from causes apart from principle, liable to failure, but the proportion in which well-devised co-operative associations succeed is great. Of every three competitive companies registered two become insolvent, 70 per cent. of all competitive companies floated smash up, and only 30 per cent. become permanent.

Since co-operative workshops will be few amid the thousands of firms in which labour is hired, co-partnership aims to promote participation between workmen and employers.

A favourite argument against such partnerships is that, "in Corn Mills, for instance, where workmen are few and capital large, the men would be made rich in twelve months if all the profits were given to them." No one asks that *all* the profits shall be given to them. "All" being too much is made a pretext for giving them none. Participation means only an equitable share for the workers. The same dividend paid on the wages of working millers as is paid to the shareholders, would be satisfactory. Even in some co-operative workshops capital often carries off all the dividend. It has one dividend as interest which is fair, and another out of profits which is unfair—two dividends, while labour gets none, or at best only one, which is often too little to make it worth while to put skill and goodwill into work.

In the Irish Bank Bill passed in June, 1808, there was a clause providing "that the profits shall be equally divided and that the residue shall go to the governor." This is the ordinary way with labour. The profit it creates is all equally divided with somebody else, and it is the "residue" only which goes to the worker.

To prevent industry having too little, and allay the fear of its having too much, it has been proposed¹ that the Labour Association should advocate the rule of 5 per cent. to capital and 10 per cent. to labour. Where the risk of capital is great a higher than 5 per cent. interest may rightfully be accorded. In like proportions labour would

(1) By a President of the Labour Association.

have to take less than 10 per cent. if less was made, though its dividend would be liable to stop at 10 per cent., however much more might be realized by capital.

Leclaire, Godin, and other noble innovators in social industry in France, have not been unregarded in England. Successful instances of industrial partnership on their lines are not wanting. Mr. George Thomson, of Woodhouse, Huddersfield, inspired by Mr. Ruskin's practical philosophy, converted his woollen works (which never depart from its standard of genuineness) into an industrial partnership. Five per cent only is paid on capital—workmen are eligible on the board of management, and the time of working is only forty-eight hours a week—which has caused no diminution in production. This firm is a notable instance of co-partnership and control.

Another instance is the South London Gas Company, under Mr. George Livesey's management, where profit-sharing has been introduced, and prosperity and good feeling prevail in place of ruinous strikes and discontent. In the year 1896 the men received £17,000 as their portion of profit. They had taken £35,000 of shares in the Company and have invested £37,000 at 4 per cent. The gas is better, the consumers pay no more, the shareholders receive full dividends. Nothing comes out of the Company's pocket. The workers made the profits they receive.

Co-partnership is an inextinguishable instinct of co-operation, and every year finds more and more favour with Trade Unionists. Distinguished leaders among them have seen working men learn to depend no more on the grocer, and it is as possible for them to do without the employer. Were the money spent on strikes spent on workshops, Trade Unions would soon own millions, since they would be gaining money instead of losing it. Unions are strong enough to make participation a condition of labour—had they the mind to. Public sentiment would be with them there. All markets would be open for the sale of their manufactures if they had workshops.

Even now, numerous buyers prefer goods, the quality being equal, which they know to be honestly made and in which the workers have an equitable share of the profits of their labour.

Employers have a natural fear that, since men who receive low wages work the least they can in return, they will work no better when a share of profit is accorded to them. But what is it which makes the master vigilant early and late, and sleep with one eye open, but the incentive of gain? What makes the piece-worker so alert but the chance of earning more? Why is it that eight hours a day produces as much work, and better work, than ten or twelve hours—but the reward of greater leisure for pleasure or improvement which lies before the alert workers?"

The dislike to admit workmen to a share of consultative and sugges-

tive control, arises from reluctance to recognise administrative equality in the workman—not seeing that gain lies that way. A workman observes costly mistakes made which he could avoid. He knows of time-saving and money-saving devices upon which he is silent, because it is not his interest to disclose them. Were he to speak, it would probably be resented as interference and presumption. A colliery owner at Normanton owned that his men, by care and vigilance, could save him £3,000 a year. The answer given him was “Why not give them £1,500 and you will save £1,500 by the concession?” which he did. Let workmen be *assured* that profit will fall to them if they put thought and character into their work, and in time they will do so. Just as bad schoolmasters flog children to hide their lack of skill and patience, so the employer declares his men unfitted for good treatment to conceal his lack of sympathy, trust and trouble.

He who would be an honoured employer must have sympathy with his men. “No man,” we are told, “is a saint in his sleep.” So no “captain of industry” who has contempt and distrust in his heart will ever command confidence. He who takes no personal trouble to educate and inspire his workpeople as Owen, Leclaire and Godin did, but treats them as inferiors, only inspires resentment. No soldier ever dies for the commander who kicks him.

What Edmund Burke said of the wisdom of conceding the claims of the American Colonists, may be said (with the change of a few words) of the advisability of employers conceding the claims of workmen for industrial equity. “Without considering whether we yield as a matter of right or grant as a matter of favour, it creates the affection which springs from equal privilege, which, though light as air, is as strong as links of iron. The acknowledgment of equal interests is a source of attachment which no force can separate nor tear from mutual allegiance. It is that sense which alone can pervade and vivify enduring association. But let the sinister policy prevail [let it be felt in industry that the profit and control all goes to capital and none to labour], the cement is gone, the cohesion is loosened, repulsion is established, unity has ceased and dissolution and decay are only matters of time.”

Looking back at the successes of participation recounted, it will be owned that professional prophets of failure—the social refrigerators who go about cooling righteous enthusiasm—have lost reputation. When the Pioneers arose they were called Babelites, Ishmaelites and Utopianists, they spoke in an unknown language to an alien world which regarded them with incredulity, ridicule and hostility. They were thought dreamers at the best, who could only be awakened by failure. But a thing decided is not always disproved, as many think.

The Shakers were not an enticing people. They were long in visage, they droned in speech, they were monotonous in idea, their community was regulated by the maxim that happiness is wrong. They had no enterprise, not even that of increasing the population; and were their ideas to become universal there would be no second or third generation; the race of mankind and womankind would end speedily. Darwin's evolution will be needless since there will be no human biology to profit by it. The new photographic rays which pass through the flesh and reveal the formation of the bones, will have no further use, for there will be no more flesh or bones to operate upon. Yet these singular self-exterminating people commanded 30 per cent. higher prices, in the markets of America, than competitive dealers could get, because it was known that their commodities could be trusted. Thus participating production has proved that honesty pays.

Those who had invested in stage coaches believed in the infinite impossibility, and infinite foolishness, of railways. Owners of sailing ships derided the possibility of steam navigation. Participation is a vessel which has crossed the Atlantic in safety, and a fleet is being built. Artists were brilliantly scornful of photography and of its ridiculous burlesque of nature. Now the condemned sun-printing has become the assistant of art and science, even delineating physical secrets before hidden from the surgeon's eye, and revealing to the astronomer stellar mysteries of the universe which the most powerful telescopes failed to discover. So the co-operative principle, which acts for humanity instead of against it, may comprise infinite and unforeseen resources of progress and peace.

Carlyle had never been a workman when he wrote, without conditions, "There is perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work." If so the slave might feel exalted. There is no "nobleness" in compulsory work which is not equitably paid for, and never intended to be paid for. Nor has any place or occupation "sacredness" where justice to industry is absent. Not in law, not in custom, but in the eyes of equity, profit is robbery which is not fairly shared among those who mainly create it. Labour is the workman's capital and should be respected like the rich man's capital. Let those who control fortunes give heed to the great words of Dante: "Look how thou walkest. Take good heed thy feet do not tread on the heels of thy poor brethren." This is the Higher Co-operation.

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAFIA.

CAN Italy recover its lost greatness and become one of the great nations of the world? By greatness is not meant the possession of a big army and fleet which may give it momentary importance in the direction of the world's affairs, but rather the endurance of a strong race founded on irresistibility of intent and moral backbone, with manliness to assert and maintain itself in its undertakings and expansion. It is a difficult question to answer, for so large a subject offers many sides for consideration necessitating a study and knowledge of the many peoples who form united Italy, and it is scarcely within the limits of an article that the matter can be properly discussed. But in the Italy of to-day there is a growing force arrayed against the progress of the country, which merits the attention of its well-wishers. That force comes from the south and is best described by the words which head this article. In the welding together of the principalities and powers, which resulted in the present Kingdom of Italy, it is doubtful whether Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, and the rest of that noble band of workers with them, rightly estimated the materials with which they intended to raise their fabric when once the grand ideal of a united country had passed its fevered stage. They may not have altogether rightly gauged the true worth of the enthusiasm which surrounded them, nor considered how much it was to be relied on in the future when the difficulties and sacrifices of union became apparent. No matter. It was a heroic task manfully carried out. To their successors falls the less grateful one of consolidating the work, and of raising the country to the height of supporting the penalties and removing the obstacles which after forty years of life still attach to it.

If the difference of race between the northern and southern inhabitants be not so accentuated in Italy as in Austria and Hungary, there is nevertheless a great difference. This is shown by the scant respect with which the northerners speak of the southerners; and the manner in which the latter, especially the Sicilians, refer to the rest of their compatriots. In Sicily, all those who live on the further side of the Straits of Messina are called *continentali*—a term equally applicable to a Dane or a Swede as to a Tuscan or Piedmontese. And that this insulation is not dying out, but rather being accentuated, is shown by the apparent necessity of those in authority to persistently refute the statement that there can be any Southern or Sicilian question apart from one regarding the whole country. The people in the north are more advanced in civilisation. The Lombard

farmer is as a prince compared with his Calabrese brother, while a Tuscan peasant may rightly look with pity on his Sicilian counterpart. The cultivation and refinement of the upper and middle classes of the one, again, offer no less a field for comparison. Southern Italians have much to learn before being on a social equality with the rest of their countrymen; and this knowledge, felt, but not admitted, and which rankles in their minds, creating a certain discontent at the existing order of things, is not unconnected with the title of this article. In short, there is little real union of hearts in a patriotic sense, however much they may be attached to the person of the King. The flow of civilisation of Northern Italy has met the opposing current of southern semi-medievalism, and the clear course of the one has been contaminated by the turbid stream of the other. The meeting of the waters is at Rome. The spirit of the Mafia is creeping upward.

The Mafia is prevalent throughout the whole of Sicily, though the provinces of Messina, Catania, and Syracuse are less affected. In Palermo, Trapani, and Girgenti, it is found at its worst. "In the Conca d'Oro (Palermo)," writes Senatore Villari, "the peasants are well-to-do, but they are Mafiosi, and commit a vast number of crimes. I would not believe it at first, as it seemed to be in contradiction to the rules of political economy and social science; but I saw it in a thousand ways, and in a thousand ways was it proved to me." The changes wrought by new political influences offer a freer field than ever for the development of the Mafia. It was rife in the Bourbon time. In 1836, Del Caretto wrote to the King of Naples a lurid account of the state of the Island. But in those days, the strong hand of despotism held the evil in check; and it has been left to modern sentimental legislation, which dresses up licence in the garb of liberty, to foster and favour the spirit of the Mafia under the mask of freedom. Probably at no recent time of its history has lawlessness—none the less dangerous because silent in its working—been so paramount in Sicily as at the present moment. In the fifteen years preceding the union with the kingdom of Italy, the administration of justice was purer, safety of person and property more assured, and prosperity greater than is now the case. This is openly avowed, and deep-seated discontent is the result. The evil is seen and recognised; and there are those who go the length of wishing that things may get worse so that the inevitable change may come the sooner. It is remarkable that the two great rival Latin races should in one year present so miserable a picture of the unsound state of the very foundation on which national prosperity and progress must necessarily rest. The Dreyfus case on the one hand, and the important Notarbartolo case on the other, have this in common: that the course of justice in France and Italy alike can be prostituted for the sake of

the political exigency of the moment, and that the powers that be—no matter how weak or corrupt—must be protected at all costs. It is useless to waste words on the extreme danger that threatens a nation, and especially a nation in its infancy, when a true source of all welfare, viz., respect for the laws, be disregarded and trodden under foot by the very men responsible for its maintenance. As the state of society may be judged by the purity of its women, so may the prosperity of a country be determined by the integrity of its judges and rulers. To the Anglo-Saxon mind, the perversion of justice in Italy may appear impossible, but it is of frequent—nay daily—occurrence, and this is a growing danger which assails the State. It would be a mistake to suppose that the recent revelations at Milan and Bologna in the Notarbartolo case are at all an isolated example of how things are mismanaged—to give it no harder name. The only exceptional thing about that extraordinary trial is the publicity that it has fortunately secured, and that is mainly owing, not to the authorities themselves, but to the persistent endeavours and courage of a son to bring the murderers of his father to justice. The Government has yet to show whether it or the Mafia is to be accounted the stronger in the land: it is a fight between the two of supreme moment to Italy.

"*La Mafia*" is no elaborate secret society with its written code of laws and solemn initiation into its mysteries: it has probably no list of members sworn to obey the orders of a chief, with periodical meetings in dark hiding-places to decree vengeance on its enemies. It is best defined as a sentiment of opposition to social and moral obligations, and to legal restraint—in short, an extended conspiracy against the community on the part of individuals arbitrarily and violently to impose their will on others. It may not be so virulent a form of social disorder as the Neapolitan Camorra, but its essence is illicit intriguing for the sake of personal gain; or, as has been aptly said by Mr. E. S. Morgan, "the aim of the Association is plunder and the sanction on which it relies is still death." The best that can be said of the Mafia is that it is the feeling that prompts a man to look severely and exclusively after his own interests and profit, sacrificing those of others unscrupulously and unrelentingly in so doing.

The workings of the Mafia are without limit, unseen, frequently unknown, unaccountable, but always present. One of its principal safeguards is the conspiracy of silence called *Omerà*. When a crime be committed by a *Mafioso*, the friends of the murdered man and murderer alike, even if unknown to each other, or at enmity, are united by one idea—that of saving the assassin from the rigour of the law; they will not speak. They say to themselves: "The dead is gone; we must help the living"; not by any means from charit-

able motives, but because they will not side with the law. The *Mafioso*, relying on no force but his own, suffers an injury, but he rarely applies to the law for redress. To him justice comes by his personal efforts. He may be wounded in a fight, or attempt at murder; he does not speak, nor see, nor feel. He is taken to the hospital and listens with seeming impassiveness to the doctor's verdict, telling him he has but a short time to live, but he does not give up the name of his aggressor. "*Si moru mi voriau; si campu t'allampu*" ("If I die, they'll bury me; if I live, I'll strike you dead") is his thought; though in most cases the legacy of vengeance, sometimes even by will, is left to relations.

The *Mafiosi* have means of communication of their own just as thieves have in London. These, though differing in some ways from the ordinary prison slang, are chiefly used to enable members to converse freely when in prison. The jargon is distinguished more by the pronunciation than by any extended vocabulary. Founded on the *Palermitan dialect*, itself an exaggeration of the *Neapolitan*, it is recognised by a hoarse guttural enunciation, which has spread wherever the *Mafiosi* are found in numbers. It finds expression also in new meanings to certain words. For example may be quoted: "*sirinata*" (*serenata* = an evening's entertainment), meaning "a drawing of knives"; "*aughi*" (*aghi* = needles), "knives"; "*mulettu*" (*muletto* = a small mule), "a long knife"; "*cantare*" (= to sing), "to betray"; "*ballare*" (= to dance), "to fight"; "*sarvatevi u cuteddu*" (*conservate il coltello* = keep the knife sheathed), "discuss the matter calmly"; "*abbajare*" (= to bark), "to betray"; "*a siritina non è serena*" (*la sera non è tranquilla* = the night is disturbed), "there is something amiss"; "*u capillanu è d'invitati*" (*il cappellano è tra gl'invitati* = the priest is among the guests), "blood is to be spilt since the confessor has been bidden"; "*u statau*" (*lo spense* = he blew out the candle) "he killed him".

There is also the alphabet or cypher of the Mafia, which is as follows, viz:—

a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	l	m
7	÷	8	∞	≡	≠	∞	∞	.	9	ω
n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	x	z
∪	∩	∪	∩	∪	∩	+	∪	∩	∪	∩

by means of which the *Mafiosi* communicate with those under arrest, not so much as a means of defence or of escaping punishment, as to denounce, or give warning of, half-hearted or untrustworthy associates who may be met with in prison.

The word Mafia in its present interpretation is of recent birth. It was formerly used to define the bearing of a pert, or in the language of school-boys, a cocky, individual, just as Camorra, now denoting the powerful Neapolitan criminal association, was formerly restricted to describe the plotting that goes on inside Neapolitan prison walls. To seek for the origin of "*La Mafia*" is to make one go back to the farther periods of the history of Sicily, for it springs from the natural temperament of the people, which has been formed by their many vicissitudes and strivings. The Sicani, or Siculi, were swallowed up by the Greeks, the Carthaginians and the Romans; and they in their turn were succeeded by the Arabs, the Saracens and the Normans. Then the Teuton, the French, the Spanish, and even the British elements came upon the scene, so that the Sicilian of to-day—since his home has ever been a bone of contention, and in consequence a battlefield of the world, may be said to be the child of all Nations. Professor Giorgio Arcoleso thus describes the Sicilian character in his able monograph on Sicily:—

"In nations, as in individuals, there are always some prominent and permanent traits, and in the Sicilian I see the worship of brute force, the spirit of domination in ideas, in human affections, and in life generally, with the glorification of self; also pessimism, and the instinct to generalise according to the limitations of the individual and to distort things of daily life as private fancy may dictate. I discern the desire to rebel and to induce others to do so, and an inability of association for a given good purpose. In addition, there is a tendency towards melancholy, self-isolation, and over-susceptibility. . . . The worship of brute force is derived from his surroundings, that is to say, from nature, and from the legends and history of his country. He is impelled thereto by the fiery outbursts of his volcano, by the earthquake which swallows up towns and cities, by the burning sky of bronze that withholds rain for twelve months consecutively, by the endless rolling expanse of his cultivated lands. He is influenced by the African scirocco, which stifles breath, action, and even the power of thought; by the rapid and exuberant growth of vegetation, and by the deep and inexhaustible mines. That worship of the monstrosities is also induced when he thinks of the forging of Jove's thunderbolts, of the Cyclops and giants who were his forefathers, of the murderous Scylla and Charybdis, of the eternal fecundity of the earth as symbolised by Ceres, and of the violence of the elements as described by Æolus. . . . Servitude, invasion, and strife have deprived the Sicilian of stability of character; feudalism has penetrated into all grades of society, and even into home life. From all this have arisen disquiet, discontent, conspiracy, with revenge carried to extremes in moments of triumph. Thence springs a disproportionate sense of his own importance, which sometimes becomes grotesque."

The Mafia is "bred in the bone," Signor Villari says, and it lends itself to the Sicilian temperament, as it allows him to assert his overweening individualism which is one of its principal characteristics. The saying of Massimo d'Azeglio that there is "some instinct of civil war in the heart of every Italian," may be supplemented by the statement that conspiracy and intrigue are natural to most Sicilians. Even when a man does not join the secret societies of oaths, blood-

shed and midnight meetings, he will not disdain to secure advantage by—"binding himself with others whose combined operations often perplex a Government." Secret societies have flourished in Italy from ancient times. The Roman Senate had to fight them, and by them it was frequently baffled. Roman citizens formed clubs and associations, which the Curia found it hard to oppose. And in mediæval times, the guilds and companies were directed to protect the interests of their members against the common laws.

The reason of the prevalence of the Mafia may be sought in a variety of causes. Its principal one is the corruption which pervades all classes from the highest to the lowest. The people are convinced that justice is for the powerful. They have no faith in the law, which they regard as their natural enemy. "*La furca è per lu poviru, la guistizea pri lu fissu*" (The gallows for the poor man; the law courts for the fool) is one of their pithy sayings. The hope of litigants is centred on favouritism and intrigue, and herein lies the influence of the Mafia, and the despicable power of some deputies and senators, who go to parliament principally to traffic in the unsavoury bartering of their country's justice. It is not that money always passes between the parties; but there is invariably the *quid pro quo*, and nothing is given to him who does not pay. Signor Colajanni, an outspoken Socialist deputy, has much to say on this subject in his instructive work: *Il Regno della Mafia*. He writes:—

"In Sicily we have arrived at this point—the most honest and scrupulous people invoke the protection and intervention of deputies in their affairs, because they are sincerely convinced that their adversaries will call in the assistance of influential persons to their prejudice. There is no belief in the fair conduct of public matters; nor, above all, in the impartiality and honesty of the judges and their decisions; all is subordinate and all is settled by the influence of the member of parliament. Thus in general, and I defy my colleagues to controvert the statement, the prestige of a deputy does not depend on his intellectual qualities, his rectitude of conduct, or his patriotism, but on the influence—I use that word in preference to the less polite term of Mafia—which he brings to bear."

"Some deputies always vote for the Government, no matter what it may be," reports Signor Villari, "and the Government concedes them whatever they may choose to ask." I here repeat what I have written elsewhere, and what I have learnt too well from personal experience; namely, that no man is sure of winning his suit, no matter how just his cause may be. Intrigue, political influence, and bribery in some shape or form cause the most monstrous decisions to be frequently given, and the Executive, sheltering itself under the pretence of political expediency, or a feigned respect for the integrity of the judges, weakly shuts its eyes to such facts. Further testimony to this unpalatable truth may be adduced by quoting the words of the great jurist, Diego Tajani, which, though spoken in his place in

parliament some years ago, are none the less indicative of the situation now: "We have in Sicily," he said, "the laws scoffed at, institutions become a contradiction, corruption everywhere, favouritism the rule, justice the exception; crime enthroned where the guardian of public weal should be; criminals in the place of judges; judges become criminals, and a horde of persons interested in crime become arbiters of the liberty, honour and life of the people. By heaven! What is this but chaos; what but the worst of all evils? the anarchy of government before which a hundred brigands or a hundred malefactors more or less sink into insignificance." The following proverb shows the popular feeling on this subject: "*Chi ha denari ed amicizia tiene in tasca la guistizia*" (Those with money and influence hold justice in their pockets).

In the misery and ignorance of the masses, the Mafia finds a ready soil adapted to its growth. Though the condition of the peasant has been frequently written of—and that his condition is miserable if we compare him to his fellows in other countries, or set up for him a special standard of happiness and comfort according to our own lights, may be true—yet his wants are so few, his knowledge of the amenities of life so scanty, and he is moreover so favoured by the splendid climate and wonderful fertility of the soil, that, if the overpowering weight of taxation were modified and justice secured to him, he would be both law-abiding and prosperous. As things are, he is a slave to whom liberty is a sham and prosperity a farce. Before the bureaucratic tyrants to be found in every town, and before the Mafia, unless he belong to it himself, he, as well as others, has to bow to the ground and put up with the injustice that may be meted out to him. The depredatory deeds of the barons of the Middle Ages are as common in Sicily as ever they were, only they are done by other and lower hands and fill other and baser pockets. What was claimed by the strong hand of might then, is now secured by the subtle means of intrigue and venality. In fact the state of the south is not prepared for liberal legislation, for the men who exercise the power are unfit for the authority with which they find themselves invested, and the majority of the people are unprepared to reap the benefit of a freedom which in consequence degenerates into licence. Socialist deputies have seized the opportunity of the Notarbartolo trial revelations to violently denounce the Mafia and its doings—(a proceeding which has caused some merriment as too suggestive of the story of the pot and the kettle)—and to bring a serious indictment against the Government for pandering to it. The justice of this accusation is borne out by the admission of General Mirri himself at that trial, who said that the preliminaries of the case for the prosecution were prepared with the greatest remisseness and laxity.

Innumerable are the examples of the operations of the Mafia that might be quoted, especially at that same trial at Milan and Bologna, where "the miserable tale has been told in court of police officials in fear of, or in apparent league with, the 'Mafia, openly impeding the course of justice by the suppression of evidence, with their colleagues either guiltily acquiescent or impotent to prevent it; of professional men and others of high social position figuring as cowardly withholders of facts to which they had previously sworn; of mendacious assertions only corrected on threat of arrest; of grown-up men driven to tears for terror of the consequences of telling the truth; of witnesses openly approached and threatened in the ante-rooms of the court itself; of the betrayal of private and confidential official reports; of important documents abstracted from the volume of the process; of a captain and non-commissioned officers of that part of the army responsible for the maintenance of public order being admonished and threatened with imprisonment by the Court for contradictory evidence and grave omission of duty." One false witness is reported to have said: "To-day I go to prison, or I shall be killed by the Mafia; the truth I will not tell. I prefer prison to death." But little can be expected when the police have been recruited from the ranks of the Mafia. Signor De Felice quotes the following tales:—"There was at Palermo a well-known and dangerous scoundrel and head of the Mafia. The quaestor sent for him and offered him a post in the police, which was refused. 'I give you a week to reflect; choose between my offer and penal servitude,' said the official. But the man selected another way out of the difficulty. He waited for the official and stabbed him in the principal square of the city. A horse was stolen from a certain baron. By help of the Mafia, the celebrated brigand (who was being actively sought for by the military at the time) was brought to his house. 'Baron,' said he, 'if the mare be alive, you shall have it: if not, I promise you you shall have its skin.' The owner had to be content with the skin. Application to the Mafia for restitution of stolen property is much more efficacious than going to the police." Signor Tajani related that at Monreale six of the most disreputable Mafiosi were made respectively commander of the rural police, head of the urban guards, and captains in the National Guards; and nearly all the crimes which happened in the neighbourhood were perpetrated with their permission or knowledge. It would be well if the Executive of to-day could show that matters have radically changed since then. But there is little inducement to do their duty on the part of officials, since it is not known whether at Rome they may not be blamed for acting with a strong hand, or incur the displeasure of some deputy, with corresponding punishment at his dictation. One day a police magistrate received a noted Mafioso with marked defer-

ence. After his visitor had gone, he said: "See to what degradation I am reduced! That man deserves the handcuffs, and I would willingly take him off to prison myself."

The real remedy for the curse of the Mafia lies in a complete revolution in the administration of justice, with the restoration of the death penalty for murder. If the judges and other law officials of all grades were held severely responsible for the performance of their duty and inexorably punished when failing to do it, the principal field of operation and illicit enterprise of the *Mafiosi* would exist no longer. Drastic measures are urgently called for. "Ten years ago we were badly off," said a venerable Sicilian statesman and lawyer, speaking on the subject of justice. "Two years ago we were worse; to-day we are in the lowest depths." "And," has added another functionary, who has had all the necessary opportunity for judging, "it is doubtful whether there is any real wish in Rome to remedy this state of things, since all appear to derive a profit from it." Italy does not suffer from want of laws; on the contrary, it has too many already. What are wanted are men of sufficient courage to be honest, and of sufficient honesty to be courageous. The air is full of wrong-doing, which is generated by the weak measures to repress it, and by the connivance, tacit or otherwise, which it encounters on all sides. It would be well to bring home to magistrates and police officials the fact that they are not, and cannot be, above the laws. Much might be done if the well-to-do classes, who have a real stake in the prosperity of the country, would combine to impel public sentiment in the right direction. Much might be expected from the intelligent and generously-minded youths of Italy if they would form a patriotic league to uphold the institutions of their land, and rescue them from the hands of adventurers who are playing sad havoc with them. Crime could be sensibly diminished—a glance at the last published statistics shows the urgency of the matter—by causing all people to be punished, if accessory, either before or after the fact of an illegal action, for it would deal an irreparable blow at that same *Omertà*, or conspiracy of silence, which now defeats justice at every turn. Economic improvement in the condition of the lower classes would be brought about by driving from their position those usurers who lend money at forty and even eighty per cent. interest, and by offering Government loans at a fair rate. Greater concessions to the agricultural classes—such as the free distillation of wine—should be granted where the condition of the Treasury permits it. There should be the severest punishment for speculation, so that the taxes should really reach the Exchequer intact, and the Government should look carefully to the choice of its representatives whom it sends to Sicily, as indeed should the Sicilians themselves to those whom they send to represent them at Rome.

The foregoing remarks may seem outspoken, and some of the reproach that comes to the candid friend may possibly be the lot of those who utter them. But a knowledge that they really represent the sentiments of a vast though silent majority of the inhabitants, and that they apply to a minority, is sufficient reason for them. It is at a time when the nation has recently paid its sad price for sentimental legislation and careless administration by the lamented death of a good and gentle King that all true friends should speak plainly, if bluntly, so that the gravity of the situation should be at least recognised. It has been said that all Sicily is a hotbed of the Mafia, and that its inhabitants are all more or less in league with it. Nothing could be a greater libel on the Sicilian character. If the Mafia has been permitted to obtain the great ascendancy that it possesses, it is largely owing to the inveterate habit of southerners to avoid responsibility and take things easily. Carried away by the events of to-day, a Sicilian too readily dismisses from his mind the importance and the logical outcome of what has happened yesterday. These faults, combined with a lack of moral backbone and want of solidarity in co-operating for the public weal, notably help in the development of that which must be called the crime of the Mafia, since it is sucking the life-blood and suffocating the growth of the people. Sicilians have many of the qualities requisite for the formation of a strong race. They possess energy, fortitude, extraordinary intelligence, with patience and long-suffering. They are, moreover, warm-hearted, industrious, frugal, with polished manners, and sober. If other desirable qualities are not so prominent, a reason has been assigned for the fact. There are also among them, as among the magistrates, men of the highest principles and attainments, who recognise and deplore the decadence of their race; but they are powerless to combat it successfully for want of union and environment, and in face of laws unsuited to the national temperament. Sicilians, as has been rightly said, are athirst for justice, and would be the first to hail it joyfully if it came to them.

It is an anomaly that a land second to none in beauty, and a soil inferior to no other in fertility, with its genial climate and blue skies all making for prosperity and happiness, should yet be the home of crime and the abode of misery. There need be little hesitation in repeating that if the administration of the law were to be confided to men of undoubted integrity and courage; if, in fact, latent corruption and intrigue were inexorably dealt with, the island would advance by leaps and bounds, and the Mafia would die a natural death, not only to the advancement of Sicily, but to that of the Kingdom of Italy generally, for it would check the tide of crime which is surging upward, and which threatens so much danger to Italy and its people.

ALEXANDER NELSON HOOD.

THE TANGLE OF LONDON LOCOMOTION.

THE condition of London locomotion and street traffic has long been discreditable to the inhabitants of the greatest urban community in the world. No city ever had such a problem in passenger transportation to solve, and no city of any pretensions has solved it much worse. London is not in the strict sense a town, but rather a "province of houses," as Philip II. called Flanders, or a geographical federation of populous districts. The County of London, as everybody knows, is only a part of the Metropolis. The four millions and a-half of residents enclosed by the legal ring-fence of the County are supplemented by two millions more who live in the group of suburbs included within the wide limits of "Greater London"; while beyond even that large tract of south-eastern England, with its six millions and a-half of inhabitants, are many towns and villages, populous and increasing, which are concerned with the question of Metropolitan locomotion. From this point of view West Ham, for instance, though it has nothing to do with political or administrative London, is not to be distinguished from Islington or Stepney; while again places like Romford and Watford, which are not even served by London postal messengers or guarded by London policemen, are largely inhabited by persons whose business takes them in and out of London every day. The central portion of the great urban kingdom, with its dependencies, is becoming every year more of an *entrepôt*, or receiving-place, for hundreds of thousands of men and women who pour in during the course of the day, and spread themselves over the better part of a thousand square miles of territory before night. The tendency is revealed more clearly at each successive census. In spite of artificial, and often unwise, efforts to anchor masses of the working population within the older Central Area, that closely-packed region shows a steady decline in numbers. The larger "Inner Ring" is increasing, but at a diminished ratio; while the "Outer Ring" of extra-Metropolitan suburbs shows a portentous growth. Central London has actually 70,000 less inhabitants than it had in 1891, but Greater London has close on a million more. Walthamstow has doubled its population, East Ham has trebled it, Leyton has risen from 63,000 to 98,000 in the ten years, and Willesden from 61,000 to 114,000. And of all these additional myriads, a great proportion are, or will be, passengers in and out of town, frequenters of the various centres such as the City, the Strand, Westminster, Oxford Street, Piccadilly, Holborn, the Borough, Lambeth, where people congregate for labour, business, shopping, or amusement. There are

some seven millions to feed these congested hives of work and pleasure. In a decade or two there may be ten millions, before half a century perhaps twelve millions. Such is the living stream that must be sent somehow through inadequate arteries, along choked and distended veins, to and from the feverish, pulsating, over-driven heart.

The provision made for transporting these vast multitudes is strangely behind the age. While other cities have advanced and made some attempt to deal with their locomotion on scientific methods, London has remained stagnant. Scarcely any progress was made, on a really large and systematic scale, between the seventies and the latest nineties. We had begun, it is true, rather well thirty or forty years ago, or more. We were among the first of great towns to supersede oil-lamps by gas, and so to render street-traffic safe after dusk. We had, for those times, excellent steamboats on the Thames fifty years ago—some of them, I believe, are there still. Railway enterprise, when England was leading the world in steam locomotion instead of dropping mournfully behind, had given London facilities for suburban transit, at a period when such things were hardly dreamed of in Paris, Vienna, or Brussels. There was a time—it sounds like a fairy tale, but I believe the statement is correct—when people would come a long way merely to see that forlorn edifice, the London Bridge Station of the South Eastern Railway; and when the same company's railway to Deptford and Greenwich was deemed a marvel of enterprise and engineering skill.* London again first grappled boldly with the problem of internal locomotion by the really striking conception of an underground railway; and the sulphurous and smoke-grimed tunnel between King's Cross and Paddington was for some years one of the sights and wonders of the Metropolis, like the Crystal Palace and Rotten Row in the season. To our capital also belongs the credit of developing two excellent public vehicles. The hansom was long the best thing of its kind, and the neat, rapid, quaint little carriage, with its good horse and its skilful driver, was the envy of foreigners accustomed to mouldy *fiacres* drawn by decrepit cattle. The omnibuses of London were regarded with natural admiration in an era, when, in most continental and provincial English cities, no equally cheap and convenient public conveyances were to be found.

But progress is relative. If fifty, forty, or even thirty years ago, London was well abreast of the latest improvements, it fell badly behind in the succeeding period. Some substantial advance has been achieved of late, and much more is promised; but London has undoubtedly a good deal of leeway to make up. The daring improvements of the earlier period of enterprise have been left to become the stagnant anomalies of a later age. The Underground

Railways, with their blow-holes and their steam-engines, were merely painful survivals in an age of electricity. The omnibus remains a humble, but valuable, servant of an appreciative public. But it is no longer in the hurrying van of street locomotion. Omnibuses, in most other cities, great and small, are merely the adjuncts to the tramcar. The tramway, it is true, does now exist in our Metropolis, and by gradual extension it has come to pervade the greater part of southern, eastern, and north-eastern London, though it is still excluded from the west and centre. But our tramways continued to be drawn by horses long after animal power for such a purpose was obsolete all the world over. The travelling Londoner may go from Milan to Mexico, from Eastern Asia to South Africa, and in most towns of importance he will find himself propelled along the streets by electricity, steam, or cable. The familiar overhead trolleys and wires, or the slot-rail in the roadway, will have greeted him in half-baked mining camps in the American West or in quaint old towns in Austria and Southern Germany. He will have met them among the scented lanes of Italy, and likewise among the streets, less agreeably perfumed, of Leeds. He will discover that in Dublin he may start from the middle of the city, and be carried swiftly by electric or steam car, at a moderate fare, far beyond the limits of the remoter suburbs; which he may do also in Hamburg and Denver, San Francisco and Cape Town. And he must have been struck by the contrast when he came back to find himself jogging slowly along behind two inadequate horses, in an antiquated car over archaic rails, through blocked and narrow thoroughfares, at the rate of six or seven miles an hour.

Fortunately, though at least a dozen years too late, London has roused herself on the subject of trams. The County Council, having taken over the management of the tramway system south of the Thames, has set itself to work in earnest. The "electrification" of the southern trams has been decided upon, land has been acquired for generating-stations, the work of re-constructing the tracks will be pushed on rapidly, and in the course of another two years or so the horse-car may be expected to disappear from the southern roads. The majority of the northern lines, though since 1896 the property of the Council, have been leased till 1910 to the old Company, which has never shown much interest in electric traction; but the Council is entitled to call upon its lessees to re-construct and work the roads by mechanical power before the expiration of the lease, and probably will do so before long. Meanwhile electric traction is making headway all round the outskirts of the county. A very energetic Company, the London United, is covering the Western suburban and rural districts with its lines, and is already in active operation from Hammersmith and Shepherd's Bush to Kow, Brent-

ford, and Hounslow. To tens of thousands of Londoners the handsome cars, which carry passengers all day along the Uxbridge Road and King Street, have already rendered the electric tram as familiar as it is to those who dwell in other cities. The Middlesex and Kent and Surrey County Councils are also projecting Light Railways from the residential districts of their counties to points within the Metropolitan boundary, at which they could conveniently connect with the existing tramways or with the new lines (of course driven by electricity) projected by the London County Council. Most of these external tramways are to be worked by the overhead or trolley system. But with a just regard, not perhaps for aesthetic considerations so much as for the views of frontagers, householders, and local authorities, the London County Council, will have nothing to do with the ugly posts and wires, and conveys its current by a conduit underground. Consequently at the points of junction it will be necessary either for the passengers or the cars to change from one system to another. I believe, however, that there is no great engineering difficulty in constructing a vehicle which would be available for both methods of propulsion, so that the traveller could be carried from the interior of London to points twelve or fifteen miles outside without leaving his seat.

All these extensions and improvements will take time. In some cases the works are not begun or the routes surveyed; in others the schemes have still to be considered and accepted, or it may be rejected, by Parliamentary Committees. Still there is now a real "boom" in electric traction in and around London, and a great deal of private, joint-stock, and municipal, energy is being brought to bear on its development. In the course of the next few years we shall see the results of this activity. By the time the twentieth century has run a tenth of its course London will, I dare say, have almost reached the stage attained by the great American towns before the end of the nineteenth. We shall have a convenient, cheap, and fairly rapid, service of mechanical cars traversing many of the leading thoroughfares, and bringing passengers in from most of the outlying suburbs and centres of population. The whole Metropolitan area will be benefited by this equipment, and one can only regret that its completion should have been so long deferred. By the time our new system is in full and general working order over the whole territory and its dependencies it will already be ancient in other places. This would not so much matter but for the possibility that it may have become not merely archaic but antiquated. In a dozen years the electric tramway may be as much behind the times as the Metropolitan Railway in its existing condition.

Another energetic series of attempts to improve London communications is being made by means of the deep-level underground

railways or "tubes." The Tube may almost be called a Metropolitan invention, and it is very characteristic of the city which was the pioneer of underground locomotion. Much engineering skill has been devoted to the design and construction of these railways, and they are in many respects very creditable to British enterprise. They prove that even now we know how to be inventors and discoverers, and can still sometimes show the world the way instead of humbly following the path beaten out by others. The deep-level tunnel, bored out by means of Mr. Greathead's ingenious "shield," has many advantages of its own, some of which, since the opening of the City and South London, the Central London, and the Waterloo and City Railways, have been thoroughly appreciated by the public. From the point of view of the promoter and the engineer there is also a great deal to be said for the tube. It can be constructed without any general disturbance of street surfaces, except where stations and shafts are required, there is no necessity to acquire a wide riband of land at famine prices, no compensation has to be paid to owners or occupiers, and no trouble arises with local authorities, frontagers, or sub-soil users. Far below roads, sewers, and the foundations of buildings, ninety feet down in the tenacious water-proof London clay, the Greathead shield works its tranquil way, undisturbed by the "smoke and stir" of the hurried world above. There is much that is fascinating to the engineer, profitable to the contractor, and promising to the financier, in the process. The success of the Central London Railway has stimulated the fertility of the promoters. The London public took to the great enamelled pipe under Oxford Street like a new toy, and found with delight that they could be whisked from the waste places of the Far West to the City, in twenty-five minutes for a humble twopence. The white stations, glaring in the electric light, the tunnels, dry and bright in all weathers, the new smart Americanised cars, the "sweet simplicity" of the uniform fare, were attractive enough, and the mid-London tube has been able to pay its shareholders a satisfactory dividend. It happens, however, to have picked out the very cream of passenger routes, in that broad, straight five-mile causeway, which intercepts the main flood of London locomotion at St. Martins-le-Grand, and carries it along Newgate Street, Holborn, and Oxford Street, past the Marble Arch, through the Uxbridge Road, to Shepherd's Bush. Some of its rivals and successors will work under less favourable conditions. But no doubt several of them will do very well, and form valuable additions to the rapid transit service of the Metropolitan area.

Their usefulness in this respect would be much greater if their routes had been laid down in conformity with a general and systematic plan. What ought to have been done years ago, as any

one can now see, is to take London communications, surface and tunnel, road, rail and electric, as a whole, and insist that they should be treated together, and in each case with due regard to the common needs and interests. Then we might have got something like those radiating routes, spreading out to the rural counties and joined together near the congested centres, which Mr. Balfour and Mr. Booth and other municipal idealists sigh for. Even at a later period it would have been easy enough to arrange junctions and connections between the various local lines, so that it would be possible to pass from almost any point in the Province of London to within a reasonable distance of any other, without vexatious changes and irritating delays. Perhaps it was too much to expect that Parliament, the Cabinet, the County Council, the City Corporation, the Vestries, the District Boards, and all the other powers and weaknesses, who supervise the affairs of London, could ever have risen to a conception as bold, simple, and comprehensive, as that of the Berlin *Stadtbahn*.

Twenty years ago the Prussian Government, foreseeing a locomotion tangle of growing intricacy, cut the knot by driving a magnificent elevated railway right through the heart of Berlin from one extremity to the other. The *Stadtbahn* on its noble viaduct is well out of the way of the road traffic.* It has double tracks, one pair of which carry through Berlin the trunk lines of Northern Europe, so that you can pass over it from the Rhine to Russia without changing carriages. The other rails are for the local traffic. They have stations at frequent intervals, and they are made to connect with the termini of all railways running into Berlin, and with the two circular lines which pass round the city. The result is that Berlin, by means of the ring lines and the viaducts, "seems to be better supplied with rapid and cheap transit than any other city in the world." So says the first Report of the Boston (Massachusetts) Rapid Transit Commission, a body which very sensibly began its work by carefully investigating the locomotion conditions of the principal towns of Europe. It was so much impressed by the success of the Berlin device for gathering up, as it were, the various threads of local communication, and passing them through one central channel, that it decided to recommend a somewhat similar expedient to the Boston Corporation. The result was a comprehensive series of reforms, which included street widenings, the readjustment of the terminal arrangements of the trunk railroads entering Boston, the removal of many of the surface tramways from the congested thoroughfares, and the construction of elevated lines from the suburban districts, communicating with a car subway, which passes under the most crowded streets of the city. This subway is the governing factor of the whole system. By means of inclined planes it connects directly with both the street tramways and the elevated railways. * Through its corridor or covered way (it is not, properly

speaking, a tunnel) the open-air cars dive under the roadway near the public garden at Boylston Street and pass below Tremont Street, Cornhill, and Washington Street, to emerge at Haymarket Square, just on the other side of Boston's inner section. Of the four lines laid through the subway, two soar right up to the elevated railroad to carry the so-called "long distance" or suburban traffic; the two other tracks run on to the roads and become ordinary surface tramways. The subway has been open since the summer of 1898, and it has proved a great success, carrying enormous numbers of passengers and relieving the intolerable congestion that formerly prevailed in the central streets of Boston, which the misdirected energies of the tramway companies had converted into railway sidings. The pedestrian no longer crosses Washington Street at the peril of his life, nor do the cars crawl along at a couple of miles an hour, but on the contrary run at a rapid and uninterrupted rate whether they travel above ground or through the tunnel.

New York is following Boston on similar lines and on a larger scale. In that city also, as the result of the deliberation of a strong and very capable Rapid Transit Commission, the subway, or "shallow tunnel" system, has been adopted. The problem in New York was too complex to be solved by any such broad plan of consolidation as that adopted in Boston; but an attempt has been made to treat it on large and general principles, and to deal, at one and the same time, with the in-and-out traffic from the suburbs to the centre, and with the distribution of passengers along the main thoroughfares of this more limited area. The Underground Railway, now under construction, practically traverses the whole length of New York City a few feet below the roadway of some of the most frequented streets of the town. When it passes beyond these it ascends, and as in Boston reaches the suburbs on a viaduct. There will be two pairs of rails. The inner tracks will be reserved for the "express" traffic, which will have some claim to the title since its trains will travel at nearly forty miles an hour, the outer lines are to be used for the local cars only, which will have a speed of about fourteen miles an hour, and will stop every few hundred yards, whereas the "express" stations will be about a mile and a-quarter apart. The New York Underground is not yet open, and its success must therefore be a matter of conjecture. But American estimates as to its future are extremely sanguine. It is believed that it will relieve the streets and the overloaded elevated railways, and for some years, at any rate, render the locomotive facilities of New York equal to the enormous and increasing demands made upon them. The view taken of its financial prospects is illustrated by the extremely advantageous terms on which the Corporation has been able to lease the railway to a syndicate that includes some of the shrewdest and most influential financiers in the United States. London ratepayers may think it

worth while to observe that the citizens of New York will practically get their subway for nothing. The construction has been defrayed by the Municipality which has issued bonds to cover the cost. But the work has been done by a firm of contractors, with a powerful financial backing, who will also operate the railway on a fifty years' lease, paying the interest on the bonds, and, in addition, a sinking fund sufficient to redeem the whole amount of the capital in about forty-five years. Boston has done even better. The lessees of its tunnel, who find all the plant and rolling-stock, pay $4\frac{7}{8}$ per cent. per annum on the capital outlay, and a toll of five cents for every car using the subway.

These new American underground railways differ essentially from those with which Londoners are familiar. They are neither tunnels, like those of the Metropolitan and District Railways, nor are they "tubes." The latter are comparatively small holes, drilled through the London clay, at such a depth—it will in some cases be 90 or 100 feet—that the "shield" or boring apparatus can be used without disturbing the foundations of houses on the line of route. The tunnels of the older underground lines are too large and too near the surface, to be made in this manner, with the result that a great deal of their capital was expended in acquiring land and compensating owners and occupiers. But they also lie at a moderate depth, and houses can be built above them. The New York and Boston subways (and there is another at Buda-Pesth) are very close to the road-level; for the greater part of their course they are not more than two or three feet below it. It is thus indispensable that they should follow the main lines of street traffic, since they cannot, except where they are specially lowered for the purpose, pass under the foundations of buildings. This necessity for keeping to the roadways is not regarded as a drawback, but, on the contrary, is really an integral part of the system. "The subway" has been described as "a kind of basement or lower storey, of which the flat roof, supported on steel beams, form the floor of the street."¹ The distance from the carriage-way or side-walk to the rail-track is seldom more than fourteen or fifteen feet, and in some cases less. The object has been to render the conditions of this underground transit as much like those of surface travelling as the circumstances permit. The descent down the inclined plane and into the subway is a mere continuation of the journey in the open, with this difference, that the car or train passes just *under* the ordinary vehicular traffic instead of *through* it. The subway is, in fact, a "street-railway," and it is deemed essential that it should cling, like the tramway, to the line of the road and be easily accessible from it. The passenger must be able to enter or leave his car with far less trouble and loss of time than is involved in the case of the deep-level tunnel railways.

(1) *The Times*, November 12, 1901.

The reasons for adopting this particular system were carefully weighed by the two American Municipal Commissions to which I have referred, both of them very capable bodies, composed of men of high standing, and aided by the most competent technical advisers who could be obtained. Their Reports were based on a careful examination of the whole subject of urban passenger transport, and many of their conclusions and expressions of opinion are of extreme interest. As to the question of surface cars, while not condemning them absolutely, the Boston Commissioners hold strongly that their use should be strictly limited, if not altogether prohibited, in the more crowded portions of towns. They point out that the substitution of electric power for horse traction, and the progressive increase of the mechanically-driven vehicle in size and speed, have altered the whole situation. The original tramcar was only an omnibus on rails; now "our streets are crammed with imposing fabrics which lack little of the weight and bulk of a Pullman car, and are capable of a speed almost rivalling the locomotive. . . . If a Bostonian who had been absent and without tidings from home for ten years [this was written in 1892] were suddenly set down at Park Street corner at six o'clock of any evening, he would not believe his eyes. The street he left a highway had become a railway." The Commissioners add some sentences which well deserve attention:—

"It is quite probable that we have but seen the beginning of electric railways. It is entirely possible that their capabilities of rapidity and comfort are in their infancy. But we think it highly problematical whether a public opinion, which cannot suffer a lonely country by-way to cross a railroad at grade, will long tolerate the traversing from end to end of densely-crowded city streets by thinly-disguised railroad trains at speed. In fact this Commission has been made to feel that there is a large and weighty body of opinion in this community to-day which holds that the true remedy for the overcrowding of our main city thoroughfares is to be found in the entire exclusion of street cars from their most frequented parts. And this course is advocated on the very ground that the latest street-railway appliances have clearly demonstrated that their use in the streets is no longer compatible with the normal and legitimate purpose to which the streets were originally dedicated. We think it probable that, as this incompatibility is more and more intensified and made manifest, the demand will become imperative that the streets in the dense districts shall be restored to their true and primitive functions, and street cars be relegated to locations of their own, where they can be run with speed and safety." ¹

The reasons which determined the Boston and New York Commissioners in favour of street subways rather than "tubes" are also interesting. After an examination of the City and South London Railway and the works of the Central London, they decided that the "shallow tunnel" was to be distinctly preferred on several grounds. In the first place, they thought that the whole arrangement of shafts and lifts was objectionable. The busy American "hustler" would

* (1) Report of the Rapid Transit Commission to the Massachusetts Legislature, 1892, p. 67.

never endure the delay involved, and it was also urged that at the "rush" hours of the morning and evening no elevators could possibly cope with the traffic. By the subway system the passenger, descending a very short flight of stairs, direct from an opening in the sidewalk, finds himself on the station platform. Secondly, the tubes do not permit any connection with the surface or elevated lines. Owing to this cause, and to the difficulty of access, the Commissioners thought that the tubular railways, while they might be valuable for conveying large bodies of persons from the suburbs, would be less suitable than their own scheme for the local and short-distance traffic. They were also very deeply impressed by considerations of health and comfort. In their view the tubes were more remarkable as triumphs of engineering skill than agreeable or hygienic. They maintained that Americans, at any rate, who have never been broken-in to subterranean locomotion, as the Londoner is by long experience of his own smoke-laden "Undergrounds," would not care to travel habitually through the bowels of the earth, with artificial light and semi-artificial air. It appeared to them that the atmosphere in these narrow single-track channels must be necessarily vitiated and unwholesome, and would in time become detrimental to health.¹ Ozonization, or ventilation by means of fans, may do something to remedy the deficiencies of the deep-level railways, but the air in the tubes can hardly be equal to that of the subway, with its wide rectangular passages, admitting abundant supplies of both light and air from the open cuttings, the entrances to stations, and the ventilating gratings and shafts along the roadway. The question of temperature, too, was one that weighed with the Commissioners. The subway is slightly warmer than the open in winter, and slightly cooler in summer; but in the tubes, at some seasons, there might be a drop of fifty degrees or more in passing from the sunlight to the closed underground chamber. In the carriages themselves, as the windows have to be kept shut because of the draught and the noise, there must in due course be rather more carbonic oxide than American lungs, more sensitive perhaps in these matters than the Briton's *dura ilia*, would easily suffer.² For these, and other reasons

(1) The opinion seems to be shared by some medical authorities in this country. In a recent number of the *Lancet* we read with reference to the Central London Railway: "The amount of carbonic acid gas in the tunnels—and, be it remembered, this is very largely, if not entirely, of human origin—is more than double that of the outside air. It would be interesting to know what a bacteriological examination would reveal. As time goes on, unless additional and more effective ventilation by fans is adopted, the condition of the tunnel will go from bad to worse."

(2) "The electric underground railroad of London. I must confess, though it be treason perhaps to say so, did not impress me favourably as a passenger travelling along it, and that impression was shared by nearly every person to whom I spoke in my desire to get the ordinary passengers' views about it. I went to London to inspect it, and, with a partiality rather in its favour, I rode through it a dozen times or more. By the courtesy of the officers I inspected it from a rear platform by the aid of a lamp, and the

which have seemed sufficient, the tubes have been barred on the other side of the Atlantic, and the American underground transit of the future will be in most cases conducted by means of trams or trains running through a shallow covered way.

It is somewhat to be regretted that more careful consideration was not given to the subway system before Parliament rather hastily decide to allow subterranean London to be honey-combed with deep-level tunnels. A proposal for a railway of this character from Holborn Circus to Piccadilly was embodied in a Bill which was before a Select Committee of the House of Commons as long ago as 1889. It had very influential scientific support, and among those who took a special interest in the scheme were Lord Kelvin, Sir W. H. Preece, Colonel Crompton, Mr. John Hopkinson, and Mr. Harrison Hayter. The Bill, however, was opposed by the local authorities and was thrown out. In 1890, the London County Council prepared a Bill to obtain a general power to make subways under London streets for pipes and wires, and for locomotion purposes as well. This Bill also met with a great deal of opposition, not only from the vestries and district boards, but from the gas companies, the water companies, the telephone companies, the frontagers, the owners of estates, and various other individuals and corporations concerned with the soil or subsoil of London. In fact, so many vested interests were roused against it that the Bill was precipitately dropped, and Parliament apparently decided that the best way to avoid all such awkward questions in the future would be to encourage railway promoters to pursue their mining operations in those remote recesses of the earth, where these particular difficulties would not arise. Various enterprising financial syndicates brought forward deep-level schemes, which were referred to a Joint Select Committee of the two Houses of Parliament in the Session of 1892. The Committee, which included among its members, Lord Kelvin, Lord Thring, and Mr. Stansfield, might, with a wider reference and more extended powers, have done for London what the German Government has accomplished for Berlin, and the Massachusetts Rapid Transit Commission for Boston.

Various important and far-reaching suggestions were before them. Sir John Wolfe Barry for instance, proposed that the new tunnels should in all cases be made large enough to carry the regular rolling stock of the railways, so that they might be in direct communication with the lines entering London. Thus there might have been a tube

oftener I travelled over the road the less favourably it impressed me as a system for Boston. . . . As a piece of engineering I presume it is perfection, but as a mode of conveying human beings from one part of a great city to another I should much prefer some other method, and some other tunnel." Report of Commissioner J. E. Fitzgerald to the Massachusetts Rapid Transit Commission, 1891. Mr. Fitzgerald was, of course, speaking of the City and South London Railway, or rather of its earlier portion, the only Greathead Shield Railway he had seen.

between Waterloo and King's Cross, by which the passenger from the West and South of England could be conveyed to the North without changing carriage; or he could, if he pleased, travel direct by rail say from Wimbledon to Finsbury Park. But the engineering and other obstacles, and the financial difficulties, were too serious to be grappled with by a Select Committee, which, after all, is only a group of more or less distinguished amateurs, with many things to think about besides the subject they discuss, intermittently for a few weeks in the course of a busy London season. After a languid attempt to proceed systematically, the Joint Committee of 1892 gave up the struggle, and practically decided to treat the several underground schemes on their merits, like other railways, without reference to general principles. Nine years later, during the last session of Parliament, another Joint Committee discussed a fresh batch of "tube" Bills, with results that seem unlikely to be more valuable. Perhaps in 1901 there was not very much to be done; but ten years ago a great opportunity was lost. We can see now that it would have been well to arrest for a moment the further development of London internal locomotion, in order to have it carried out once for all with reference to a definite and reasoned plan. It would have been worth while to ask Parliament for a couple of millions, to have raised an equal sum on the credit of the rates, and to have required a similar amount from the great railway companies, who could have spared the money in those buoyant days, in order to build one great central station near the Bank, or between the Strand and Holborn, to which the trains from every terminus could have been taken by means of full-sized tunnels. From this, as the hub of the wheel, the underground lines could have been got to radiate to all the suburbs near and far; while the spokes could have been crossed by bands or binders, from East to West, and from North to South, following the great street-routes, such as Holborn and Oxford Street, and the Kingsland Road and Stoke Newington Road. The former set would no doubt have been "tubes," the latter, with our present experience, we should probably now say should be tram-subways, since these would serve the short-distance traffic better, and would be connected with the surface tramway systems of the Metropolis, and enable these to be united and completed.

The Joint Committee of last session, over which Lord Windsor presided, had some consciousness of all this; but it felt its hands shackled by the fact that so many tube railways had been authorised, while some were in actual operation, and others are being constructed. So, like its predecessor, it made no effectual attempt to introduce order into the chaos, though it threw out some suggestions which reveal an uneasy sense that something or other ought to be done by somebody to straighten matters out. It hinted that the

County Council and the City Corporation should have power to build municipal tubes if they think fit, thereby avoiding the needless inflation of capital which has characterised some of these adventures in the hands of private companies.¹

The Committee also says in its Report:—

"The question of underground railways in London and the suburbs, and of their working, is so complicated and of such importance from a financial as well as a traffic point of view, that the Committee are disposed to agree with the view of the Corporation of the City of London and the London County Council that in some way there should be a more direct control and supervision of all projects for such underground railways. Whether this should be effected by the supervision of some public Department like the Board of Trade, or by some body like the Light Railways Commission, or by a Joint Committee of Members of both Houses of Parliament, appointed at the beginning of each Session, to consider all projects affecting the relief and distribution of traffic in or near London, is a question which appears to deserve serious consideration."

The consideration, if it is to have any practical result, should be not only serious but speedy, since it will be of little use to discuss the question after the greater part of the sub-soil of London has already been dealt out in perpetuity to various railway companies. But the Committee threw out a hint on the subject of subways which may be fruitful. After concluding its remarks on tubes, it adds:—

"It has indirectly been brought to the notice of the Committee that another system of underground locomotion, namely that of subways or shallow tunnels immediately under the surface of the roadways, has been successfully developed, and is in process of further extension, both on the Continent and in America. The Committee have heard no evidence with regard to this system; but in view of the large amount of capital involved in the scheme now before Parliament, and the importance of utilising it to the best public advantage, the Committee recommend that an early inquiry should be held by the Board of Trade upon this system."

I do not know whether the Board of Trade has taken the hint; but the London County Council had anticipated it. Its Highways Committee, even before Lord Windsor's report appeared, decided to send its tramway manager and electrical engineer to the United States to gain information at first hand on the underground tram system. Several circumstances have recently occurred to revive the dormant

(1) There is some ground for the Committee's warning on this score, for there seems to be an excessive margin between the total capital of some of these deep-level railways and the cost of construction. The authorised capital of ten of these lines is just over 20 millions sterling, while the Parliamentary estimate for works is only about 13½ millions. In one case the capital per mile is very nearly double the estimated cost of the works. The difference is the more remarkable when it is remembered that these railways have not as a rule to pay compensation for damage to property nor is it necessary for them to acquire any large parcels of land. It seems reasonable to conjecture that some of the odd millions could have been saved, if the tubes had been undertaken by a public body, able to obtain the capital at a moderate rate of interest, and to dispense with the expensive assistance of promoters and speculative financiers.

interest of the Council in subways. The terrific devastation caused by the Post Office, and lesser authorities, in their pipe-laying and wire-moving proceedings, have aggravated the normal congestion of the streets of Central London, to an intolerable pitch. It has become clear that the only real remedy is to secure that all sewers, mains, wires, hydraulic machinery, and the like, should be accessible without breaking through the surface of the road. Subways were objected to ten years ago because they would involve too much meddling with existing subsoil works; but this might now be regarded as one of their chief recommendations. It would be worth while undertaking even so gigantic a task as that of taking up and re-laying the whole iron, lead, and copper net-work, if that would almost make an end of street obstruction for the future. The County Council is anxious to do the work, as it was in 1890; but it shrinks from the outlay, which would be enormous and almost unremunerative, except for the comparatively small sums recovered from the companies and local authorities, as rent for pipes and wires. But if the subway can also be used as a "shallow tunnel" for electric trams, the matter assumes a different aspect. In such a case London might get rid of its road-breaking scourge, not only without cost to the ratepayers, but even at some profit to those deserving persons, who would moreover be provided with an attractive and convenient method of locomotion. The revival of the "shallow tunnel" project, from the oblivion into which it had dropped, so far as Spring Gardens was concerned, since 1892, belongs to Mr. J. Allen Baker, L.C.C., who brought before the Council a proposal for an underground tramway between the West End and the City as long ago as June, 1899.* During the past few months the Highways Committee has paid a good deal of attention to the whole subject. With its interest quickened by further knowledge of the American enterprises and by angry complaints of street obstruction from local authorities and the public, it has induced the Council to take the rather bold step of again endeavouring to obtain general powers to construct pipe and tram subways under London thoroughfares.

As a beginning, it proposes to carry one of the new tunnels from the Embankment near Waterloo Bridge, under Wellington Street, and across the Strand, and then below the new avenue to Holborn, and the widened portion of Southampton Row, to a point just south of Theobald's Road. Here the subway-tram will ascend to the level, and connect with the North Metropolitan Tramways. The tunnel will be on much the same plan as those which have been described above. It will be rectangular, light, and airy, immediately under the roadway, and approached by a few steps from openings in the pavement or the street-refuges. On either side there will be separate corridors for wires and pipes. Thus there will be no necessity for laying open the new Strand-to-Holborn street when once it is finished,

nor will it be encumbered by rails and trams. Electric locomotion will go on down below, smoothly and pleasantly, at fifteen miles an hour, uninterrupted and uninterrupting, while above, the whole 100 feet of breadth will be available for foot-passengers, cyclists, vehicles of all kinds, omnibuses (doubtless somewhat reduced in number by their invisible competitors), cabs, carriages, and (duly regulated, and I trust, noiseless) automobiles. It will be the first of London's double-decked streets—the street of the future, as described by Mr. H. G. Wells in his “Anticipations,” and by Sir J. Wolfe Barry, and other idealising, and yet not unpractical, urban reformers. They see that over and above the other advantages of the subway there is this, that it lends itself to modification. In ten years it may be that sliding platforms or liquid-air motors will have rendered electric trams as obsolete as stage-coaches. The necessary alterations and adaptations can be made down in the street-basement, so to speak, while the second storey is still left free and unobstructed to carry the ordinary traffic. This is a point of considerable importance in an age when new methods of locomotion are being evolved with startling and revolutionary rapidity.

But is the underground tram to have a fair chance in London? Parliament may authorise the County Council to make its shallow Holborn-to-the-Strand tunnel as an “object-lesson” or experiment. The lesson will be futile if no opportunity is given for profiting by it. Long before the new subway is open to traffic, the tubes, authorised or projected, will have seized upon all the leading thoroughfares of London, and particularly those congested (and profitable) streets where no surface trams are likely to be sanctioned. “Is it even now too late for Parliament to introduce some system into the whole business? Why should not the suggestion of Lord Windsor’s Committee be acted upon? I cannot, however, think that there is much more to be done by yet another Parliamentary Committee, whose members will have neither the time, the special knowledge, nor the requisite detachment of mind, to deal with a subject of this nature. One would prefer to see the question handed over to a very strong Royal Commission, largely composed of engineers, men of business, and municipal experts, with power to insist on a “stay of execution” in the case of all railway schemes except those in which the work is already well advanced. This is not quite such an invasion of private rights as may at first sight appear. Several of the tube Bills remain projects, and nothing more. Some of the companies have not succeeded in raising sufficient capital to get to work; others have begun their tunnels but seem unable to complete them. One line authorised as long ago as 1892 is still unfinished, another which obtained its Parliamentary powers in 1893 is hardly begun. Of the twenty-two schemes passed by Parliament since 1890, or still awaiting legislative sanction, only four have so far been embodied in railways,

actually open to traffic. Yet in these various projects nearly fifty millions of capital are involved. Some of these millions will be expended on undertakings of undoubted value and public utility, others will be thrown away on enterprises, ill-directed even if honestly conceived. Several of the schemes compete with one another, or are needless duplications of existing means of transportation. Others will never pay anyone but the promoters, if even they pay them. .

All things considered, I do not see that the London public would suffer if a Royal Commission decided to "hang up" most of the deep-level railways, except the two or three which have works in progress, for another year or two. Nor do I think any great harm would be done, but on the contrary much good, if some of these schemes were consolidated, and others extinguished. And I should hope that the Commission would consider that in certain localities the tube should either be superseded or supplemented by the subway. Between these two forms of underground locomotion there need be no antagonism. They have their several functions, which are something like those of the doubled pairs of rails on the New York and Berlin railways. For crossing the lines of streets, and for rapid transit, the tube is invaluable. Let it be kept, as far as possible, for that purpose. In return for being allowed to monopolise certain subsoil routes, its undertakers should be asked to carry on a fast service, with trains running up to thirty miles an hour. The stations should be at least a mile apart or more, which is an arrangement that will give the companies a better chance of paying dividends, since the expense of lifts will be diminished. And all these railways should be compelled to run out into the suburbs, instead of stopping (as their promoters would very naturally desire) as soon as the limits of the central populous districts are reached. They should not be permitted in future to monopolise the line of a single great main thoroughfare. Everything a tube can do in Oxford Street and the Uxbridge Road, or in Piccadilly and the Strand, could be as well done by a "shallow tunnel," and in addition the former could give the public some advantages which the latter cannot offer, such as ease of access, facilities for short distance travel, connection with the surface tramways, and a depository for pipes and wires. It may be that there are practical difficulties in London, which are not apparent to the non-scientific observer, and have not been experienced in subway-construction elsewhere. But one would like the question considered and settled by a competent independent body of investigators. And it would assuredly be desirable that the examination should be concluded before the issue has been further confused by cumbering the depths of the earth with more authorised railways. We no longer have a *tabula rasa*. But let us clean as much of the slate as possible, and start afresh as fairly as we can.

SIDNEY LOW.

SOCIALISM AND BERNSTEIN.

FOR upwards of three years the critical works of the well-known socialist thinker and writer, Edward Bernstein, have been the subject of keen criticism. The controversy which has raged round his person and his books has been fierce and bitter; the greater the sympathy of the Bourgeoisie towards him, the hotter grew the anathemas from the official tribunal at Berlin. Finally, brought a second time before the German Socialist Congress, which sat last month at Lübeck, it culminated in the outward submission of the offender to the satisfaction of both parties. For the moment, the ghost of Bernstein has been laid: buried, it may be said, in honourable dust. The mountain of the party joined hands with the Opportunists, the Orthodox Dogmatists with the "Intellectuals," the "Impossibilists" with the "Heretics." In the common kiss of brotherhood, which sealed the compact, the recusant spirit of Bernstein paled before the "Geist" of the "revolutionary" International. The critic Bernstein was no more. But no human ceremonies will coffin him.

To understand aright the issues of the Congress at Lübeck it is necessary to cast a retrospective glance on the proceedings at Hanover two years ago, and at the work, the *fontes et origo* of the matter. At the Congress at Hanover, Bernstein, who was then an exile in England, was arraigned upon a charge of heresy. In his work *Die Voraussetzungen des Sozialismus* (The *a priori* conditions of Socialism) Bernstein had denounced the infallibility of Marx. He attacked the theory, the too rigid interpretation of Marx by the academic dogmatists of to-day, or as it has been humorously described, the "theory of the theory." His criticism was purely negative; his language—and probably intentionally so—obscure; his argument a labyrinth of antitheses, discussions, digressions. There was nothing absolutely unsocialistic in the work; but the tendency was unmistakable. It was as if the author, plunged in doctrinal quicksand, were struggling for firm ground which, when he thought to grasp it, as suddenly receded. There was a mercurial element in his criticism. The *ifs* were not pointed. It was at once vulnerable and inaccessible. Caviare to the general, it was poison to the theorists. The solution of the question is as remote as before.

From his long enforced residence in England, Bernstein has unquestionably been influenced by the English school of thought, and it yet remains to be seen, now that he has returned to the Fatherland with its peculiar conditions of life and government, how far his present attitude will be retained. Bernstein attacked the

"surplus-value" theory—though he admitted that its basis was, in the main, correct, even if the theory were in itself untenable, he attacked the materialistic conception of history, the dogmatic adherence to class status; he disputed the doctrines of any necessary trend in the development of capitalist means of production, towards anarchy, and the social freedom of the working classes. The edge of his criticism was levelled at Marx's doctrine of the materialistic conception of history. Marx based his whole idea of socialism on the materialistic estimate of history from which follows, as by inexorable laws of nature, the theory of the wage-earners, the proletarians, the struggle on the basis of class interest. According to Marx, the increasing centralisation of capital and the means of production necessarily led, by the process of natural law, to anarchy and the social, and even revolutionary, subversion of the capitalist state of society. The organised proletarian class would then step in and secure political powers; the capitalist would be transformed into the collectivist, or socialist state. With Marx, then, the emancipation of the working classes is, dynamically viewed, an absolute historical necessity. The human powers of consciousness and will to him are subordinate factors. Whether they wish it or not, the working men will be freed by the organic forces of nature. To Bernstein this theory is not strictly scientific. Bernstein recognises two trends in the modern social state—an increasingly higher understanding of the laws of economic development, and on the other hand, partly as cause and partly as their effect, an increasing power in man to govern economic development. The tendency of modern science, of art, of social phenomena, is to become ever less and less dependent on economic factors. The present high standard of economic development allows to ideas and to morality a larger field of influence than at any previous time. And, as a consequence, the connection between economic development and the development of other social phenomena becomes continually diminishing, thereby rendering the necessity of the former less decisive in the formation of the latter.

On the understanding that economic agencies are the ruling, but not the only, factors in the development of history, Bernstein accepts the term "economic," as more scientific than the "materialistic" term used by Karl Marx. From the materialistic view of history follows, according to Marx, the class struggle: the cardinal principle of the socialist propaganda—the conscious rallying of the working class—on the basis of class united in the struggle against the competitive system of the existing social and economic orders. Here, again, Bernstein is at issue with Marx. He conceives the idea of class in a less aggressive, less materialistic light. Where Marx is fatalistic, Bernstein is opportunist. Marx contends that the transition from the capitalist to the socialist or collectivist state of society

is only conceivable on the basis of class organisation ; that the emancipation of the working classes can only be effected, at a given moment of anarchy in the mode of production, through political expropriation by the organised legions of the proletarian class. With the possession of political powers class interests vanish, and with it the capitalist state. With Bernstein "political expropriation" becomes "economic organisation." What in Marx reeks of terrorism, conspiracy, the demagogue, with Bernstein becomes utopian, critical, peacefully revolutionary. Both recognise the necessity of class consciousness, the necessity of economic freedom. They differ as to the manner of its achievement. Marx associates the conception of the word proletariat with the idea of independent creative power and revolutionary political force, and its expression revolutionary expropriation—the theory, Bernstein argues, of Auguste Blanqui, from which Marx never entirely emancipated himself. There are two tendencies in the modern socialist movement—the one reform, creation ; the other, subversion, destruction. Marx amalgamated the two ideas, involving a certain ambiguity. Where Marx apparently saw political revolutionary forces as the motive factors, Bernstein sees economic, evolutionary, and ethical factors ; where the *telos* with Marx was inevitable, with Bernstein it is possible, desirable, morally necessary. He would strip the class struggle of its "Blanquist" veneer, its revolutionary intent, its aggressive bias. Yet he would not wholly deprive socialism of its revolutionary character. That, he says, is its speculative right which no civil code or governmental system can provide for. But the conception of class should be eminently peaceful on the basis of order, organisation, evolution.

Again Bernstein attacks the fatalism in Marx, the tendency which in all his theories continually reasserts itself, that the *telos* is inevitable, a historical, dynamic necessity. Marx proved the historical necessity of socialism by the theory that the increasing concentration of capital along with which grows the increasing misery, degradation and expropriation of the masses, finally becomes a clog upon the mode of production. The anarchy in the mode of production together with the socialisation of labour at last reaches a point when they become incompatible with capitalist mastery. In the classic words, "This integument is burst asunder ; the expropriators are expropriated. It is the negative of the negation." That capitalist production begets its own negation with the inexorability of a law of nature is to Bernstein a historical, physiological absurdity. This then, the cataclysm theory, the theory of the intensification of misery, necessarily leading to the socialist millennium, Bernstein unconditionally rejects. The prospect, he says, of obtaining the socialist goal depends, not so much on the concentration of capital in the hands of a diminishing number of magnates, or on the logical doctrine

upon which that theory is based, but rather on the increasing socialisation of the means of production together with the increasing standard in the welfare of the working classes, and especially in the increasing culture of the working man. The mistake lies in the theory that the growing intensification of misery necessarily and inevitably leads to the goal, the working man's freedom. Socialism, he contends, is of a twofold nature: on the one hand it recognises the economic-social order on the basis of socialisation of labour and the means of production; on the other it is an ethical demand, a claim of the human will.

Socialism, then, is not a purely economic, a historical necessity; it is a moral, an ethical necessity. This is the quintessence of Bernstein's criticism. Bernstein is an "ideologue," Marx a materialist. The goal with Marx is inevitable, the inexorable consequence of the capitalist state. To Bernstein the inevitableness lies not with nature, but with man. To him the motive forces are volition, the consciousness of right. In the communist manifesto capitalist development is described as its own gravedigger. "The day *must* come." To Bernstein the gravedigger is the will of man, the moral force of humanity. The individual must prepare himself. "Readiness is all important." Class consciousness is the moral force which is to socialise mankind, to create a universal democracy. To Bernstein proletarian class consciousness is a moral rather than a political stimulus. The Proletariate must struggle on the basis of class, he must be conscious that the Bourgeoisie is his foe, but that to conquer him he must learn to conquer himself. The movement should be a democratic social-reform party. Such is, in brief, the kernel of his criticism of Marx. Academic as it was, the doctrinaires of the party at once took up the cudgels and determined to silence him. Kautsky, the theorician of the party, sought, in his "Antikritik" to prove the unscientific nature of Bernstein's work, and, in a compendious criticism, refuted his contentions point by point. As, however, an acknowledged and increasing section of opportunists already existed in the party, it was inevitable that at the next annual Congress the whole question should come up for solution. The historical antecedents of Bernstein, the weight of his name in the party, and perhaps the fact of his being an exile from the Fatherland, all contributed to the gravity of his case. At the Congress at Hanover something akin to an inquisition sat in judgment upon him. Bernstein was defended by proxy. The debate raged fast and furious. In a speech of extraordinary eloquence, lasting upwards of six hours and a-half, the leader, Bebel—who is, perhaps, the finest living speaker in Germany—anathematised the work. It was illogical, unscientific, unsocialistic. With a bewildering table of statistics, Bebel sought to disprove Bernstein's attacks on

Marx's doctrine of the trend of capitalist development. If the movement, as Bernstein contended, was everything, the end nothing, what were they fighting for? If it were not for the certainty that the end was the necessary outcome of the present social state he would long ago have put his rifle into its case. The goal towards which they were striving must remain. What were they to tell the working class if there was no certainty of freedom, no definite hope in the end? The consciousness of class must remain, as heretofore, as the only means of obtaining political power which was to achieve their freedom. He had never regarded Bernstein as a man of exceptional ability. Bernstein had fallen under the influence of his English residence, where the conditions were fundamentally different from the régime in Germany. The revolutionary spirit of the movement must remain.

The effect of Bebel's eloquence was immediate, fulminating. When his fiery, intellectual face struck his audience, the magnetism of his personality bore down resistance. The few followers of Bernstein who attempted a defence could with difficulty obtain a hearing. Bebel's resolution was adopted by a majority of 216 to 21. The resolution states "that the party remain as heretofore on the basis of class struggle whereby the freedom of the working classes can alone be effected. To obtain this end the party regarded it as the task of the working classes to acquire political power in order to obtain socialisation of the means of production to the welfare of all. To obtain this power the party utilises every means compatible with the fundamental principles of its programme if such be to their advantage. The party, without in the least deceiving itself as to the character of the bourgeois parties, does not, on principle, refuse to co-operate with the parties of order from time to time, if the party can thereby obtain some definite advantage, whether for the purposes of election, or in the acquirement of political rights and freedom of the people, or in the event of obtaining some real improvement in the social condition of the working classes, or in the struggle against elements and measures hostile to the masses. At the same time the party maintains its full independence and self reliance, and regards every advantage obtained as a step towards its goal. The party adopts a neutral attitude towards the Trades Union movement, recognising therein, as, in every organisation of working men, a means to defend and promote their interests, and a suitable means for educating the working classes to the independent direction of affairs. The party, however, attribute no importance to Trades Unionism in the task of freeing the working classes from the fetters of wage slavery . . . and has no reason to change either its principles or fundamental demands, or its tactics, or its name: that is to say, to transform the social-democratic party into a

democratic social-reform party. The party vehemently repudiated any attempt to disguise or to change its attitude towards the existing order of society."

Now there is something of the mountain and the mouse about this. The elasticity of the resolution is obvious. Indeed, Bernstein himself telegraphed his willingness to vote for it. It has been part and parcel of Bernstein's argument that class consciousness should not blind the proletariat to the expediency of coalition with the bourgeois parties, and this the resolution conveniently provides for. It maintained the principles as drafted in the first Erfurt programme, but it was too opportunist for the veteran, Liebknecht, who was against any sort of co-operation with the Bourgeoisie on any pretext, or on any conditions. The resolution defined what, in practice, it was never intended to fulfil. It was the very thing Bernstein had criticised—the subordination of the theory to practice, instead of the theory, as the scientific basis, being the decisive element. No one but the most sanguine considered the question as solved. Immediately after the Congress the Bernstein controversy reopened. Criticism and cross-criticisms appeared in bewildering profusion. Bernstein himself took no further part in the polemic until May of this year, when, shortly after his return to Germany, he delivered a lecture before the "Students' Scientific-social Association"—in the presence of Professor Wagner and other distinguished economists—under the title "How is scientific socialism possible?" Following up his former line of thought, Bernstein developed his theory of the theory. Socialism, he argued, could not be pure science. It could only be truly scientific in the critical sense of the term as postulate or programme, as a demand which socialism imposes upon itself. "Socialism was the movement towards, rather than the conception of, a future state of society." It was a thing in movement, a thing that was to be. He would call it critical socialism, accepting the terminology of Kant's "scientific criticism." "Socialism contains as much science as is necessary, that is to say, as much science as may reasonably be demanded in a movement which, on principle, seeks to create new things." To be purely scientific, socialism must cease to be the doctrine of a class, the expression of the class interests of the working classes. This idea Bernstein has since formulated in the following expression. "The Socialist doctrine is scientific exactly so far as its doctrines can be accepted by any unprejudiced man, who, though not himself a socialist, is absolutely unbiassed in his judgment towards socialism." There was outspoken opportunism in this, though the lecture itself contained little that had not already been suggested in his previous work. Needless to say, this attack on the scientific basis of Marx rekindled the polemical flames. The bourgeois press lauded him as

one of their men, though one or two of the most thoughtful radical organs discovered that Bernstein was still on socialist ground, and blamed him for not having gone far enough. But there was nothing to be done. It at once became clear that another Bernstein debate at the next Congress was inevitable. Both sides armed for the fray.

The annual socialist Congresses are watched with great interest in the political world of Germany, where, it should be borne in mind, the Socialists are numerically the second strongest party in the Reichstag, and the movement, which is one of the most remarkable phenomena of modern Germany, yearly grows in intensity and power of action. Socialism is no drawing-room matter in the Fatherland. The attention of political Germany was concentrated on the working men's hall in the picturesque Hansa town of Lübeck. A sudden, but surely not unpremeditated, attack from Bebel, who is now the oldest and the most influential member in the party, opened the attack; Bernstein defended himself with considerable dialectical skill. He was argumentative without any effort at oratorical effect. In any assembly where two-thirds are literally working men, the matter is apt to be lost in the manner of delivery. The literary critic Bernstein is no demagogue. His manner is academic, his voice unequal, and he has the tone characteristic of his race. But his voice has a certain charm which commands attention, and, on the whole, he was respectfully listened to. In two short speeches he maintained his attitude. He could not recant, he had nothing to retract. His criticism of the theory was not calculated to injure the movement or impair the Socialists' belief in the necessity of Socialism on the basis of class. To him the necessity was in great part moral. He pleaded for the right of criticism. The theoreticians of the party were not there to nurse theories: they had rather to criticise, to work, and, where possible, to build upon the theory. Theoretical and literary debates upon scientific questions he held to be idle, and barren of result. He had not attacked the programme, the agitation, the practical working of the party, which criticism of the theory could not conceivably injure. He reminded them of the reformers: a Bible in one hand, in the other a sword. Socialism was a general theoretical conception of society in a future state, in great part, an effort of the will. To attain that end, it needs the science of the economic forces which govern the state organism. The theory of a chronic state of crisis leading to anarchy in the mode of production, and therefore necessarily to cataclysm, and the socialistic millennium he held to be false. Doubtless periodic local crises were prevalent, but the surface of society was, on the whole, non-affected thereby. In a large town the death of a pauper passed unnoticed, whereas in a village it was a matter of much talk. It was the same with the theory of intensification of misery necessarily leading to the

working men's freedom. He believed the day would come when Socialists would be proud of his work. They laughed, but he meant it, not boastfully, but in the conviction that his work tended rather to promote than to retard the movement. He was grieved to see the contempt shown to the theory. He could only appeal to them to respect the right of free criticism, and of free discussion. Just as Darwin's theory was still capable of development, so, too, was the doctrine of Marx. He besought them to be less nervous—the criticism to which he subjected the theory was salutary. The party was strong, and precisely because it was so strong he felt he could appeal to its sense of justice.

In all this there was nothing to offend, nothing aggressive, like Luther's defiant answer, "Without horns or hoof?" He asked them not to be so nervous. Like Mephistopheles chiding the rejuvenated Faust, he bade them be less pedantic. "Dir stekt der doctor noch im Leibe." But the Congress was in earnest and demanded sentence. There were two resolutions, the one for, the other against, Bernstein. The former stating that the "Congress regards the right of free criticism as necessary to the intellectual development of the party, and has no reason to recede from the principles laid down in the resolution passed at Hanover" was rejected. The second, Bebel's resolution, was carried by roll call, with a majority of 203 against 31. The resolution was as follows:—"The Congress recognises the unreserved right of self-criticism for the intellectual development of the party. But the thoroughly one-sided manner in which Bernstein has conducted his criticism in the last few years, while omitting to criticise the Bourgeois society and its leaders, has placed him in an equivocal position and aroused the displeasure of a large portion of his comrades. In the expectation that Comrade Bernstein will accept this view and act accordingly, the Congress passes over the resolutions. . . . (there were four demanding a formal vote of censure) to the order of the day." Bernstein immediately rose and made the following significant declaration. "As I declared to you at the Congress at Stuttgart, the decision of the Congress naturally cannot cause me to abandon my convictions. At the same time the decision of the majority of my comrades is never indifferent to me. My conviction is that the resolution is unjust towards me, being based, as I have pointed out, on erroneous suppositions. But since comrade Bebel has declared that the resolution contains no vote of censure, I declare, that henceforth I will respect and observe the decision of the majority of the Congress in the manner due to such a decision." This statement was received with loud applause, and many of Bernstein's most vehement opponents shook him warmly by the hand. Formally the critic had submitted to the judgment. But compare the two Congresses. At Hanover Bernstein was held up to general execration.

All the heavy artillery at the disposal of the doctrinaires poured forth their anathemas. Intolerance was the dominant note. But at Lübeck a great change was noticeable. From the beginning there was a desire to avoid conclusions. From bitter personal recriminations the debate became literary, almost philosophical. The leader Bebel, it is true, denounced the critic; but the stronger his invective the more the impression gained that he was attacking Bernstein the better to defend him. There was thunder, but no lightning. He knew Bernstein, he said, for thirty-one years; they were old friends. His resolution was no vote of censure, it was a corrective. All that he demanded was that Bernstein should set himself to criticise the Bourgeoisie, and not, as he had done for the last three years, confine himself to demolish Marx. He had the impression "that Bernstein could not get into bed without asking himself how he could find some fresh flaw in Marx's philosophy." Let him show the parties of order that their praise was repugnant to him, their flattery odious; let him show them that he stood upon the basis of class in the fight against the common foe, and they would welcome him again as the loyal comrade they all knew him, in their hearts, to be. Not a word in repudiation of Bernstein's criticisms. On the contrary, Bebel announced his readiness to appoint a special committee to sit upon the Erfurt programme, and to inquire into the expediency of its revision. He was in every sense "*Fortiter in modo, suaviter in re.*" He showed his opportunism in once more bringing in a resolution, which was carried, that coalitions, for electioneering purposes, with the Bourgeois parties were only permissible in exceptional cases, and in special conditions. He once more showed himself a consummate leader of men. Bebel's resolution was a *levis nota* as they say, a gentle reprimand. Directed against the outside world rather than against Bernstein, it at once serves to control and unfetter him. In his qualified declaration of acquiescence Bernstein submits to the bondage of which he retains the key. "*L'intérêt qui aveugle les uns fait la lumière des autres!*" In thus bowing to the decision of the majority Bernstein showed courage and common sense. There is no practical question at issue, no tactical difference at stake. The question is of larger import and can await the test of time. In part, no doubt, what is known as "Bernsteinism" is largely a quibble as to the precise definition of words. No serious people now believe that any street revolution has the slightest chance against modern rifles and Maxim guns. Not even the "Blanquists" of the party sincerely think that. Unless as a catchword, what then is the meaning of the revolutionary motto? Bernstein, who is but the mouthpiece of a small but influential section in the party, would place socialism on a truer scientific basis. They would eliminate the catchwords from the

doctrine, the doctrine from the crust of the bald dogma. They would live for the day rather than the morrow.

The vista of a purified rational socialism may, after all, prove but a will-o'-the-wisp, a streak of fancy beyond the range of possibility. Homogeneous as the party is, and undoubtedly will continue to be, there are signs that the trend of the movement is towards opportunism. Some, indeed, are beginning to realise that Marx is not infallible, that the theory may be built and enlarged upon; that the crudities of the doctrine may be rejected, the dogma criticised, without necessarily subverting the whole structure; that the freedom of the working classes is no affair of nature but of man, and of the will of man; and that to this end education, organisation, self-help—which is the only help conceivable or possible—are the determining, as they are surely the most elevating, factors.

It is the privilege of Bernstein to teach his fellow comrades that this is so, and must be so. If he fail in the endeavour the purpose will not be the less worthy.

AUSTIN F. HARRISON.

A PARALLEL TO THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR—THE STRUGGLE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

WHILE the British army has been at work conquering, or endeavouring to conquer the Boer Republics, another conflict of much the same nature has been dragging out its weary length in the Far East. The American campaign against the insurgent Filipinos opened eight months before the South African war, and it can scarcely be said as yet to have neared its conclusion. So late as November last, General Chaffee, the Commander-in-Chief of the American army in the Philippines, reported that no troops could be withdrawn, and critics in the United States who dot his i's are adding that further reinforcements are imperatively required.

The theatre of war in the Far East differs in many respects from that in South Africa. The area of the Philippino group, which is made up of over two thousand islands of varying size, is about the same as that of the Transvaal, and so is much smaller than the South African field of war. The lines of division, which we in South Africa have been compelled to create artificially by means of chains of blockhouses, so as to split up the Boer territories into a number of manageable areas, are supplied in the case of the Philippines by the sea. The largest and most important island is Luzon, which is a little smaller in extent than the Orange River Colony, and here the Filipino insurrection has its head-quarters. One of the other large islands, Mindanao, has scarcely as yet been touched by the Americans. In the days of the Spanish domination, it was virtually independent, notwithstanding perennial fighting and innumerable attempts to subdue it.

In South Africa we have at least a temperate climate, and a country which can everywhere be traversed by wheeled vehicles. But in the Philippines the climate is tropical, intensely hot and damp, and not particularly healthy for white men. At the same time the country is covered with dense forest, and away from the immediate vicinity of Manila and one or two other towns, there were, when the war began, no roads of any kind. The people, again, are not of European descent, and speak a great number of languages, none of which could be understood by the Americans. The total population was very much larger than that of the Boer Republics; it has been variously stated at from five and a-half to eight millions of inhabitants. This is about twenty times the total Dutch population of South Africa. To an army campaigning in the Philippines, on the other hand, the problem of guarding long lines of communication, which

has proved so troublesome to our South African Field Force, does not present itself, owing to the proximity of the sea at every point. No place in the archipelago is more than seventy miles from the water, which is commanded by the American navy.

Long before the actual outbreak of hostilities, General Otis, who commanded the American expeditionary force at Manila, foresaw trouble. Aguinaldo, the leader of the Tagals, who are the most warlike tribe in the island of Luzon, had been perfectly content to use the Americans to get rid of the Spaniards, but had not the slightest intention of quietly accepting King Stork in place of King Log. Had vigorous steps been taken to prove to him that the American Government knew its own mind and was determined to annex the Philippines, it is just possible that there would have been no serious fighting. But Congress and the President hesitated, and the only instructions sent to General Otis appear to have directed him to avoid, at all costs, taking any step which might have been interpreted by the pro-Filipino and anti-national party in the United States as an act of aggression. In September, 1898, General Otis telegraphed to Washington, "force sufficient for present purposes, but contingencies may arise difficult to meet." His small army was therefore slightly strengthened. All the winter of 1898, Aguinaldo was importing arms and organising his forces, unmolested. An American expedition to Ilo-Ilo in the island of Panay found his dusky troops in possession, and withdrew without attempting to dislodge them.

As the Americans showed themselves so averse to determined action, Aguinaldo's audacity grew, just as did Mr. Kruger's about the very same epoch. A proclamation, issued by General Otis on January 4th, 1899, asserting the sovereignty of the United States over the Philippines, was received by him with something approaching derision. Indeed, he issued a counter-proclamation in which he repudiated the rights of America and made a personal attack upon General Otis. As a further act of defiance, a number of Tagal women sent in a document to the General, in which, quite in the Boer fashion, they protested that when all the Filipino men were killed in the sacred cause of Independence, they, themselves, would take the field. In Manila itself—as at Capetown later in our own war—a huge conspiracy was hatched by the Filipino sympathisers under the very noses of the American army. Arms for the conspirators were smuggled into the city. General Otis' hands were tied by the orders to take no aggressive step, but he watched the conspirators closely, and made counter-preparations. Warnings from all quarters reached him; the Filipinos were busy removing their women and children; yet all the assistance that came to him from Washington was the valuable information that the United States

had "accepted the Philippines from a high sense of duty in the interests of their inhabitants and for humanity and civilisation."

Such being the situation, stern merciless action of the kind rendered painfully familiar to the inhabitants of the Central Asia khanates and Manchuria by the Russians, might have convinced the Filipinos that the United States were not to be played with. But stern action was forbidden. General Otis could only wait for the Filipinos to show their hand, which they did speedily. On February 4th, 1899, they attacked the American picket-line in front of Manila, and the war began.

At this date the American force in the archipelago was 21,000 strong, but of that total many men were upon the sick list, so that the actual effectives did not exceed 14,000. Of these again, 3,000 were needed in Manila to maintain order there, leaving as the available field force 11,000 men. This was not a large total, but then, as we have seen, there were no extensive lines of communication to be guarded. Moreover, the American troops were of the very highest quality. A Japanese officer who saw them at Peking said of them that, if off the battlefield they were the worst troops he had ever met, on it they were the best. Highly paid, recruited from an intelligent and well-educated class, officered by men who were "instruct" and masters of their art—for the American officer is not given up to sports, and is usually well versed in the literature of his profession—they were in courage and resource the equals of the best of our colonial troops in South Africa, while they had on their side the inestimable advantage of discipline. The volunteers were much inferior to the regulars, but had, by January, 1899, been a sufficient time under arms to acquire the training which is needed to make the good soldier.

The American force, then, had quality, if not quantity, on its side. Nor were the numbers opposed to it large. Aguinaldo at this date was estimated to dispose of 20,000 to 30,000 men, and he had the disadvantage of the exterior lines, while he had no navy at his back, and could not rapidly transfer his forces from point to point.

The first actions, as was only to be expected, went in favour of the Americans. With 250 casualties they drove back the Filipinos from Manila, killing, wounding, or taking prisoners no less than 3,000 of them. Even at this point there was great danger in the rear. During the progress of the battle of Manila attempts at an insurrection were made by the secret Filipino organisations within the city, and the American military police had to open fire and kill or wound sixty men before the insurgents would disperse. After the battle Colonel Smith pursued too vigorously, and was in consequence almost cut off by the enemy, who rallied in a surprising manner in spite of the blow which had been dealt them. In the city trouble

was again seething, and it became known to the American staff that a fresh attack on Manila had been planned by Aguinaldo's troops from without and the secret organisations within. It seemed wisest, under these circumstances, to take the offensive, and accordingly General MacArthur advanced upon and captured Caloccan. But only a few days passed before the Filipinos were causing fresh annoyance in Manila. They had planned a general rising, which was to be accompanied by a massacre of all the Americans, for February 22nd. Shortly after dark that night fires broke out in all directions; when the fire-engines arrived the hoses were repeatedly cut, and "sniping" commenced. The Americans put out the fires and fell upon the nearest body of insurgents, numbering 1,000, of whom 500 were placed *hors de combat*. This terrible punishment brought peace for some months to Manila.

After much desultory fighting, reinforcements arrived from America, and an advance northwards began against Malolos, where the Filipinos had their chief base. The town was entered by General MacArthur on March 31st. The Filipino Government, however, had removed its archives and property, and had set fire to the place. The Filipinos proceeded, in exact anticipation of the strategy followed by the Boers, to attack the railway running from Malolos to Manila, which had been repaired by the Americans, and continually cut it. General Otis reported that his forces, now 25,000 strong, were insufficient to enable him to guard it. So awkward did General MacArthur's predicament at the rail-head become that General Lawton had to be sent to his aid with 4,000 men drawn from the line of communications. The difficulties of campaigning in the Philippines are illustrated by the records of Lawton's march. "Soon after leaving Novaliches," says the official report, "his road, a well-defined and prominent one on all Spanish maps, became a trail crossing or passing through rice patches, swampy country, and unbridged streams, over which his advance was connotated with the greatest difficulty." As soon as MacArthur felt the support of Lawton's advance, he was able to force the passage of the Calumpit on April 28th. But he failed to deal any crushing blow, and finally came to a standstill in May, at San Fernando, reporting that his men were worn out with hard fighting, and that many of them were on the sick list. There were no troops to reinforce him; indeed General Otis had just been ordered to send home his volunteers. This order it was impossible for him to carry out, but the incident reminds us of what has happened at every turn in South Africa, where seasoned troops have been again and again withdrawn, sometimes to obtain political advantages, by ministers who did not fully understand the gravity of the position. The mischief in each case probably comes from the management of a war by men who are quite ignorant of

military matters and strategy. When they were not allowed to return, the volunteers, like some of our yeomanry, became restive or fell ill. General Otis reports that in June, one of MacArthur's battalions had 30 per cent. out of 873 officers and men sick at Manila; another 30 per cent. sick at San Fernando, and of the remainder there were not eight men in each company fit to endure one day's march.

It is impossible to follow in detail the progress of the campaign, since for that purpose a stout volume would be required. All that can be given here is the broad outline of the war. But affairs were in this month of May in a very bad way. The American force was much too small to make real progress in Luzon, and outside that island there was virtually anarchy. In Cebu, for instance, the diminutive American garrison was compelled to look on while the insurgents grew in numbers and daring. At the end of May, however, reinforcements began to arrive, and on June 1st the total American force stood at 34,200 men. Even now General Otis was only at the beginning of his troubles. He was told by Washington that he must send back the volunteers without delay. The administration was afraid that their continued detention in the East might have awkward political results, and the Presidential election of the following year could not be left out of sight. But the volunteers numbered no less than 16,000 men. Their departure must so weaken the army that it would be unable to attempt offensive operations. So, all through June and July, General Otis was obliged to mark time while his dilatory government was making up its mind to reinforce him and scraping together reinforcements.

The credulity of democracy was shown in the American administration's touching belief that all that was required in the case of the Filipinos was an extra large dose of "conciliation." Though there is a line in Lowell which runs—

"Conciliation—it just means being kicked,"

the American Government took a step at the very outset, the result of which we may commend to the attention of the Anti-British party in this country. It is precisely what they are always clamouring for England to do in South Africa. A commission of worthy and conciliatory politicians was sent out to Manila, where Admiral Dewey and General Otis were added to its ranks. It announced to the misguided Filipinos that the United States was in the archipelago to promote Filipino "well-being and happiness." The autonomy of the natives was guaranteed, but they were informed that they must accept the suzerainty of the United States. I regret to have to add that the Filipinos laughed at these promises, and declared that they would accept nothing short of independence. It need scarcely be said that

at every turn the Filipinos were backed up by traitors in the United States, who openly prayed for the defeat of their own countrymen, and circulated falsehoods as to the cruelty and cowardice of the American troops, worthy of a certain Pro-Boer's brilliant imagination. It is doubtful if the war would have lasted six months but for this political support, which encouraged the enemy to persist, in the hope that Mr. Bryan would come into power in 1900, and would then give them back their independence.

Already in August, 1899, General Otis had in some measure gauged the truth about the insurrection. In his report of that date he draws attention to the fact that the armed forces of the enemy are contemptible in their power for mischief. The really disquieting fact is that the population are "intoxicated with the cry for independence and self-government." In response to that cry—and we may guess to political pressure from his Government—he had been obliged to set up civil administration in Manila, in "loyal" Filipino hands. The same privilege was accorded to the other important places, under American military supervision.

At the end of July reinforcements arrived, but the rainy season was then in full swing and little could be done till it had ended. With a total of 30,000 men, at the end of September operations were resumed. Porlac and Tarlac were captured; columns scoured southern Luzon, and on November 24th General Otis reported to Washington, in strangely familiar terms, that the whole of central Luzon was in the hands of the American authorities, that the President of the Filipino Congress, the Secretary of State, and the Treasurer were prisoners, that only small bands of the enemy remained in arms and were flying in all directions before the American troops, while Aguinaldo was a mere fugitive with but a diminutive escort. At once the ports of the islands were opened to commerce, thereby enabling the Filipinos to obtain a fresh supply of arms and ammunition. We are not told whether General Otis approved of this measure.

All through the dry season in the winter of 1899-1900 he continued to press the scattered bands to the utmost, till, in May, he left the archipelago, handing over his command to General MacArthur. In an interview on his way home he gave his views on the situation in terms which will recall Lord Roberts's speech at Capetown. He said that though his frame of mind was pessimistic he thought "the thing entirely over." He could not see, he added, how the enemy could reorganise or concentrate. Aguinaldo's Minister of Foreign Affairs had told him that "the United States was necessary to the Philippines, and that the Filipinos were merely fighting for the best terms." For his optimism he has since been severely blamed, especially for the statement that it would be

possible to send home all the volunteers who then remained, and that it would not be necessary to replace them. But he seems to have spoken in perfect good faith, and all men are apt to err.

It has since been ascertained that the Filipinos had scattered of set purpose. At a council of war held at Bayambang in November, 1898, they decided that it was impossible to continue their resistance upon regular lines, and their army was therefore disbanded, "generals and men returning to their own provinces, to organise the people "for general resistance by means of guerilla warfare." All pretence of wearing uniform was abandoned, General MacArthur reporting that "the practice of discarding the uniform enables the insurgents to appear and disappear almost at their own convenience. At one time they are in the ranks as soldiers, and immediately thereafter are within the American lines in the attitude of peaceful natives, absorbed in a dense mass of sympathetic people, speaking a language of which few white men and no Americans have any knowledge." The parallel with South Africa is again exact, for there also one of the greatest troubles arises from the absence of uniform in the Boer forces, and the fact that the Boers find their way into the towns occupied by the British, and out again, almost as they choose—or did so till Lord Kitchener's advent to command.

General MacArthur analyses clearly the temperament of the Filipino, and again what he has to say has a bearing on South Africa. The Filipinos, he states, "are not a warlike or ferocious people. . . . The people of the islands, however, during the past five years have been maddened by rhetorical sophistry and stimulants applied to national pride, until the power of discriminating . . . has for the time being been almost entirely suspended. As a substitute for all other considerations, the people seem to be actuated by the idea that in all doubtful matters of politics or war, men are never nearer right than when going with their own kith and kin, regardless of the nature of the action or of its remote consequences." He explains how the ingenuous American assumption, that all that was required was to turn the Filipinos loose with a constitution and a perfectly ideal system of municipal government, had acted, and his words should be pondered by those who, the moment the war in South Africa ends, would give the Boers autonomy. "All the necessary moral obligations," says the General, "were readily assumed by municipal bodies, and all outward forms of decorum and loyalty carefully preserved. But precisely at this point the psychological conditions referred to above began to work with great energy, in assistance of insurgent field operations. For this purpose most of the towns secretly organised complete insurgent municipal governments to proceed simultaneously and in the same sphere as the American governments, and in many instances through the same personnel;

that is to say, the presidents and town officials acted openly in behalf of the Americans and secretly in behalf of the insurgents, and, paradoxical as it may seem, with considerable apparent solicitude for both."

Certain officials who betrayed at one and the same time the British and Boer causes supply parallels to such instances of flagrant treachery in what the *New York Evening Post* called "Aguinaldo's glorious war of independence." We find General MacArthur noting the completeness of the insurgent intelligence system within the towns occupied by the Americans, the great support afforded to the guerillas by the towns, whence ammunition and food are smuggled, and the growth of an organised intimidation directed against all who espouse the American cause. This intimidation goes to terrible lengths, and not the least surprising feature of it is that those marked down for punishment and assassination do not dare to appeal to the American authorities for protection. Men are haled off into the impenetrable jungle by a revengeful Mafia, and are never seen again. One Leoncio Torres, for example, was brought before three Filipino officers, and sentenced by these patriots to be buried alive, which sentence was duly carried out. Tomas Ragudo was tied up with a rope, and oiled rags were fastened round his feet and set on fire. At the same time he was beaten with the butts of rifles. He received injuries from which he died. Sometimes whole families are made away with. Abez, hung by the Americans in July, 1901, carried off a native named Justiano, with his wife, her mother, and eight children, and killed most of them under circumstances of the most horrible cruelty. Isolated American soldiers, bathing or straying from their comrades, are set upon and stabbed or shot. The outskirts of the towns, and even the army lines are unsafe, for what has to be encountered is the murderous ingenuity of the Thug, not the open violence of the soldier. Everywhere the Filipino organisation is powerful, and no native is safe from its secret verdicts.

By mid-1900 the American force in the field was over 40,000 strong, and such progress had apparently been made that conciliation was once more tried. On June 21st a proclamation was issued announcing an amnesty to all the enemy who had taken part in the war and who surrendered. The results were scarcely encouraging. In all only 5,022 persons surrendered and took the oath of allegiance, and among these were few of the prominent men. A public "manifestation of thanks" to the United States for this amnesty was suggested by certain Filipinos in Manila, and was rather imprudently permitted by the American authorities. The manifestation was certainly peculiar in the shape it took, as it resolved itself into the display of portraits of Aguinaldo and Filipino flags, while the speeches which were to have been delivered at a banquet were so

far from expressing gratitude that they had to be prohibited owing to their incendiary nature. In fine, this example of the policy of conciliation was, in General MacArthur's phrase, "a dismal failure."

It had been hoped that the Presidential election in November, 1900, would show the insurgents that their cause was hopeless, but this reasonable anticipation was not fulfilled. By December, in the words of General MacArthur's report, it was seen that "conditions were plainly inflexible and likely to become chronic. An entirely new campaign was therefore determined upon." Vigorous operations were undertaken, and were proceeding, when once more the awkward question of how to find the necessary troops arose. Congress had decided that the remaining volunteers must be withdrawn, and disbanded in the United States by June, 1901. General MacArthur was therefore compelled to begin moving them down to the coast early in that year. But he had already obtained considerable results. Aguinaldo was captured by a brilliant piece of daring on General Funston's part, and in April, 1901, it looked as if "the rebellion was rapidly approaching collapse." A proclamation had been issued announcing that any insurgent who surrendered and brought in his arms should be kindly treated, amnestied, and paid thirty dollars for each serviceable rifle. This was "slim," but the Filipinos saw through it and showed no extravagant desire to come in.

In May, General MacArthur handed over his command to General Chaffee. The volunteers were sent home, and everyone was perfectly satisfied that the war was over. General Corbin, the American Adjutant-General, who paid a visit of inspection to the islands during the summer of 1901, reported on his return to the United States that the army could forthwith be reduced from 42,000 to 24,000 men. A few days after he had made this report the news of a serious mishap to the United States' troops in the island of Samar supplied the practical commentary on its correctness. In the week ending October 19th, a despatch was received from General Chaffee, in which he stated that it would be "most harmful" if any troops were withdrawn. The most representative American service paper, the *Army and Navy Journal*, added to this, "it now looks as though our force in the Philippines will have to be increased rather than diminished. . . The recent massacre of our men in the island of Panay. . . is a symptom to which due weight should be given." Here matters stand for the present, with the American troops making slow progress, while the insurgents still continue active in the field, and in the towns perpetually hatch plots. "The conditions," says Mr. Hull, a member of Congress who has just returned from the East, "are such as we would term peaceful in this country, but it is not a condition of peace, because these bandits and highwaymen are constantly dashing out of their retreats to strike a blow where they can do so to the

best advantage, and then retreat to cover." In Luzon "General" Malvar is in the field at the head of the guerillas, while in Samar "General" Lukban has succeeded hitherto in evading all attempts of the Americans to lay him by the heels.

In the earlier stages of the war there were many and not unreasonable complaints from American officers in the islands as to the excessive leniency displayed. In November, 1900, a letter from a prominent soldier at Manila was published in the American press, in which it was urged that a proclamation should be issued, stating "that after a certain date any Filipino caught with arms in his hands will be summarily shot." The justification for such a proposal is given. It is "the wanton acts of violence and crime which are perpetrated daily, the violation of every principle of civilised warfare, the conversion of the so-called Filipino army into a band of marauders and brigands." All this is very familiar, and it points to the conclusion, corroborated by the opinions of our best officers in South Africa, that with guerilla war in its last stages the extremest severity is really in the end the greatest humanity.

It must be confessed that in the latest stage of their war the Americans seem to have thrown sentiment overboard, in a manner which would lacerate the tender heart of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman. If the Manila press can be trusted, General Smith in his campaign against Lukban has given orders that there must be no quarter for that leader, and that his followers are to be shot off-hand. In such action he would be perfectly justified, provided it hastens the end of the war. But we have yet to hear what the American Pro-Filipinos and Pro-Boers will say to it, or how the Anglophobes on the other side of the Atlantic will apologise in their own case for acts of sternness, while condemning our South African army, which has never shot combatants off-hand, for its "atrocities."

The parallelism between the South African and the Philippine war is then close, and extends even to the management at home in either case. That the same faults should have been committed in either instance is almost startling, and points, perhaps, to the fact that ignorance of war in the administration at home,¹ which is the essential feature of similarity in the American and British constitutions, may be the cause. It is most dangerous to entrust the conduct of a war to men who know little of military history, for foresight is simply the power of predicting the future which arises from a profound knowledge of the past. In both instances we see insufficient forces employed, and hampered by the order to be "kind" to the enemy; troops withdrawn when they were most needed; generals asserting in perfect faith that the conflict is over; conciliation essayed

(1) Yet it is to be noted that in either case generals have underrated the enemy's power for mischief.

with grotesquely futile results ; and insufficient arrangements made for the steady and continual flow of reinforcements to the field. In each case an Anglo-Saxon people fails clearly to grasp the problem before it, or to understand that in a war of conquest what is needed is to break down the opposed will by the infliction of suffering.

In its remoter consequences, the Filipino war promises to have a profound effect in Asia. It has shown that an Asiatic population with the modern arms can make the problem of conquest an extremely difficult one, even for a brave, intelligent, and overpoweringly numerous and wealthy nation of whites. Its progress is being followed with the closest attention in Japan and China, and the Boxers certainly drew their inspiration from this conflict. The last word in the struggle between the East and the West is not yet said, and in the future the Philippine war may well be recognised as the point of departure of a new era.

H. W. WILSON.

A VISION OF LAW.

OUT shine the stars—all fears and doubts outshining
Which still beset the darkness of the way,
And behind a man's best searching and divining
Make yesterday to-morrow and to-day :
Fix on those stars a mileage and a distance
Through the new means new learning may unfold—
Miles do not touch My riddle of existence,
And birth and death are as they were of old.

If more and more man's eager spirit, bidden
To learn by labour all that it may learn,
Unbury Nature's secrets, and unchidden
Feebly the undiscernable discern,
The mighty lesson to the eyes that read it,
And to the hearts more humbled as they see,
Is—"Labour ! labour on ! for so ye need it ;
The outcome of all labour rests with Me."

The Reign of Law My opening book discloses,
Even while you turn its pages as I will ;
When the brain wearies, trees and birds and roses
Are with you to relax the struggle still ;
Roses and birds and trees are idle never,
And the free, wild song circles to the sky—
Seek out my Law ! for ever and for ever,
Behind that Law, the Law-giver am I.

I spoke not through the Christ of Nature's changes,
Or of the secrets of the sea and sun ;
I spoke not of My perfect plan which ranges
Through planets and through systems every one :

I spoke through him but of what man, My first-born,
May do to help his fellows in the strife,
And humble in the search—or best or worst born—
Quickened through life in death to deathless life.

You quarrel with My test of hurt and sorrow,
Yet will not see how even with you doth reign
The priceless pleasure of a bright to-morrow,
Which triumphs o'er a yesterday of pain—
How every battle gained, and victory rising
Upon defeated trouble, baffled sin,
Through constancy and courage, makes Surmising
Grow more and more the certainty to win.

Am I not Love? why, then, is Love supremest
Of all the blessings that you know I lend?
If Love be Love, what then art thou that dreamest
That mortal love hath not immortal end?
When wrong and grudge and enmity make weary
The graceless souls that cherish and ensue
Those grinning phantoms through the short, if dreary
Probation of your fathers as of you—

Have they no fear that I at last may utter
My sentence unrepealed on wilful ill?
And leave Rebellion's lawless thoughts to mutter
Rebellion always, and without Me still?
If Christ be with Me, and his earlier greeting
Has taught so little to the Self of men,
Why should I waste his love in vain entreating?
Why should I let the Christ come down again?

HERMAN MERIVALE.

NOTE.

THE following statement is one of a series of statements of fact which touch social, political, or national matters of interest and importance.

The matters that will be dealt with here too often escape the notice they merit, or, if shown to the public, they are not infrequently presented obscurely or with bias, or with inaccuracy due to hastiness or to inexperience in handling quantitative facts—a process that is essentially technical.

These statements will be made absolutely without bias, and being prepared by a professional statistician who has had more than twenty years' actuarial experience, there is a considerable degree of probability that inaccuracy will be reduced to a minimum.

I.—DRINK : IN ENGLAND, THE UNITED STATES, FRANCE, AND GERMANY.

THE consumption of alcoholic drink in the above countries, per ten of population, was in the year 1900 as follows :—

Country.	Drink-Consumption per 10 of Population.			
	Beer, Spirits, and Wine.	Beer.	Spirits.	Wine.
	Gallons.	Gallons.	Gallons.	Gallons.
France	336	62	20	254
United Kingdom	332	317	11	4
Germany	309	275	19	16
United States	147	133	11	3

Some years ago, the late P. G. Hamerton in his book *French and English* mentioned the increase of drinking in France, and we see that French drink-consumption per head is now greater than British consumption. The French drink more spirits, more wine, and have a larger total consumption per head than any of these three other nations.

The most striking fact in the above statement is the low drink-consumption per head in the United States. The American total per head is less than one-half of the total consumption per head in any of the three other countries. The superior sobriety of the American workman as compared with the Englishman has often been noticed, and observation in social grades higher than that of the artisan tends to show that American superiority in this respect is a general superiority not confined to workmen only. The developed alertness and prompt energy of the American may, it is quite likely, be due in some part to this relative abstinence from alcoholic drink which is now illustrated.

Looking back over the fifteen years 1886—1900, for the purpose of

observing the increase or the decrease in drink-consumption per head of population, the following results have been obtained :—

Country.	Average Yearly Drink-Consumption, per Head of Population, during			The Drink-Consumption per head during 1886-1890 being taken at 100	The Drink-Consumption per head during 1896-1900 was
	1886-1890.	1891-1900.	1896-1900.		
	Gallons.	Gallons.	Gallons.	per cent.	per cent.
France	25.5	31.5	32.3	100	122
United Kingdom	29.4	31.1	33.1	100	113
Germany	24.4	26.8	29.9	100	123
United States	11.8	14.3	14.2	100	120

In each country the drink-consumption per head of population has increased since 1886—1890, and, with the exception of the United States, there has been an increase during each five-yearly period observed.

Comparing the period 1896—1900 with the period 1886—1890, we see that the percentage of increase per head of population in drink-consumption was smaller in the United Kingdom than in any of the three other countries. Germany and France have had the largest relative increases per head of population.

In the United States, the increase of 20 per cent. in the drink-consumption per head of population is due to an increase in beer-drinking—the consumption per head of wine and of spirits has declined.

In the United Kingdom, France, and Germany, the increase in drink-consumption per head of population is due to the increased consumption of each kind of drink, but mainly to an increased consumption of beer per head in Germany and in the United Kingdom, and to an increased wine-consumption in France.

As the results just shown are based upon the records of three five-yearly periods, they are of more importance than results based upon the facts of three isolated years, and they show that a material increase in drink-consumption per head of population has occurred in all the four countries during the last fifteen years.

This matter of drink is sometimes dealt with by eliminating from the population all children and all total abstainers—the latter being estimated more or less vaguely. And it has been stated that this method is more correct than the method which deals with the population as one whole. May I point out that the “method of elimination” shows only the consumption of drink by drink-consumers, and that this is a *different* thing from the consumption per head of population—not a more correct or incorrect statement of the *same* thing. Moreover, in comparing one country with another, or the same country with itself at different periods, it is desirable to let all the factors of drink and of non-drink come into the account. Certain factors should not be eliminated

when we are examining the drink consumption per head of population, which is probably a more useful examination than the ascertainment of drink consumption by drink-consumers only: especially as the latter depends largely upon estimate.

The importance of Drink Duties to National Revenue is shown by the following statement, which relates to the financial year 1899²-1900.

Country.	Total Drink Duties.	Percentage of Drink Duties on the net National Revenue.
	Millions sterling.	Per cent.
United Kingdom	37.9	36
United States	40.0	29
France	22.0	19
Germany	13.7	18

The above Drink Duties include the Excise taxation of home-made drink and the Customs duties on imported drink.

The current criminal statistics for England record a material increase in the prosecutions for drunkenness during recent years, namely:—

Period.	Yearly Number of Prosecutions for Drunkenness per 100,000 of Population.
1887—1891	619
1892—1896	584
1897—1899	647
1899 only	675

Although the above figures cannot be regarded as absolutely proving that drunkenness is on the increase, for the reason that the increase in the number of prosecutions may possibly be due to greater stringency on the part of the police, yet when they are looked at side by side with the wholly independent results already stated, as regards the increased consumption of drink per head of population, one result appears to confirm the other, and an unsatisfactory conclusion is reached.

J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

STAGING IN THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH THEATRE.¹

I.—WHAT IS MEANT BY "MISE EN SCÈNE."

THE term "*mise en scène*" has two very distinct meanings. After defining them, I shall show that in both points the English theatre is incomparably superior to ours, and shall describe the manner in which this superiority is displayed.

To accomplish the "*mise en scène*" of a dramatic work is, etymologically speaking, to transplant it from the manuscript where it lies inert, to the stage where it is to live.

This means, first of all, providing it with all the material resources necessary to insure it a factitious life: clothing the actors in appropriate costumes; designing and setting up scenes which will represent as closely as possible the *milieu* in which the action takes place; it means regulating the quality and quantity of the light in the necessary proportions, according to whether the scene is enacted in broad daylight, by twilight, or in the evening; above all, it means combining these material elements so as to give the spectators the greatest amount of illusion compatible with the uncertain conditions of the theatre.

What does all this presuppose? An intelligent manager, a clever sceno-painter, an alert electrician; a stage sufficiently vast to lend itself to all the evolutions of the characters, and sufficiently well-arranged for the business to be dispatched expeditiously; machinery perfect enough to allow of successive, prompt, and silent changes of scene.

This is a great deal, but it is not all; I might almost say it is nothing. In every country in the world there can be found engineers, architects, scene-painters, a staff that knows its trade. To give a work its fitting apparatus is a comparatively easy business; it is a very different thing to comprehend and to express its soul.

For the play has a soul. The idea of the writer who conceived it cannot be completely translated in the words uttered by his characters. These words have a physiognomy, these characters have a "colour" (as the artists say) of their own; the whole piece has a general "movement," which must be seized first of all, then a series of particular movements which must be

(1) M. Georges Bourdon, a well-known man of letters and late stage manager at the national theatre, the Odéon, has been commissioned by the French Minister of Public Instruction and the Fine Arts to inquire into the organisation of theatres abroad. He began his inquiry with England, and he will shortly publish in Paris a complete study of the English theatres. In the present article he has summarised for us his observations on the art of staging in England and in France.

regulated accordingly. The dialogue expresses a succession of ideas which, taken together, make up the drama; but it is necessarily dumb as to the way in which these ideas should be made manifest.

A dramatic work is a complete harmony, of which the different elements demand different interpretations. Every scene, whether principal or accessory, has, first of all, its own intrinsic meaning, then its direct relation both with the scenes which immediately precede and follow it and with the drama as a whole; and this relation has never anything more than a relative importance. Its precise effect will depend on whether the actors play it seated or standing, move about or remain motionless, separate or group themselves, speak loud or low, contrive silences between their phrases, or precipitate their delivery; on whether the play of light, adroitly arranged, illuminates or leaves them in a half-light, and so on. Is Hamlet a philosopher deceived, or a dreamer who suffers, or a sick man self-tormented? When, leaning against the lintel of a door, he asks himself: "To be or not to be——?" is he to raise his eyes to heaven like a helpless and unhappy child? Or, fixing them on the ground, is he to appear as the ardent thinker, searching the bottom of his own anxious thought for the secret of destiny? By what gesture is he to bring his mother to her knees? How is the duel with Laertes to be conducted so as to express the pathos of the situation? In what fashion is Macbeth to come out of Duncan's chamber after assassinating him? Is Phèdre to declare her love for Hippolyte as the mystic victim of Destiny? Or as the love-sick woman consumed with desire? Admitting either interpretation as equally correct, by what artifice is it to be made vivid to the intelligence of the audience? As to all this the text says nothing. Who is to decide?

The author? No doubt the author is well capable of commenting on his work, of explaining and emphasizing his meaning; he can describe the moral condition of his characters; but, as a rule, he is completely ignorant of how to make it living on the stage, and powerless to direct his interpreters. In France there are one or two authors who know how to preside at a rehearsal; among these are Victorien Sardou, Rostand and Brieux. But Alexandre Dumas or Emile Augier were so helpless in this respect that they merely looked on at the rehearsal of their plays. Among contemporary playwrights, Paul Hervieu, De Curel, Lavedan, Capus, and ten others, all confine themselves to criticism of matters of detail, without professing to direct the whole.

There is the actor—the actor who incarnates the character, and whose business it is to make the play live. But in nine cases out of ten the actor is the very last person who should be entrusted with this all-important rôle. I know that exception may be taken to this statement and names cited in disproof of it—Sir Henry Irving, Beerbohm Tree, Harrison, Wyndham, George Alexander and others, in London; in Paris, Sarah Bernhardt and

Antoine. But, whatever may be said, these illustrious and honourable examples leave intact the principle which charges the actor, as an actor, with incapacity in this respect. .

The actor has a certain *rôle* assigned to him, and whatever he may do, his temptation will always be to see the play through his *rôle*. He therefore sees it distorted, turning all upon one sole personage—himself; much as a straight stick plunged into water appears, through that transparent medium, to be bent. The author's essential ideas, the pivot of the piece, the moving centre of the action, all this he will look for (quite unconsciously, of course) in the character he plays. Instead of comprehending the normal development of the action, and touching its mainspring in the proper place he will see it gravitating round himself; and all in the most perfect good faith. In the arrangement of attitudes or the combination of the movements of a scene, he will assign to himself the chief place; till, in the most guileless unconsciousness, he constitutes himself the grand mover of the drama.

On this plan, what excruciating discord would result if all the actors insisted on interpreting their *rôles* according to their own inspiration! How on earth would they group themselves? How would they co-ordinate their movements? One will be hanging back to dream, while his comrade sounds the charge; another will be rushing about with immense excitement in the midst of the general indifference; each playing for his own hand, the work thus mangled will have the effect of a shapeless assemblage of lopped limbs, without a heart or a brain. Can we conceive an interpretation of the character of Hamlet that should have no reaction on the other *rôles*? Could Gertrude behave in the same way towards a sick child as towards an embittered philosopher? Could Hippolyte lend the same ear to the piteous appeal of the ill-fated daughter of Pasiphaë as to the advances of a depraved step-mother?

If neither the author nor the actor, who, then, is to be this sovereign ruler who gives life to the drama and penetrates the mystery of the manuscript?

It is the Stage-Manager.

When an orchestra studies an opera, each musician first of all learns his own "part," enters into the difficulties of it and adapts himself to them. Next the musicians entrusted with all these orchestral parts begin by playing together after their common feeling. Then, this preparatory labour ended, the conductor intervenes. He co-ordinates the efforts of his performers, regulates movements, indicates shades of expression, determines the various sonorities, fuses all the elements of his orchestra into a whole of harmony. Last of all he attacks the singers, begins again with them a new labour of co-ordination, decides how the whole thing shall finally move, incorporates the voices of the instruments with the human voice, and the work is done.

In the theatrical world, the leader of the orchestra is the Stage Manager.

It is the Stage Manager who works in harmony with the author; who, preliminary to any rehearsal, goes carefully over the play till he understands

the exact significance of all the characters and their relative importance ; who determines what are the essential points on which the staging shall be brought to bear ; who decides as to the general movement and tone of the piece, the character of the scenery, the colour of the dresses, the effect of the furniture, the hearing of the actors. This initial labour once accomplished, it is he who impresses his own conception on the actors, thus giving to the work unity of interpretation ; like the leader of the orchestra, he fuses the special aptitudes of each in the supreme effect of the whole. Thus studied and rehearsed the work becomes one ; it will have a coherent significance ; each element that constitutes it will fall into its proper place. Good or bad, the interpretation will be harmonious ; the piece will triumph or fall according to an orderly plan. It will have a soul.

I have now defined the two meanings of the term "*mise en scène*." As regards the former (which may be called material "*mise en scène*"), we will see how far it has been carried in London and in Paris.

II.—MATERIAL APPLIANCES.

On this point certain statements may at once be made. The change of scene are incomparably more rapid in London than at Paris. Transformation scenes are there executed with miraculous dexterity. At theatres such as Drury Lane, pantomimes are played in which illusions, transformations and changes of all sorts, the most disconcerting inventions, are heaped one on the top of another. You see boats advancing, shores unrolling, divers coming down from a ship's bridge and apparently sinking gradually into the water, while the ship goes on rising to the curtain arch, till they have touched the bottom of the sea. The sea where they disport themselves is full of live fish (an illusion obtained by means of projections across a glass aquarium) which come and go, wind in and out, and up and down. And not long ago Mr. Collins showed me the sketch of his new scenic illusion, a balloon drama, in which a character is thrust by his companion out of the car in mid-air ; you see the giddy fall of the victim till he lands on *terra firma*, while the balloon goes sailing up into the clouds. And I could give at least ten similar examples.

What is the secret of those prodigies ? Where we employ thirty scene-shifters the English have sixty. The Lyceum gives work every day to five hundred people—artists, employés, scene-shifters, work-women, etc. Four hundred persons work daily at Her Majesty's. The full significance of these figures will appear if we add that at the Opéra de Paris there are not more than eighty scene-shifters, and only two hundred and seventy non-performing employés, that is to say, belonging neither to the company nor the orchestra.

The lengthiest performances in England (even the longest of Shakspeare's plays) begin at eight-fifteen or eight-thirty, and are over at eleven or half-past

at the latest. Intervals are never prolonged for more than ten minutes. Defective methods and a defective staff—these are the principal causes of the inferiority of our theatres in this respect.

There are also others.

English theatres are, as a rule, much larger than ours. Most of them, following the example of the German theatres, are provided with a *back stage*, a sort of annex at the end of the stage proper, and narrower than it. At Covent Garden and Drury Lane this second stage is almost as large as the stage itself. At the Lyceum and Daly's it is not much smaller than by about a third. At the Shaftesbury it is less again. Her Majesty's and the Haymarket, however, have none.

The immediate advantage is to have a completely free stage, unencumbered with material. The "compartments" that hold the scenes are very roomy, and situated beyond the limits of the stage proper, in the wings. The Lyceum has two large "scene-decks" communicating with the stage, where may be stored not only the scenery of the piece running, but also those of the other plays in the repertory. Hardly anywhere do we find, as we find in Paris, those top-heavy "*tas*," where the scenes are piled up one on the top of the other, to the great damage of their preservation, compelling the scene-shifters to re-arrange them laboriously every day. The work of producing a play thus gains in order and rapidity. Space is wanting in most of our theatres. When the Odéon (one of the most favoured in this respect) was producing alternately *Don Carlos* and *Le Capitaine Fracassé* it was impossible to store the material of both plays at the same time, so there had to be daily journeys between the theatre and the warehouse, which was situated at a distance, causing considerable exposure, loss of time, and damage to canvas and to frames.

Better things still have been done. The London theatres have started on the line of progress. While none of ours have ever dreamed of following the inspiring example of Germany, Austria, and America, two English theatres have made the planks of their stage movable by supplementing the ordinary machinery with mechanical force. Drury Lane began it; Covent Garden has just followed.

Now, what are the advantages of a movable stage? If you want to represent a terrace, a hill, a rockery, or any raised ground, as in the *Rheingold*, or the *Walküre*, or the "plaza de toros" in *Carmen*, you must have recourse to scaffoldings, to heavy, cumbersome contrivances, costly to construct, difficult to transport, the handling of which, however numerous the staff employed, demands considerable expenditure of time and trouble.

Suppose, on the contrary, that at the rapid signal of a button or a key, the floor of the stage can be made to rise to a certain height in the places required, can be inclined to any gradient, or lowered to the desired depth, then, at one stroke, you have done away with the boards which did duty

for mountains, dales, or terraces, or that laborious demolition of the flooring destined to represent a precipice. A painted canvas will be flung over the raised floor, an "end wing" will serve to mask and hide the holes, and this scenery, which not long ago would have necessitated a twenty minutes' interval, and cumbered every corner of the stage with its pieces, besides enlisting the labour of a battalion of scene-shifters, will be ready in five minutes.

The stage may be mobilised in other ways, too. The platform, moving not only in a vertical but in a horizontal direction, may have a surface large enough to admit of a scene (already arranged on the part of the stage invisible to the public), instantaneously taking the place of the scene which precedes it. In Munich they have a revolving floor, and there is a triple one in the Burg Theatre in Vienna, a double one in certain American theatres. In the first case the movable floor accelerates and simplifies the work of the scene-shifters by leaving the stage clear of the material which encumbers it. In the second it admits of instantaneous changes, of complete substitutions and transformations of scene, as seen in Vienna, Munich, Buda-Pesth, and New York. It constitutes in every way an advance on the paralytic machinery of our belated theatres.

I may observe in passing, that the first theories of the movable stage were elaborated in France. Reynard made, a little while ago, an ingenious but imperfect attempt in this direction when he built the Opéra; Charles Garnier, in concert with Tresca, devised a system which seems perfect, but has, unfortunately, never been applied. However it may be, our architects and engineers have stopped at theory, and in this respect, as in many others, we are behind the entire civilised world.

Six or seven years ago, Mr. Collins, the intelligent and energetic manager of Drury Lane, made a first attempt, which was only half a success. Without touching the three foregrounds of his theatre, he made the whole of the background movable, supported by four pistons, which, raised or lowered at will, drew with them the stage floor and also gave it all the necessary inclinations, from right to left or from front to back. This laborious alteration cost him eight thousand pounds, and by no means did him the service he expected. The pistons were worked by hydraulic force, which is at times capricious, and played Mr. Collins several nasty tricks. For instance, one evening, after rising quite properly and bringing up the stage scenery to the required height, without any invitation they gently sank again, precipitating a mountain into the basement; and both actors and public had to take their parts philosophically, and supply by the help of imagination the delinquencies of the machinery that had ~~struck~~ ^{gone} wrong.

But this year the machinery at Drury Lane has been completed and brought to perfection. The science of an eminent architect, Mr. Edwin O. Sachs, whose labours for the theatre have made him a universal authority,

has carried on the work begun by Mr. Collins. The three foregrounds, up till now fixed, have been altered in their turn and placed on metallic supports, which, worked this time by a tractable, trustworthy, and economical force—electricity—have insured for Drury Lane a stage movable in all its parts. Moreover, I was told by Mr. Sachs that Mr. Arthur Collins proposes shortly to take up again that part of the work begun by himself, substituting electricity for hydraulic force. "When this has been done the Drury Lane stage, already remarkable in its proportions and accessories, will be provided with a model machinery, which will admit of the representation of every imaginable scene, rivalling the stages of Germany and Austria.

It was Mr. Sachs, again, who last winter undertook the magnificent renovation of Covent Garden.

Only a year ago the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, was incontestably one of the most belated theatres in the world. It enclosed within its old walls a system of machinery such as Lulli used for the operas he played before Louis XIV. Pulleys, which have been used for manœuvring scenery in every theatre for the last century, were unknown. The scenes were moved by the human arm with the help of windlasses. The mouldy basements were encumbered with an incalculable accumulation of old scenes, worn and worm-eaten; cobwebs clung to the curtain arch, and at every step the dust rose in clouds from all the chinks of the flooring. Not even the electric light had penetrated there.

But the company that ran this old and glorious theatre resolved on making a considerable sacrifice. It put £20,000 at the disposal of Mr. Sachs, who did away with the old flooring, and the shaky worn-out material, and constructed within its walls this rejuvenated and movable stage which could be lowered and raised, taken apart and put together again like a child's toy, by the action of a few levers worked by a single hand. He divided the entire stage, from left to right, into five large bands, independent of each other; each of which, carried on a metal bridge, yielded to electricity with a docility and elastic ease of which I was an eyewitness.

This is not the place to describe in detail the working of such a formidable and delicate apparatus. It is enough to point out that, thanks to the initiative of the proprietors and the skill of Mr. Sachs, Covent Garden has become a show theatre, which specialists from every country will find the best model by which to complete and regulate their own experience.

Without insisting on a too humiliating comparison, I will call attention to this one fact, that, for the last fifteen or twenty years, Paris has seen the continual building of new theatres or the transformation of old ones. Next door to the Opera House a large theatre was built, the "Eden," afterwards the Grand Théâtre, now demolished. On the ground belonging to the Eden, Victor Koning built a charming hall, the Comédie Parisienne, now

the Athénée. M. Emile Rochard took over and transformed the Châtelet; Madame Sarah Bernhardt did the same with the Théâtre des Nations, to which she gave her name. The Paris Municipal Council, proprietors of these two houses, made some important improvements for its new tenants. Finally, two tragic accidents gave two architects the unique opportunity of re-building, at the cost of the State (which did not haggle over a few millions) two national theatres, the Opéra Comique and the Comédie Française. But neither at the Eden nor the Athénée, nor the Châtelet, nor the Opéra Comique, nor the Comédie Française, was it supposed that there was anything to be done beyond copying and reproducing the traditional machinery. Nobody ever dreamed that on every hand, and at our very doors, other countries were setting us an example. Nobody seized the unlooked-for opportunity of building a model theatre in Paris. Everybody was content to be still inspired by the old worn-out routine, and to draw out the plans of the new theatres on patterns dating from the eighteenth century.

In one case only was any progress made in Paris. And this was at the Opéra. Eighteen months ago, M. Gailhard, with the help of his electrician, M. de Cires, furnished that theatre with a splendid electric machinery, which ensures to him absolute perfection in lighting. On this point also the English theatres are as a rule superior to ours; their light is more abundant, better distributed, and better applied. I ought to mention that great efforts in this direction have been made in Paris within the last few years, chiefly at the Opéra Comique, the Châtelet and the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt. But no English theatre is as yet provided with an electric apparatus to be compared with that of the Opéra.

These, then, are the resources at the disposal of an English manager. He has the staff, the space, the initiative, and the audacity; he has tamed and subdued light; he has perfect command of force, electric and hydraulic. What does he do with it?

III.—SOME EXAMPLES OF STAGING.

Staging in England is sometimes excessive, but always intelligent.

I say "excessive," because English staging often covers with a magnificent dress very second-rate plays, and by thus giving them a fictitious value in the eyes of a public whose taste is not always infallible, it injures dramatic art more than it serves it.

For no staging can enable a playwright to dispense with literary effort. Whatever the splendour and verisimilitude of the *mise en scène*, however perfect the interpretation of his work, nothing can ever take the place of that passion of life and vividness of observation which are the true splendour and the only verisimilitude of dramatic art. No artifice can breathe the breath of life into what has no life in itself, and I consider it is deception

and a sort of treason to art itself to dress up in rich brocades some miserable skeleton of a play.

So much premised, we may admit the fact that herein lies the incontestable superiority of the English theatre. Care for staging is carried to a degree unknown in Paris. We justly marvel at certain *scènes* which are presented to us now and then as astonishing exceptions; in London they would be a matter of course in ten thousand. A dramatic author may find elsewhere equally fine actors and an equally intelligent public; nowhere, I believe, will he meet with the same eagerness to express his idea complete, nor the same dexterity in giving reality to the fictions of his dream.

I know that some eminent persons profess to consider staging a wholly secondary thing, and despise it accordingly. This is neither the opinion of dramatic authors nor of dramatic artists. To put drama on the stage does not merely mean putting words into the mouths of more or less clever actors, it means making it live in the *milieu* where it naturally moves, in the atmosphere which accounts for it, and in some cases determines the incidents and builds up the characters. When Gerhart Hauptmann wrote the *Weavers* or Jean Jullien *La Mer* and *Le Maître*, there can be no doubt that in their conception the *milieu* was all-important, that it played a part which had to be indicated in the staging. This illusion of life is given by the dresses, and by choosing and presenting in their natural aspect the objects which will best evoke it; in other words, by the *mise en scène*. This is one way of expressing the author's idea; sometimes it may even complete it and make it clearer; in any case it has no less value and significance than the interpretation of a *rôle*.

The English have grasped this fact; and every day their theatres offer us brilliant and unmistakable instances of it. With the fine audacity which distinguishes them from their Parisian *confrères*, their managers know how and when to take a risk, and pour out their money right royally. At the Haymarket, under the artistic management of Mr. Harrison and Mr. Cyril Maude, I have seen interiors presented with a refinement of good taste, a luxurious comfort, a care for the most minute details (tea services, cigar-cutters, cigar-cases, stationery, etc.), almost unknown in Paris. *Ragged Robin* at Her Majesty's cost £2,400. At the same theatre Mr. Beerbohm Tree spent, every night, nearly £240 over his *Julius Caesar*. And we know what fabulous sums Sir Henry Irving has already spent at the Lyceum.

It has been said that the stage managers in England are the realists of the theatre. This statement falls short of the truth. They are that, and something else besides. Certainly they have carried as far as possible their scrupulous correctness and truth to life in the minutest details. All the same, it struck me that their elaborate aim is not so much to represent material objects with absolute precision, as to make their higher significance tell. Loyal to the principle which I tried to formulate at the commence-

ment of this article, they are striving, not so much to make their scenery a faithful representation of Nature, as to give it a symbolic expression corresponding to the character of the persons who live amongst it. They do not solely reproduce Nature, which is the scene-painter's and the carpenter's business; they call up *milieux*, they create atmosphere, they make of the scenery a living and speaking personality; they impress it first on the eyes, then on the minds of the audience, they diffuse through the house the very soul of the drama, ineluctable and ever-present. Thus the *mise en scène* has for them as much subjective as objective value; in their hands it becomes an art which is not only the interpreter, but the collaborator of the art of the dramatist, and is in a certain sense a creative art. I don't know whether it is a paradox to say that the English stage-managers, reputed realists, are in reality idealists, seeing that they proceed from the work of thought to the sensation by means of which ideas are to be suggested. I may add that in dealing with such matters definitions are useless. What we want are examples. I have selected two or three from the record of my observations.

Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree at his fine theatre, Her Majesty's, put on the stage *Ragged Robin*, an adaptation of the *Chemineau* of M. Jean Richepin, first produced at the Odéon.

The *Chemineau* brings on the stage a throng of stalwart, light-hearted harvesters, brown with their labour in the fields. The poet has made these characters alive with the wild exuberant life of Nature at harvest time. At Her Majesty's, from the first opening of the action, by sheer force of scenery, by the deep, picturesque perspective, soaked in vivid light, the audience was thrown at once under the spell of the illusion of Nature. The Mother Earth became for them a personality present there in the rows of corn-sheaves; they caught the secret of her strenuous labour, they felt under their feet her heavy heart-beats. The trees that framed the stage had all the appearance of real trees, they were not painted on canvas in the flat, but modelled and constructed in relief; ivy twined round their trunks; the sheaves that stood upright in the background were real corn-sheaves, everywhere there was a profusion of uncultivated vegetation, wild under-growth, field flowers swayed on their stalks by the wind; over the entire arch a well-contrived combination of natural branches and painted canvas concealed the disturbing convention of this frieze; at the sides there were none of those flat wings which in our theatres do duty for ravines or rocks, but solid structures, banks and trees modelled and fashioned in such a way as to be one with the rest of the scenery.

At the Odéon, the horizon was represented by a flat canvas, with end wings continuing it, a deplorable device which destroyed the perspective and was death to the illusion, showing, as it did, long vertical fissures right and left, from top to bottom of the scene. In London there was a concave panorama embracing half the stage, allowing the line of the horizon its full

sweep and depth, and indefinitely lengthening the stage, without any joins to destroy the effect of the whole.

But this is only a question of scenery; and I mention it merely in passing; it needs nothing beyond the painter's eye. All the same, verisimilitude in scenery has become a law in English theatres; a tree is a tree, a column a column, and not a piece of coloured canvas nailed on wooden mounts and painted so as to deceive the eye.

Mr. Beerhohn Tree has done better than this. We shall see with what art he illustrated *Le Chemineau*, so as to make the play yield its greatest possible effect.

There is a love-scene towards the end of the First Act, where Toinette is reunited to the Chemineau. A scene of exquisite grace and tenderness and feeling, which has about it something of the scent of the mown hay and the mingled perfumes of exuberant nature. An important scene, moreover, since from it we learn that Toinette is about to become a mother, and that the pathos of the drama will spring from this maternity. Mr. Tree's idea was charming. A little to the left of the stage stood a young tree, all covered with blossoms and looking like a white dome. At the foot of this tree, their heads brushing the lowest branches, sat the lovers on a wooden bench, their refuge in those tender moments when they exchanged their vows of eternal love, lowering their voices to speak of that mystery. By a still happier device, the tree is shaken, and the blossoms drop from it and fall upon them and around them. Suddenly, while their heads lean one towards the other, a bird's song bursts out from the dome of whiteness, mingling the voice of nature with the beating of their over-charged hearts, like a hymn of love sprung from the breast of the accomplished earth.

A little later in the Fourth Act we are in the orchard of Maître Pierre. Maître Pierre had a daughter who loves Toinot, but Toinet, the son of Toinette and the Chemineau, is a hastard, and Maître Pierre had sworn that he will not have him for his son-in-law. Toinet is in despair, and the poor girl pines and fades away. Then, in a half-fantastic scene, the Chemineau, who has seen many countries and learnt many things, who knows secret charms for evil as well as for good, gets round the good man Maître Pierre, whose mind is haunted by stories of sorcerers, and terrifies him; he mixes up the sickness of his daughter and the marriage of the young people with the sovereign panacea which is to cure the cattle disease, and does it so well that he wrings consent from the old peasant.

Here again is a scene of the highest importance. The boy and girl united, the Chemineau is supposed to have redeemed his fault; his work is accomplished and he can depart. The essential character of this scene is terror and mystery. How has Mr. Tree contrived to express it?

The scenery is close-packed, secret, crowded, suggesting the fantastic magic with which the tramp is about to terrorise the feeble brain of Maître Pierre. In the foreground two young trees, one at the right, the other in

the middle of the stage; to the left a thick bush of undergrowth, from which the eastern of lots will suddenly emerge; in the background a lake motionless and transparent, iridescent in the sunlight, with lilies floating on its surface, and old gnarled trees sleeping on the banks.

The tramp appears, or rather springs violently from the copse. The sunlight becomes more dazzling, the lilies open, the mercurial reflections spread glistening on the stagnant water. But as the action slowly unfolds, developing its fantastic character, and as the terror grows in the old man's shaken soul, clouds appear and gather in the sky; the sun is veiled, the horizon covered, the silver streak which glides like a stream of flame on the motionless water gradually disappears; the stage darkens with the threatening of a storm. And all at once the storm breaks; the orchard is shaken by the far-off rolling of the thunder; lightning rips up the sky, while still the hewitching of the poor man goes on.

Little by little he yields to terror; he draws back, he reflects, he is about to give in. There is a longer interval between the flashes of lightning. The storm is passing over, and as Maitre Pierre ends by giving his consent to the marriage, the sun comes out, the silver streak gleams again among the lilies, seen trembling between the old trees all aflame with gold; and the marriage is agreed upon in the midst of a triumphant apotheosis of light.

Now take the same scene, as it is acted at the Odéon, in an ordinary stage garden, with a wall at one end and stiff cut-out trees to right and left; imagine it going on without any incident in the midst of this commonplace and rigid scenery, and judge whether Mr. Beerholm Tree's picturesque, vivid, and varied staging is not a marvellous aid to the poet's thought, by strengthening, and, so to speak, projecting the fantastic impression which he meant to excite. All the honour is due to Mr. Tree, for the author's text gives no hint of the part to be played by the scenery in the scene, and at the Odéon, where M. Richepin directed the rehearsals of his play, he did not even suggest the smallest change in the light.

But I can give another instance which will equally illustrate my point.

Everybody in London has seen Sir Henry Irving in *The Bells*. The character of Mathias is one of his best and most favourite parts.

The Bells (as it is well known) is the English translation of a French drama of Erenmann-Chatrian, *Le Juif Polonais*, which the Comédie Française included in its repertory a few years ago; I choose it because, like the *Chemineau*, it lends itself to direct comparison with the methods of the French stage.

In the last act of *The Bells* old Mathias has just gone to bed, and he is dreaming. He dreams that his old crime is discovered, that he is dragged to the courts, that a judge examines him, multiplies against him evidence, witnesses, and proofs. At first he pleads Not Guilty. But the judge has hit on a stratagem. He calls up a hypnotiser, and in the magnetic sleep Mathias confesses his crime. They waken him and present him with

the *procès verbal* of the admissions which he has just unconsciously made. It is the horror of this nightmare that rouses Mathias in his bed.

How has this been represented at the Comédie Française?

It is night on the stage; the canvas at the back is illuminated, the tribunal suddenly appears in all its ordinary array, and the horrible trial unrolls, with a scrupulous care as to authentic detail, in its accustomed majesty. Where is the illusion? Is there anything, besides the effort of their own imaginations, to indicate to the audience that this is not a real scene, but the nightmare of an agonised brain? And on whom is their interest to be concentrated, if all the characters have the same light thrown on them and claim attention at the same time?

Sir Henry Irving had a far more intelligent conception of this drama. He started from a twofold idea, that the thing to be represented was a dream, and that in that dream the only figure of any dramatic importance is that of the assassin.

What does Mathias see? What object arrests his agonised consciousness, as he lies there asleep and dreaming? The jury? The magnetiser? No. He merely feels their presence, divines it, imagines it, weighing on him with all the weight of the human justice, at last awakened, which they represent. But the face he watches—the eyes he questions, the haggard features in which he traces the horror of his crime and the awful betrayals of remorse—this face is his own. In other words, the nightmare is his arraignment at the tribunal of his own conscience, which suddenly appears to him in the night.

In fact the whole stage is plunged in darkness. On the left, in the vertical section of a scene, appears the curtained bed in which Mathias has just lain down; in the background, among the shadows, the white robes of the motionless judges may be vaguely perceived, and a sound of faint sepulchral voices interrogating in the obscurity. One person alone stands out in full light—Mathias—his figure illuminated by a shaft of bluish light, which follows him in all his movements. When the hypnotiser advances, his hands only are seen, as if coming out of the darkness, waving in the luminous ray. And the tragic face of the criminal, bathed in this lunar light and moving in the darkness, gives to the whole tableau that supreme effect of fantastic hallucination and terror which is exactly what was intended by the authors.

The same superior power of conception inspired Irving with the *mise en scène* of one of the most famous scenes in *Macbeth*. What is the great theatrical effect when Banquo's ghost appears at the feast to the usurper who assassinated him? Surely it is not the apparition of a repulsive spectre with a pallid forehead and his throat cut, and blood dripping over his breast? This would be puerile. The theatrical effect is the effect which this apparition makes upon the King, the terror of the murderer, *Macbeth*. If Banquo appeared in that gross way, like a devil jumping out

of a trap-door, the conventional absurdity would prevent our feeling instantaneously that he is only visible to Macbeth alone, the rest of the guests remaining unaware of his presence. It would be a coarse and despicable fiction. It is from the terror in the eyes of the King that we divine the apparition of Banquo at the moment when it takes place; and it will be the more arresting the more dramatically the actor plays his part. Is it not, by the way, an express law of the theatre that the emotion of the audience is more surely raised the more independent it is of any direct material stimulus? It is the imagination that should be appealed to rather than the senses.

Through an imperfect understanding of this law the performance of *Macbeth* at the Odéon was spoiled by the *mise en scène* of the apparition of Banquo, who was presented in a vulgar, infantile, and almost grotesque fashion: while Sir Henry Irving, through his faithful and penetrating rendering of the poet's intention, made the episode incomparably more real and intense.

IV.—THE PARISIAN THEATRES.

Mise en scène thus extended is an art in itself. It has nothing to do with the ordinary business of the manager, in which, in most Parisian theatres, it is merged. It becomes the most intelligent, effectual, and complete means of carrying out the dramatist's idea. It is the logical development and living expression of it. It thus acquires a value and significance of its own; and these, in the hands of a competent exponent of the art, make it the most trustworthy aid and precise collaborator of the playwright, as well as the most valuable commentary on the play.

Not that this implies that Paris is incapable of accomplishing such *misés en scène*. That was not what I meant, and my great admiration for the English theatre does not make me blind to the efforts of our own. Most indubitably progress is being made every day under our very eyes. In England, I believe that Irving was the first to accustom the taste of his fellow-citizens to those refinements of art on which his reputation justly rests. By the force of example and the pressure of the public demand, other theatres followed, equalling and sometimes surpassing their old master. And, I believe that Paris in its turn will be roused by the same influence. Rumours of the perfection of English staging have reached it, and the public has caught the far-off echoes of them; some actors have indulged themselves by giving full play to their love of artistic and magnificent effect. Another step, and to-morrow the fancy of a few will have become the necessity for all.

Paris certainly is not without persons of taste, for whom the study of the new art would have attractions. M. Porel, once the brilliant manager of the Odéon, who now, together with Madame Réjane, his wife, rules the destinies of the Vaudeville, is celebrated for his taste; as is M. Albert Carré,

the manager of the Opéra Comique, for his science and ingenuity; and M. Rochard, manager of the Châtelet, for his luxurious staging. But I think it will be generally agreed that one of the cleverest craftsmen of that other kind of *mise en scène* which I may call intellectual and psychological, is M. Antoine.

The capabilities of M. Antoine are limited and defined. His comprehension does not go beyond a certain range of subjects. He is the apostle of "popular" art, and he delights in putting on the stage wretched and sordid interiors which express their peculiar character with the maximum intensity. But though confined to one province of the domain of art, he brings into it an understanding, an intelligence and a will which make some of his *mises en scène*, for instance, in the *Weavers* or *La Patrie en danger*, or *Blanchette*, perfect models of their kind.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt, on the contrary, revels in magnificent display and sumptuousness of scenery. She has the sense of these things, coupled with an extraordinary imagination. Her vision is both large and fine. I do not know any artist in the world whose taste is surer. Her prodigious instinct points out to her irresistibly the work to be accomplished or the fault to be avoided. One could study in detail, take up bit by bit, the vastest and most complicated of her *mises en scène* without finding a single flaw, a single error of taste. She is made so that two colours badly assorted wound her like a bodily hurt. But she is not only critical; her eye creates and combines with a decision and a certainty which is little short of miraculous.

She has accomplished *tours de force* like the staging, of M. Sardou's *Giorgio*, which demande movement over wide spaces, on a stage as cramped as that of the Renaissance Theatre, where, nevertheless, the ingenuity of her arrangement gave, in the most wonderful manner, the illusion of vastness and depth. For the rest, she does everything, sees everything. Nothing escapes her comprehensive glance. On the stage, while she is playing, she will give orders for some correction of the lighting or the dresses, or for the hastening or retarding of some movement. There is not a minute when she ceases to be the living intelligence and moving will of her theatre. Those who have seen her play M^r Edmond Rostand's *La Samaritaine* have never forgotten the luminous and stirring *mises en scène* where the arrangement of the scenery, the colour of the sky, the agitation of the crowd, the voices of the actors were merged in one incomparable artistic effect. Madame Sarah Bernhardt is the sole worker of these wonders. The olive tree in the first act, under the shade of which Jesus has just been teaching, she has had copied and moulded, so as to get the correct shape and sweep of the branches, from an olive-tree found in the South. All the dresses of the actors and the supernumeraries (of which there were over a hundred), she designed and draped herself with pieces of

many-coloured stuffs, arranging each to suit the artist who was to wear it. But instances such as these do not alter the fact that the majority of theatres in Paris are as yet very far from rivalling [the things] achieved by nearly all the London theatres.

I can see two reasons for this. First, the intellectual conception of *mise en scène*, which I have tried to formulate in these pages, is not yet grasped by all stage managers. But that it would take too long, I could show that among the most celebrated of our "*metteurs en scène*" there are those for whom scenic beauty, or richness, or comfort is the last word of their science, and who leave to their actors the labour of understanding and interpreting the play.

However, even in this one point of luxury, London remains superior to Paris; and here comes in the second reason, of a more vulgar order. The English are men of initiative, and know how to risk money. Our managers are, as a rule, men of routine, and think of nothing but keeping down expenses. The English are splendid gamblers; they cheerfully throw down their purse on the roulette table; if the number is lucky they pocket their gains; if they lose they begin again with a light heart. But our managers complain that the public sells its favours dear, and that their receipts hardly cover their expenses. And this is a vicious circle; for, often enough, the uncertain success of a play is owing to the parsimonious manner in which it has been produced; and if the theatre brings in little money it is because it has not laid much out. They have taste, capability, experience, but the lack of this one virtue of daring paralyses their most meritorious efforts.

As it happens, the French public, no less than that of London, is an enthusiastic lover of the theatre. In Paris one hundred thousand persons are crowded together every evening in all public places where the priests of the drama, small and great, are officiating. If a play appears in which there is ever so little of the breath of life or of dreams, all that great crowd runs after it with feverish ardour. Our writers are the universal providers of ideas. The theatres of all the capitals in the world recognise ours as their progenitors. Will not the day then come when our managers will understand that so glorious a past entails duties? Urged by the example of foreigners, pressed by the demands of a public whose education is going on slowly but surely, and which is no longer content to ignore the art of its neighbours, they will assuredly make up their minds to learn in their turn the lesson which is being given them on every hand.

Then, at last, Paris will have cause for pride in her theatres, furnished with all the resources of mechanical science, and adorned with all the beauty of art. In that day she will remember all that she owes to London's example, and I know some who will never forget it.

GEORGES BOURDON.

FRENCH DRAMA IN 1901.

It is not without interest to observe the movement of the French Drama at the present time. In no other field, perhaps, do our literary activities meet with such conspicuous success. Truth to say, those of our contemporaries who write for the stage are most favourably circumstanced. They are upheld by ancient traditions, encouraged by world-wide appreciation. A play that has been favourably received in Paris goes on tour round the world, and its fortunate author finds himself on the high road to fame and opulence. Writers of plays now have at their disposal first-rate actors, the favourites of the public, in whom they can discern by anticipation the embodiment of their conceptions. It is easy, therefore, to understand the potent attraction the stage exerts upon our very best writers. A physiologist would say that the function creates the organ; an economist, that to the greatness of the demand answers the abundance of the supply. No sooner has a French author made a name for himself as a writer of fiction, a poet or a journalist, than he directs his energies towards playwriting, an art whose votaries are thus recruited in the very front rank of our men of letters.

But, it may be objected, these conditions have long prevailed in France, and are by no means restricted to the last year or two. The objection is not unfounded, and I hasten to adduce, over and above the general causes I have just mentioned, a special reason for the success which has attended our dramatic efforts. This, indeed, is not so much an explanation as a mere statement of fact. It is a fact that the different branches of literature do not develop simultaneously; nor do they together reach the full maturity of their bloom. Now one of them is found to be in a period of brilliancy, now another. Twenty-five years ago the Novel was pre-eminent, with Alphonse Daudet, Emile Zola, Ferdinand Fabre, Guy de Maupassant, Paul Bourget, Pierre Loti. Next came the turn of History, with such names as the Duc de Broglie, Thiers, Dangein, Albert Sorel, Albert Vandal, Henry Houssaye. Then Literary Criticism had its period of splendour with Ferdinand Brunetiere, Jules Lemaitre, Anatole France, Emile Faguet. To-day the most brilliant pleiad is to be found among play-writers; it is the turn of Dramatic Literature to enjoy the favours of the fickle goddess.

Of the plays it has given us, I will mention the more important only, those that have an artistic value and significance. The rest, at a few months' interval, are less than nothing. "*Du spectacle d'hier affiches déchirées,*" says Victor Hugo.

What do we seek at the play? The presentment of some general truth, the discussion of a problem, or simply diversion. M. Paul Hervieu's plays, *La Course du Flambeau* and *L'Enigme*, satisfy the first of these conceptions, *Remplacantes*, by M. Eugène Brieux, and *La Vie publique*, by M. Emile Fabre, the second; *La Veine*, by M. Alfred Capus, and *La Bascule*, by M. Donnay, the third. •

La Course du Flambeau is one of the best plays that has been written for a long time. It is the great achievement of the year, rising far above the level of other dramatic productions. It is certainly the masterpiece of its author, showing him to be possessed of a certainty of touch, of a mastery which we should scarcely have expected from him. M. Paul Hervieu first became known to us as a novelist gifted with penetrating observation and scathing irony. He gave us a pitiless presentment of a fashionable and highly perverted society, labouring especially to show up the coarser instincts which are but ill concealed under the thin veneer of social elegance. Four years ago he gave the Comédie Française in quick succession *Les Tenailles* and *La Loi de l'Homme*. These were problem plays after the manner of Alexandre Dumas the younger; they might be defined the plays of a Dumas more bitter and less sympathetic, less witty. In his eagerness to justify his theories he made of his plays a mere disputation, and the characters, instead of being living men and women, were no more than arguments clashing one with the other. These failings have disappeared in M. Hervieu's new play; the interest has become more general, the sentiments more human, the characters more living.

The subject is taken from the innermost depths of the human heart. It is none other but the contrast between filial and parental affection. We love our children more than they love us. Affection, like a stream, flows down and not up; such at least is M. Paul Hervieu's opinion. Is it quite true? Does it not admit of certain reservations and a great many exceptions? At all events it contains a considerable element of truth, it is shared by the greater number of moralists, and it is in agreement with the wisdom of nations.

To give expression to this idea on the stage, M. Hervieu devised the following story. Madame Revol, a widow, lives with her mother, old Madame Fontenais, and her daughter, Marie Jeanne. She devotes herself entirely to her daughter, and has but now contracted a second marriage. Just at this juncture her daughter informs her that she loves young Didier Maravon and is loved by him, and that they must at once be allowed to marry. So Madame Revel relinquishes her lover, a first sacrifice, which presently turns out to have been made in vain. Marie Jeanne and Didier have been man and wife for two years, but the young man has imprudently ventured upon an industrial speculation. He is on the verge of bankruptcy, unless twelve thousand pounds are forthcoming to save him. Madame Revel has

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not this sum at her disposal, but she asks her mother, old Madame Fontenais, to let her have it. She meets with a point-blank refusal. What, then, can Madame Revel do to save her children? She will attempt to abstract the money from her mother's writing-desk. She steals certain securities and, in order to be able to negotiate them, she commits a forgery. A double crime, which again proves of no avail, for the solicitor to whom Madame Revel applies at once discovers the forgery. The scene in which Madame Revel relates how she stole the securities in the night and then found herself compelled to confess her shame to the solicitor, is one of the most poignant ever put upon the stage. Marie Jeanne, upset by all those troubles, has fallen ill and it becomes necessary to take her to the Engadine. The doctor warns Madame Revel that old Madame Fontenais must on no account go with them, for the keen air of the mountains would kill her. Madame Revel disobeys the doctor's injunctions, and the old lady dies as he had predicted. Madame Revel has thus committed a regular parricide, and once more her crime turns out to be of no advantage to her. Marie Jeanne, whose husband has found some employment in America, leaves her mother to follow her husband. Thus, in this gloomy drama, has Madame Revel allowed maternal love to lead her on from crime to crime, and in exchange she has reaped nothing but ingratitude.

From beginning to end we follow the play with breathless anxiety. The author has "got hold of us," and his powerful grip does not relax for a moment. The special merits of the play are, first, the rigid directness of the manner. Not so much as a hair's breadth does the author deviate from the straight line. He never allows our attention to be distracted by episodes. Then the faithful portraying of a bourgeois interior and the truth of some of the characters. Old Madame Fontenais, for instance, is taken straight from life. The good lady says nothing, does nothing which she would not necessarily say and do at her age and in her situation. She is now too old to be carried away by an impulse of inconsiderate generosity; she is prudent and timid. Once before she has lost part of her fortune in industrial speculations; she will never run the same risk again, and already she foresees the day when her family and herself will want for bread. Lastly, the dialogue of the characters is a model of direct, crisp and graphic dialogue. The speakers do not attempt to be witty or indulge in sparkling repartee. They are entirely engrossed with the interests they are discussing, they say nothing that is irrelevant. The work is stern and gloomy, but powerful and suggestive. It leaves a lasting impression. *La Course du Flambeau* is almost a perfect model of what may be called the *comédie bourgeoise*, introducing all the horrors of ancient tragedy amid the surroundings of our contemporary middle-class society. It secures for M. Paul Hervieu a place in the foremost rank of our dramatic authors.

The performance of the play was remarkable, in that Madame Réjane was now first seen in the part of a mother. Our witty, roguish, sparkling, coquettish Réjane in a tearful part! this was, indeed a new departure. For a long time Réjane played parts specially written for her, and called after her, "les Réjane." But the clever comédienne understood that the time had come to change her manner, and as she is gifted with remarkable adaptability, she has been eminently successful. There is no doubt but what she will remain worthy of her old self in the new career she has entered upon. She was ably supported by Madame Daynes-Grassot, who was excellent in the part of Madame Fontenais.

Since he gave us *La Course du Flambeau*, M. Hervieu has written another play, *L'Enigme*, which was given at the Comédie Française and met with the most enthusiastic reception.

L'Enigme possesses the same qualities of forcible sobriety and graphic brightness which are characteristic of his talent. There is, therefore, no need to dwell any further upon these. But the qualities that deserve to be more particularly brought into relief are the uncommon elements and original treatment which make this play unlike any other.

Everyone knows what power the feeling of curiosity has over us. Let our curiosity be once awakened, let it be intensified, exasperated, and soon we shall experience an intense, violent, passionate desire to know. To bring about this state of mind was the object M. Hervieu had in view in combining the elements and weaving the plot of his drama. Nor has he failed to attain his object. It may be said that for fifty-nine minutes he heaps darkness upon darkness so that the sixtieth minute may bring us a sort of welcome relief when light at last breaks in upon us.

Two brothers, Raymond and Gérard de Gourgiran, live in a country manor in the midst of the woods with their wives Gisèle and Léonore. We are given to understand that a friend, one M. de Vivarce, who is staying with them as a guest, is the lover of one of the ladies, but of which we are not told. That is the enigma. It has been arranged that Raymond and Gérard are to leave their beds in the middle of the night to join their game-keeper in an expedition against some poachers. They can hardly fail to surprise Vivarce who steals up every night to join his mistress. But which of the two can it be, Gisèle or Léonore? . . . A conversation occurs in which the subject is discussed whether an outraged husband has a right to avenge his honour by killing the guilty pair. Gisèle breaks impetuously into the conversation, Léonore scarcely says a word. Gisèle's excitement may be the uneasiness of a woman who feels danger impending, but it may just as well betoken the assurance of a virtuous woman, who, being free from guilt, speaks her mind without restraint. Léonore's composure may proceed from an easy conscience, but then again it may be due

to perfect dissimulation. When the curtain falls, we are as much in the dark as ever; we still ask ourselves, "Which of the two is it?"

At the beginning of the second act it appears that Raymond and Gérard duly surprised Vivarce in his flight down to his rooms. But with whom has he been? With Gisèle or with Léonore? Léonore hastens up at the sound of the disturbance. This may be because she fears for the safety of her lover; it may also be taken as a proof that she has nothing to hide or to be afraid of. Gisèle is found asleep in her room. But perhaps she is only pretending to be asleep. We are no wiser than we were before. The two husbands commence an investigation. No clue is forthcoming. Both wives protest their innocence. The arguments they put forward are equally convincing. The more they seek, the less do their husbands find an answer to the irritating question: Which of the two is it? The greater our uncertainty, the more eager we are to know the truth. The elusive answer to the enigma, the solution of the problem, seemingly as far off as ever, becomes an oppression, an anguish, a torture. We are on tenter-hooks. . . . The report of a gun is heard: Vivarce has shot himself. A stifled moan escapes the lips of Léonore. It was she then, after all! At last the truth is out. There is a rush of air to our lungs; we breathe again, the curtain may fall.

Rarely has a dramatic author succeeded in working up his audience to such a state of breathless suspense. Every night, at the fall of the curtain, the whole house hursts into frantic applause.

Madame Bartet plays the part of Léonore, the guilty wife, the imperturbable dissembler. She is, as usual, perfection. It is impossible to act with more tact, reserve, refinement and self-possession. Mdlle. Brandès is excellent in the part of Gisèle, which brings out her qualities of passion and impetuosity. The two brothers, Raymond and Gérard, are adequately impersonated by Messrs. Paul Mounet and Silvain. As to the part of Vivarce, it has been entrusted to M. Mayer, who has long been a favourite in the *scènes de genre*, but who is a new comer at the Comédie Française. Finally, the cast of *L'Enigme* held one surprise in store for us, which was to see M. Le Bargy in the part of an argumentative old man. I may add that he is too young for the part, and that he will do well, for some time to come, to keep to the parts of mingled elegance and biting sarcasm which suit him so well.

If M. Hervieu can be compared to the younger Dumas, M. Engèle Brioux may, to a certain extent, be likened to Emile Augier. Like the latter, M. Brioux is possessed of common sense, enthusiasm, and pleasing ruggedness. He would seem to have undertaken, in his plays, to tilt against all the failings and vices of contemporary society. He brings the lancet and cautery to bear upon social sores. In his first play, *Blanchette*, he attacked the prevailing rage for academical diplomas, and showed up

the wretched lot of the unfortunate girl-graduate sprung from the lower classes, and whom the silly vanity of a father launches upon the deceptive career of a governess. In *L'Evasion* he fell foul of the presumption of doctors. In *La Robe Rouge* he impeached the professional vices of the magistracy. This time he wages war upon those mothers who do not smother their own children, but choose substitutes to perform in their stead this natural function and moral duty. Hence the title of the play, *Les Remplaçantes*.

Les Remplaçantes are the poor women or girls who are called up from the country, and who come to the towns to smother the children of the wealthy. This is bad for all concerned; bad for the mother who, by shirking a duty, is deposed from her rights and her dignity, bad also for the nurse. The latter has a child of her own, whom she must abandon to the tender mercies of a relative, or to mercenaries who care for it badly, and in the majority of cases let it die. She comes to Paris and is received into wealthy mansions where she is overwhelmed with all manner of considerate attentions. She grows unaccustomed to the toiling and hardy life of the country; she contracts a taste for idleness; she is lost. Such a life is eminently calculated to lead to ruin a worthy peasant-woman and an honest mother of a family. Meantime the husband, who has remained in the country, lives comfortably on the money his wife sends him; he, too, soon falls a prey to idle and drunken habits. Ruin whichever way you look. Such, in the opinion of doctors and moralists alike, is the result of this hateful practice. And M. Brioux has expounded this moral and medical thesis on the stage by showing us one of these peasant couples in danger of coming to grief because the wife, compelled thereto by dire necessity, has gone up to Paris as a wet-nurse.

There is no doubt but what a breath of generosity pervades the play. You remember what happened in the eighteenth century when Jean-Jacques Rousseau, in his *Emile*, had so eloquently pleaded the cause of maternal nursing. Every mother was eager to smother her own child, and made a point of appearing in public with her babe at her breast. I do not know if M. Brioux has made many converts, but both in the press and in society his play has certainly been the subject of interminable discussions. On one point all are agreed, namely, in admiring its masterly presentment of village manners. Some of his types of country people are taken from life.

Les Remplaçantes was played at the Théâtre Antoine, than which no playhouse in Paris can boast a more minute observance of realistic exactitude.

In pursuing his design of exhibiting upon the stage the study of social scores, M. Brioux has recently fallen foul of the rock that is the special danger of this style of drama. His latest production, *Les Avariés*, has been suppressed by the censors. The matter created quite a hubbub.

M. Brienx, appealing from the decision of the censors to the judgment of his peers, called a gathering of *littérateurs* and critics at the Théâtre Antoine and gave them a private reading of his play. I was present on this occasion. It is unquestionably impossible to doubt the purity of the author's intentions. He has not sought to raise a scandal. It was his aim to labour as a teacher of morals, as a social preserver. But with the very best intentions it is possible to go astray, and this is just what has happened to M. Brienx. The subject was a most delicate one. *Les Avariés* treats of a medical problem, and medical problems are out of place on the stage.

Politics, in this respect, may be likened to the art of healing. On the stage they are usually tedious and frequently offensive. The author is in danger of becoming a pamphleteer, of indulging in party polemics, of offending one section of his audience, while flattering the passions of the other. It was, then, the rashest of ventures for M. Emile Fahre to write such a play as *La Vie Publique*, which he has just given with such marked success. The subject is the criticism of our electoral customs. The author surmises that in the imaginary town of Salente—in reality any provincial town in France—municipal elections are just about to be held. The list of candidates is being made up, and the different factions are busy trying to come to terms. The leading character, Ferrier, who was first presented to us as a man of unending principle and intractable temper, is gradually induced to make concessions. We are thus afforded the spectacle of the gradual decomposition of a naturally strong character by the lax morality which obtains in the world of politics. This play, in which there are, so to speak, no female characters, in which love plays but an insignificant part, and the sole point of interest is to know if certain people who are perfect strangers to us will, or will not, be elected in some hypothetical city, succeeded none the less in gaining and keeping the attention of the public. This fact points to uncommonly skilful treatment on the part of the author who is almost a novice in play-writing.

La Vie Publique is played in a new playhouse opened within the last twelvemonth by M. Gémier. The Théâtre Gémier is a sort of second Théâtre Libre. M. Gémier, who was formerly an actor in the company of M. Antoine, has modelled himself upon the latter, and may be said to continue his work. Antoine had striven after greater perfection in stage-management, and more especially to achieve a more realistic presentation of crowds than had hitherto been given. The fourth act of *La Vie Publique* is almost entirely taken up with admirably regulated movements of crowds.

The success of such theatres as M. Antoine's or M. Gémier's is highly significant. It points to a reaction against certain abuses that have become established in other houses. Almost all theatres have gradually drifted into habits of enormous expenditure upon luxurious scenery and the high salaries that must be paid to the actors cast for the leading parts. It consequently

becomes necessary to raise the prices of seats and to keep the same play as long as possible upon the bill. M. Antoine and M. Gémier go on a very different principle, which consists in mounting a piece in an intelligent and tasteful style but at the same time at a moderate cost. They pay their actors a reasonable, but not an exorbitant salary, and are thus enabled to lower their prices and to make frequent changes in the play-bill. It was this double advantage that at once appealed to the public and assured the success of their experiment.

We come finally to those people who go to the play neither to reflect upon the general sentiments of humanity nor to meditate upon the weaknesses of contemporary society, but who go there solely to be amused. It may be added that there are many such—in fact they constitute the immense majority of playgoers. With this public *La Veine*, by M. Alfred Capus, had a triumphant reception. It was performed at the Variétés, and is extremely laughable. It belongs to the Parisian and boulevardier variety. This is tantamount to saying that the characters represented are not so much real beings as puppets. They are amusing; the dialogue is witty and easy-flowing. Here and there we light upon an agreeably sentimental vein. Plays of this kind are like tickets in a lottery. They succeed or fail, just as a number in a lottery wins or loses, according to luck. M. Capus's play has been lucky. *La Veine* (the "run of luck") has not belied its name.

Let us hasten to add that what contributed in no small measure to the enormous success of the play was the excellent acting of the cast; Jeanne Granier, who has, as is well known, blossomed into a clever comedienne, since she gave up being a seductive *divette*: Guitry, one of the greatest favourites of the Parisian public; Albert Brasseur, always excruciatingly funny.

In this thoroughly Parisian style another great success is the play M. Maurice Donnay has just given at the Gymnase, *La Bascule*. Here, again, the plot is of the flimsiest texture. It is the story of a husband fondly in love with his wife, but who yet is unfaithful to her, while at the same time he suffers agonies of terror at the mere thought of discovery. The situation is by no means a new one. But in this case the situation is of little importance. The whole merit of the play lies in the lively treatment of the details, in the spirited dialogue and light, playful wit.

The piece is played to perfection by M. Huguenet, who is wonderfully natural and full of life. Huguenet is the best actor we possess at the present time in our *théâtres de genre*.

These are the plays that have attracted notice during the past twelve-month, the plays that have left an impression, and are worthy of being remembered. If we wished to make a complete review of the plays of the year, we should be brought to the conclusion that there was no branch of dramatic literature but gave rise to some production that is worthy of

interest. The drama in verse found a representative in M. Auguste Dorchain, who gave us *Pour l'Amour*, a play full of noble intentions and cast in a most ingenious mould. M. Ferdinand Vandérem has written a pretty psychological comedy under the title of *La Pente Douce*. At the Porte St. Martin we had a splendidly stage-mounted but unsatisfactory adaptation of the famous Neronian novel, *Quo Vadis*. There is more especially to be noticed a revival of the light comedy. We have had numberless vaudevilles, and every one of them was favourably received. Let us mention two by M. Capus, *La Petite Fonctionnaire* at the Nouveautés and *La Bourse et la Vie* at the Gymnase; a very entertaining light comedy by M. Pierre Veber, *La Main Gauche*, played at the Théâtre Antoine.

Now should we wish from the above collection of plays to draw any inference as regards the theories that prevail in the dramatic literature of the present day and the general tendency of playwrights, this is what may be said. For forty years one system held undisputed sway in the French drama, the comedy of manners as represented by the younger Dumas, Emile Augier, and Sardou. This was combated and laid low by Henry Becque, the author of *Les Corbeaux*, and by the school known as the Théâtre Libre. Then for a few years there was an attempt to foist upon us a coarse style of drama, an objectionable style with an objectionable name, *la Comédie Rosse*. This, too, has had its day. Now, playwrights will bear no heavy yoke, no exacting discipline. Each follows, at his own risk, the impulse of his own temperament and fancy. Whether this unshackled liberty is an advantage or the reverse it is for the future to decide. Its immediate effect, at any rate, is to give us the extreme variety which constitutes the special charm of the French Drama of to-day.

In conclusion it behoves us to say a few words concerning a question which has for nearly two years been raising the keenest excitement in the theatrical world, and which has now reached an acute stage, the question of the Comédie Française.

The Comédie Française, as every one knows, is a theatre of a special kind, the counterpart of which is to be found in no other country. Here in France it represents tradition, dating back, as it does, to the time of Molière.

Through the Comédie Française the great actors of to-day are the direct heirs of the players of the "*Troupe du Roi*." The date 1680 is religiously inscribed upon the official paper and envelope of the theatre. Its *raison d'être* is to uphold the traditions of the great French drama of the seventeenth century, to preserve the chief master-pieces which have followed each other on its boards in uninterrupted sequence, for the last three hundred years, to exhibit them as in a gallery of art, and to hold them up as objects of undying veneration. Nor does the Comédie Française reject new productions,

but here it has every right to be hard to please. Its business is not to try experiments, but to consecrate reputations. To have a play accepted by it is an honour to any writer. It is further a guarantee to the public that the play they are about to hear has been thought worthy to appear upon such a stage. The Comédie Française is a regulator of taste, and its usefulness has been acknowledged by the governing bodies themselves, for they have granted it a yearly subsidy. It is, indeed, a State institution, and it is easy to realise that no detail affecting its interior organisation or its future can be a matter of indifference to those who take an interest in the destinies of the French Drama.

Now certain critical events are taking place just now which will leave the Comédie Française deeply modified.

On the 1st of January last the company took possession of a new building officially opened the day before. The new house was built as faithfully as possible upon the plans of the old, recently destroyed by fire. It is as like the latter as a copy can be like the original. Granted, but for all that the new house is not the old one; its walls are no longer the walls that held the fortunes of the Comédie so long; its boards are not the boards trodden by the most famous actors. It is the opening of a new era.

Nor has the old building alone disappeared; the old organisation, too, is fast becoming a thing of the past. It has already sustained grievous attacks, and in two essential particulars it has been broken into, so that its ultimate destruction is but a question of time.

Hitherto the Comédie Française had been governed by the so-called "décret de Moscou," drawn up by Napoleon during his expedition to Russia. In accordance with this decree, the actors are Associates forming a Company that are their own masters, have a theatre of their own, choose what plays they like, on their own responsibility, the associates sharing the profits, but being, on the other hand, liable to bear any losses that may occur. The players of the Rue de Richelieu thus enjoy a special and privileged position. They are not entirely dependent upon the directors as is the case in other theatres. They are partly their own masters, sharing the profits of their theatre, as partners in a business share the good or evil success of the common venture.

These dispositions still subsist as regards their general outline. The Moscow decree has not been abolished, but two of its provisions have been modified.

In the first place the "Reading Committee" has been done away with. Hitherto, before being performed at the Comédie Française, it was necessary for a play to be accepted not by the chairman, but by the actors themselves whose duty it was to interpret it. The author came and read the play before a Committee formed of Associates, such as Messrs. Monnet, Sully,

Silvain, de Féraudy, Le Bargy, etc. M. Claretie, of course, sat on the Committee, but he had but one vote just like the rest.

Why has this Committee been done away with? The indifferent quality of the selections it has made during the last few years has been brought up against it. The theory has been put forward that actors are not good judges of plays; that they take too special and too personal a view of them; that the judgment of a committee is never as sound as that of an individual, and so forth. Not one of these reasons is very forcible. As a matter of fact these Reading Committees, like every other committee, like every assembly, are in the hands of some individual who has gained control over them. Under a judicious chairman, the only selections made by the Committee were those suggested by himself. This, at least, was the way things were managed under M. Perrin. With or without a Reading Committee, the selections made at the Comédie Française will be much the same. The only difference here will be that the actors will be deprived of a perfectly legitimate satisfaction.

In the second place, Associates of twenty years' standing can now be retired ex-officio. If they are kept on the active list it is only in virtue of a contract renewable year by year.

It follows that instead of having an assured position, Associates, after twenty years of, perhaps, brilliant services, will find themselves in a more precarious situation than the actors of any other theatre.

It cannot be denied, therefore, that both these reforms are calculated to lessen the *prestige* which had hitherto attached to the dignity of Associate, and hence their importance. The actors of the Comédie Française, who are paid considerably less than the leading actors of other theatres, have nevertheless hitherto been bound to the Comédie Française by the feeling that they enjoyed greater consideration. The moral advantages made up for the loss of the material. It was a compensation which is now taken from them.

By slow degrees the Comédie Française is getting to lose its autonomy, to become a theatre like the rest in respect to its interior organisation and constitution. It may none the less remain in the first rank. It may continue to play a useful and brilliant part. But it will no longer be the same theatre that it was before. In the building with the new walls, under the influence of reforms which are disorganising, while aiming at reorganising it, it is a new Comédie Française whose destinies we shall henceforth follow.

RENÉ DOUMIC.

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THE MAN OF EMERGENCY.¹

To labour under an overpowering inability to make oneself plain is a serious disadvantage in a statesman. When Lord Rosebery mentions spades it is by way of metaphor, and when he urges spade-work everyone is vaguely stimulated without knowing exactly what to do. In the Chesterfield speech the orator claimed at least to have spoken his mind. The result was to keep the world wondering for a month what Lord Rosebery meant, amid the increasing confusion of the interpreters. This was an unfortunate effect to follow from the utterances of an independent politician occupying the uncovered place of absolute freedom in the Commonwealth and enabled beyond all other men to exercise the only virtue of that position by giving unmistakable expression to uncompromising opinions. He might have declared whether he dropped or retained the principle of Home Rule, and in the former case how Liberal policy upon the Irish Question was to be distinguished for the future from Unionist policy. He might have faced the only practical issue that exists in connection with the war—whether men have confidence in Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner, or believe their influence to be on the whole evil. He might have explained to a Radical audience why the efficiency and thoroughness he demands in Imperial administration and social reform are not to be looked for from the Ministerialists, and how they are to be reached through the Opposition. He might have said whether he would cast in his lot with the Liberal Party to sink or swim if it accepted his two or three test principles, and what he would do if it did not.

There is a type of mind, zealous for "saving the face" of Opposition unity at no matter what cost in the way of undermining its constitution, which finds something almost horrible in these crude

(1) Lord Rosebery's Edinburgh speech, on January 20, throws no further light upon his situation. What it seems to indicate is that the ex-Premier refuses to undertake any determined campaign apart from occasional exhortations to his party upon the necessity of embracing a policy, which, as an endeavour is made to show in the following pages, he has yet to define.

juxtapositions of positives and negatives. It likes every argument to hang in a state of unstable equilibrium, with a little system of pocket-weights neatly popped into either scale upon the instant that it threatens to turn by itself. The dexterity with which this performance may be sustained can be raised by practice to a fine art. The practitioners, in a word, are those who, to vary the invaluable formula that the Colonial Secretary has brought into fashion, withdraw nothing and qualify everything. They represent the spirit of super-acute sagacity and preternatural discrimination which keeps the Liberal Party "liquid," and prevents it from crystallising out into any shape definitely its own. The worst of this inherently feeble and enfeebling casuistry is that it provides unlimited scope for plausible statement. But after all, in popular politics more than in any other sphere imaginable, Bishop Butler's warning about the disadvantage of going beyond the simple and obvious distinctions of things must never be lost sight of for a moment. A broad line must be taken before the public, no matter how complex may be the mental action in the private thought of a politician. This is the very essential of party proceedings. Unless the Opposition succeeds in striking some broad line, not notoriously and hopelessly unpopular, Liberalism will not recover nor will the party system, as we have known it, survive. Always up to now the power of Liberalism, in its appeal to the masses of men, has depended upon its success in presenting a simple statement of its creed, and in forcing casuistry or paradox upon its opponents. There is nothing subtle about the double lobby system in the House of Commons, and Mr. Chamberlain's black and white methods of argument are perfectly adapted to that arrangement and to the workings of the democratic mind. The Opposition instead of denouncing what it calls the vulgar arts of the Colonial Secretary needs nothing so much as to acquire them. Lord Rosebery or any other leader who is to do anything considerable for Liberalism must in the first place be plain. He must earn, like Mr. Chamberlain, a little hatred. The Chesterfield deliverance was, on the contrary, oracular beyond any of equal interest ever known in British affairs. It was oracular in the impressive significance that seemed to belong to it at first blush, in the uncertainty into which so much of it seemed to dissolve on scrutiny, and in the universalism which enabled every man to interpret it after his own wish, and to maintain that it had confirmed him in his previous opinions.

During the whole month in which Lord Rosebery left the struggling commentators to themselves, and entirely declined to assist the exegetics, the confused impressions left upon the public mind by the comprehensive exhortation had time to sort themselves out. The average man, concerned much for national policy but not specially for the Liberal Party as a party, rapidly escaped from the temporary

spell that had been laid upon him. He came to the conclusion that Lord Rosebery had not been as explicit upon Home Rule as was demanded by the vital importance of the subject to the Opposition and the nation alike. It also grew apparent that the ex-Premier's attractive expression of "the finer shades of feeling" upon the war and the settlement did not suggest any alternative, at once intelligible and acceptable, to the policy of the Government. For, upon the one hand, Lord Rosebery had taken all the life out of the demand for the removal of Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner. Yet he had strengthened the positions of these statesmen while depreciating their statesmanship, so that the High Commissioner had the opportunity for his damaging protest against "fidgiting about negotiations," while Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman claimed the sentiments of his former leader upon the war to be in all essentials his own. In the entire absence of convincing attempts from any side to fix the practical bearing from the party point of view of the gospel of efficiency, the more the possibilities of obtaining efficiency from the Liberal Party were examined by the country, the less promising did the prospects appear. Above all, the ludicrous mystery enveloping the Berkeley Square interview between Lord Rosebery and the member for Stirling left the country with the suspicion that the ex-Premier has as little intention as at any time of waging a determined and methodical campaign for the mastery of his party or of identifying himself irrevocably with its fortunes.

Nothing in the Chesterfield speech, when the authorised edition was studied in cold blood, appeared clear but that everything bearing on the future was doubtful, and before the opening of Parliament the attitude of the country towards the orator and the oration had distinctly become an anti-climax. The final reason for this is not far to seek. When the nation was in its initial mood of warm but somewhat mystified sympathy after the Chesterfield speech, the one thing which might have seized and confirmed its wavering inclination was Lord Rosebery's own action. The quiescence into which this strange temperament relapsed allowed the feeling he had excited among large sections of the Unionist Party to dissipate itself as completely as if it had never been. It gave the left wing of the Opposition time to recover its confidence, to form its plans, and to save its ascendancy in Parliament and its control of the party machine. A more valuable month for the purposes of a born political strategist was never thrown away. If Lord Rosebery had struck the iron with all his might while it was hot, he might have found even the pro-Boers malleable. He allowed them time to harden and to become, if the writer's judgment of their mood is correct, rather less impressionable material than they have ever been before. When the incitement to spade work was issued to the Liberal Imperialists the only thing worth entrenching was already being swept away. The

effect made upon the mind of the nation as a whole at Chesterfield was disappearing as rapidly as it had been created. And Lord Rosebery saw it going without making the least effort upon his own part to dig; and it has gone. Mr. Gladstone was a miser of his minutes. His immediate successor has consistently shown in the last five years an appalling conception of the value of human time, but never did that characteristic show itself in a stranger way than when Lord Rosebery went back to his retirement, and watched a whole month of psychological moments—if such a thing ever was—float away. If mere physical strength did not allow him to emulate the labours of the Midlothian Hercules—a demagogic enterprise for which his temperament also and happily quite unfits him—the organs attached to him in the press were open to his pen. Letters would have been better than speeches under the conditions of modern politics, and this is a form of appeal in which Lord Rosebery is unapproached. Since Halifax the politicians equally fit to take advantage of the press for the purpose of influencing the nation might be numbered on both hands.

If Lord Rosebery's real desire is not to be leader of a reunited Opposition, his course after Chesterfield was intelligible. Upon the contrary and more generally assumed hypothesis it would not be intelligible. Had he vigorously pressed his advantage the reunion of the Liberal Party under his leadership might have been possible. Now, unless the reference to freedom "from the Irish alliance and its consequences" should turn out to be subject to an interpretation which would recall the disastrous explanation of the "predominant partner" speech and ruin Lord Rosebery's reputation for ever with the nation generally, it is clear at last that though he probably retains the power to split the Liberal Party and perhaps ought to exercise it, his opportunity for reconstructing a solid Opposition upon a Liberal Imperialist foundation is gone. The possibility of forming any manner of third party against Mr. Chamberlain or without him—it has always been scouted in these pages—is also gone. In this respect it has been repeatedly maintained here that whatever Lord Rosebery might do, not he but Mr. Chamberlain would continue to hold the key of the situation. The events of the last few weeks, and chiefly what Mr. Asquith lightly calls "the interchange of amenities between Birmingham and Berlin," must have made it clear to any political judgment that the prospect of drawing over a considerable body of support from the Unionist ranks to the side of any Radical combination whatever will never be realised so long as the Colonial Secretary commands the scene. While Lord Rosebery did nothing to influence developments beyond casting authorised editions of his speeches upon the waters, as if in the expectation that they would return to him an hundredfold, the situation was altered against him on both sides—upon that of the Government by the invaluable indiscretions of Count von Bülow,

and upon that of the Opposition by the rally of the old gang on the Front Bench.

It was pointed out in the last number of *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* that the fundamental weakness of the Chesterfield speech was the jejune ambiguity of the reference to the Irish question. Nothing could be less seemly or more hopeless than the attempt to slip Home Rule in a sentence. It has been the fatal influence upon the fortunes of the Liberal Party and upon Lord Rosebery's own career. For him and for the Opposition it goes to the very root of things. They must give some plain account of how they mean to stand for the future towards the policy which has been the creeping paralysis of Liberalism for the last fifteen years. So long as the faintest doubt hangs over the attitude of the Opposition upon Home Rule all efforts to win back discontented Ministerialists will be the merest beating of the air. Upon that matter it is very certain that the country will leave nothing to chance. It is lunar nonsense to imagine for one moment that the constituencies may be induced by the Liberal Imperialists to return a majority which might be bent to the purposes of the party which has chosen to reveal during the war, with complete openness and unmeasured hatred, the purely separatist spirit it had denied in Mr. Gladstone's time. The Irish Question and the Irish Party will indeed remain, and it is true, as Sir Edward Grey remarks, that you can no more get rid of them than you can get rid of the atmosphere. But the only hope for the solution of that problem lies in the patient, steady development of the Unionist programme of economic amelioration. Experience is convincing statesmen in every part of Europe that the promotion of social prosperity is the only antidote to racial passion. Precisely the same thing, as Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner are happily aware, will be found true of South Africa. The vital aim of policy in all racial controversies is to supersede the sense of sentimental antipathies by the sense of common interests.

Immense progress has been made in Ireland in that direction since 1886, and in spite of the virulence of Mr. Redmond's party, upon the one hand, and the bitter intrigues upon the other of the landlord camarilla, which means to wreck Mr. Wyndham if it can as it tried to thwart Mr. Gerald Balfour, we must fight out the issue upon this line if it takes the century. The vivid illustration of the truth of this view is what is now going on in Ireland itself. If political trouble is roving it is through an agrarian agitation pure and simple, and not through any violent access of feeling upon the subject of a Parliament in College Green. The concession of provincial councils, upon Mr. Chamberlain's old model, or even of a central body for Irish bills would do nothing whatever to conciliate Celtic sentiment. That is the farthest limit to which concession could go short of the revival of Mr. Gladstone's policy. But if Mr. Gladstone were approaching the problem for the first time in 1902

instead of in 1886, it is sufficiently certain that he would not come now to the conclusion at which he then arrived. Many things, both at Westminster and across St. George's Channel, have altered in the interval. The Home Rule movement is striving to display an atavism which it did not possess in Mr. Parnell's time and could not have made intelligible to that formidable man. Whatever Mr. Parnell was he was no Celt, and the practical ideas of social development that lay behind his great struggle for a Dublin Parliament might have knitted the islands together. But the new enthusiasm that now possesses the Celtic imagination in Ireland is the revival of the Gaelic language. This movement deserves far more attention than it has yet received, for the inevitable effect of it must be, if it succeeds, to stereotype the separatist ideal, and to give a far more logically and methodically irreconcilable character to Irish sentiment than it has possessed at any time before. Grattan's Parliament was an Anglo-Irish institution; O'Connell was loyal to the Crown to the tips of his fingers; the impassioned rhetoric of the Young Ireland movement in prose and verse was a special development of English literature; Parnell was the complete anti-Celt in every fibre of his composition. That was what made him their supreme leader.

Since the Act of Union there have only been two clear-minded separatist movements in Ireland. One was the Fenian movement, which believed in breaking the tie with England by physical force. Its moral counterpart is the Gaelic movement, which aims at making Ireland a foreign country in speech and feeling, and is rapidly drawing all that is best in the younger generation in Ireland into its service. The overwhelming probabilities are that if this strange, pathetic, passionate crusade, that has just now seized upon all the Celtic sensitiveness to novelty, is left to itself it will go half-way at most and no farther. But nothing is more certain than that a Gladstonian Parliament in the Ireland of to-day would set itself to promote the revival of the Gaelic language, which would mean in fact, whatever it might be in theory, the intense cultivation of the separatist spirit. Lord Rosebery's words about freedom "from the Irish alliance and its consequences" can cover no genuine scheme of compromise. Upon the Irish Question he must be either a Gladstonian or a Unionist. He cannot avoid saying plainly which of these things he is. His Delphic observation at Chesterfield did not say which of these things he was. When asked by a correspondent to explain his words, his reply that he conceived them not to stand in need of explanation was, under all the circumstances, an inexcusable and hopeless instance of Lord Rosebery's reluctance to face the music. It was left for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to set the example of perspicuity and decision by declaring, after counsel with Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley, that as Leader of the Opposition he adheres to Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy. That is a

valiant tribute to consistency, but one which puts an end to all the prospects of Liberal revival by means of Lord Rosebery's leadership and principles—"so far as they are comprehensible," to borrow again from the vocabulary of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. The "predominant partner," in short, is still the ex-Premier's problem as it was in 1894. It is the question of the Sphinx in connection with his career. He ought to have answered it seven years ago. At Chesterfield he ought unmistakably to have answered it. Nor can he avoid answering it if his life is to be effective. If he does not agree with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman upon Home Rule, he must split the Liberal Party and head a secession like that of the Peelites. This would probably lead him and his followers to a high, if not the controlling, place in the Unionist Party, as Mr. Gladstone and his friends were led to a similar position in the Liberal Party. Or, Lord Rosebery, having made his last effort to convert the Opposition, might leave the party which rejects his principles for the party which accepts them. Or he might prefer a solitary furrow with the assured knowledge that it would remain a solitary furrow, yielding the exiguous crop that solitary furrows usually do.

The unfortunate truth, in short, can be put in a nutshell. The influences that baffled Lord Rosebery in 1894, and wrecked his first Cabinet, are as strong and determined now as they were then. They are in all probability more completely in possession of the party machine now than they were then. It would be absurd to denounce them as they are often denounced, and to call them a clique and camarilla, a faction of consciously evil-disposed persons, who are fighting hard against the light that streamed from Chesterfield, and are bent upon thwarting Lord Rosebery out of nothing but their wicked will. The conflict is a genuine one between the older and the younger generation, and it sometimes seems as if those who want Liberal unity would have to wait until the former died out. In their hearts, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. John Morley regard Lord Rosebery's doctrine as apostasy. Lord Rosebery believes their fidelity to the inspirations of the 'sixties and 'seventies to be as fossilised in their out-of-dateness as the principles of the most antiquated coterie of old Toryism in the Carlton Club. But the older school have their creed as the ex-Premier has his, and, as Bishop Butler said of immortality, "it is not so clear that there is not something in it." The Chesterfield speech as a manifesto is very well. But the old gang upon the Front Opposition Bench are probably counting upon the appearance of Mr. John Morley's *magnum opus* to give a memorable counterblast, and to convince the mass of their party that in an age of Imperialism the only genuine alternative is Gladstonianism. There is a high and serious argument to be raised here, and if the temperament that Mr. Morley so finely repre-

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sents is to be overcome, it will demand to be met by a much more powerful and searching exposition than the Liberal Imperialists have ever yet addressed to it. The Gladstonian side in the Liberal Party, in a word, returns a flat negative to the advice about cleaning its slate. It withdraws nothing, qualifies nothing, and defends everything in the past of Liberalism. Behind Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. John Morley is the party machine. Behind that there is a powerful backing of the Nonconformist middle-class leaders, who are the mainstay of so many of the provincial organisations, and are full of combative vigour against the views of Sir Henry Fowler and Mr. R. W. Perks. Add to this that the Welsh members and the extreme Radicals are far more active and effective wirepullers than any the Liberal Imperialists possess, and it will appear tolerably plain that there are formidable forces to be overcome before any programme of dropping Home Rule, cleaning the slate, pursuing a strong foreign policy, and maintaining more expensive armaments, can hope to carry the day within the Liberal Party. The fact is that in the attempt to fight within the party as it stands the Liberal Imperialists are at an immense disadvantage. An open appeal to the country upon the basis of their own principles might result, if Lord Rosebery threw himself into such stirring work heart and soul, in securing the ascendancy of Liberal Imperialism once for all. Otherwise the present position will remain, and the two sections of the Opposition will continue to be Siamese twins with a difference—Siamese twins with their faces set contrary ways and full of the desire to walk in opposite directions. Their only solution would be the unhappy efforts to mark time in a circle that we have seen ludicrously repeated in the official Amendment to the Address.

In any case we are brought up against the issue which is the only immediate and practical one for the nation. The country looks to the end. It does not desire the restoration of the Liberal Party for the mere pleasure of seeing the Liberal Party restored. What it wanted was to see in a great Opposition the possible organ of national efficiency for present or near purposes. This is what the Opposition cannot be. Lord Rosebery declares that there is an Imperial emergency. The country agrees with him. He maintains that the needs of the Empire are urgent. And the country agrees with him. But what is now the prospect? It is that whatever may be the destiny of the Liberal Party, whether its unity is to be established upon a Gladstonian or a Roseberian basis, the process will be a long and doubtful business. It will not be decided this year or next year so far as all the circumstances now in sight enable us to calculate.

The question for the nation then is whether it is to weaken the party which is solid upon Imperialism for the party which may never be solid upon Imperialism, and assuredly will not be so during those

years immediately in front of us, in which the foundations of national efficiency ought to be laid. So stated, the question for those who care nothing for party but desire that the providential warning given to us shall be heeded and the lessons of the war applied, seems now to admit of a decisive answer. The only party to which the Empire can look for the results it desires, is the Unionist Party. The man of emergency to whom the nation ought to look, and whose vigorous and competent hands it should resolve to strengthen in every way, is not Lord Rosebery but Mr. Chamberlain. So much Chesterfield and its sequel, when compared "with the amenities exchanged between Birmingham and Berlin," must be held to have made clear. .

The present Parliament has four good sessions to run. It is controlled by as powerful an Imperialist majority as is ever likely to appear in it. That majority desires nothing more than to be strongly led. It contains within its ranks the minister who in energy, tenacity, practical insight, and fighting force, that is to say, in the very gifts of leadership, is almost infinitely superior to all other men in public life. That any administration which Lord Rosebery might construct would realise the expectations of the sanguine, is at least doubtful. "Monsieur talks wonders," says Cléante of Thomas Diafoirus, in the *Malade Imaginaire*, "and if his physic is as good as his oratory, it would be a pleasure to become a patient for him." But the working capacity of Mr. Chamberlain we already know. The majority adequate to the business of empire exists, and the man exists. What is needed, and it is the one thing needed, is to bring the man and the majority into the proper relation with each other. For the discontent of the country with the Government the obviously direct, certain, and proper remedy is not that the country should think of waiting upon providence until a Rosebery administration may be ready to be called in, but that the Unionist Party in the near future should be revitalised by Mr. Chamberlain's leadership.

Any possibility of a change of Government in connection with the war has disappeared, and nothing can be less likely than that such a possibility will again present itself in connection with the settlement. The pro-Boer party rejects the letter and spirit of the Chesterfield speech in every respect save one, and the country has not failed to appreciate the significance of the exception. The section which finds its ideal in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's leadership refuses to drop Home Rule, or to renounce the idea of again attaining office by the votes of the Irish Members. It is indeed quite certain that they would consent to be placed in power by Mr. Redmond and his phalanx whenever the opportunity presented itself, and that they would try to pay the price. No less definitely does the Gladstonian side of the Opposition decline to clean its slate or to recognise that

any revision of its traditional ideas upon foreign policy and domestic legislation is required. The temperament, the frame of mind, which was responsible for all the weakness of Mr. Gladstone's second Cabinet in internal and colonial affairs, remains unchanged. Majuba depended upon a point of view. The pro-Boer attitude throughout the war has been determined by the same point of view. Who could be sure that it would not disastrously influence the action of any possible Liberal Government in any future emergency. Stated in the most moderate form the weakness of the Liberal mind is that it can never see with sufficient strength the case for its own country, and is incorrigibly prone to exaggerate the merits of the enemy's case. This tendency will not easily disappear. No system of reasoning will remove it, and it is as pronounced in the Liberal Party at the present moment as it has ever been. What then is the meaning of the remarkable attempt to maintain that Lord Rosebery's opinions, rejected for all other purposes, are identical with those of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman on the subject of the war? The similitude of greater unity that prevailed in the Opposition after the Chesterfield speech represented, it is to be feared, nothing so much as a strong desire to use Lord Rosebery, if possible, for pro-Boer purposes. In this sense alone the idea of the anti-Imperialist Liberals has been to capture and exploit Lord Rosebery. The Chesterfield speech, like any other, was good enough to beat the Government with, but if the Cabinet could be overthrown by Lord Rosebery there could be no security that the anti-Imperialists would fail to manipulate the subsequent possibilities for their own purposes instead of his. They see, in a word, the value of Lord Rosebery's aid in helping the Opposition to regain power. But they do not intend that power shall be used as Lord Rosebery would like to use it. In this respect Home Rule is of course the crux of the whole situation, and until the country knows what would be the course of a Liberal majority upon that issue, no such majority will ever be returned by Imperialist votes. But this is following an academic issue too far.

The important facts are of another kind pending the long travail to which the Opposition is committed; no matter what manner of new birth it may ultimately deliver, its policy is not asked for and cannot prevail in connection with the end of the war and the beginning of the settlement. The confidence of the nation in Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner is much firmer than ever. Their position will be unassailable if Lord Kitchener stamps out the guerilla in the course of the present year. That is now the probability. Were the war once ended the country would no sooner have drawn its deep breath of almost incredulous relief, than it would turn with immense recognition towards Mr. Chamberlain as the minister to whose indomitable will and energy, never shaken for an instant throughout the struggle,

the Government owes its continued existence and the Empire in all probability its salvation from another and a finally fatal compromise with the extinguished South African Republics. For all the purposes of the next General Election the references to the war in the Chesterfield speech which the majority of the Opposition consider of sole importance are not important. What is of permanent consequence is the spirit which will eventually prevail in the Liberal Party with regard to Lord Rosebery's apparent counsel upon "freedom from the Irish alliance and its consequences," and his recommendation of the clean slate. At present the majority of the Opposition rejects that prescription, and the question of the circumstances in which a Liberal Government may again be seen in power is not a concern of practical politics.

The real choice before the country in respect of the next three or four years, which are quite sufficient to engage our whole attention, is between a strong Unionist Cabinet and a weak Unionist Cabinet. How is the former to be secured, and the latter to be avoided?

Some pleasantry has been expended upon the passage in the last *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* mentioning the belief that the Duke of Devonshire may be offered the Premiership when Lord Salisbury retires. No one can hope more devoutly than the writer that any depressing contingency of this sort may be averted from the nation, and we shall all hope that the contingency is as remote as it ought to be, and as has been generally assumed. The only redeeming feature contemplated in a Duke of Devonshire Premiership was that it might enable Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Rosebery to work together. Other merit it could not have. Dismissing it from consideration, the choice between a weak Unionist Cabinet and a strong Unionist Cabinet, which is the only practical form of the question of "alternative Governments" now before the country, is a choice between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain for Premier. Upon this point there can no longer be a doubt as to the wish of the nation or as to the reasons for it. Whether a Cabinet is strong or weak, depends not upon the sum of the individual values of the Ministers composing it, but upon the distribution of their influence. Ministries of all the Talents are exceedingly liable to fail for the very reason that strong personalities neutralise each other, and make the Cabinet as a whole as weak in decision as though it were composed of irresolute. Again if the initiating position belongs to the less vigorous elements, it is impossible for a more energetic statesman, however supreme in his department, to exert his full driving power in the Cabinet. He must respect the nominal equality of his colleagues so long as he is not formally entitled to supervise them. The distinction here, however narrow it may seem in theory, is in political action quite vital. No Government, in a word, can have a really organic mind if its domin-

ating personality occupies a subordinate position. If Mr. Chamberlain were Prime Minister, we could be satisfied by that fact that such lamentable weaknesses as the successive fiascos upon education have exposed would not again occur. But no one would regard Mr. Balfour's Premiership as giving any such guarantee. Prejudice against Mr. Chamberlain, somewhat of an intelligible but mainly of a discreditable nature, exists in the Unionist Party. It would be idle to ignore it. But it is as certain as anything in politics need be, that if the Colonial Secretary, being what he is in his qualities and faults, were also a person of hereditary title, it would not be possible to dispute his pre-eminent fitness to succeed Lord Salisbury.

The events of the last few weeks have not only raised Mr. Chamberlain's position higher than that of any other man in politics in the estimation of the Empire: they have gone far to remove a reasonable objection to his further predominance. No one could have improved the retort to Count von Bülow. The situation was a delicate one. An answer to the German Chancellor was demanded. The least indiscretion might have caused the gravest mischief, either by giving the German people the legitimate grievance they had not previously possessed or by exposing this country to universal ridicule through an ineffective rejoinder. The sphere of foreign policy was supposed to be Mr. Chamberlain's thin ice. But he replied to Count von Bülow with a dignity, force and skill that any professional diplomatist might have envied. None could have surpassed it, and the nation has realised that even in foreign policy Mr. Chamberlain has shown himself able to speak for England on emergency as no other man has succeeded in doing for twenty years. And when Mr. Chamberlain has caught the right tone of any question in this way he does not again lose it. Nor is it in the least likely, in the new position in which this episode leaves him, and after the experience of both kinds it has enabled him to acquire, that the Colonial Secretary will repeat the two blazing indiscretions of his references to international affairs before the war. After all, Mr. Chamberlain has never said anything so wantonly wounding to another country as Lord Salisbury's terrible reference to Spain as "a dying nation."

It will be agreed that the continued existence of the Government throughout the war and after a second General Election was due to the Colonial Secretary alone. Without him the present Government could not stand. Against him it is very unlikely that any Government would long stand. The only Unionist Cabinet that could be depended upon to revitalise the Unionist majority would be one with Mr. Chamberlain at its head. A final objection is urged by those advocates of national efficiency who recognise in the Colonial Secretary by far the most efficient personality in politics. It is urged that even Mr. Chamberlain cannot do everything, and that in his own

department he is heavily engaged. Both statements are true. But on the one hand, in spite of the immense calls which the work of his office has made upon him, he has shown, and still shows, more free energy than any of his more leisured colleagues. When he speaks on education, for instance, he goes to the root of the matter as those more especially responsible for educational policy have never done. If he could not do everything he could do more than anyone else towards getting everything done. There is one contingency which has never been sufficiently considered. Prime Ministers have been Foreign Secretaries and Chancellors of the Exchequer. Except for temporary periods of emergency, such doubling of responsibility is not defensible. But we are in one of the periods of temporary emergency. It will not disappear with war, but only with the subsequent efforts to deal with the questions that have grown out of the war. Why, therefore, should not Mr. Chamberlain be Prime Minister without ceasing to be Colonial Secretary. If he were, nothing could seem more characteristic of the new age of politics, and it would make an impression upon the imagination of the Colonies—to whom Mr. Chamberlain is more than are all other statesmen put together—second to nothing which has been done even in these last creative years.

In spite of the dislike with which the present writer's view, that Chesterfield is only Birmingham with a superior gloss, was met a month ago, the consensus of testimony upon that head becomes more and more remarkable. Mr. John Morley, who is an honest thinker, cannot for his life see the difference between the New Liberalism and the New Toryism. Mr. Balfour is in the same difficulty when he ponders Lord Rosebery's warning against overloaded programmes. Abroad no one can grasp the difference between the Colonial Secretary's principles and those of the ex-Premier. The *Vorwärts*, the Socialist organ in Berlin, had the good fortune to coin the wittiest thing yet said of the Chesterfield policy. "Lord Rosebery is Mr. Chamberlain—*édition de luxe*." Whether this plain truth is a promising germ from which the revival of real party life can be expected to spring, is a question not now necessary to discuss. Whether, the notion of third parties being finally eliminated, the ex-Premier should belong to the party which is more or to that which is less in agreement with his principles, may also remain debatable. And whether he would be willing, as the nation would much desire, to take the Foreign Office upon the only side in connection with which a solid Imperial administration is likely to be possible for the next few years—that is a query which may be thrown in with the other two. But what is the sum of the inquiry is that upon Lord Rosebery's arguments in favour of national efficiency, Mr. Chamberlain and no other ought to be Prime Minister.

THE WAR AND THE LIBERALS.

"Every seat lost to the Unionists is a seat gained to the Boers." Epigrams of this kind are always open to misconstruction; and the Liberals have availed themselves of this somewhat indiscreet utterance, endorsed, as it was, by a, perhaps, too outspoken statesman, to repudiate a charge to which they are peculiarly sensitive. At every Liberal meeting it is asserted as a recognised truth that the Government owed their success at the last General Election to the fact that the electorate were misled into believing that the British Liberals, in common with the Irish Home Rulers, were more in sympathy with the Boers than with their own fellow-countrymen in South Africa. The assertion is as untrue as the contention that the success of the Unionist Party at the polls was caused by false representations that the war was virtually over. The return of an overwhelming Ministerial majority at the General Election was due, not to any popular approval of the mode in which the war had been conducted, but to the sound popular instinct that the war was more likely to be carried on with vigour by the Unionists than by their Liberal opponents. If the electorate had genuinely believed that the war was over at the time when the late Parliament was dissolved, the result of the polls would, I am convinced, have been, to say the least, far less unfavourable to the Liberals. It was exactly because the public felt doubts as to whether the war was really finished that they went solid for the party which had pledged itself to see the matter through. It was reluctance to change horses when crossing a stream, not a belief that the stream was already crossed and the opposite bank reached, that led the constituencies to give the Unionist administration a fresh lease of office by an increased majority. The British public had come by instinct, rather, perhaps, than by reason, to the conviction that the phrase which I have quoted above was not a mere party cry, but a true statement of a plain fact, and voted for the Unionists in accordance with this conviction. It may, I think, be useful to point out the grounds which rendered the attitude adopted by the Liberal Party towards the war one of the chief causes, if not the chief cause, of Boer resistance having proved so determined and so protracted.

Let me say at starting that I have no wish to charge the Liberals as a body with any want of patriotism. I am convinced that the great majority of the party in search of a leader are honestly anxious to uphold the honour of Great Britain and to protect the interests of the British Empire. My complaint is that the Liberals

have hitherto failed to realise the plain truth that the attitude they have adopted in deference to party exigencies has inevitably tended to defeat the object they have equally at heart with their Unionist opponents, namely, that of bringing the war to a speedy and honourable close. There is, I know, a certain section of the Liberal Party which honestly considers the war in South Africa to be a sin and a shame on the part of England, and which therefore feels it a duty to advocate the conclusion of peace at any price, and at any cost. I can understand the view taken by such men as my old friends Mr. John Morley and Mr. Courtney, and though I regard their view as mistaken I cannot blame them for employing every influence at their disposal to stop the war. I have no idea that any consideration I could urge would modify their opinion as to what they deem the unrighteousness of the war. I am even more convinced that nothing I or any one can urge would induce the Irish Nationalists to desire anything but the defeat and the humiliation of the United Kingdom, or would persuade the camp followers of the Liberal Party, the Bryn Roberts and the Lloyd-Georges, to modify their pro-Boer sympathies. My argument is addressed only to that large class of Liberals who, whether they call themselves Liberal Imperialists, Gladstonians or Radicals, hold that the war can only be terminated by the absolute suppression of all armed resistance to our Imperial authority within the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. I cannot wonder at the sensitiveness of this class of Liberals to the imputation that their political attitude has prolonged the resistance of the Boers. It is only in accordance with the routine of party warfare that this imputation should be described by all authorised exponents of Liberalism as a shallow device of the Unionists designed to impugn the patriotism of His Majesty's Opposition. I cannot but think, however, that if the Liberals would take the trouble to realise how their attitude is judged from the Boer point of view, they would see cause to modify their attitude and thereby to free themselves from the charge, that, however unintentionally, they are practically encouraging the Boers to prolong their armed resistance. I read time after time in the *Westminster Gazette*, the ablest and most moderate organ of the Liberal Party, that it is absurd to imagine the Boers are really influenced by speeches made in England by English politicians whom they barely know by name; that the leading men of the Liberal Party have done everything in their power by their utterances to convince the Boers that the annexation of the twin Republics is, under the circumstances, an absolute necessity for England, and that in consequence the responsibility for the prolongation of the war rests with the Unionist administration, not with the Liberal Opposition. I do not dispute this contention being put forward in good faith; I think, however, it would be asserted with less fervour if the Liberals

realised the interpretation placed by the Boers upon the attitude adopted by the Liberal Party both in Parliament and in the Press.

An admission that the Boers are hopelessly, almost incredibly, ignorant of foreign politics, and of the conditions, social, political and economical of all foreign States, is not inconsistent with an assertion that they are well acquainted with their own history, and especially with those periods during which they have been brought first into contact, and then into conflict, with England. According to their way of thinking the struggle between British supremacy and Boer independence forms the central pivot round which all recent history has revolved. Of the adult males in the Transvaal over thirty, there can hardly be one in a hundred to whom the series of events which commenced with the annexation of the Transvaal by Sir Theophilus Shepstone, and terminated with our surrender, after our defeat at Majuba, are not imprinted upon their memory by personal experiences. Even amongst Boers of a younger generation these events are known by recitals of their parents and kinsfolk who had fought the British redcoats and, according to the Boer version, had smote them hip and thigh, till they had confessed themselves beaten and sued for peace. The lesson taught by these memories was one that could be read running. To speak plainly, the Boers came to two conclusions from their experiences of the campaign which ended with Majuba. The first was that they were more than a match for British troops. The second was they could rely upon the support of the Liberal Party in England to baffle the execution of any Imperialist policy in respect of South Africa which might find favour with British Conservatives, and to ultimately effect its reversal. I do not assert that this conclusion was correct, but I do assert it was justified from a Boer point of view by the known facts of the case. Let me recall briefly what these facts were.

It was in 1877 that Lord Carnarvon, who was Minister for the Colonies in the British Ministry, brought forward a scheme for converting the various South African States into a Confederation similar to that of the Dominion of Canada. The incorporation of the Transvaal. An enabling bill was brought into Parliament by the Government and was strongly opposed by Mr. Gladstone, as leader of the Liberal Party. The scheme, which was mainly the outcome of Sir Bartle Frere's policy as Governor of the Cape Colony, broke down owing to the opposition of the Dutch element in South Africa and to the antagonism of the Liberals in England, and finally died stillborn. But during the period when Confederation was still under discussion in South Africa, the Transvaal was annexed by the British Government at the instance of Sir Bartle Frere. Whether the annexation was wise or unwise, just or unjust, is an issue foreign to the purpose of this article. It is enough to say

that the reasons put forward in favour of annexation were accepted as valid by the official Liberals, but were disputed with great acrimony by a number of independent Liberals of whom Mr. Leonard Courtney was perhaps the most prominent. Shortly afterwards Mr. Gladstone returned to power, and almost his first act on becoming Prime Minister was to dismiss Sir Bartle Frere from his Governorship. His recall was understood at the Cape as involving the abandonment of any idea of Confederation; and the Boers not unnaturally supposed that the annexation of the Transvaal would be cancelled as a matter of course. This expectation was not fulfilled at the outset. When Parliament met in 1880 the Queen's Speech, as drawn up by Mr. Gladstone, contained the announcement that Her Majesty intended to maintain her supremacy over the Transvaal. Lord Wolseley was sent to the Transvaal to try and pacify the Boers, who were already threatening a resort to arms for the recovery of their independence. His Lordship speaking as the authorised representative of the British Government assured the Boers that the British flag would wave over Pretoria so long as the sun rose in the East and sunk in the West.

Notwithstanding this assurance the Boers rose in arms against the British authorities, and attacked the British troops. In November, 1880, the agents of the Pretoria Government were prevented by armed Boers from levying execution in the Queen's name on a Boer farmer who had refused to pay taxes due to the Crown. In order to uphold the authority of Great Britain three hundred British troops were sent to Potchefstroom, the locality in which the first act of overt insurrection had taken place. The smallness of the force employed to enforce the law encouraged the Boers in the belief that England, under a Liberal administration, attached no serious value to the retention of the Transvaal, and on the 15th of December, the anniversary of the one great victory the Boers had ever won in their innumerable wars with the Kaffirs, a mass meeting was held at Heidelberg, at which the restoration of the Republic was declared, and the Boer flag was hoisted in lieu of the Union Jack. Sir Owen Lanyon, the British Governor of the Transvaal, was ordered by the leaders of the insurrection to quit Pretoria within forty-eight hours, and to hand over the capital to the insurgents in order to avoid bloodshed. On the Governor's refusal to comply with these conditions, the Boers fired upon a detachment of British troops on their march to Pretoria, and killed one third of the whole force while the survivors were taken prisoners. Within a few days the only portions of the Transvaal which remained under British authority were the towns of Pretoria, Potchefstroom, and Standerton, and the garrisons of these towns were forthwith blockaded by the Boers. Meanwhile the Home Government could not make up their minds

either to let the insurgents depart in peace or to take the steps required to put down the insurrection. The campaign was one long series of ineffectual attempts to relieve the besieged garrisons with inadequate forces under inefficient command. The cause of the Boers was espoused openly by a large section of the English Liberals. A committee was formed to urge upon the Ministry the duty of restoring the independence of the Transvaal; and the Government, while asserting that England could not give way in presence of an armed insurrection against her authority, let it be understood that if the Boers would only lay down their arms, they might recover such a degree of independence as would satisfy all reasonable requirements. Negotiations were instituted between the Colonial Office and the provisional Government established by the Boers in the Transvaal. These negotiations were conducted through the agency of the Orange Free State, and on the very eve of Majuba Sir Hercules Robinson, who had succeeded Sir Bartle Frere as Governor of the Cape Colony, telegraphed to President Brand that "if armed opposition ceased forthwith Her Majesty's Government would thereupon endeavour to frame such a scheme as they believe would satisfy all enlightened friends of the Transvaal."

I am not concerned to criticise the wisdom or unwisdom of the policy adopted by Mr. Gladstone in respect of the Transvaal insurrection. If the events of the last few years do not suffice to condemn this policy in the sight of all sensible Englishmen, nothing that I or anybody could say is likely to prove effective. It is, however, only fair to admit that the Transvaal question did not excite any very keen interest amongst the British public at the period with which I am dealing. The country was undoubtedly weary of the constant wars we had had to wage in South Africa at our own cost and risk for the protection of our colonies against Kaffir raids. Neither Conservatives nor Liberals attached much value at the time to the possession of the Transvaal, and it was only in accordance with British nature that the spectacle of a small and insignificant State venturing to defy the might of the British Empire should excite a certain amount of sympathy even though the defiance was directed against our own country. Whatever may have been the explanation there can be no doubt about the fact that the war in the Transvaal was conducted in a half-hearted way, both on the spot and at home. The Gladstone Government were more anxious to get out of an embarrassing position than to uphold the authority of England in South Africa. The knowledge that the home authorities were, to say the least, indifferent to any successes in the field which might necessitate the prolongation of the war, paralyzed the energies of the officers in command of the British troops. On any other hypothesis it is difficult to account for the almost unbroken series of ineffectual

advances and disastrous repulses which, on our side, characterised the military operations of the campaign.

On the 27th of February the campaign came to an end with the defeat of Majuba Hill. A week later Sir Evelyn Wood, who had succeeded to the command of the British troops in South Africa on the death of General Colley, concluded an armistice with the Boer insurgents. The armistice was concluded without the previous sanction of the British Government. It was contended on Sir Evelyn Wood's behalf that he recommended the conclusion of an armistice simply and solely from military considerations, as he deemed it utterly incredible that the Government could ever make peace upon the terms on which, as he had reason to know, the Boers would alone consent to lay down their arms. Be this as it may, the Ministry sanctioned at once the prolongation of the armistice on the ground that the negotiations with President Brand had been commenced previous to the battles of Laings Nek and Majuba, and that the accident of our having in the meanwhile sustained a disastrous, if not ignominious, defeat furnished no adequate excuse for our refusing to proceed with the negotiations in question. When once the negotiations were resumed, it became obvious, alike to the British and the Boers in South Africa, that the Liberals under Mr. Gladstone's leadership were prepared to concede any terms demanded by the insurgents, provided these terms could be arranged in such a manner as, in Chinese phrase, "to save the face" of England. On March 22 Mr. Gladstone announced in the House of Commons that an arrangement had been concluded between Sir Evelyn Wood, acting on behalf of the British Government, and the Boers, by which absolute self-government was restored to the Boers. The only restrictions on the completeness of our surrender were that the Suzerainty of the Queen was to remain in force throughout the Transvaal; that the Imperial Government was to control the foreign relations of the Transvaal with other States; that Her Majesty's troops should have the right to enter and cross the territory of the Transvaal for military purposes in the event of any native war; and that a representative of the Suzerain Power should reside at Pretoria with the title of Resident.

Public instinct in England resented the idea of a surrender on the morrow of a military defeat, and I doubt whether the sudden termination of the war in the Transvaal was popular even with the Liberal Party. Still, the leaders of the party, with hardly an exception, expressed their approval of the conclusion of peace, and declared that far from any disgrace attaching to England for her surrender of the Transvaal after an inglorious campaign and a decisive defeat, the world at large and the Boers in particular would regard our action as an act of generous magnanimity. The Conservatives attacked the surrender on party rather than national grounds, and the country may fairly be

said to have acquiesced in the policy of "scuttle," not indeed with enthusiasm, but with a feeling that perhaps after all it was the best ending of a bad business. I need not say that the Boers did not adopt the version of our surrender put forward by Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues. From the Boer point of view we surrendered because we had been defeated, because we were sick of the war, because we were not prepared to make the sacrifices required to secure a successful termination of the campaign, and more than all because the direction of the State was in the hands of the Liberals, who, as a party, were opposed to any extension of our Imperial liabilities.

At the conclusion of the armistice a Commission was appointed to meet at Pretoria to draw up a treaty of peace between England and the Transvaal. The meeting of the Commission was delayed by the untoward incident that, though the armistice was signed on the 6th of March, news of its conclusion was not communicated to the British garrison of Potchefstroom till the 22nd of March, and that in consequence the garrison after a prolonged and gallant defence had been compelled to surrender owing to the lack of food. Considering that the distance between Majuba and Potchefstroom is only some two hundred miles, and that the tracks from one place to the other are along a stretch of flat open veldt, it is difficult to suppose the Boer forces beleaguering Potchefstroom were ignorant of the armistice within a fortnight of its conclusion. To quote a narrative of the campaign, written with a strong bias in favour of the Liberal party: "This little episode, happening at the time it did, had an unfortunate effect, causing some ill-feeling on either side." On learning the facts of the surrender Sir Evelyn Wood insisted upon the return of the guns captured by the Boers. Two months however elapsed before the Boers consented to restore the guns they had obtained by the suppression of intelligence, which they had promised to communicate to the British garrison. It was only in the first days of June that the Commission was enabled to meet at Pretoria to discuss the details of the treaty about to be concluded. As the British Government had no intention, and what was more, was known to have no intention of resuming the war, our Commissioners were not in a position to stand out for any conditions not included within the terms of the armistice. In consequence no adequate provision of any kind was made for the protection of the Boers who had stood by the British authorities during the annexation period, or for the good treatment of natives who had rendered us assistance during the war. The Volksraad, which was convoked to ratify the Convention, declined to do so for many weeks, on the plea that the terms were not such as the Transvaal had a right to demand; and it was only after Mr. Gladstone had intimated to the Boer leaders that he would be prepared to modify the treaty later on if it proved in any respect

unsatisfactory, that the Volksraad ratified the Convention on the 14th October, 1881.

With the final conclusion of peace the interest of the British public in the fortunes of the Transvaal was suspended for a considerable period. The story of the war and of our surrender was not exactly a brilliant chapter in our national annals; and crying over spilt milk is not a practice congenial to the British character. Both the Ministry and the country were alike anxious to hear as little as possible of British South Africa in general and of the Transvaal in particular. Meanwhile, the course of events tended to confirm the conviction of the Boers that with the Liberal Party in office they had no cause to fear any determined opposition to their desire for absolute independence, unfettered even by the nominal trammels imposed by the suzerainty of Great Britain.

In the summer of 1883 the Volksraad sent a deputation to England to obtain various modifications in the Treaty of Pretoria required from a Boer point of view in order to render the Convention workable. The deputation, whose head was President Kruger, arrived in London early in November, but was not received at the Foreign Office for some time owing to the news that Mompooer, a Kaffir chief, who had been taken prisoner by the Boers and sentenced to death, had been hung in Pretoria just before their arrival. In all probability Mompooer deserved his fate, but, as he was a chief under our protection, the British Government had interfered on his behalf and had obtained an undertaking from the President of the Transvaal that the sentence of death should not be carried into execution till Mr. Kruger had had the opportunity of discussing the matter in London with the Minister for the Colonies. As a sort of protest against Mompooer's having been hung in defiance of this understanding, the late Lord Derby, who had left the Conservative Party and taken office as Secretary of State for the Colonies under Mr. Gladstone, declined to receive the Commissioners of the Transvaal till a decent interval had elapsed. When, however, sufficient respect had been shown to the manes of Mompooer, "the little episode" was not allowed to disturb the friendly relations between the Transvaal and the Liberal Administration. In accordance with the requests of the deputation the following modifications were made in the Treaty of Pretoria. The Transvaal State was allowed to change its name into that of the South African Republic. The office of Resident was abolished, and his place, it was agreed, was to be filled in future by an Agent, whose status was left undefined. It was, however, decided that our Agent was not to communicate directly with the Imperial Government, but indirectly through the channel of our High Commissioner, who was also the Governor of the Cape Colony, and as such responsible to the Cape Ministry. Our control over the

THE WAR AND THE LIBERALS.

foreign relations of the Transvaal was abandoned with the solitary proviso that no Treaty should be concluded by the Republic with any Power except the Orange Free State till the draft had been submitted to Her Majesty's Government for six months. After this period had elapsed the Treaty was to become valid provided no objection had been made on the part of the Suzerain Power. The right of Great Britain to march troops through the Transvaal^o without demanding permission from the Government of Pretoria was also abandoned. In fact, the Treaty of 1881 was whittled down till nothing was left beyond a vague claim to a nominal Suzerainty on the part of England, and even this claim, as the delegates declared on their return to Pretoria, had been tacitly surrendered. What other conclusion, I would ask, could the Boers draw from the facts to which I have briefly referred than that they had no cause to fear any effective antagonism to their schemes of aggrandisement on the part of England so long, at any rate, as the Liberal Party remained in office?

It is possible the willingness of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues to throw away the few safeguards provided by the Treaty of Pretoria for the protection of British subjects residing in the Transvaal may be accounted for, to some extent, by the popular belief, then prevalent, that the South African Republic was falling to pieces. Internal disputes, financial embarrassments, general corruption and wholesale jobbery manifested themselves in the Transvaal with renewed vigour after the restoration of independent Boer rule. The British settlers who had made homes in the Transvaal had, under one pretext or another, been driven out of the country as soon as the war was over, and the probability seemed to be that the country would fall back into the disorganisation which had preceded its annexation by Great Britain. Within a few months, however, of the London Conference, a new element was introduced into the Transvaal problem. The development of the Rand mines by British industry had reached a point which established the fact that the Transvaal was the owner of one of the richest goldfields, if not the richest, that the world had ever known. Forthwith British settlers poured into the country, and with their arrival wealth began to pour into the Treasury of the South African Republic.

It so happened that the sudden acquisition of wealth by the Transvaal coincided with the accession of the Conservatives to power after the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. Circumstances had changed, and the indifference with which the British public had hitherto regarded the Transvaal was succeeded by a very widespread interest in the fortunes of the Republic. This change of sentiment made itself manifest in the attitude of the British Government. The surrender of the Transvaal was an accomplished fact which

England had neither the wish nor the power to remove. By the treaty under which the Boers had recovered their independence, equal rights and privileges to those promised to the native-born burghers were guaranteed to British subjects within the territories of the Republic. It therefore became the duty of the British Government to see that this guarantee was duly observed, and this duty, as the Boers soon learnt by experience, was discharged far more effectively under a Conservative than under a Liberal administration. Thus the Boers were confirmed in their belief that the Liberal Party in England were their natural allies.

Again, by an accidental coincidence, the return of an overwhelming Unionist majority at the General Election of 1895 was followed by the agitation on the part of the Uitlanders for the redress of their grievances under Boer rule, and their demands were actively supported by Lord Salisbury's Administration. The agitation culminated in the Jameson Raid. The repudiation of the Raid by the Ministry failed to convince the Boers that the British Government had not been a party, directly or indirectly, to the invasion of their territory, while the hysterical vehemence with which the Raid was denounced by the English Liberals, as compared with the moderation displayed by the Conservatives in condemning the proceedings of our fellow-countrymen in the Transvaal, strengthened the view held in Pretoria that in the event of any attempt on the part of England to redress the wrongs of British residents in the Transvaal such an attempt would encounter the determined hostility of the Liberal Party and of their Nationalist associates.

The limits of space preclude any exhaustive discussion of the causes which led the Boers to count upon the support of the English Liberals at the period when President Kruger, having, as he thought, completed his armaments, and having concluded an offensive and defensive alliance with the Orange Free State, declared war against England, and invaded her territory in Natal. It is enough for my present purpose to say that the reliance of the Boers upon Liberal support was not in itself unreasonable. I am fully aware that a large section of the Liberal Party are as patriotic and as loyal as the Unionists themselves. What I do blame in them is their apparent incapacity to realise the suspicion to which they are not unjustly exposed by their party record. If their leaders had had the courage at the outset to declare that in their own opinion and in that of their followers the war waged by England was a just and a righteous war, and one which must be carried out to the bitter end by the whole force of the British Empire, the war, I am convinced, would have been terminated long ago. Whether this is so is a matter of speculative opinion which cannot be proved or disproved. But I fail to comprehend how sensible and honest Liberals can

refuse to see that their past record renders the duty of speaking out plainly more incumbent upon them than on ordinary politicians. It is their boast that they are the inheritors of Gladstonian principles, the sole survivors of the great party which he led to ruin. If their contention is true, they are in favour of the policy which dictated the surrender of the Transvaal after the defeat of Majuba. I do not say they are so wedded; but I do say they are suspected abroad, and especially in South Africa, of being so wedded, and suspected on strong *prima facie* evidence. They have indeed voted the supplies necessary for the war, but as yet they have never adopted a loyal and open attitude by making it known that in respect of the war they are one at heart, not only with the British Government, but with the vast majority of their British fellow-countrymen. On the contrary, they have never lost an opportunity of criticising the conduct of the war; of making the most of every reverse our troops have sustained; of repudiating individual responsibility for the methods employed in order to suppress the guerilla warfare waged by the Boers; of denouncing alleged abuses of power on the part of our military authorities at home and on the field; of declaring that the country is growing weary of the burden of the war; and of intimating, without the slightest evidence in support of the intimation, that the Boers would be ready to make peace if the Government would only make conciliatory advances. Even Lord Rosebery advocates our recognising the authority of President Kruger, and our entering into semi-official relations with him in the faint hope that he might suggest terms on which negotiations might be based hereafter. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman can find nothing better to dwell upon at this crisis in our country's fortunes than "the methods of barbarism" which he considers have been employed in the course of the campaign. Sir Edward Groy, Mr. Asquith, and the minor lights of the Opposition, have never yet ventured to protest against the scurrilous abuse of our Ministers and of our generals employed by such members of their party as Mr. John Burns, Mr. Lloyd-George, and others of the same kidney. They have never dared to denounce, in outspoken terms, the exultation expressed at every defeat of British troops by Irish Nationalists of the Redmond and Davitt type. They have satisfied themselves with playing the part of candid friends, exaggerating our failures and disparaging our successes. Liberals, such as Mr. Courtney and Mr. Morley, who honestly believe the war to be a crime, and do not hesitate to express their belief, I regard with respect; but towards Liberals who, holding the war to be just and unavoidable, are yet afraid to identify themselves with the war party, my feeling, whatever else it may be, is certainly not one to which the term respectful could be fairly applied.

At home all political utterances are understood to be employed in

accordance with the rules of our party warfare. But to the Boers our party system is as unintelligible as the differential calculus. It is only natural the Boers should judge of the future by their experience of the past. That the England of to-day is not the same England as that of Mr. Gladstone's era is a fact they have no means of realising. They all recollect how this country undertook the annexation of the Transvaal with a light heart. They all remember how, after a number of defeats, England apparently grew weary of the contest. They can never forget the proudest incident of their annals, when England on the morrow of an ignominious disaster abandoned any further attempt to maintain her possession of the Transvaal, and accepted the terms of surrender dictated by the subjects who had thrown off her rule. They know, too, that this refusal to face the music took place under a Liberal Administration in England; and they feel confident that if they can hold out long enough to render the British nation impatient of the sacrifices required to carry out the purpose for which the war was undertaken, they may rely on the annexation of the Republic being cancelled in deference to popular opinion as represented by the English Liberals. The reliance may be misplaced. I have no doubt myself that it rests on no basis of solid fact. But from a Boer point of view the record of the past justifies the anticipations of the future.

It seems to me, therefore, that the assertion at which the Liberals take so much umbrage, namely, that every seat lost by the Government is a seat won by the Boers, is not a mere piece of party rhetoric, but the statement of sober truth. It would be absurd to suppose that the Boers follow the vicissitudes of English party contests with very close attention. But it is matter of notoriety that pro-Boer partisans in the United Kingdom lose no occasion of assuring their correspondents in the Transvaal and the Free State that public opinion at home is turning against the war, that England is weary of the contest, and that the Liberal Party are anxious to bring the campaign to a close on any reasonable terms. The flowing tide will, the Boers are assured, sweep all before it when once the Liberals carry the day. The non-committal attitude adopted by the Liberals as a party in respect of the war has tended inevitably to encourage the Boers in prolonging their armed resistance, and the abandonment of this attitude would do much to dispel the fatuous hopes by which the Boers are led to continue the war. If this is so the Moderate Liberals, so long as they refuse to dissociate themselves from their pro-Boer colleagues, have no right to complain if every Liberal success is regarded by their fellow-countrymen as a gain to the Boer cause, and therefore a loss to the cause of England.

EDWARD DICKY.

A BISMARCK EN PANTOUFLES.¹

NOTHING could be more *sauf* in itself or more amusing to a cynical observer than the tempest of indignation unloosed in England by the latest performances of Count von Bülow. His reply to Mr. Chamberlain was the most palpable political blunder committed by a German Minister since the creation of the Empire. In the complacent unwisdom of its substance and the trivial cleverness of its form it was the work of a feuilletonist, not of a statesman. Its lack of sound judgment and serious faculty would have done the greatest credit to the most superficial amateur at the Wilhelmstrasse, and that such a display of dandy debate should have become possible when the successor of the Iron Chancellor discusses in the Reichstag an international question of the most delicate and critical kind, is one more ill-omened instance of the ebb of luck on every side of German politics which has attended the fourth Chancellor's tenure of office. When we remember the ferocious sneers of Prince Bismarck at the statesmen of the Second Empire, it is impossible not to be struck by the fact that Count von Bülow, with his florid and facetious personality and the fluency of his light rhetoric, bears on the whole a far more vivid resemblance to the Duo de Gramont than to Bismarck himself. A cheaper sacrifice of serious statesmanship to tinsel effect than the "*Il mord le granit*," quotation will hardly be found in the declamation either of Gramont or Ollivier. If Frederick the Great succumbed to the phrase, then the less Frederick he. As soon as peoples believe themselves invincible, their day is nearer at hand than when they feared for their future. To say that criticism of the Prussian army was "*biting at granite*," did not prevent the Prussian army at Jena from biting the dust, and the spirit of the boasting epigram was the cause of the catastrophe.

But there was neither diplomatic mystery nor sudden revelation about the attempted lesson to the Colonial Secretary. The speech was neither novel nor surprising. It was precisely what had been predicted for weeks by every well-informed observer of German politics. It was the last of a systematic series of speeches, lively in their type and monotonous in their repetition. No one in all probability was more disconcerted by the latest result of them than the author. He had taken the extraordinary slowness, the entirely characteristic

(1) It ought to be said that this article was in type before the views it expresses received singular corroboration by the commencement of a campaign against the Fourth Chancellor in some of the most influential organs of the German press. "*A master of specious phrases*" whose "*indefinite diplomatic platitudes are no longer acceptable*," says the clerical *Kölnische Volkszeitung*. When it and the *Vossische* and *Frankfurter Zeitung* agree that a statesman is a failure, no actuary would reckon his official existence a good life.

and inimitable slowness, of the English people in awakening to the nature of his tactics for a genuine long sufferance of what they already understood.

Count von Bülow in short had only meant to do again what he had frequently done before. He had played the game with impunity so long as to have entirely forgotten that it was dangerous. The Iron Chancellor never went so far in his references to this country as has repeatedly been done by the Chancellor in Dresden china. More. England never has been publicly handled in these last two centuries by any foreign statesman after the manner in which Count von Bülow has indulged himself, and there is no other nation which Count von Bülow has treated or would care to treat in the same style. When he promptly introduced the Navy Bill in the Reichstag after the battle of Colenso, in the cleverest of his *causeries*, his speech was understood by his audience to mean that England's Imperial supremacy was following that of Spain and Holland. "No one," he permitted himself to remark, "can say what consequences the war will have which in the last few weeks has set South Africa in flames. The English Prime Minister said some time ago that the weak nations were always becoming weaker and the strong ones stronger. Everything that has since happened proves the truth of the words." In the speech upon the seizure of the *Bundesrath*, he used not one syllable of conciliatory comment, but roused the repeated and prolonged cheers of an assembly saturated through and through with Anglophobia, by speaking exactly as he might have done had the British apology been an abject surrender extorted from a hostile and reluctant Power. Elated by these successes the German Chancellor has gone farther, and has never spoken in the Reichstag with reference to the conventional friendship with England without deliberately exciting the unfriendly laughter of the fractions at our expense. This is an entirely new amenity between nations, and the odd thing is that it should have drawn no effective protest from this country till now, and that Count von Bülow, pursuing the easy tenor of his satirical way, should at this particular point have been overwhelmed without notice by the full fury of British wrath. The most distasteful exhibition of the Chancellor's pretty wit was in the debate following the return of the Kaiser from Queen Victoria's burial, when Count von Bülow explained that the visit which moved the heart of our people had no political meaning on the German side, but that if England chose to indulge in sentimental ecstasies upon the subject, it would be absurd for Germany to rebuff her enthusiastic advances. Thus the suggestion that Mr. Chamberlain had impotently attempted to assail the honour of the German army was in a mere "concoction accordingly" with all Bülow's cold levity of thought and expression whenever England is concerned. "We desire friendly relations—upon the basis of complete reciprocity and mutual respect."

Upon such refrigerated platitudes he rings the banal changes, until England feels like Anna Karenina trying to live with her irreproachable and detestable prig of a husband. It will be admitted that a stranger and more unpromising dialect has never been practised in diplomacy between two friendly nations. Every speech made by the fourth Chancellor upon questions touching Anglo-German relations has left them cooler and still cooler than before. They are now below zero, and will assuredly remain at that temperature unless the Kaiser thaws them by another touch of his warm genius. This is what Count von Bülow has done, and unless another Bill such as has often been talked of for the increase of the German Navy by yet another fifty per cent. is in contemplation, he has done it absolutely without need. Under the present conditions of European politics, the fourth Chancellor's achievement is such that Bismarck might well rank his successor with Gramont, Ollivier and Mr. Gladstone, of whom he said that if he had done as much mischief to his country in as short a time as they had to theirs, the rest of his life would not be long enough for prayers and penance. There is very much of the airy Alcibiades in Count von Bülow's parliamentary manner, and in politics above all the bitter cynic can nearly always say to Alcibiades, "Go on and prosper—for thou wilt ruin them all."

There is a more serious and unpleasant question than the perisiflage which gives the subtle Anglophobe bouquet to the sparkle of Count Bülow's speeches. It is that of the habitual bad faith of his diplomacy. Upon this point it would be futile to mince words. The German Chancellor has attempted, in this as in every other sphere, to imitate the practice of Prince Bismarck, but always at the cost of this country, and with the invaluable result to us of making the Foreign Office more firm and cautious in its dealings with him. "Truth," said the Iron Chancellor of his old master William I., "was dearer to him than anything else. In my diplomatic business I also have endeavoured to speak the truth always, but circumstances sometimes compelled us both to deviate from it a little in public. How hard that always was for the old Emperor! He always blushed on such occasions, and I—I could not look at him, and so quickly turned away." There is a good deal idealised in this affecting and inimitable picture, but there is also something real. Whatever may be thought of the well-known devices of Bismarckian craft, they never went beyond the necessary, and were concealed as long as possible. But what the great Chancellor did for necessity the clever Chancellor does for *réclame*. He does not wait to be found out. He hastens to advertise his own sharp practice. He has certainly secured at least one object which, according to circumstances, may prove one of the most important achievements of German diplomacy, as her press asserts, or, on the other hand, may remain a nebular hypothesis for generations. But let us come to details upon the

subject in which Count von Bülow has achieved the remarkable double result of making the Foreign Office thoroughly awake to the tactics of the Wilhelmstrasse and the British nation to the real sentiments of the German people.

Nothing in the *Granitrede* gave more or more just offence in this country than the characteristic passage in which Count Bülow hinted that he had received "assurances from the other side" as to the innocent intentions of Mr. Chamberlain in the Edinburgh speech. It would be hard to say whether the superficial audacity or the essential and absurd feebleness of this move is most to be marvelled at. Count von Bülow could not but know that he would be met with a flat denial, that he would be unable to reply, and that only one inference would remain to be drawn by the least acute intelligence. In other words, his statement could only mean, not that he had received "official explanations" from Lord Lansdowne, but that he had tried to get them and had failed, the whole tone of the "granite speech" being an attempt to avenge the failure, so ill-conceived that it made a discomfiture conspicuous which would otherwise have remained unknown. The episode gives the real calibre of Count von Bülow, and there could hardly be a more telling exposure of the difference between the old Jove in jack-boots and the Bismarck *en pantoufles*.

This, however, is not the first incident of the kind, but only the least successful. Count von Bülow made Mr. Chamberlain's acquaintance when he came to England with the Kaiser at the beginning of the war. The German Foreign Minister, as he was at that time, made himself excessively agreeable to the Colonial Secretary, and, as is understood, seduced the latter into some openness. Upon Count von Bülow's side the result was the Samoa Treaty, upon Mr. Chamberlain's, the Leicester speech. That was the one humiliating incident of Mr. Chamberlain's career. More exalted nonsense than the suggestion of a Teutonic-American alliance—"whether on paper or in the minds of the leading statesmen of the countries concerned"—was never uttered by a public man. The Colonial Secretary's excuse was that he had evidently been overcome by a private enthusiasm for Anglo-German fraternity, such as would never be suspected from a single word in the subsequent tenour of Count von Bülow's speeches and semi-official notes. But the latter, happily for this country, made a far-reaching mistake in underestimating the one man who might have exercised a powerful leverage upon English popular opinion in favour of Germany, and he made a more profound error yet in changing his tune towards England as soon as he had got what he wanted. The Leicester speech like the Edinburgh speech, though in a very different and much more mischievous way, placed the German Government in a real difficulty. Count von Bülow extricated himself in 1899 by the tactics which he

has since consistently continued. He published through the *Hamburgische Correspondent* a semi-official despatch in which, to quote the admiring words of a Teutonic Chauvinist, "Herr Chamberlain was scoffed at (*verspottet*) in beautiful style, and the whole point of the incident simply turned round with such skill as to play off the excellent relations of the German Empire to Russia against England."¹ This *communiqué* from the Wilhelmstrasse received little notice in England, where we were engrossed by the opening events of the war, but if it is carefully read it will be seen to give the key to the not very profound but perfectly consistent system of Count Bülow's policy.

"The part of the Chamberlain speech touching upon Anglo-German matters is regarded here (Berlin) as a new proof of the high value which *England sets at present upon friendly relations towards Germany, and upon their sedulous cultivation*. There is no need for any long exposition of the fact that Germany also knows how to estimate at its full significance the undisturbed relations with the powerful British Empire, and that it has no objection to a friendly co-operation so far as it may correspond to German interests. But since our own interests are the decisive factor in shaping our international relations, the equilibrium between England and Germany, placed so energetically to the foreground by the Colonial Minister Chamberlain, finds its valuable supplement in the good relations which bind us to Russia."

A few weeks later, and once more through the *Hamburgische Correspondent*, Count von Bülow revealed to Mr. Chamberlain and the world that the Anglo-German agreement touching Portuguese East Africa, upon which the Colonial Minister had laid mysterious stress, had been confidentially communicated to the diplomacy of St. Petersburg and approved by Russia before it was signed. A more stinging facer for the statesman partly induced by the expansive amiability of Count von Bülow to make the Leicester speech, it would be difficult to imagine. But note the fundamental want of Bismarckian judgment and resource shown in these communications, with their surface smartness and essentially unskilful contents. Count von Bülow fails again at the real difficulty of the game in which the First Chancellor delighted. He is a juggler who cannot keep even two balls in the air at once, and is bound to let one or the other drop. Instead of exploiting Mr. Chamberlain while humouring St. Petersburg, the only method of satisfying St. Petersburg which occurs to him is to give Mr. Chamberlain away with ignominy. A more amazing error was never made by a shallow judge of circumstance and character. Not content with that achievement, in which the inexcusable indiscretion of the Leicester speech and our reverses in the war made his position temporarily secure, he proposed the doubling of the navy in a speech which could not have been framed to greater effect if it had been deliberately meant to rouse, as it did, the suspicion and vigilance of England. It will be admitted that a more colossal blunder in that connection it would have been impos-

[(1) *England und das Deutsche Reich*. Leipzig, 1900, p. 43.

sible for the feuilletonist as statesman to commit. By this alone Count von Bülow may prove to have neutralised the Kaiser's naval policy. Elated, however, by the series of successes we have described, Count von Bülow went farther, and, having embittered Mr. Chamberlain with some excuse, he proceeded without excuse to estrange Lord Salisbury.

He had got a ready and handsome apology from us in the *Bundesrath* case; he flourished it in the Reichstag as if it had been extorted by threats, and laboured the language of menacing indignation without one syllable in recognition of British friendship or British difficulties. It has been noticed by visitors to the Reichstag that when Count Bülow wishes to be tragic he resorts to chest-tones, which is another reminiscence of the Duc de Gramont and the statesmen of the Second Empire. The use he chose to make of the apology for the seizure of the *Bundesrath* was, perhaps, one of the reasons which effectually prevented him from getting any "official assurances" as to the Edinburgh speech. Another grating instance of this sharp practice, as has been explained, was in the detestable debate upon the Kaiser's reception amongst us when Queen Victoria died—no political meaning in that gracious episode upon the German side, but another example to recall the formula of the *Hamburgische Correspondent* of "the high value set by England upon the sedulous cultivation of friendly relations with Germany."

The classic example of Count Bülow's dealings with England is, of course, "the Yang-tze agreement." That edifying transaction has been discussed too often to need elaborate analysis here. But let us recall the vivid ethics of the matter. At a moment when the wire between Berlin and St. Petersburg is seriously interrupted, England and Germany make an agreement concerning the integrity of China, which is understood, with all imaginable simplicity, at Whitehall to convey an unmistakable hint to Russia. The Convention is no sooner published than all the principal German newspapers, with carefully-prepared spontaneity, call it the "Yang-tze agreement," and represent it as a triumph over English diplomacy, and a proof of the impotence to which British pride has been reduced by an unholy war. Count Bülow follows this up by declaring that what may become of Manchuria is a matter of perfect indifference to Germany, and he actually uses an agreement with England not only to reduce England's prestige, to the accompaniment of the whole gleeful symphony of *Schadenfreude* in his press, but to restore the good relations with Russia by representing Great Britain to that Power as the only enemy. Nothing for all short-sighted purposes could have been more unscrupulously smart. But nothing can be more obvious than that the "Yang-tze agreement" will be the last of its kind, and will probably exercise as significant an influence upon the orientation of British diplomacy as the oration upon the *Flottengesetz* will exert upon British naval policy.

It would be, perhaps, unfair to hold Count von Bülow personally responsible for the ludicrous zeal with which the German Press improves upon the example set them by the "Yang-tze agreement." Was it James Payn or Anthony Trollope who said of the symmetrical method of Wilkie Collins that "not the blowing of a nose or the shutting of a window but was made to have a direct bearing upon the plot?" Not a hair of the diplomatic situation can be turned in any part of the world, but the German journals will protest that it is another revelation of the decadence of British prestige. When France succeeds, with our hearty goodwill, in settling accounts with the Sultan, every important newspaper in the Fatherland declares the occupation of Mitylene to be a blow to Britain. When the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty is ratified we have again crept under the Caudine forks. Strangest of all, when Italy dances the "Valse Tripolitaine," as an *extra tour* with France, and leaves her Prussian dragoon and her Austrian hussar twisting their moustaches by the wall, the chorus of Teutonic journalism declares that nothing, absolutely nothing, will induce any partner in the Triple Alliance to resort to the Divorce Court, but that England's position in the Mediterranean is most gravely menaced. "Neither the blowing of a nose or the shutting of a window" can occur in the diplomatic sphere, but it is full of meaning for our ultimate fate. Prince Henry is announced to visit America when Miss Roosevelt launches the Kaiser's yacht, and Herr Krupp's malevolent organ in Berlin, in words as full of meaning as Burleigh's nod, warns us to look out. That the entire press of a serious nation is addicted to these childish *Chinoiseries* is a significant symptom of the defects of the modern German temperament and intellect. Count von Bülow is not responsible, but it is all very Bülowian. The brusque and unseemly denial in the *Nord-Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* that the Prince of Wales was visiting Berlin upon the invitation of the Kaiser, gave the gutter-press in the capital and some organs of standing in the provinces the opportunity of representing the heir-apparent's journey as a penitential embassy only removed in degree from that of Prince Chun. This certainly is not what the German Chancellor intended. But he is equally unhappy in what he intends and does not intend, and if in all his *communiqués* and speeches where England is concerned, he satisfies the Pan-German agitators who embrace the dismemberment of Austria and the downfall of British sea-power in one comprehensive dream, it is impossible to suppose that he can expect feeling in this country to be simultaneously improved. Enough has been said to show that if the German Chancellor be as, in some quarters we are strenuously assured, a genuine and warm friend to this country, true affection was never more brilliantly dissembled. Even the reply to a coarse mountebank like Herr Liebermann von Sonnenburg, in which the German Chancellor spoke of British soldiers as at least knowing how to die, would

have been infinitely more effective if all well-informed observers had not predicted before that reply was made that, after scoring off Mr. Chamberlain on the one hand, the too facile orator would seize the early opportunity certain to be afforded him by Pan-German excesses on the other hand of effacing any disagreeable impression that might remain upon the British mind. *Vivez jeu!* Decidedly Count von Bülow is not subtle.

General Caprivi was better than clever. Prince Hohenlohe was other than clever. The fourth Chancellor is clever merely. Count von Bülow has endeavoured most sedulously to frame himself upon the Bismarckian model. He has striven in an utterly changed world to revive the Iron Chancellor's methods and to echo the phrases of the man of blood and iron. This reminds one of the not unknown delusion of young men who imagine that they can write like Shakespeare. In politics, Bismarck is the inimitable. His success was a matter of genius, not of system. Count von Bülow in attempting the imitation has committed himself to an attractive experiment, in which success has never been achieved. M. Hanotaux thought to copy Richelieu, and with the inevitable result. Bismarck's genius lay precisely in the inexhaustible resource with which he dealt with complications as they arose. To always do what Bismarck would have done is an excellent principle, like that other of doing as Napoleon would have done. This maxim adopted, the only difficulty is to know what Napoleon would have done. And as for principles of action, the Iron Chancellor gloried in having nothing of the sort. He said they were as embarrassing as if a man should try "to walk down a very narrow forest path with a long pole in his month." Great men are not bound by their own precedents. But this is what their imitators are apt to be, and this is perhaps what is most generally fatal to the imitators. Of genuine invention in diplomatic situations of a novel kind Count von Bülow, as we have seen, has not shown a trace. Bismarck maintained with marvellous success the equipoise with Russia and England, realising that good relations with the one were his best security for good relations with the other. The present Chancellor has effectually succeeded in overturning that equilibrium, and in his anxiety to preserve the traditional friendship with the eastern neighbour, which was the cardinal principle of Bismarckian diplomacy, has lost the simultaneous understanding with England—that is, the ingenious guarantee that Berlin should be first and St. Petersburg next. Now the Wilhelmstrasse plays second violin in Europe.

If Count von Bülow's attitude towards England and the results were deliberately intended, as some suspect, to make part of some masterly and unfathomable policy, we should expect to see in other directions very different consequences from a very different conduct. But what has occurred on one side has occurred on all. There could have been

no more rapid and prodigal dispersion of great diplomatic assets than has been effected under the fourth Chancellorship within little more than twelve months. If the Triple Alliance is "no longer an absolute necessity for Germany," it is because it is henceforth a mere façade. Italy separated from France upon the Mediterranean question. She has settled with the Republic upon that issue. Her claim to the reversion of Tripoli will be secure if an opportunity to materialise it should arise. Her remaining and more vital interests upon the Balkan side of the Adriatic are in conflict with the policy of Austro-Hungary and with the ideals of the Pan-German League. Since Count von Bülow became Chancellor Russia has at last succeeded in drawing Montenegro, Servia and Bulgaria together, and throwing a racial barrier across the path of German hopes in the East. Our problem in South Africa is simplicity itself compared with "the Polish danger" in Prussia, where the fourth Chancellor proposes to apply with greater harshness and expense the "Hakatist" methods which have failed in the hands of all Prussian governments from Frederick the Great to Bismarck. We want to colonise the Transvaal. Count von Bülow's policy is one of German colonisation within Germany itself among a Slav people who are an organic portion of a hopelessly prolific and tenacious race now numbering eighteen millions of souls. They are politically divided, but geographically and morally they are one solid mass, animated by a more intense national consciousness than Poland undismembered ever knew. Severity to the Poles was one of Prince Bismarck's methods of conciliating Russia. Count von Bülow's mechanical repetition of the former policy of Prussia, at a time when Russia's treatment of her Polish subjects has wholly altered, promises to drive all the Poles to dream of reunion under the Tsar as they have never done before. The protest of Prince Czartoryski in the Galician Parliament against the punishment of the children who refused to say their prayers in German at Wreschen, was met by the Reichskanzler in worse than the "granite speech" manner. So that in Austria the Poles, who have been the strongest support of the Triple Alliance, seem certain to become as hostile as the Czechs.

In Hungary the Pan-German agitation, which Count von Bülow has never denounced, is provoking the rising anger of the Magyars, and the recent anti-German disturbances in Buda-Pesth are a significant sign that there also a rift threatens to open in the lute. Across the Vosges the publication of General Voyron's letters to Count Waldersee destroyed in a moment the fond illusion that France, in spite of the remarkable suavity and steady skill with which her policy towards Germany, as towards other Powers, is at present conducted, can be expected to throw herself upon the neck of her conqueror. The Republic, unlike the Bourbons, has learned much—and forgotten nothing. While the Sultan seems at last on the

point of granting the final concession for the Baghdad Railway,¹ the comments of M. Witte's organ upon the bland invitation to Russian subjects to invest in that enterprise, were the polite model of malevolent neutrality. Finally, Berlin has at last, and very wisely, taken the striking step of acknowledging the Monroe Doctrine by explaining at Washington the moderation of her intentions with regard to Venezuela. Those who in the last few years have been trying to warn this country that friendship for England among the German people was as rare as saltspoons, seemed, before Count von Bülow became Chancellor, to be preaching to the desert. The "granite speech" has effected the awakening of a slow nation with a completeness which had seemed previously impossible. In German foreign policy Count von Bülow's management of the Bismarckian formulae seems to be resulting in a tolerably comprehensive bankruptcy.²

In the sphere of domestic policy the reversion to the Iron Chancellor's economics does not promise to be more fortunate. To speculate upon the ultimate consequences of the Tariff Bill would be useless. It may be qualified, withdrawn or wrecked. Its fate in any of these cases would probably seal that of Count von Bülow himself. In the meantime the uncertainty in which it involves the future aggravates every factor in the commercial depression and prevents the revival of business. Emigration has begun to increase. If Count Caprivi had never said anything else than his famous words, "Germany must export either men or goods," the maxim would have proved him a better economist than his successors or his predecessor. The proposal for nearly doubling the duty on corn, coming with the first industrial crisis, has given the Socialists a cry such as they have never had since the foundation of the Empire, and the anti-Imperial party, after a period of slowing down in its process of expansion, has again resumed its old alarming rate of growth. The most curious feature of all is the revival of particularism in South Germany. Any foreign opinion upon this point would be resented by all Germans, and probably received with incredulity by others outside the Empire who have long been led to assume that the old jealousy and friction between Prussians and Bavarians were extinct. A few weeks ago, the most widely-circulated newspaper in Berlin printed an article by its Munich correspondent from which the following suggestive extract may be given :—

"Outside, 'in the Empire' (*im Reich*), as people like to say here, the power and influence of *Das Bayerische Vaterland*³ are under-estimated. There should be some food for thought in the fact that a journal in which Prussia and the German unity

(1) Since signed.

(2) A graver symptom than any noted in the text has since appeared in the negotiations between Austro-Hungary and Russia for common action against the German tariff. This would mean nothing else than the isolation of Berlin—the ruin of the entire Bismarckian system, and the premature termination of Count Bülow's career.

(3) An anti-Prussian journal.

created by Prussia are vituperated in a manner not fit to reproduce, in which every week the German Emperor is insulted by expressions for which in Berlin the responsible editor would be put under lock and key for life—that this paper not only lies in every tavern, and is read by the lower classes of the population. On the contrary, it can be seen in the hands of very considerable people, who enjoy it with unconcealed satisfaction. There is no doubt that in the last decade, since Bismarck quitted office, the Imperial ideal in Bavaria has suffered in power and respect. The particularists of the white and blue make their voices heard in scorn of everything that comes from Berlin and the detested Prussians. I do not believe that in the time of the first Chancellor the Bavarian journals would have indulged themselves in the language recently heard when the question of a single Imperial stamp was once again made the subject of public discussion. And I cannot free myself from the impression that those in the high places of the Empire fail to recognise this development of things, which, indeed, offers no serious dangers now, but may gradually lead to them.”¹

The point in this connection is that the condition of the finances of the Empire and of all the States except Prussia threatens to compel the introduction for the first time of direct taxation for Imperial purposes. It will be impossible to pay for the new navy, as was expected, out of the automatic increase of the present sources of indirect revenue. The people must feel the pressure which the attempt to become the first naval as well as the first military power upon the Continent will entail. In the meantime the future of Germany in diplomacy, in constitutional development, in trade, has become at least as anxious a problem as that of England. Count von Bülow's misfortunes have been at least as serious as his faults. But hitherto he has seemed unable to mend either the one or the other. Whatever becomes of the fourth Chancellor, whose policy at bottom is one of deference to St. Petersburg abroad and of surrender to reaction at home, it may be assumed with tolerable safety that efforts will be made to draw this country once more into a position which has paralysed her diplomatic independence for a quarter of a century. Germans, in spite of the conciliatory tone in which the subject has been widely discussed in this country, and the remarkable response from M. Witte's organ and the *Noroe Vremya*, still believe that Anglo-Russian differences are irreconcilable. They are convinced that having backed the wrong horse upon the Bosphorus, we are about to back the other wrong horse in Persia. If they are right the Lord, who abandons stupid people, will deliver us, sooner or later, into their hands. England can have no desire but to live on good terms with Berlin, but any relapse into sentimental sophistry would assuredly be followed by the reactions, unseemly and dangerous for both countries, which we have seen in the last few weeks, and if the nation is wise it will remember that better relations with Russia and France should be the chief object, and a good understanding with Germany a genuine but entirely secondary aim of our foreign policy.

POLLEX.

(1) *Berliner Lok! Anzeiger*, December 12, 1901.

VICTOR HUGO.

A HUNDRED years have passed since Victor Hugo was born. It is but a small space of time when we consider the number of centuries through which the rich and various literature of France has flourished. Yet it has been long enough for this one man, by his own power or as the representative of the spirit of his time—according to our theory of history—to turn the mighty stream of that literature into a new channel. It has been long enough also for the most conflicting judgments to be recorded concerning his achievement.

Even yet the time has not come for any final statement regarding the precise value of Hugo's work. The conflict of opinion regarding that work may, or may not, show the futility of literary criticism. There is, however, another way of estimating the calibre of a great literary personality. We may, for the moment, ignore his literary output altogether, in order to consider the man himself who was the primary source and origin of that output. What the man was that we may be sure his work, with blurred outline or added glamour, also was. There are few writers whose personality is so obscured in their work as Victor Hugo; he himself wrote, as early as 1835 (in the Preface to *Chants du Crépuscule*), and with more truth than an author always shows in self-analysis, that his personality was only faintly indicated in his books. In gauging that personality, therefore, we only follow the indication he has himself given when we throw aside his books altogether.

In estimating Victor Hugo's achievement and place in the world, we have, indeed, to follow the same course as has been found desirable in the case of an even greater figure of the nineteenth century, Napoleon. We no longer study Napoleon by accepting the opinions of friends or foes, or by gazing at the map of Europe he changed so profoundly; we gather together all the illuminating facts we can find concerning the man, and so at last are learning to reach a reliable estimate of Napoleon's place in the world. And if we are to reach a reliable estimate of Hugo's achievement in literature we must likewise cast aside the empty and conflicting discussions of critics, and even for a time close his own books, to come to the man himself.

The initial fact that Hugo's work furnishes singularly little self-revelation of the more obvious kind is itself, one may note, very significant. A profound and almost instinctive secretiveness is everywhere characteristic of the peasant, and nowhere more so than in France, a fact which Balzac in *Les Paysans* and Zola in *La Terre* have powerfully illustrated. It is not difficult to account for. Sincerity

marks the aristocrat, and secretiveness marks the plebeian, simply because force—which need not be secretive—is the traditional weapon of the lord, and cunning—which must be secretive—is the traditional weapon of the peasant. Now Hugo belonged to a race of peasants. He could never have performed his special work in the world if underneath all other elements in his nature there had not been ineradicably rooted the solid and primitive qualities of the French peasant. His grandfather sprang from people who, so far as is known, all cultivated the soil in Lorraine; this grandfather, however, took an upward step in the world, he became a joiner, and that he eminently represented the solid virtues of the French artisan we may judge by the fact that he was “*couronné*” on the Fête des Epoux in 1797; all the relations at this time, one notes, were becoming artisans, craftsmen, small tradesmen—bakers, hairdressers, bootmakers, and so on. From his mother Victor Hugo inherited traditions which only intensified those that came through his father; on this side, indeed, we are not among peasants, but among the middle-class, but the stolid *bourgeois* virtues of these pious Breton maternal ancestors could only serve to emphasise the paternal traditions. We see at once the primary source of that plebeian self-concealment which is so marked in Victor Hugo’s work. To call it insincerity is to misunderstand it, for so fundamental an instinct is a massive and solid quality, more allied to a virtue than to a vice, and without it we should certainly have had no Victor Hugo. Whenever we look below the surface of his work or his life we come on this solid rock of ancestral peasant and *bourgeois* nature. When M. Claretie called on Hugo in his old age he saw the *Petit Journal* lying about, and tells us that he was surprised, adding—sagaciously enough—that he could not tell why. The great poet might speak after the manner of Homer and Æschylus for others’ pleasure; for his own pleasure he shared with the humblest of his countrymen a devotion to the *Petit Journal*. In the same manner this enthusiastic patriot cautiously invested the large fortune he ultimately amassed in foreign stocks. For Victor Hugo poetry was not an everlasting self-revelation. This descendant of cultivators and craftsmen cultivated the great craft of poetry with the same honest, stolid, fundamentally impersonal spirit in which his forefathers had followed the crafts of carpentering, boot-making, or hair-dressing. Circumstances sometimes forced him to take up what on the surface seemed a revolutionary attitude, but his ideals always remained the same. Even in 1831, when still a young man, he wrote that his poems were “those of an honest, simple, serious man, who desires liberty, betterment and progress, but at the same time with all due precautions and all due moderation”; and one seems to be listening to the immortal Homais. He displayed the moderation and domesticity of the

plebeian Frenchman even in his vices; he was not faithful to his wife, but his devotion to his mistress endured for half a century. A genuinely romantic and aristocratic figure, such a person as Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, inheriting the blood and the temper of crusaders and templars, could never have played Victor Hugo's part in the world of literature or have wielded his influence. For that was needed all the shrewd caution, the stolid impenetrability, of the essential peasant.

So far I have said nothing of Hugo's father. It is obvious that when we have made clear in the poet's character the part played by the peasant, the craftsman, the bourgeois, we have only begun the analysis of his genius; we have only set down one of its elements, fundamental as that element may be. Hugo's father brings us to a further stage in his making. In this generation the Hugos seem to have abandoned their village associations, nearly all joined the army, and Joseph-Léopold-Sigisbert Hugo—his name alone indicates the swelling ambitions of the Hugo family, for he was the son of a simple Joseph Hugo—became a soldier at the age of fourteen, on the eve of the epoch-making year of 1789. He was extremely sensitive to the influences of the eventful days in which his youth was passed; he was affected by the nervous erethism so common at that period; at one time he changed his name Léopold to Brutus. He became a lieutenant-general under Napoleon, when generals were springing up from the ranks in all directions, and having written *Mémoires*, in which his own virtues were emphasised, not without some violence to the actual facts, he died at the age of fifty-five. He was not a man of genius, but he was clearly a somewhat exceptional man; with him the Hugo family stepped outside the narrow parochial limit of those homely avocations and virtues in which its energies had during long ages been slowly built up, and took part in the life of the world, realising the existence of ideas. Thus he leads us directly up to his famous son.

It was during the Brutus episode, when he was stationed at Nantes, that General Hugo met his future wife. Her name was Sophie Trébuchet, and she was the daughter of an old-fashioned Breton ship-builder; they were very royalist people and very religious, many of the feminine members of the family being Ursuline nuns. Sophie, though not religious, shared the royalist feelings of the family, but does not seem to have regarded this as any obstacle to her marriage with "Brutus." She is described as *petite* and *mignonne*, with hands and feet like a child's; she had no pleasure in nature nor any inquisitive desire for knowledge; altogether, a seemingly insignificant person who brought no obvious positive element to modify her son's paternal heredity, yet not without a certain individuality of her own, as shown not only by her freethinking tendencies, but also in a

certain virile authority which later she came to acquire as a result of her husband's long absences, and which eventually culminated in a separation. Through her also came a certain element of nervous weakness which was by no means without significance. She is, again, significant from the fact of the difference of race; the more or less Germanic people of Lorraine and the more or less Celtic people of Brittany represent the two most opposed elements in the population of France. Victor Hugo's mother, however characterless she may personally seem, brought to him the racial instincts of a poetry-loving and sea-faring people, which may well have served to give direction to the more active and fundamental elements furnished on the paternal side.

Moreover, the mere fact of marked difference of race, of a kind of cross-breeding, is itself a source of the variational tendency, and cannot be passed over as a probable factor in the constitution of Victor Hugo's genius.

Two children, both sons, were the first born of this marriage, and both were large and robust infants. Seventeen months after the birth of the second, on the 26th of February, 1802, at Besançon, was born the third child, Victor. At this time his father was twenty-nine years of age and his mother thirty-one. For some time before the birth of this child his mother, we are told, was *singulièrement gênée*. Unlike his brothers, he was a small, delicate, puny child, and the doctor declared that he could never live; small and ugly, his mother described him, "no longer than a knife." This weakly tendency persisted through childhood, and was certainly an influence of the first order in turning the young Hugo's activities into imaginative rather than practical channels. He was melancholy and languid, frequently found in corners crying, for no cause in particular. At school he was the smallest child there, and special care had to be taken of him; he was under the care of the schoolmaster's daughter, and almost his earliest recollections were of being taken in the mornings into her bedroom and placed on the bed, where he watched her put on her stockings and dress. This physical delicacy and languor was, however, only one aspect, though a significant aspect, of the silent, gentle, fragile child. On the other side he was reflective and intelligent, learning to read even before he was taught. His brain had gained through the inhibited activities of his body.

Yet it was Hugo's good fortune not to be permanently hampered by delicate health. On the contrary, when his early feebleness had performed its function by leading the shy and sensitive child into the path from which henceforth he could not retreat, eventually he acquired, and retained to the end, all the coarse robust vigour of his peasant ancestors. Rodin has remarked that there was much of the Hercules about Hugo, and in every description of his physical appearance and

habits the strength and vigour of his constitution and appetites are emphasised. Germain Sée, who examined him at the age of seventy-six, declared that he had the body and organs of a man of forty. Until his last illness, when over eighty years of age, his health was always perfect. He slept like a child; he rose at six and was able to begin work at once, and it was no fatigue to him to write standing; he ate enormously, miscellaneously, and rapidly, yet he never suffered from indigestion; his teeth could crush peach stones; his beard, said the barber, was three times tougher than anyone else's and destroyed all the razors; his eyesight was so keen that he could recognise friends from the top of Notre Dame, and that he never required glasses even in old age. His good-humour, it need scarcely be added, was perfect, his gaiety robust, and of Rabelaisian character. M. Dalou, the eminent sculptor, possesses a carefully made cast of Hugo's face, head and neck, taken shortly after death, and the cast has lately been studied by a well-known anatomist, Dr. Papillault. Hugo was of full medium height, solid and thickset, but so far as can be judged from the measurements of the head his brain was by no means above the average in size; his face was unduly large and broad as compared to the head, and gave an impression of very developed animality; there were many signs of lack of facial symmetry, and the lips and nose were thick, the eyes small. The poet was evidently conscious of the animality of his face, and in his portraits was always accustomed to bend his head forward so that the forehead caught the light and looked very large, although in reality its dimensions were by no means remarkable.

At a very early age Victor Hugo began to see the world. He was scarcely six weeks old when he was taken by his parents to Corsica, Elba, and neighbouring places; a few years later he was in Rome. A more important journey, indeed one of the most decisive influences of his life, took place at the age of nine, when he accompanied his mother to Bayonne (here for the first time falling in love with a girl a little older than himself), and on into Spain. He was now just old enough to obtain impressions which, while not precise or accurate, were yet strong to affect his childish imagination, and acted as a powerful ferment, developing with energy of their own and emerging later to give life to his work. Thirty years afterwards, when he saw once more the Spanish places he had known as a child, they seemed to him dull and commonplace.

Spain is not dull or commonplace even to-day, but Victor Hugo's experience was none the less significant. It was no accident that Spain, rather than France or Italy, should thus have exerted a definite influence on his childish imagination and on the shape and colour of his future work. Spain is the one European land in which the spirit of mediævalism still lives, in which the very atmosphere of

old romance may still be breathed. Whether or not, as M. Mabillean, one of his most penetrating critics, believes, he had a real affinity with the Spanish temperament, it was certainly the direct influence of Spain on this sensitive, moping child which moulded the romantic and mediæval movement in which Victor Hugo was the great protagonist.

The world of books soon began to open before the eyes of this eager receptive child. His rather Voltairian mother was not among those who think that books are dangerous, so the young Hugo was free to devour Rousseau, Voltaire, Diderot, *Faublas*, Restif de la Bretonne, and at the same time that irresistible pushing ambition, which in other forms had stirred in the immediately preceding generations of the Hugo family, began to make itself felt. It was characteristic that Chateaubriand, with his rhetoric, his sentiment, and his exotic colour, was young Hugo's first idol. "I will be Chateaubriand or nothing," he said at fourteen, and at the same time gave himself up, as far as possible, to writing prose and verse stories, translations, odes, tragedies, epistles, elegies, idylls, epigrams. An accident which confined him to bed for some time served to foster the fever of poetic production, and at fifteen he was a laureate of the Academy.

These early years, from the age of puberty, when he first began to write, to the completion of adolescence, were of immense and permanent importance in their effects on Hugo's art. This child of a race of peasants and craftsmen, of laborious and impersonal workers, though circumstances had led him into a totally different field, still remained a craftsman, laborious and impersonal. The whole of his early work is in substance purely conventional; it reveals no personal emotion; even in his enthusiasm for Chateaubriand he feels nothing of the breath of personal emotion in Chateaubriand; it is the exotic *décor* which attracts him. Young Hugo had instinctively made poetry his craft, and he treated it strictly in the spirit of the craftsman. Even when, after adolescence was over—and possibly under the stress of his mother's death and of his love for Adèle Foucher, who afterwards became his wife—his work really became more emotional, this element always remained a little bald, a little thin. Behind the magnificent products of his poetic craft, the artist himself was content to possess a very simple and modest stock of personal emotions, quite commonplace emotions, which the humblest of his fellow-citizens could share.

We have to bear this in mind when we are tempted to charge Victor Hugo with insincerity. There have been some poets who have concentrated in their works the quintessence of their personal emotion, who have cast the most intimate experiences of their lives to be crushed as grapes in the wine-press of their art. Victor Hugo had

no sort of affinity with such poets. It was not merely that he was far too shrewd, at bottom far too stolidly self-possessed, to be anxious to subject himself to any such violently disintegrating process. Not only was the impulse absent but, it may be said, the necessity for it was also absent. Hugo had acquired so splendid a mastery of his craft that a very small modicum of personal emotion was amply sufficient to set the craftsman at work, and the emotion was transformed into objective art, vast and exuberant, long before it could attain—even if it had the capacity to attain—any high or specialised degree of intensity. Thus it was that while at the periphery of his immense activities he fascinated his admirers by a splendour of utterance that seemed to them to rival Homer or Æschylus, in the centre the possessor of this *dme aux mille voix* was seated in Olympian calm with *Le Petit Journal* beside him. To describe such an attitude as insincere is to misunderstand it altogether.

On the intellectual side Hugo was equally limited and equally sincere. He accepted with great seriousness his own mission as a thinker and a moralist, and with an easy and off-hand manner he flung about jargon terms from metaphysics or science and the names of remote historical personages. But at every step he plunges into absurdity, and an intelligent schoolgirl can see through his science and his erudition. Probably no poet of equal eminence has ever been so far below the higher level of his day in intellectual equipment. Renouvier, the distinguished philosopher, who is an enthusiastic admirer, at the same time devotes a chapter of his book on *Victor Hugo le Poète* to his "Ignorance et Absurdité." It is to the limited character of his emotions and his small intellectual equipment—combined with immense self-confidence—that we must attribute that *sentiment de faux* which Renouvier, again, notes as marked in Hugo's work. The soul at the centre of the great embodied voice is quite inadequate to the vast constructions it calls into being, so that in all his work there is a certain unreality, a certain lack of correspondence to the actual facts of nature. Yet these limitations were the necessary conditions for the attainment of the special qualities which Hugo's work displayed in so high a degree. The primitive and myth-making character of his imagination, the tendency to regard metaphors as real, and to accept them as the basis of his mental constructions and doctrines, these tendencies, which Hugo shared with the savage, are dependent on rudimentary emotions and a high degree of ignorance regarding the precise relationship of things. Hugo's defects were an essential element of his qualities.

Every poet must have a mind that is predominantly auditive. Hugo was certainly indifferent to music, and could not sing a single note correctly. But an ear for music and an ear for verse are two quite distinct forms of the auditory mind, and the absence of one in

no degree interferes with a very high development of the other. Every poet must have a developed ear, whatever sense may come next in development. To be a poet at all argues a predominant delight in verbal melody, and this Hugo possessed in the highest degree; he was very careful of sonority and consonance, of syllabic harmonies, a master of rhythm and cadence; for notwithstanding that at certain points he broke through the rules of classic verse he retained a horror of licence and was a strict upholder of law in verse as in grammar. In Hugo's case vision was unquestionably the sense that came second, so closely following his ear in importance that some have declared it must be put first. That can scarcely be confirmed, but certainly vision modified and moulded the whole of Hugo's art. In his early formative years this vision was purely verbal and without any basis in actual observation, but during 1826 and 1827, after his tour in Switzerland, and when he had acquired the habit of going out in the evenings to study the sunset effects around Paris, the vision quality of his imagination began to become precise and self-conscious, and it developed with increasing years. It was during 1826 and 1827 that he wrote the *Orientales*, and the idea of that volume came to him while gazing at a sunset. If we examine into the special qualities of Hugo's vision we find that it is above all a sensibility to light and shade, whiteness and blackness, the opposition of sunshine and obscurity. It would seem that even the love of antithesis, which became eventually a marked and one might almost say morbid defect of his style, was really based on this sensory delight in the opposition of light and shade. There are no signs of any delicate sensibility to colour in his work. Although colour is by no means absent it is not finely seen colour, but usually a delight in violent contrast, and really, one may say, a special case of the antithetic opposition of light and shade. The extreme predominance of white and black in Hugo's work is brought out by an analysis of his colour words. I have made such an analysis in the case of a large number of poems from the *Orientales*, the *Feuilles d'Automne* and the *Chants du Crépuscule*. In the order of decreasing frequency the chief colour words are found to be white (including "argent") and black, both equally frequent to within one unit; then follow red (including a considerable variety of words), golden (and yellow), blue (and azure), green, finally at some distance purple, and lastly grey. So numerous are those colour words which really indicate the simple opposition of light and shade, that if we separate out the white, black and golden groups we find that they considerably outnumber all the other colour words taken together. Such a result throws a very significant light on Hugo's psychology, and is absolutely different from that which we obtain when examining the work of either of the two great French poets who have followed

Hugo. In Baudelaire, indeed, there is the same abnormal predominance of black, but in his case it is an index of temperament and less a seen black than a felt darkness, nor is it accompanied by any anti-thetic whiteness, while in Verlaine, the poet of *nuance*, both blackness and whiteness sink into the background and grey becomes predominant.

Hugo's tendency always to visualise his imagery precisely is easy to trace through his work. As one of his critics has pointed out, even sounds are sometimes in his hands described in terms of vision. The intense reality of vision, of the image, of the metaphor, lay at the foundation of all his mental constructions. For Hugo, as for the savage, the image evoked the idea, and was regarded as a sufficiently adequate cause of the idea. That, indeed, is the source of the primitive power and charm of Hugo's work. But it could only have arisen in a mind that was at once very acutely affected by vision and very deficient in the reserve of intellectual ideas which in the ordinary educated civilised man controls and modifies the impressions furnished by sight.

An indication of Hugo's tendency to regard the world as a vision is seen in his spontaneous and late-evolved love of sketching. Those amateurish drawings which he loved to execute—mostly fantastic old-world dreams of architecture—clearly illustrate his delight in white and black, in light and shade, and may well be described by two of the favourite adjectives which he often abused, "*sombre*" and "*mystérieux*." Even more significantly, perhaps, we find his visual sense illustrated by his handwriting. Nearly all his manuscripts are in the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, and they have been carefully studied by Paul and Victor Glachant. At first his handwriting was slight and small, seeming to betray a sort of physical timidity, but during the course of his career it swells and rises, becomes almost hieratic; to a writer of the first order, he seems to say to himself, must belong writing of the first order, and to do justice to this writing he latterly always used thick blue paper of vast folio form.

This gradual expansion of Hugo's handwriting is significant, not only of the gradual expansion of his own self-conscious personality, but, one may indeed say, of the whole history of the Hugo family. Beginning very humbly as peasant cultivators of the soil, the Hugos went on rising and swelling; in their upward ambition through three generations to reach the inevitable goal of insanity. We seem to trace already a faint indication of coming mental disequilibrium in the pompous baptismal name of Hugo's father (such names, it is well recognised, being very significant of a tendency to mental unbalance) and the career of "*Brutus*" Hugo himself, also shows such traces. Actual insanity seems first to appear, however, in Victor Hugo's own

generation; his elder brother, Eugène (the brother nearest in age to himself), who was warmly attached to him, sharing all his tastes but not his genius, went mad on the very day of Victor's wedding, and remained in an asylum until his death some years later. Victor Hugo's own daughter, Adèle, was ultimately consigned to an asylum, and others of his children have shown signs of mental anomaly. Victor Hugo himself, however, though thus as it were surrounded by insanity, always remained unquestionably sane. He seems to have found a safe anchorage, partly in the immense and acquired pride of his own apostolic mission, and partly in the congenital inheritance of peasant stolidity which was so liberally bestowed on him. His pride was indeed abnormal and almost morbid. It forced him to be at every moment, as he himself put it, "a torch" to humanity, to deny himself the pleasures of friendship since friendship could only be between equals, to become impervious to ridicule, to develop into a great master of *réclame*. But at the same time, it may well be, this pride served to give him serenity and equipoise, to balance the tendencies of his poetic temperament and so to guard him from that fate to which his brother succumbed. A curious proof of the beneficial effect which his pride had is still extant: like many others who live on the borderland of the abnormal, Hugo could write verse automatically, as he discovered at the age of fifty, by means of a spirit-rapping table. To some unbalanced persons this discovery would have been fatal; not so to Hugo; he never even published any of these verses, partly, as he said, out of respect for the mystery—for he took the phenomenon very seriously, being always credulous where the supernatural was concerned—but partly, as he added, out of respect for his own inspiration. Not only by his pride was he safeguarded, but also, it must be repeated, by that large share of peasant and bourgeois temperament which on both sides he had inherited in such peculiarly large measure. He was always, one might almost say by hereditary instinct, a great craftsman rather than a great artist. "If we take a higher idea of the artist and his art," remarks Hugo's enthusiastic admirer, M. Renouvier, "than that which attaches to skill of execution we must say that Victor Hugo was not a pure artist." The philosopher's observation is true and subtle. We have but to think of the English lyric poet who was drowned in the Mediterranean within a few days of the publication of the *Odes et Ballades* to realise the difference between the artist whose whole personality was fused into his work and the craftsman who, indeed, developed his craft on a scale of magnificence never before achieved in poetry, but yet remained a craftsman, strictly outside the high-strung rhetoric he produced, finding his own personal comfort and support in *Le Petit Journal*.

At the outset I alluded to Napoleon. When we survey the career

of Victor Hugo and the various factors which, as we have seen, went to the constitution of his genius, it is difficult not to be reminded at many points of Napoleon's career and genius. Both were great conquerors in the fields they had chosen for the display of their energies, both made a great stir in the world, and both, having left their own mark on it, saw their direct influence speedily swept away by their successors. They were alike in being men of low birth who fought their own way unaided; they were alike in their pride and ambition, the overweening sense of their own mission; they were both great forces rather than lovable personalities; they both lived on the verge of insanity, and perhaps both were saved from falling over by that element of commonplace vulgarity which both alike possessed. It may seem to some that such an analysis as has here been attempted tends to belittle an imposing man of genius. In reality it reveals an underlying affinity between the two greatest craftsmen, the two supreme figures, of nineteenth-century France.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

JEAN DE BLOCH.

It is a very lamentable thing, as Mr. Wells pointed out in a recent number of this Review, that we are often compelled, owing to the lack of an interested public, to gain our knowledge of serious foreign books through the medium of belated and abridged translations. It is not merely that we thereby sometimes deprive ourselves of the best fruit of foreign thought, but that we often at the same time do a serious injustice to those who have spent much labour in order that we may be wiser and better. The late M. de Bloch was a case in point. The exigencies of publishers and public required that his great work should be issued in an absurdly abridged form, and served up to the public under a misleading and somewhat sensational title. Yet the *Future of War*—whether right or wrong in its main thesis—was a book which was well worthy of serious study by everyone interested in politics or sociology. Other nations, at least, thought so. In England alone M. Bloch's views were never honestly discussed. Thereby we did ourselves a grave injustice, and a still graver injustice to a man who for the extent of his knowledge, his talent for organisation, and his extraordinary capacity for work—not less than for his personal character—was certainly one of the most remarkable men of his time.

It is sometimes said in England that M. de Bloch was a dreamer and a theorist. That cardinal misconception of his character having once arisen it is easy to explain the rest, and only after having utterly banished it is it possible to understand his aims and ideas. It should hardly be necessary to explain that dreamers do not administer railways and finance empires. Yet this, to put it shortly, was the essence of M. Bloch's career. He was first of all a man of work; only secondarily a publicist, and in both an embodied propaganda against dreams and delusions. When all Russia had succumbed to the impossible ideals of the Slavophiles, he was writing books to teach her that in honest finance and in better communications lay the only road to salvation. Though a sincere friend to the country of his birth, and connected by many ties with ultramontane Polish patriotism, he recognised the fact that in open provocation of their masters the present path of Polish prosperity does not lie; and he devoted his talents and his influence to establishing better relations with Russia by means of a movement which he lived to see attaining a very great measure of success. The characteristics of a dreamer might surely have been expected to reveal themselves in protest on behalf of oppressed nationality. M. de Bloch protested

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in the following practical words: "An oppressed Pole or Alsatian on the borders of Russia, Austria, or Germany, is a danger to that State in time of war." Everywhere he deprecated sentiment and appealed only to enlightened self-interest. He waged a vehement war against the methods of the orthodox peace parties, and often turned into good-humoured ridicule what he regarded as their unpractical appeals. Yet, in spite of his repugnance for their methods, he accorded them liberal support, for his practical mind was far too broad not to recognise that very often sentiment is an even more powerful weapon than sense.

It was inevitable that a man whose character was so grossly misunderstood should have been misrepresented also in his views. The majority of even well-informed persons have no other idea than that M. Bloch was a man who attempted to prove that war was impossible. Misstatements so gross generally carry within them their own refutation, and M. Bloch, who had called his book *The Future of War*, was given to asking caustically how he could have written of the future of an institution which he proclaimed to be impossible. He even went to the trouble of pointing out that during the eight years which he had devoted to the subject there had been three wars of considerable magnitude, not to mention innumerable expeditions against uncivilised people. "If, therefore," he used to say, "I declared that war was impossible, I must have given up reading my newspapers eight years ago." In spite of this obvious retort many people, especially in England, were of opinion that the outbreak of any imaginable war, no matter where and under what circumstances, would be enough to prove M. de Bloch's mistake. The outbreak of the South African War was naturally heralded as such an event, and even to-day many people regard the fact that that war broke out—and not merely the course which it took—as a refutation of the whole thesis of *The Future of War*.

Yet M. de Bloch's great "theory," in spite of the elaboration with which it was worked out, was a perfectly simple one, and had nothing whatever to do with those minor contests which form the great majority of the disturbances of the world's peace. To put it in the briefest possible form, he wrote about a particular war and not about war in general. His thesis—and happily nothing has occurred either to prove or disprove it—was that the war which might break out in certain limited conditions which at present exist on the European Continent had become impracticable as a means of solving differences, in consequence of a certain correlation of military and economic influences, the importance of which (he added incidentally) as factors in preventing war must in the nature of things tend to increase. A war, in short, between the Dual and Triple Alliances was not likely to be decisive, and would be profitable to neither

alliance, and probably disastrous to both. The reasoning by which he reached this conclusion is perfectly plain, and whether right or wrong at least gave no good cause for the misunderstandings which everywhere hampered its honest discussion. On the one hand he saw two great alliances, very nearly equal in combined numbers, wealth, discipline and moral qualities. This was the first changed condition in the military situation of Europe. The second factor, which he regarded as still more important, was that modern weapons and tactical methods had developed on lines which gave an immense increment of strength to the defensive, and enabled small bodies of men to defend a line of front against superior enemies for a much longer time than they could have done in the past. This fact, he argued, tended to remove the one great inequality between the European alliances which lies in their relative speed of mobilisation, the slower Power being easily able to maintain a successful defensive until its mobilisation was completed. The third factor of the military situation was the changed conditions of frontiers. Here M. Bloch spoke as an expert, for he had not only advised as to the directions of strategical railways in Poland, but had also made personal inspection of the more important European frontiers, and was in possession of much exclusive information which he used with great ingenuity and discretion. Everywhere he saw the frontiers fortified on an unprecedented scale, and to the rear of the frontiers second and third defensive lines, behind which stretched vast plains which the spade and the magazine rifle would turn into impregnable fortresses. Such were the main factors of the military situation, and from them he drew what he regarded as the perfectly obvious and reasonable conclusion, that, reasoning from a military standpoint alone, the war of the future would be very prolonged.

But these changes in the military situation, though they might prolong a war, would not in themselves be sufficient to make it impracticable. Wars have lasted years in the past, and ended not the less decisively. It was here M. Bloch's economic studies, which form, perhaps, the most authoritative portion of his thesis, were brought to bear. No man was ever better informed on practical economic problems than M. Bloch. He had been a banker, a railway contractor, the employer of thousands of men, and the president of many great industrial companies. He had drawn up schemes for the provisioning of his native city in time of war; he was an expert in anything that related to agriculture, and he was a high authority upon international finance. Therefore, having once been convinced that a war between the great Powers would be very prolonged, he devoted his mind to studying its probable economic results. The problem he set himself was whether a prolonged war would merely be followed by economic ruin or whether economic ruin would impose the cessation of war. The latter was his

conclusion, and his premisses are again perfectly plain. No great European State, he argued, can feed itself, with the exception of Russia and Austria-Hungary. But Russia, owing to geographical position, and to the certain interruption of sea communication, cannot feed her ally, and Austria has no surplus to feed her. Those governments which have established granaries for the provisioning of their armies have neglected to provide for the civil population. Let war once break out and industry will be interrupted, agriculture will be hampered, wages will disappear, and savings be rapidly dissipated—if indeed the governments are able to meet the rapid run upon the savings banks which will result immediately upon a declaration of war. The industrial population of the Continent, honeycombed with Socialism and already in passive revolt against the burdens of militarism, could therefore never stand a strain which was only borne with difficulty by the agricultural States of the past. M. de Bloch had made most elaborate inquiries extending over years as to the exact economic and social conditions of the European proletariat, and he came to the conclusion that there was no possibility of their withstanding the disruptive influences of a great war. No patriotism could be proof against universal starvation. On the other hand the governments, he was convinced, after an equally exhaustive inquiry, could no more stand the strain than the peoples. His lowest estimate of the total direct expenditure of all the Powers on a great war was £4,500,000 a day. Russia was economically the strongest, owing to her predominantly agricultural position and her simple organisation. Yet even she would be prevented from reaping the fruits of this advantage owing to her weak financial position. The resources of every State would give out after a few months of warfare.

These facts constituted the premisses of M. Bloch's famous syllogism, and, although they may be disputed, once accepted it is difficult to see what objection can be made to his conclusion. If, on the one hand, for military reasons alone, war must last for years before decisive advantages can be gained, and if, on the other, economic exhaustion must ensue within a few months, it is indisputable that war is impracticable as a means of solving international disputes. Such at any rate was the essence of M. Bloch's thesis, and whether right or wrong it is certainly not the thesis of a dreamer, but that of a very practical man who has balanced two counteracting forces, each of which—the military force tending to prolong war, and the economic force tending to shorten it—has an indisputable existence.

It has been widely stated in this country that M. Bloch's conclusions were rejected by military men. This, however, is incorrect. The only formal tribunal to which they were ever submitted—a Committee of Generals appointed by the Russian General Staff, reported

that while his book contained many minor inaccuracies of detail, it was a most valuable work on the whole, and the Chief of that Staff declared that it was a masterpiece of military literature. But M. Bloch had more confidence in the judgment of his friend Von der Goltz, who adopted his theory that economic exhaustion would be the most likely determinating factor in a great war. In England M. Bloch was tested by South African events, and as far as they could apply he was perfectly willing to accept the test. The British, he declared, had learnt by experience—what he had foreseen from reasoning—that, other things being equal, the defensive had increased in power enormously since the last great war. On the other hand the war was in no way a test of his economic teachings, the economic effect upon England being inconsiderable, while the Boers were precisely that unorganised, agricultural race which he had declared could best stand the strain of war.

To English critics M. Bloch had the obvious retort that if the South African war had not in some respects verified his theories, it had in all cases utterly demolished theirs. But did the war in the main justify confidence in his judgment as a student of military affairs? His opponents declared that he was justified only in those theories which were already accepted by all military men. Yet this was certainly untrue. For M. Bloch was not content with merely subjecting his abstract theories as to what would happen in an improbable European war to the particular test of South African experience. He not only predicted the consequences of a European war, but in regard to what was to happen in South Africa he committed himself beforehand in terms of unimpeachable precision which leave no doubt whatever that he foresaw the course of events. A few weeks after the war broke out, he declared in a letter to the writer that a superiority of four or five to one would be necessary to break down the *first* Boer defence, and he elaborated this in a pamphlet (*The Transvaal War and its Problems*) written at a time when everyone, in this country at least, was confident that half the force which was ultimately employed would be more than enough to cope with the Boers. So far, at any rate, he could claim to greater foresight than his critics.

But a later publication on the same subject gives so much better evidence of his acuteness and information that it is worthy of more detailed description. This was his pamphlet *Lord Roberts' Campaign and its Consequences*. The most remarkable fact about this pamphlet is that it was begun at the time of the relief of Kimberley, and published shortly after Lord Roberts had entered Bloemfontein in triumph. The total and unexpected collapse of the Boer resistance had firmly convinced the British public that the war was approaching a decisive end. Against this optimism not a voice was raised. In

some quarters, indeed, it was hinted, as a trivial detail, that the "restoration of order" might entail some police work. But nowhere, save in one quarter, was a warning voice raised to tell the British public that the warfare which would succeed the occupation of the Boer capitals would be infinitely more prolonged and costly than the first stage, and that so far from withdrawing troops they must be prepared for years of struggle, with their corollaries, continuous reinforcements, heavy expenditure, and a great loss in life.

M. Bloch was the exception. His pamphlet, as pamphlets do, passed almost unnoticed. Yet from beginning to end it was a mass of cogent reasoning and confident prediction that the war, so far from being near its end, had hardly ended its beginning. Having passed in review the topography of South Africa, the inadequacy of its communications and resources of food, and the character of its people, M. Bloch predicted that after the regular warfare was over, a period lasting for years of the severest guerilla warfare would ensue, which, in default of a formal peace, could only be ended by the hunting down of every individual Boer in the field. "Never before," he says, "were there so many conditions favourable to the defence in guerilla warfare as are to be found on the side of the Boers, and strategists and tacticians look forward to the hostilities which will ensue on the invasion of the republican territory with something of the thrilling interest with which physicians follow the development of a new disease."

M. Bloch's conclusion was that there would be only one way to subjugate the Boers, and that was to build lines of blockhouses along the chief communications, to subdue the country district by district, and to rely upon patience and the attrition of years to do the rest. The causes of this, he declared, would be the vastness of the country, the peculiar military characteristics of the Boers, the difficulty of provisioning isolated British forces, and so on. Of course, these latter reasons are now commonplaces. Everyone—even ministers—can talk learnedly of their inevitable effects. But M. Bloch's triumph lies in the fact that he laid them down in black and white at a time when not only the lay public, but the military experts and the military advisers of the Government were positively confident that the war would be over when Pretoria had fallen into British hands.

M. Bloch justly regarded this pamphlet as evidence of his foresight, and he sometimes used it as a weapon against military critics who condemned his major theory. That theory, happily, still remains untested, and that he was right about South Africa does not prove that he was right about Europe. But it is beyond dispute that on the one occasion in which he left the path of generalities, and risked his all by predictions susceptible of immediate test, his daring was justified.

Is it not therefore reasonable to assume, in default of proof to the contrary, that a man who displayed so much more acumen than the generality of critics in an individual instance of war had also some prevision of a great truth when he worked upon broader lines?

The assumption is all the more reasonable because M. Bloch's reputation as a man of knowledge and judgment rested upon a secure base many years before he undertook the study of war. It was inevitable from the character of his earlier works that that reputation had not extended to England, but it would be interesting to know how many of his critics were aware that he was anything more than "a wealthy merchant who had devoted his retirement to the study of war." So far from this being the case, all his life he had been a man of prodigious industry and exceptional culture, and he had, what is rarer still, a talent for organising great schemes, and elaborating great ideas upon philosophical lines. The work which he accomplished in nearly every sphere of practical activity might have profitably occupied a dozen lives; and to realise his uncompleted projects—uncompleted only in execution but complete in every provision and detail—would occupy a dozen more. His published works would fill an average library, and on any one of them an ordinary man might have been content to rest his reputation. But most of these works, written in a little-known language, and highly technical in their treatment, were not of a kind to advance his name abroad, and it is a fact that although he had visited England nearly every year since he was a young man, his name was probably not known to a dozen Englishmen until after *The Future of War* had attracted the attention of the world.

To summarise M. Bloch's publications even briefly would require a volume. But it may give some idea of his prodigious power of work to mention some of them merely in statistical form. The works in the possession of the writer, excluding his innumerable pamphlets, articles, and contributions to the daily press, and his translated works which he supervised in minute detail, fill some ten thousand—mostly quarto—pages. In 1875 he published in two volumes an important work upon the Russian railways, most of which is purely statistical. Three years later appeared a more important work dealing with the same subject. This book, *The Influence of Railways upon the Economic Condition of Russia*, occupies five quarto volumes, and describes in detail the effect of the newly constructed railway network upon the whole social and economic organisation of the Russian people. It is a classic of matter-of-fact exposition, and even to-day is very interesting as a defence of M. de Witte's much-debated policy of mortgaging the immediate resources of the Russian Empire in order to improve its communications. In 1882, after another interval of three years, he had completed

his *History of Russian Finance in the Nineteenth Century*. This work fills four volumes, or fifteen hundred quarto pages, and is not a mere aggregation of columns of figures, but a history of Russia during eighty years of the last century, on every page of which may be seen the author's extraordinary knowledge of politics and finance. He produced, on the same vast scale, a work upon *The Comparative Economic Conditions of the Russian Provinces*. He investigated the conditions of agriculture in Russia and Poland, and produced two separate works dealing with these subjects at a time when he was already occupied in writing his *Future of War*. He began a great movement, which has since produced very beneficial results, by publishing a volume upon *Agricultural Banks in Russia and Abroad*. Yet all these works, so far from being the fruit of a lifetime, were published in the short interval of fifteen years, and represented merely a fraction of his activity—represented, strictly speaking, the hours of recreation which he snatched from the administration of railways, the management of great banking and industrial interests, and service on commissions dealing with administrative reform. Nor does even this exhaust the sum of his activity. He had still sufficient leisure to carry out various great philanthropic projects, and it is largely due to him that Warsaw, in spite of many disadvantages, has kept its position as the most civilised and social community in the Russian Empire.

The Future of War is not—as it appeared in English—a mere statistical survey of military and economic facts. It would have been much more appropriately entitled *A Cyclopædia of Modern Life*. In its four thousand pages may be found in elaborate detail almost every fact of importance in the life of modern Europe. It contains what is probably the most compact and proportioned exposition of the moral, political, social and economic conditions of the six Great Powers to be found in any language, and a remarkable series of comparisons by means of which the relative as well as the absolute position of each country may be found. It deals with war both technically and broadly from every point of view, and it contains a complete history of the literary and philosophical movement in favour of its abolition. It describes in detail every pending or probable cause of international strife. It sums up everything from the consequences of Bismarckism to the nutritive value of a Russian navy's food. To use an expression invented by Macaulay "nothing was too great or too little for it." It is cemented into a consistent whole by M. Bloch's daring generalisation; and it summarises the views upon almost every conceivable subject of many of the most eminent men in Europe.

Yet with such a record for work M. Bloch was still unsatisfied. For, although in his later years he had given up most of his business

preoccupations, he was still engaged with innumerable projects connected with his various studies. He published scores of pamphlets and contributed innumerable articles to the Russian, French, and German press. He continued his relations with the Russian Ministry of Finance. He carried through a favourite project by creating a great museum of war and peace at Lucerne. He supervised the translation of his books, and designed hundreds of vast tableaux displaying pictorially the comparative conditions of war and peace. He followed the events of the South African War; and on the outbreak of the Chinese revolt came to England as the fountain-head of Sinology, advocating views which have certainly been justified by events, that Europe had nothing to gain and everything to lose by interference in Chinese affairs. He lectured at The Hague, in Paris, and in London, and drew up a vast scheme, extraordinarily perfect in detail, for a propaganda against Militarism on the Continent, a project which unfortunately he did not live to realise.

To say that such a man was a dreamer, or even a theorist, shows a gross misconception of his character. Yet, from the nature of his work, M. Bloch was one of those exceptional prophets who are honoured most in their own country. Although he professed a cosmopolitanism of the best type, which consists not in indifference to, but in equal affection for all countries, he was never really understood outside Russia and Poland. In France he was, perhaps, better liked and understood than anywhere else in Western Europe. In Germany he was detested and vilified owing to the mere accident that in his propaganda against modern army organisation he was accustomed to take the German army as archetype, and to declare that Germany could not profitably invade her neighbours. In England he was misrepresented by a Press which, while it prates amiably of the blessings of peace, despises a peace prophet as a fool. His frankness, his liberality, and his zeal were mistaken for egotism by those who knew nothing of his character or of his work. Yet there never was a man less egotistical or aggressive either in manner or mind. He was indeed firmly convinced that he was in the right—that was the essence of his life-work. But he had none of the prophet's contemptuous fanaticism which we see in his countryman Tolstoy. His zeal for ideas never hampered him in his career of practical good. He taught the Russians the value of railways, of intense agriculture, and of practical education, and thus did more than any other man to arrest the process of economic decay begun by the Emancipation. And, to his personal credit it may be added, at a time when Russia was a hotbed of corruption, he acquired a large fortune without losing the reputation of an incorruptible man.

R. E. C. LONO.

"FRANCESCA DA RIMINI."

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO'S new play, *Francesca da Rimini*, the manuscript of which is now in my hands, was acted at Rome, by Eleonora Duse and her company, on December 9th of last year. The English newspapers have told us, *The Times* unsympathetically, *The Daily Chronicle* sympathetically, how things went at that stormy five hours' performance. Has there, since *Hernani*, been such a battle over a play in verse? Now the play has been freely cut, and I hear that at Florence, acted with the cuts, it was acted successfully. I have not seen it acted, and can but speak of the play as I have read it. I propose only to give a brief account of the play itself, together with some specimen translations in the metre of the original.

The play is written in blank verse, but blank verse so varied as to become almost a kind of *vers libre*. This form of blank verse is not new in Italian. We need only open Leopardi to see almost exactly the same structure of verse. Take these lines of Leopardi ("Sopra un basso rilievo antico sepolcrale") :

" Morte ti chiama ; al cominciar del giorno
L'ultimo istante. Al nido onde ti parti
Non tornerai. L'aspetto
De' tuoi dolci parenti
Lasci per sempre. Il loco
A cui mova, è sotterra :
Ivi fia d'ogni tempo il tuo soggiorno."

Now take these lines, chosen at random from *Francesca* :

" Ma giammai
M'eran fiorite, come in questo maggio,
Tante, tante ! Son cento,
Son più di cento. Guarda !
S'io le tocco, m'abbruccio.
Le vergini di Sant' Apollinari
Non ardono così nel loro cielo
D'oro."

In English we shall find the most perfect example of blank verse varied into half-lyric measures in some of the choruses and speeches of "Samson Agonistes."

" But who is this ? What thing of sea or land—
Female of sex it seems—
That so bedecked, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing,
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for the isles
•

Of Javan and Gadire,
 With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
 Balls filled, and streamers waving,
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play!"

Matthew Arnold, in "Empedocles on Etna," "The Strayed Reveller," and some of his most famous meditative pieces, has used the same metre, carrying his experiment indeed further, and playing with pauses in a more complicated way, not always, to my ear, with entire success. I am not sure that metre such as this can ever really become an English metre:

"Thou guardest them, Apollo!
 Over the grave of the slain Pytho,
 Though young, intolerably severe!
 Thou keepest aloof the profane,
 But the solitude oppresses thy votary.
 The jars of men reach him not in thy valley,
 But can life reach him?
 Thou fencest him from the multitude:
 Who will fence him from himself?"

Mr. Henley has made for himself a rough, serviceable metre in unrhymed verse, full of twitching nerves and capable of hurrying or dragging.

"Space and dread and the dark—
 Over a livid stretch of sky
 Cloud-monsters crawling like a funeral train
 Of huge primeval presences
 Stooping beneath the weight
 Of some enormous, rudimentary grief,
 While in the haunting loneliness
 The far sea waits and wanders with a sound
 As of the trailing skirts of Destiny
 Passing unseen
 To some immitigable end
 With her grey henchman, Death."

Now the essential difference between the metre of d'Annunzio and these other instances of a similar metre is that, with d'Annunzio, the metre is purely a means to an end, a dramatic end. He has aimed at giving variety and emphasis to blank verse, so as to make the verse render the speaker's mood with the greatest exactitude. Where, in ordinary blank verse, a single line is broken up into two or three small speeches, which have to be fitted into their five feet with an ingenuity which, on the stage at least, goes for nothing, he lets his short lines stand more frankly by themselves. And he moulds a long speech into greater flexibility, letting the voice pause on a single short line coming after longer lines, for emphasis, or running a short, unaccentuated line rapidly into the next, in a very effectual kind of

enjambement. Yet, with all its variety, this metre is not, as is so much contemporary French *vers libre*, a vague, unregulated metre, which may be read equally as prose or as verse, and in which one has to search for the beat while one is reading it. The beat is always regular, clear, unmistakable. With the exception of a few dactylic passages, of which the most important occurs in the address to the fire, it is strictly iambic, and it is made of the normal verse of five feet, subdivided into verse of three feet and two feet. As far as I recollect, the verse of four feet is never used, nor can I find a verse of four feet in the blank verse of Leopardi, though it is freely, and, I think, legitimately, used by every English experimenter in this metre. Italian verse, with its incessant elisions, its almost invariable double endings, lends itself, better than that of any other living language, to a metre which, in d'Annunzio's hands, becomes so easy, so much like prose, and yet so luxurious, so rich in cadence. In the translations which follow I have of course rendered the double endings, for the most part, by single endings, using double endings at my discretion, as in ordinary English blank verse. My version is very literal, alike in words and rhythm, but my lines do not in every case correspond precisely with the lines of the original. They are intended to reproduce every effect of the original, as that can best be done in English verse, written on the principle of d'Annunzio's Italian verse.

The motto of "Francesca da Rimini" is the line of Dante :

"Noi che tingemmo il mondo di sanguigno,"

and the play is more than a tragedy of two lovers, it is a study of an age of blood, the thirteenth century in Italy. In the real story, Paolo and Francesca were both married, she a mother and he a father of children, and it was only after ten years of marriage that Gianciotto surprised them together and stabbed them. Dante, in the fifth canto of the *Inferno*, leaves out all but the bare facts of love and death. D'Annunzio refers once or twice to the wife, Orabile, but not to the children, nor does he leave any long interval between the beginning and end of the passion. But he gives us two people of flesh and blood, luxurious, pondering people, who love beautiful things, and dream over their memories; yet people who have no characteristics that might not have existed in an Italian man and woman of the thirteenth century. Paolo is a perfect archer—we see him shoot an arrow from the battlements, which, we are told later, has gone through the throat of one who mocked his brother to his face; we hear of his armour, his horse, as well as of his skill in music and the gentler arts. It is a very manly and vivid Paolo who speaks in such lines as these :

"It is the voice of spring

I hear, and from your lips the music runs

Over the world, that I have seemed to hear,
 Riding against the wind,
 Sing in the voice of the wind,
 At every turn of the way,
 At every glade, and high
 On the hill-tops and on the edges of the woods,
 And by the rushing streams,
 When my desire bent back,
 Burning with breath, the mane of my wild horse,
 Over the saddle-bow, and the soul lived,
 In the swiftmess of that flight,
 On swiftmess,
 Like a torch carried in the wind, and all
 The thoughts of all my soul, save one, save one,
 Were all blown backward, spent
 Like sparks behind me."

Francesca is full of tender feeling, and some of the most beautiful lines in the play are the lines which she speaks to her sister. Here is a characteristic passage out of the first act.

FRANCESCA. Peace, peace, dear soul,
 My little dove, why are you troubled? Peace;
 You also, and ere long,
 Shall see your day of days,
 And leave our nest as I have left it; then
 Your little bed shall stand
 Empty beside my bed, and I no more
 Shall hear through dreams at dawn
 Your little naked feet run to the window,
 And no more see you, white and barefooted,
 Run to the window, O my little dove,
 And no more hear you say to me: "Francesca,
 Francesca, now the morning star is born,
 And it has chased away the Pleiades."

SAMARITANA. So we will live, ah me,
 So we will live for ever,
 And time shall flee away,
 Flee away always!

FRANCESCA. And you will no more say to me at morn:
 "What was it in your bed that made it creak
 Like reeds in the wind?" Nor shall I answer you:
 "I turned about to sleep,
 To sleep and dream, and saw,
 As I was sleeping, in the dream I dreamed"
 Ah, I shall no more tell you what is seen
 In dreams. And we will die,
 So we will die for ever;
 And time shall flee away,
 Flee away always!

SAMARITANA. O Francesca, O Francesca, you hurt my heart,
 And see, Francesca,
 You make me tremble all over.

FRANCESCA. Little one, peace,
Peace, be at rest.
SAMARITANA. You told me of the dream
You dreamed last night, and while
You spoke I seemed to hear
A sound of voices calling out in anger,
And then a cry, and then
The sound of a door shutting; and then silence.
You did not finish telling me your dream,
For then
The women began singing, and you stopped;
And you have left my heart in pain for you.
Whom is it that our father gives you to?

FRANCESCA. Sister, do you remember how one day
In August we were on the tower together?
We saw great clouds rise up out of the sea,
Great clouds heavy with storm,
And there was a hot wind that gave us thirst;
And all the weight of the great heavy sky
Weighed over on our heads; and we saw all
The forest round about, down to the shore
Of Chiassi, turn to blackness, like the sea;
And we saw birds, flying in companies
Before the murmur growing on the wind.
Do you remember? We were on the tower.
And then, all of a sudden, there was dead
Silence. The wind was silent, and I heard
Only the beating of your little heart;
And then a hammer beat,
As by the roadside some flushed plunderer,
Hot for more plunder, bent,
Shoeing his horse in haste.
The forest was as silent as the shadow
Over the tombs;
Ravenna, dark and hollow as a city
Sacked by the enemy, at nightfall. We,
We two, under that cloud,
Do you remember? felt as if death came
Nearer, yet moved no eyelid, but stood there
Waiting the thunder.

But, as the man-at-arms on the battlements says of her:

"Quella
Non è già donna di paura."

She questions him about the Greek fire which he is stirring in a
cauldron.

FRANCESCA. Is it true
That it flames in the sea,
Flames in the stream,
Burns up the ships,
Burns down the towers,
Stifles and sickens,

Drains a man's blood in his veins
 Straightway, and makes
 Of his flesh and his bones
 A little black ashes,
 Draws from the anguish
 Of man the wild cry of the beast,
 That it maddens the horse,
 Turns the valiant to stone ?
 Is it true that it shatters
 The rock, and consumes
 Iron, and bites
 Hard to the heart
 Of a breastplate of diamond ?

MAN-AT-ARMS. It bites and eats
 All kinds of things that are, living and dead,
 Sand only chokes it out,
 But also vinegar
 Slacks it.

FRANCESCA. But how do you
 Dare, then, to handle it ?

MAN-AT-ARMS. We have the license
 Of Beelzebub, that is the Prince of Devils,
 And comes to take the part
 Of the Malatesti.

She lights one of the fiery staves, indifferent to the danger, intent only on the strange, new, perilous beauty. She holds it up, and cries to it :

O fair flame, conqueror of day !
 Ah, how it lives, how it lives vibrating,
 The whole staff vibrates with it, and my hand
 And my arm vibrate with it, and my heart.
 I feel it nearer me
 Than if I held it in my palm. Wouldst thou
 Devour me, fair flame, wouldst thou make me thine ?
 I feel that I am maddening for thee.
 And how it roars !
 It roars to seek its prey,
 It roars and longs for flight ;
 And I would fling it up into the clouds.
 Come, change the arbalest !
 The sun is dead, and this,
 This is the daughter that he had of death.
 O, I would fling it up into the clouds.
 Why do you linger ? No, I am not mad,
 No, no, poor watchman, you who look at me
 In wonderment. (*She laughs.*)

No, but this flame is so
 Beautiful, I am drunk with it. I feel
 As I were in the flame, and it in me.
 You, you, do you not see how beautiful,
 How beautiful it is ? The bitter smoke
 Has spoilt your eyes for seeing. If it shines

So gloriously by day, how will it shine
By night ?

(She approaches the trap-door through which the stairs go down into the tower and lowers the burning staff into the darkness.)

A miracle ! a miracle !

MAN-AT-ARMS. Madonna, God preserve us, you will burn
The whole tower down.

Madonna, I pray you !

(He hastily draws back, out of the way of sparks, the staves prepared for fire, which are lying about.)

FRANCESCA *(intent on the light)*. It is a miracle !

It is the joy of the eyes, and the desire
Of splendour and destruction. In the heart
Of silence of this high and lonely mount
Shall I spread forth these gems of frozen fire,
That all the terror of the flame unloose
And bring to birth new ardours in the soul ?
Tremendous life of swiftness, mortal beauty !
Swift through the night, swift through the starless night,
Fall in the camp, and seize the armed man,
Enswathe his sounding armour, glide between
Strong scale and scale, hunt down
The life of veins, and break
The bones asunder, suck the marrow out,
Stifle him, rend him, blind him, but, before
The final darkness falls upon his eyes,
Let all the soul within him without hope
Shriek in the splendour that is slaying him.

She is exalted by the sight of the blood-red roses growing in
the sarcophagus, and she cries to the roses :

O beautiful, and perchance
A holy thing, being born in this most ancient
Sarcophagus that was the sepulchre
Perchance of some great martyr or of some
Glorious virgin.

(She walks round the sarcophagus, touching with her fingers the carvings on the four sides.)

The Redeemer treads
Under his feet the lion and the snake ;
Mary saluted by Elizabeth ;
Our Lady, and the angel bids " All hail !"
The stars are drinking at the running brook.
And now the blood of martyrdom re-flowers
In purple and in fire. Behold, behold,
Sister, the ardent flame !
Behold the roses that are full of fire !

But never have they flowered until this May,
Such floods, such floods of them.
There are a hundred : look ;

They burn me if I touch them.
 The virgins vowed to Saint Apollinaris
 Burn not with such an ardour in their heaven
 Of gold. Samaritana,
 Samaritana, which of them say you
 Found here a sepulchre
 After her glorious martyrdom? O which
 Of these was sepulchred
 Here, tell me, here, after her martyrdom?
 Look, look, it is the miracle of the blood!

Violent deeds go on around her wherever she is. In her father's house brother fights with brother, and it is her brother's bleeding face which appears to her through the barred window, with ominous significance, at the close of the first act, as she sees Paolo for the first time, and offers him a rose. In the house of her husband she sees fighting from the walls, and her husband's brother, Malatestino, is brought in wounded in the eye. There is a prisoner whose cries come up from the dungeons underground, while Malatestino, who is afterwards to betray her to her husband, persecutes her with his love. She hates cruelty, but like one to whom it is a daily, natural thing, always about her path.

"To fight in battle is a lovely thing,
 But secret slaying in the dark I hate,"

she says to her husband, as she tells him of his brother's thirst for blood. Towards her husband her attitude is quite without modern subtlety; he has won her unfairly, she is unconscious of treachery towards him in loving another; she has no scruples, only apprehensions of some unlucky ending to love. And when that ending comes, and the lover is caught in the trap-door as he is seeking to escape, and the husband pulls him up by the hair, and kills them both, the husband has no moralising to do; he bends his crooked knee with a painful movement, picks up his sword, and breaks it across the other knee.

The action of the play moves slowly, but it moves; behind all its lyrical outcries there is a hard grip on the sheer facts of the age, the definite realities of the passion. D'Annunzio has learnt something from Wagner, not perhaps the best that Wagner had to teach, in his over-amplification of detail, his insistence on so many things besides the essential things, his recapitulations, into which he has brought almost the actual Wagnerian "motives." When the moment is reached which must, in a play on this subject, be the great moment or the moment of failure, when the dramatist seems to come into actual competition with Dante, d'Annunzio is admirably brief, significant, and straightforward. Here is the scene in which "*Galeotto fu il libro, e chi lo scrisse.*"

PAOLO. Why do you take the garland from your head ?

FRANCESCA. Because it was not you who gave it me.

I gave you once a rose
From that sarcophagus.

But now, poor flowers, I feel
Your freshness is all spent !

(PAOLO rises, and goes up to the reading desk
and touches the violets.)

PAOLO. 'Tis true. Do you remember ? On that night
Of fire and blood, you asked of me the gift
Of a fair helmet ; and I gave it you :
'Twas finely tempered.

The steel and gold of it have never known
What rust is, soiling. And you let it fall.
Do you remember ?

I pick'd it up, and I have held it dear
As a king's crown.

Since then, when I have set it on my head,
I feel twice bold, and there is not a thought
Within my heart that is not as a flame.

(He bends over the book.)

Ah, listen, the first words that meet my eye !

"Made richer by that gift than had you given him
The gift of all the world."

What book is this ?

FRANCESCA. The famous history
Of Lancelot of the Lake.

(She rises and goes over to the reading-desk.)

PAOLO. And have you read
The book all through ?

FRANCESCA. I have come,
In reading it, only to here.

PAOLO. To where ?
Here, where the mark is ! (He reads.)

" . . . but you ask of me
Nothing . . . " Will you go on ?

FRANCESCA. Look how the sea is growing white with light !

PAOLO. Will you not read this page with me, Francesca ?

FRANCESCA. Look, yonder, how a flight
Of swallows comes, and coming sets a shadow
On the white sea !

PAOLO. Will you not read, Francesca ?

FRANCESCA. And there is one sail, and so red it seems
Like fire.

PAOLO (reading). "Assuredly, my lady, says
Thereat Galeotto, he is not so hot,
He does not ask you any single thing
For love of you, because he fears ; but I
Make suit to you for him ; and know that I
Had never asked it of you, but that you
Were better off for it, seeing it is
The richest treasure you shall ever compass.
Whereat says she . . ."

(PAOLO draws FRANCESCA gently by the hand.)

But you, will you not read
 What she says? Will you not be Guenevere?
 See now how sweet they are,
 Your violets
 That you have cast away! Come, read a little.

(Their heads lean together over the book.)

FRANCESCA *(reading)*. "Whereat says she: This know I
 well, and I

Will do whatever thing you ask of me.
 And Galeotto answers her: Much thanks,
 Lady! I ask you that you give to him
 Your love . . ." *(She stops.)*

PAOLO. But read on.

FRANCESCA. No, I cannot see
 The words.

PAOLO. Read on. It says: "Assuredly . . ."

FRANCESCA *(reading)*. "Assuredly, says she, I promise it;
 But let him be mine own and I all his,
 And let there be set straight all crooked things
 And evil . . ." Enough, Paolo.

PAOLO *(reading, hoarsely and tremulously)*. "Lady, says
 he, much thanks; but kiss him then,
 Now, and before my face, for a beginning
 Of a true love . . ." You, you! What does she say?
 Now, what does she say? Here.

*(Their white faces lean over the book, until their cheeks
 almost touch.)*

FRANCESCA *(reading)*. "Says she: For what
 Shall I be then entreated? But I will it
 More than he wills it . . ."

PAOLO *(following, brokenly)*. "And they draw aside,
 And the queen looks on him and sees that he
 Cannot take heart in him to do aught more.
 Thereat she takes him by the chin, and slowly
 Kisses him on the mouth . . ."

*(He makes the same movement towards FRANCESCA,
 and kisses her. As their mouths separate,
 FRANCESCA staggers and falls back on the
 cushions.)*

FRANCESCA *(faintly)*. No, Paolo!

It is not any part of my purpose to compare "Francesca da Rimini" with Mr. Stephen Phillips' "Paolo and Francesca," but, after translating this scene, I had the curiosity to turn to the corresponding scene in the English play. The difference between them seemed to me to be the difference between vital speech, coming straight out of a situation, and poetising round a situation. In d'Annunzio you feel the blind force and oncoming of a living passion; and it is this energy which speaks throughout the whole of a long and often delaying play. Without energy, "la grace littéraire suprême," as Baudelaire has called it, beauty is but a sleepy thing, decrepit or born tired. In "Francesca da Rimini" beauty speaks with the voice of life itself.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

ITALY AND ENGLAND.

A CHANGE AND ITS CAUSES.

For about twenty years the so-called Anglo-Italian understanding has been one of the factors of the European policy, but on the 14th December last Signor Giulio Prinetti, the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs, announced to the Italian Parliament that he had concluded an Agreement with France. Now, as both the old Anglo-Italian and the new Franco-Italian Agreement were entered into by Italy for the protection of her interests on the Mediterranean, it appears evident that one Agreement destroys the other.¹

The object of this article is to show how it was that Italy, the friend and ally of England, was led to conclude an Agreement with France which, if it does nothing else, fully nullifies her Agreement with England, and therefore the factor, of which I spoke in the opening sentence of this article, has ceased to exist. Why? Because the Anglo-Italian Agreement was chiefly concluded to prevent a *coup de main* of France on Tripoli, and on this very subject is grounded the Franco-Italian Agreement. This is highly disappointing at the best, and I think that there is no one single responsible man in either country who can contemplate the possibility that in a future dispute concerning the Mediterranean England and Italy would be found on opposite sides, without casting away the evil thought as a thing to be dreaded. Yet if the Franco-Italian Agreement does not *per se* lead to this, it opens the way to it. Moreover as long as Italy was going hand-in-hand with England we knew where the two were going, but when Italy joins hand-in-hand with France, taking into account the ill-concealed aspirations of the latter, there is at least some ground for apprehension. Anyhow the Anglo-Italian Understanding was a well-known figure in political geometry, whilst the Franco-Italian Agreement is for the time being an *incognita*.²

(1) Since this article has been written M. Barrère, the French Ambassador in Rome, and M. Delcassé, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, have made public utterances concerning this Agreement. The statement of M. Barrère, that all Mediterranean questions between France and Italy are now settled, is too generic to be of any value, but the statement of M. Delcassé, that Italy has given France a free hand on the west of Tunis—*vide* Morocco—is of a very great importance, because, if it means anything at all, it means that France has some aspirations toward that part of the world, which England may feel compelled to oppose.

(2) Some light on this was shed by an Italian politician in a very long letter, published in *The Times* of January 10. According to this writer the Franco-Italian Agreement is: "Neither a protocol nor a convention, less still a treaty, but a formal declaration countersigned in writing, and exchanged between the representatives of

Talking about this with a friend, he told me that there was reason to be pleased rather than otherwise, because the new Agreement was but another step towards a European confederation. "You see," he said, "on one side we have the Triple Alliance (Austria, Germany and Italy), on the other the Dual Alliance (France and Russia), then there is a Russian Convention between Germany and Russia, an Understanding between Germany and England, and now France has concluded an Agreement both with England and with Italy concerning Africa. A few more of such combinations and the confederation of the European States would be a *fait accompli*." I am rather thankful for this suggestion. A wave of optimism does one a great deal of good, especially when one has to face a change like that I am now writing about.

As the political situation has changed I think it is worth our while to inquire as to the causes of it, as even *The Times* asserts that it cannot be attributed to fickle-mindedness on the part of Italy, and much less to her ill-will towards England. Before entering into this inquiry I wish to make a personal declaration. I belong, so to say, to both countries, I have interests, relations and friends in both; I have followed closely the politics of both, and although a politician I do not belong to any political party in either country. Therefore if I have to come to the conclusion that the chief cause of this unwelcome change can be found rather in England than elsewhere, it will be because an impartial and somewhat painful scrutiny of all the details of the Anglo-Italian negotiations has led me to that conclusion.

A policy based entirely on feelings of sympathy has been called a sentimental policy, which practical men have condemned as useless at the best. Well, the Anglo-Italian relations for many years, in the middle of last century, were entirely sentimental; on one side a general feeling of sympathy towards a people fighting bravely for their independence and unity, on the other side unstinted admiration for the ancient constitutional government. Unfortunately sentiment and interest seem to be two opposing forces, and in politics sentiment appears to be a mere ornament to be dispensed with when not convenient or suitable to the *do ut des* policy. When the Italians found out that it would be more profitable to them for the protection of their interests to come to terms with France than to rely any longer upon the good offices of England they did so, and from their point of view very wisely.

Before I proceed further, I must state the *do ut des* of the Italian foreign policy. For the last twenty years, that is to say from the

France and Italy. Something, in fact, resembling the conversations transferred to paper which took place in 1878 between Lord Salisbury and M. Waddington, documents to which France appealed when she seized Tunis." This remark is ominous; it seems to allude to the possibility of France appealing to the new documents in a future contingency, this time to silence Italy, as in the first case she used them to silence England.

French occupation of Tunis, it has been as follows : An alliance with the two central Empires, to protect Italy from any possible aggression by land, and a Naval Understanding with England for the protection of Italian interests on the Mediterranean. For all purposes, therefore, and in as much as concerned Italy, the Triple Alliance was Quadruple, though the Foreign Office constantly refused any overture to render it such. Though a purely defensive League, it aimed at defending Italy against a possible attack from France, and safeguarding the Italian interests on the Mediterranean, in other words, protecting Rome as the capital of the kingdom, and preventing France from repeating her high-handed work on Tripoli. Now, when the occupation of Tunis took place, there was much correspondence between London and Rome, and the conclusion to which the two Governments came to was that, short of a declaration of war, the action of France should be resented. Italy, as the most interested party, took up an attitude of apparent hostility, which found in France a corresponding feeling, and with the advent of Crispi to power, in 1887, this unfriendly feeling became alarming. For ten long years a war to the knife was carried on by both parties, which only ceased when Crispi left the seat of power, for the last time, in 1896.

The Italians, shaken by the disaster of Adowah (to prevent which nothing was asked from, or offered by, Austria and Germany, and little was asked from, and nothing was granted by, England, as will be seen later on), began to ask themselves of what use to them had been the Alliance with Austria and Germany, and their Understanding with England, and they could not find a satisfactory reply to their inquiry. Before, however, beginning to pull down the old edifice, they very wisely began to build the foundations of a new structure. They adopted towards France a more friendly attitude, which found a reciprocating sentiment on the other side of the Alps, where, too, a great change was in process. In short, the disagreement between Italy and France concerned Tunis and Rome. Italy had pretensions on Tunis, and France was apparently siding with the Papal party, which was working for the restoration of the temporal power.

A few words about these two questions. Tunis has been called the apple of discord between Italy and France. It was Bismarck that tempted France, at the Congress of Berlin, to go to Tunis, after Italy refused to be thus tempted. He knew full well that such an occupation, by whichever nation done, would have strained the relations between France and Italy, and Italy would have fallen into the constellation of Bismarck. So long as England did not openly recognise the right of France in Tunis, so long the question would have remained open. Whether it would have been wise or not to keep that question open any longer is immaterial to the

present argument, but the closing of the same has partly destroyed the *raison d'être* of the Anglo-Italian Understanding. Yet there still remained the question of Tripoli, and that was sufficient to keep the Understanding alive. But Lord Salisbury, who in 1896 recognised the French right to Tunis, in 1899 recognised the right of France to the hinterland of Tripoli.

It is not my business to criticise here Lord Salisbury's policy, but simply to state the fact that with the Anglo-Franco Conventions of 1896 and 1899 he has sacrificed the very Italian interests which the Anglo-Italian Convention was supposed to protect, and that thereby he has virtually rendered it useless to Italy. At the same time that Lord Salisbury was thus loosening the ties with Italy, France was making herself more agreeable to her Eastern neighbour. In fact a contributory cause to the change I am writing about can be found in the great alteration which took place in the home policy of France after the closing chapter of the Dreyfus affair. The clerical agitation had a great deal to do with the anti-Dreyfus campaign, and that agitation aimed also to render the Franco-Italian relations ever more strained in order to make possible, in some expected events, a restoration of the temporal power. That was the policy of Cardinal Rampolla, whose representative in France for many years had much to do in framing the domestic and foreign policy of France. Cardinal Rampolla's allies in France, big and small, were all anti-Dreyfusards, and with the collapse of that party Rampolla's policy and prestige were destroyed for ever. The French Government had no more reason to listen to the counsels of Italy's enemies, and the French Ambassador in Rome, with great tact and foresight, took every opportunity to let the Italian Government and people know that the Vatican had ceased to influence Paris. In this way the Italian apprehensions as to a possible Papal policy on the part of France were allayed.

Nevertheless one may be inclined to think that Italy would have been not so ready to conclude the Franco-Italian Agreement had Lord Salisbury shown a more friendly disposition towards Italy in other matters, of which later on.

The Times newspaper of December 18, in a very moderate article, put the best construction possible on Signor Prinetti's statement. What it said about England's friendship toward Italy and about the present good relations with France is very pleasing and to the point, but it missed entirely the crucial point: that France had renounced in favour of Italy a part of the rights on the hinterland of Tripoli which Lord Salisbury had recognised to France. We know how these things are sometimes managed, and I may advance the following explanation. France having found Lord Salisbury very well disposed asked and got more than she truly expected, and her object might have been that of showing, once more, to Italy that she would fare

much better if she would come to terms with her than relying, as she did for many years, on the good offices of England. That lesson was not taught in vain: Italy approached France in order to sound the sincerity of her policy, and France fully responded to Italy's overtures.

That France was more generous towards Italy than England, can be gathered from the comments of the French press: that France has renounced in favour of Italy part of the rights of the Anglo-Franco Convention can be assumed from the comments of the Italian press: that the Franco-Italian Convention has destroyed partly the Anglo-Franco Convention can be deduced from the statement of Signor Prinetti, and that the Franco-Italian Convention has jeopardised the Anglo-Italian Understanding seems to be the only logical conclusion one may arrive at. It is an undeniable fact that Lord Salisbury's Convention of 1899 "aroused suspicions among the Italians," which suspicions the Foreign Office had not the "tact and the foresight" to prevent. This is my contention, and as I propose to show here two typical cases where this exercise "of tact and foresight" has not been forthcoming, I wish to quote, as a kind of preface, the concluding paragraph of *The Times*, which is as follows:

"There is no use in hiding from us the fact that things have been said and done and omitted, both in London and in Rome, of late years, by those responsible for our relations with Italy, which have had a regrettable effect upon the minds and feelings of Italians in all stations. . . . We trust and believe that (and I think *The Times* is fully justified in its belief and I feel sure that it will not be disappointed in its confidence) Italy has not forgotten, and that she is not ungrateful for, the services we have done her in the past." This reminds me of what the late Mr. Stillman wrote to the same paper from Rome. While deploring that Italy did not receive from England the help and support she had a right to expect, he added: The Italian gratitude for England is so deeply rooted, that do what you like, it will never slacken. At the same time, however, he thought fit to express the wish that in future more consideration should be shown by the Foreign Office towards Italy. This very good advice has now been repeated by *The Times*, with other words but with the same friendly spirit and with greater authority.

For brevity's sake I must limit my exposition of facts to the details of only two items of the Anglo-Italian relations which more than anything else have shaken the confidence of Italy in England and led the Italians France-ward.

I will mention first an incident of very small importance in itself, but very characteristic of Lord Salisbury's disposition toward Italy, who seems to have always studied the best way possible to deprive his very rare acts of kindness of every trace of gracefulness. On the

30th January, 1896, Lord Cromer received a special messenger from Ras Mangasha with the following letter, written in Amario:—

"To Queen Victoria, Queen of Kings, Empress of the Great Red Sea. From Ras Mangasha, son of King John, King of Kings of Zion and Ethiopia.

"With all due respect I beg to offer to your Majesty my greetings, and I hope you are well. Thank God I am well.

"My father all his life lived under the shadow of your friendship, and it is said that such as the father does so should the son follow in his footsteps.

"The former friendly relations between your Kingdom and the Kingdom of Ethiopia have not been changed. But now the Italians have come and have occupied my country. I beg your Majesty will not be unmindful of the old friendship which exists (*sic*) between your Government and my father, which he advised me to maintain.

"I have delayed writing to your Majesty because the roads are cut, otherwise nothing would have prevented me from writing. Neither mountains nor rivers will prevent me from writing or failing in my friendship to a friend."

Lord Cromer at once informed of this fact the Italian representative at Cairo, supplying him at the same time the above translation of Ras Mangasha's letter. The Italian Government wired on the same day to its representative: "Lord Cromer would do a great act of kindness to His Italian Majesty if he would answer to Ras Mangasha in conformity to the reply given to a similar letter by Her Majesty the Queen and the Sirdar Kitchener on December, 1894, which was to the effect that the best proof of friendship towards England Ras Mangasha could give, was that of coming to an understanding with Italy, the friend and ally of England."

The reply mentioned here after it was written was never sent to its destination on account of hostilities having broken out in the meantime. Lord Salisbury was asked merely to repeat in 1896 the same act of goodwill towards Italy which it was the privilege of Lord Kimberley to render her two years before. Lord Salisbury had but to order a fresh copy of the former reply; instead of this he spent all the month of February in discussing with the Italian Ambassador what kind of reply to send, though General Baratieri, the Italian Government, the Italian Ambassador, and Lord Cromer were pressing Lord Salisbury to give a satisfactory reply at once, as the war was getting every day more serious. On February 19, after much insistence, the Italian Ambassador received from Lord Salisbury a draft of a reply, which he sent, duty bound, to Rome, and where it was found wanting. In fact Signor Blanc, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, wired to the Italian Ambassador as follows: "The scheme of reply you sent me does not make any distinction whatever between the English friendship towards Mangasha and that towards Italy, whilst the reply of Lord Rosebery, to the same Mangasha, spoke of Italy as the ally of England, and therefore we think that the sending of such a reply will be noxious to our interests." On the 25th February the Italian Ambassador wired to Rome as

follows: "The Foreign Office has admitted that the scheme of reply I sent you was not correct, and another will be prepared at once." Two days after the Italian Minister wired to the Ambassador thus: "The Foreign Office in answering to Ras Mangasha ought to take into consideration that not only he is our enemy but that he cannot be treated as a sovereign who never was such, but merely one of the chiefs." On the morrow Lord Salisbury handed over to the Ambassador the new reply, which was more agreeable to Italy. Here it is:—

"To Ras Mangasha, son of King John, King of Kings of Zion and Ethiopia."

"SIR,—I am commanded by the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, &c., &c., to inform you that your letter, dated 21st of September last, has been received (and that it has given Her Majesty great pleasure to hear from you).

"While assuring you of the *friendly feelings* (sincere friendship) with which the Queen continues to be (is) animated towards you, I am to express Her Majesty's great regret that hostility should have broken out between Abyssinia and Italy, *which is the friend and ally of this country.*

"Her Majesty earnestly hopes that peace between the two countries may soon be concluded on satisfactory and lasting terms, and I am to add that you cannot give a better proof of your friendship for Her Majesty than by endeavouring to contribute to such a settlement."

I will explain my interpolations to the foregoing reply. The words within the parentheses were in the former scheme and were omitted in the final reply, and the words italicised were not in the former scheme, and with this little guidance any one can see that the first draft was a senseless document. Now I do not think for a single moment that such a reply, had it been sent to Mangasha on the morrow of the reception of Ras Mangasha's letter, would have altered in the least the course of events, but surely Lord Salisbury could not have delayed one day more in making up his mind, inasmuch as on the very morrow of the handing in of the second draft to the Italian Ambassador, the Italian army was defeated at Adowah, and England's "friend and ally" had to bite the dust.

This unpleasant incident passed, at that time, unobserved by the Italian public, and I am not quite sure but what this will be the first time the English public will hear of it. It has made a strong impression however, at the Italian Foreign Office. This would have been very likely looked over by the Consulta, if in other negotiations then going on between London and Rome Lord Salisbury had shown a more friendly attitude.

I am dealing here with what perhaps is the most painful period of the Anglo-Italian relations under the management of Lord Salisbury. The Italian Ambassador had to fight his diplomatic battle with the Foreign Office as if he had been a French Ambassador dealing with the Sublime Porte. I will limit myself entirely to the official documents, as presented to the Italian Parliament on 27th April, 1896.

Baratieri, who was then engaged in the war ended with his utter

disaster, wired to Rome on December 12, 1895, that "It would produce a great effect upon Maconen if our troops were allowed to land at Zeila, if only for a few days." In consequence of this Signor Blanc wired to the Italian Ambassador informing him of Baratieri's suggestion, and adding, "We think preferable a definite refusal of England than the illusion that she is sharing a solidarity of interests with us to our exclusive danger and to that of our relations with France. Please, therefore, communicate at once to Lord Salisbury General Baratieri's request, and ask him for a straight-forward reply." In reply to this the Ambassador wired to Rome, "For some time I have tried to persuade Lord Salisbury as to the usefulness of landing some Italian troops at Zeila. To-day I have shown him Baratieri's telegram, and he led me to understand that he would rather grant the passage through Zeila than the permission to stay there, and that on that point he was going to communicate with the India Office. He promised to give me an early reply, which I have reason to expect will be favourable. Having expressed to him the doubt that England sometimes hesitates to comply with our desires, lest that she should raise the suspicions of other Powers, he told me that our friendship was not and ought not to be a mystery to any one."

On December 15 came another telegram from Baratieri limiting his first request merely to a demonstration of friendship between England and Italy. "It seems to me," he wired, "sufficient to our purpose to land at Zeila, and only for a few days, about two hundred soldiers in order to spread about the news of our alliance with England, and of our intention to occupy the Haïrrar." On December 18, the Italian Ambassador was able to wire to Rome as follows: "Notwithstanding the opposition of the India Office, Lord Salisbury grants us the permission of landing our troops at Zeila, and I confirm entirely what I have wired you on the 13th inst., namely, that he allows us to land the troops at Zeila, but not to remain there. I have reason to praise the German Ambassador for the assistance he has given me on this occasion." Signor Blanc, in consequence of this telegram, wired to Baratieri that Lord Salisbury had granted the passage through Zeila.

So far, so good, but now comes the worst of it. On 19th December, Signor Blanc wired to the Ambassador, "I authorise you to write to Lord Salisbury an official note to substantiate the verbal communications he has made you, and please wire to me at once, whether I can communicate to Parliament that there would be no difficulty on the part of Great Britain to the passage of our troops through Zeila." To this the Italian Ambassador replied that Lord Salisbury was rather against making the Agreement public, to which Signor Blanc answered as follows: "Please observe to the Foreign Office that so long as the Agreement is kept secret it would produce no moral effect on

Maconen and Menelik, and that the danger of being surrounded by all the forces of Ethiopia will continue." For a week the Italian Ambassador was unable to see Lord Salisbury, who was then at Hatfield, and on December 24, the Ambassador suggested to go and see Lord Salisbury there. Only seven days after this the Ambassador was able to see Lord Salisbury, and on January 2 he wired to Rome as follows: "I have presented to Lord Salisbury the official note; firstly agreed with him, to which he will give me an answer soon. . . I do not think we could have obtained more, but even this little represents a token of friendship of the British Government towards us." Two days after Lord Salisbury handed over to the Italian Ambassador his reply, which was more disastrous than his first reply to Mangasha. This document is rather long, too long to be quoted in its fulness here. The first paragraph acknowledges the Ambassador's note and request; the second expresses the "satisfaction of Her Majesty's Government to have been able to offer this proof of friendship and sympathy to Italy," the third acknowledges the assurances of the Italian Government "not to invade in any way the territories comprised in the French sphere of influence," and the fourth and last paragraph, to which the Italian Government took objection, is as follows:

"Her Majesty's Government have, as your Excellency is aware, contracted certain obligations towards that of France by the Agreement of 1888, and although that Agreement does not contain any specific pledge binding Great Britain to oppose any alteration in the *status* of the Harrar, it would, in the opinion of Her Majesty's Government, be contrary to its tenour that Zeila or any other position of the British Protectorate should be made a basis of operation calculated to have that effect. The French Government, for reasons connected with the safety and welfare of their Protectorate in the Gulf of Tadjura, attached great importance to the maintenance of Harrar in its present position, and both on grounds of good faith and of policy it appears to Her Majesty's Government to be most desirable that, before any step is taken, or any announcement made with regard to the passage of Italian troops through Zeila, assurances of a satisfactory nature should be given at Paris upon this point. They would probably be more willingly received if tendered directly by the Italian Government, but Her Majesty's Government would be ready to make the communication if your Government should prefer that course."

It will be seen that the last paragraph entirely destroys the previous three, and that Lord Salisbury put as *sine qua non* to the already granted concession a condition which the Italian Government could not accept because (a) the Franco-Italian relations were then very strained, (b) Crispi would have willingly sacrificed everything rather than putting himself under any obligation with France, and (c) the French intrigue had a great deal to do with the Abyssinian war against the Italians. The late Mr. Stillman clearly stated so in his autobiography.¹ It would be absurd to suggest that Lord

(1) "Lord Salisbury, according to a compact with Italy and Austria, for a common action in all questions concerning the Turkish Empire, on the occasion of the Armenian

Salisbury was not aware of these three objections; anyway he put a *sine qua non* which was fatal to his concession.

The Italian Ambassador informing his Government of Lord Salisbury's reply explained the change of mind as follows: "The language of the Italian and French newspapers, concerning the alleged cession of Zeila, aroused the suspicions of the French Government, and Baron de Courcel, who was then in Paris, was sent at once to London to protest at the Foreign Office against such concession to Italy, hence Lord Salisbury has thought fit to make, in his Note, some reservations." Evidently the Italian Ambassador, as one of the parties in the transaction, has put the best construction possible on Lord Salisbury's reply, but at Rome it produced a very painful impression, as can be deduced by the following telegram of Signor Blanc: "The excessive reserves contained in Lord Salisbury's Note are against the spirit and the letter of the pledges the British Government made to Italy, as stated in and executed by the Convention annexed to the protocol of May 5, 1894. We have not need to go to London to come to terms with Paris, we could and we can do so directly. The action of the British Government compels us to present, whenever we should think proper, to Parliament the British Declaration of May 5, 1894."

On the same day Signor Blanc had a conversation with Sir Clare Ford, in the course of which he asked:

(a) What status England wishes in the Harrar but that agreed in the Anglo-Italian Convention of 1894?

(b) What assurances Italy could give to France but to confirm our acceptance of the limits of the French zone, proposed by France herself in 1891?

(c) What communication could England make to France but to repeat Lord Kimberley's Note to the British Ambassador in Paris, dated July 17?

In communicating this conversation to the Ambassador, Signor Blanc continued: "I added that I did not wish to describe to him the feeling of our army and of our country as to the English friendship, at seeing forbidden to us, from sheer deference to France, a simple demonstration outside Zeila, with which a few companies of soldiers could have the effect of calling back to Harrar-Maconen, who is now attacking our position at Macalle."

From a subsequent report of the Italian Ambassador, dated massacres called for the execution of its provisions. Crispi, who saw in the measure the longed-for opportunity of action in league with England, ordered the fleet to follow that of England, and prepared the mobilisation of an army corps to co-operate by land. The entry into the plan of England provoked the active enmity of Russia, with which Italy had been until then on friendly terms. Thenceforward she united her influence with France in creating difficulties for Italy in Abyssinia, as the punishment of Crispi, and at the same time paralysing one of the members of the Triple Alliance."—*The Autobiography of a Journalist*.

January 16, 1896, one gathers that Lord Salisbury, having concluded with France the Convention of February 2, 1888, did not feel bound to respect the Rosebery-Kimberley Convention with Italy of May 5, 1894, hence his deference to France, and the Ambassador goes on to say: "It seems, therefore, to me very clear that Italy and any other civil Power, has very serious objections to make against the Anglo-France Convention of 1888, and that if France and England, in concluding the same, were not animated by hostile feeling towards us, they must modify it in a manner to limit the action of the Harrar, as a just compensation for its guaranteed integrity."

On January 21, 1896, Signor Blanc informed the Ambassador that Sir Clare Ford had called to inform him that the Anglo-Franco Convention of 1888 "did not allow that Zeila, or any other place of the British Protectorate, may be used to effect an alteration of the *status* in the Harrar." Then Signor Blanc goes on: "I have observed to him that the question of the passage of troops through Zeila remained purely theoretic, and that the correspondence which took place on this subject ought, according to our idea, to be considered by common agreement strictly confidential, as it does not seem to me helpful to our good relations, to let the public know that England makes dependent on the consent of France, and considers an alteration of the *status* of the Harrar, the establishment *de facto* of our *de jure* Protectorate. I then added to him that after what had happened the only way to show us that the position that Lord Kimberley assumed towards us with the Anglo-Italian Convention of 1894 was not abandoned by Lord Salisbury would be to communicate that document to their respective Parliaments."

While Lord Salisbury was so dilatory in his negotiations with Italy he was very expeditious in his dealing with France, and very yielding too, as he undoubtedly was when, in the Anglo-French Convention concerning the Siamese affairs, he consented to insert the article referring to Tunis. On the very eve of the publication of the same Convention, Mr. Chamberlain presided at a banquet given in London to the new Governor of Queensland, at which the Italian Ambassador was present. Mr. Chamberlain, in the course of his speech, spoke very highly of Italy, of the importance of England and Italy being united in a common action in Africa, and praised the Ambassador. The latter was so elated with that speech that he informed at once his Government, suggesting at the same time to ask the British Government to allow the troops to land at Dongaretta, which did not present any of the diplomatic difficulties that Zeila did. Signor Blanc accepted at once this suggestion, and asked the Ambassador to approach Mr. Chamberlain in order that he might influence Lord Salisbury in favour of Italy's request. "The public utterances," concluded Signor Blanc, "made by Mr. Chamberlain at the banquet, anent the Anglo-Italian solidarity in Africa, which have

been up to now denied by actions, will fully justify your step." Even this step was taken in vain.

It will be noticed that as this correspondence went on it became less cordial and more business-like, and that the Italian contention from beginning to end was that Lord Salisbury should act towards Italy as Lord Kimberley did. After what I have culled from the bulky correspondence I think it appears clear that Lord Salisbury, intentionally or unwittingly, has compelled Italy to neglect the Foreign Office and to study the Quay d'Orsay. If this was the result he had in mind to achieve, our congratulations are due to him, and it is by this light that I wish the reader should read the following words of Signor Blanc to Sir Clare Ford.

"We have no reason whatever to conceal this state of things from our Parliament. For what concerns England that correspondence speaks well of the correct attitude of the previous cabinet (Gladstone-Kimberley), with which it knew how to be just towards France and towards us alike; and I regret not being able to have the same impression as to the proceeding with which Lord Salisbury, abandoning the attitude taken up by Lord Kimberley, has entirely adopted the French theory, against the application of our Protectorate, acquired after the Convention of 1888 and fully recognised by Europe. If England refuses us the passage through Zeila, we cannot consider her refusal a friendly act, but she would be in her right; but the British Government had no and has no right to take advantage of such a refusal to make a declaration, which France may turn to account against us, should we decide to march into the Harrar from our possession of Asseb. If the Harrar should be thus protected to our enemies by France propped up by England, it follows the alternative that either we have to give up our colonial undertaking or to be prepared to defend our rights against whatsoever hostility, even if European, and we could not but call Parliament to judge of the resolutions we may take concerning the same."

The last published document concerning Zeila seems a mockery. It is from Signor Nerazzini, and it is dated Aden, 14th March. "The local authorities inform me that Lord Salisbury has granted me the permission of visiting Dongaretta but without any pledge as to its cession." Contrary to the saying, this time truly was too late to mend. The fatal battle of Adowah was already fought and lost, and the opportunity of England rendering some service to Italy, our "stalwart friend and ally," was also lost.

In summing up, during the first three months of 1896 Lord Salisbury showed quite a Sultanic dilatoriness in dealing with Italy, and spent many weeks to decide whether to grant or not the passage through Zeila, which would have undoubtedly altered the course of events and saved Italy the disaster of March 1, 1896, but he was able to conclude the Siamese Convention and to insert in it the article referring to Tunis. This was understood in Italy as adding insult to injury. Italy received this blow without a murmur, but still waters run deep, here and elsewhere, and now it appears clear that Italy took then the resolution of re-shaping her foreign policy.

And now a few words in conclusion. I think I have shown that a change has taken place in the foreign policy of Italy, which touches directly the relation of that country with England, and I have indicated what, to my idea, are the main and the contributory causes of this change. The explanations Lord Salisbury offered to the Italian Government have not satisfied Italy; what explanation, if questioned, he could give to his countrymen, I trow not. But so much will I say in his favour, that the Anglo-Italian negotiations above commented upon took place at a time in which Lord Salisbury's hands were full up with other pressing matters: the Jameson Raid, the German Emperor's telegram, the flying squadron. Whether, however, "tact and foresight" would have at the same time appeased France and satisfied Italy, as Lord Kimberley was able to do in 1894, is another question.

It may be said that in the foregoing I have given the Italian version of the dispute. I was compelled to do so because I wished to ground my quotations and observations only on official documents, and up to now only the Italian Government has taken the public into its confidence. And I do not think it safe to rely upon the occasional conversations one has with members of the diplomatic body of both countries, which are often misleading, and the writer was in more than one case misled on this very subject. Therefore, until we are in possession of the other version, the one I have given holds good. Most probably the blame for the unsuccessful negotiations of 1896 can be fairly distributed between London and Rome, because if Lord Salisbury was vacillating and somewhat abrupt, General Ferrero, the Italian Ambassador, did not know how to manage a delicate matter diplomatically, and Crispi, his master, was not exactly the man to imbue his representative with tact and gracefulness. Evidently the fault was with both parties: things were asked by Italy in a way to make their being granted difficult, and were refused by England with an abruptness likely to seriously imperil the future relations with that country. It takes two to quarrel, but it takes also two to agree, and Lord Salisbury and General Ferrero, though they intended to be friends, misunderstood one another. Ferrero has gone from London, Crispi has passed away, and Lord Salisbury has transmitted into other hands the Foreign Office, and I rejoice to be able to state that these changes have highly improved the situation. Of course the mischief of the past remains, but its consequences can be mitigated in the future intercourse, which are now much more cordial than they were two or three years ago, and perhaps, with "tact and foresight" on both sides, the bad impression left among the Italians of all ranks by the negotiations I have dealt with may be shortly succeeded by a more pleasant one.

ANGLO-ITALIAN.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.¹

I.

It is one thing to adopt a country, and quite another to be adopted by that country. In the case of a woman, marriage with a native is not sufficient. She may live for ever in her husband's land a foreigner, unsympathetic and unrecognised. While he lives, she can, of course, count upon the usual measure of civility from his people; but once he dies she is expected to efface herself and dwell unsought in the solitude of widowhood, or betake herself back to her own people.

Madame Darmesteter (now Madame Duclaux, but we prefer to call her by the familiar name) began her married life by a complete conquest of the Paris of letters, and then that portion of fashionable Paris interested in letters. For a time her conquest was purely personal, a conquest based upon feminine charm and grace, and a large and exquisite sympathy. Such qualities win their way quicker and deeper far than the most brilliant gifts, and form an admirable claim for the writer. When all these claims combined are centred in a most attractive outward form, it is not surprising that Paris showed itself as proud to adopt the writer as the woman, and behold Mary Robinson established a French woman and a French writer.

Before she wrote in French, the translation of her poems, with a preface, by James Darmesteter, had made her known to French readers as a poet. Writing of this volume, M. Gaston Paris says: "Never was the originality of a poet, always so difficult to render, seized with greater force and subtlety, wedded with keener sympathy, expressed with greater felicity; never, perhaps, was a soul more intimately penetrated by another soul. A volume of Miss Robinson reached him while he was staying at Peshawar. Read in that distant solitude, these poems of a grace so profound and in music so penetrating, awakened all the echoes of his thoughts and of his heart. Returned to Europe he became acquainted with the author of *Darwinism* and *An Orchard at Arignon*, and these two destinies that everything seemed to separate, were united in a common destiny—brief, alas! but in which during six years vibrated in an enchanting harmony two of the most richly-strung lyres that the new times have breathed upon. Thus for once in this world, where life and dreams rarely meet but to break one another, poetry became reality, and reality was an exquisite poem."

Madame Darmesteter's work is diverse, and appeals to widely

(1) *The Collected Poems, Lyrical and Narrative, of Mary Robinson (Madame Duclaux)*. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

different readers. Poet, Greek translator, essayist, historian, and biographer; add to these accomplishments a finished and delightful style in two languages. The poet has priority, for Miss Mary Robinson published her first volume of poetry in her twenty-first year—*A Handful of Honeysuckle*—a slight and girlish volume, a delicate echo of Rossetti, somewhat choice and self-conscious for so fresh an hour, perfumed rather with exotic flavour and scholarship than with the wild and untrained sweetness of the honeysuckle. But unmistakably the reveries and fancies of a poet; undeniably the announcement of a singer of rare and precious art. Swift upon this handful of verse came the austerer labour of the Greek translator in *The Crowned Hippolytus*, a singularly melodious rendering of Euripides into English verse. Three years after she made her first venture in prose, and wrote a sympathetic monograph on Emily Brontë, which gave to light in those days a great deal of unpublished matter obtained from Miss Nussey, and gleaned in a pleasant stay in the country of the Brontës, where all the world since has stayed, and of which all the world since has written. In the series of "Eminent Women," Miss Robinson contributed another monograph, *Marguerite of Angoulême*, a book so distinguished a scholar as M. Gaston Paris has pronounced to be the fullest study that exists of the life of the Queen of Navarre. Along with fresh poems, "The New Arcadia," profoundly pessimistic, various scholarly and remarkable articles signed "Mary Robinson" appeared in the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, the *Contemporary Review*, and the *Historical Review*, collected afterwards into a volume entitled *The End of the Middle Ages*. Here we detect the influence of the late John Addington Symonds. One hardly knows which to praise most: the erudition of the writer, or the style of these articles. And with *An Italian Garden*, which contains, incontestably, some of our finest poetry, ends the career of Mary Robinson. Marriage interrupted the projected history of the French in Italy under Charles V. and Charles VI., and instead of this imposing task, Madame James Darmesteter was content to begin by winning an academy prize with her volume of pretty French *contes*, *Marguerites du temps passé*, and writing a fresh series of mediæval studies for the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* and the *Contemporary Review* on private life in the fourteenth century in France. One day or another these erudite and brilliant articles will be collected into a volume. She wrote for MM. Hachette's series of "Grands Écrivains Français" *Froissart*, a labour of love for so impassioned a student of Froissart's period.

Then sorrow struck her heavily, and when she rose from the blow, it was not of her own work she had any thought, but of that which bereavement left her to terminate. She edited her husband's volumes of *Critiques* and *Études Anglaises*, and wrote for them a very beautiful

preface, which was published in the *Revue de Paris* and in *Cosmopolis*. And since then she has contributed notable articles to the *Revue de Paris*, showing a marvellous command of French, and mastery of every precise and elegant effect of the loveliest prose on earth.

Her English life of Renan, with the slightly altered French translation,* was quite an event in London and in Paris. Nothing more graceful, more tender, more large and simple than this fine work has Madame Darmesteter accomplished. It holds a high place in the literature of both countries.

II.

It will be interesting to English readers to have a translated *précis* of M. James Darmesteter's preface to his translation of Mary Robinson's poems, published in 1878 by Lemerre. "Idealist poetry has not produced anything," wrote M. Darmesteter, "neither in England nor elsewhere, purer, more penetrating, more profound. All the beauty of nature, all its treasures of form, of colour, of sound; all its imagery, its perfume, its music are but the expression in a foreign tongue of the interior drama and ode, in turn vast and indefinite like the universe and destiny, or limited and personal like a destiny. The distinctive character of these poems, which gives them a place apart in the idealist group, is the close union of two qualities rarely united: lucidity of thought in the intensity of the dream. For here the poet's soul is doubled by a meditative and scientific intelligence; or rather, poetry, thought and science are here but the multiple forms of a sane imagination, infinitely sensitive, profound and sincere. The author is known in the region of political, religious and literary history . . . this poetry has the supreme gift which a decadent century has lost, spontaneity: it bursts from the plenitude of the heart and of thought. Hence the classic purity of composition; not a line, not a word that is not placed there at the call of a feeling or an idea. No idle introduction; the emotion or idea breaks forth with the first word, the first cry, or proceeds unarrested, without a backward slip, from pulsation to pulsation, to the final crisis. The emotion is too true not to be sober, the impulse too powerful not to be direct. Each piece is a living plant whose sap rushes from root to flowers. This surety of composition doubtless is part of the very genius of the author, the frankness of emotion and expression that makes straight for its aim; but it has been developed by an intimate knowledge of the genius of Greece and Italy. This poetry, profoundly English by the intensity and gravity of feeling, has all the purity and clarity of the sun of Greece, flower of the North expanded in the breezes of the South."

Though *A Handful of Honeysuckle* is a work of first girlhood, there is nothing loose or vague or unfinished about these verses; quite the contrary, we are startled by a surprising and inexplicable

maturity of thought and sobriety of expression. Is this how we should expect a girl of twenty, even possessing genius, to write?

"There is no bird as yet awake,
The earth is drunk with night,
The hollow heavens held in check
A wave of opal light.
Unearthly light! the stars are set
That saw the moon's decline.
The sun is not arisen yet,
And still these heavens shine!
The light wave swells from sky to sward,
The dull mists roll away.
Lo! at the east a flaming sword,
And re-arisen day!"

Here is a picture of dawn, shorn of all the excess of imagery and colour, of young imagination. And could anything well be more austere or restrained than this poem? Not a word here is used for the mere pleasure of eye or ear, which is a signal proof of wisdom at twenty. Yet in this atmosphere of legend and love, colour and music, flight and plunge are a heavy provocation into the inane, and this girl among her dreams must have felt as fine a frenzy as another to let fancy fly untrammelled by law or order. And not only does the maturity of idea and expression surprise us in this slim volume of unfledged girlhood, but far more the maturity of aspiration. The delicate pensiveness, the veiled melancholy that runs in soft minor cadence through all the poetry of Madame Darmesteter is here at once revealed. . .

"But comfort, then, thy weariness and pain,
Thine unrewarded search is not in vain;
If these can ease some other's harder part,
A nobler end than rest thou shalt attain."

Later on in a collection of eight songs from *An Italian Garden*, we are struck equally by an extraordinary and admirable sounding of life. There are charming lilting little verses that ring of Browning in his loveliest moods, as for instance:

"How is it possible
You should forget me,
Leave me for ever
And never regret me!
I was the soul of you,
Past love or loathing,
Lost in the whole of you,—
Now am I nothing!"

But this is not Browning nor another. It has the originality of a deeper and subtler thought, and is so true and quick and arresting

that the lips repeat it unconsciously as a commonplace, a truism once uttered, so absolutely, so intensely does it, in its delicate brightness and archness of expression, utter in eight lines a frail sentiment not deep enough for ache or bitterness :

"I know you love me not—I do not love you ;
 Only at dead of night
 I smile a little, softly dreaming of you
 Until the dawn is bright."
 I love you not ; you love me not ; I know it !
 But when the day is long
 I haunt you like the magic of a poet,
 And charm you like a song."

And the end of the dream, how lightly, swiftly, and how inevitable the choice expression !

"Once I dreamed I sat and sang with you
 On Ida Hill.
 There in the echoes of my life, we two
 Are singing still."

In deeper feeling nothing she has written surpasses the sober ecstasy of the verse uttering a constancy beyond the tomb :

"But, O, my love, my life is such an urn
 That tender memories mould with constant touch,
 Until the dust and earth of it they turn
 To your dear image that I love so much ;
 A sacred urn filled with the sacred past
 That shall recall you while the clay shall last."

The Stars is a magnificent poem in its entirety, admirably suggestive like all Madame Darmesteter's poetry. I will quote the first six lines of this most beautiful sextina :

"Stars in the eky, fold upon fold of stars !
 And still beyond the stars those gulfs of air
 Flecked soft and pale, with milkier stars beyond,
 Millions of miles above our dusky world.
 Pale stars, whose light down the unplumbed abyss
 Falls, ere it reach us, through a thousand years."

Darwinism has the same quality of intellectual suggestiveness, the same soft brilliance of tone, the delicate mingling of sadness and hope, a borderland touched somewhere between radiant pessimism and clouded optimism.

"There stirred
 The old unchanged remote distress,
 That pierced his world of wind and bird
 With some divine unhappiness.
 Till some new gift undreamed, impressed,
 End the new travail of the soul."

I have quoted enough to prove Madame Darmesteter's claims to a lofty place amongst the great singers of the century, a rare claim for a woman poet. As a rule women say but never think. Sentiment, and not originality, is their average distinction, while intellect is seemingly a thing they despise. Limpidity, polish, depth and precision, cultivated characteristics of Madame Darmesteter's muse, are conspicuously absent in their work. The girl of nineteen, who thought for herself, and went to Greece and Italy for her inspiration, who, still in girlhood, translated Euripides into fluent melodious form, has fulfilled the intellectual promise of that girlhood. With exquisite deftness she has produced some of the finest effects in modern poetry, with the fewest and slightest of words, and has combined an admirable complexity of melody and harmony with a striking simplicity.

III.

Poets who stoop to prose rarely win here the admiration accorded to their inspired productions. And so with some surprise we may frankly own to our subjugation by the winning charm and grace of Madame Darmesteter's prose after the subtle perfection of her tender and pensive poetry. Her prose work is not so rigidly restrained within the limits of a melancholy temperament (not a melancholy throned embittered in the dusk of solitude, but a smiling melancholy which interprets life as a kind of veiled silver-grey dream and destiny as a divine struggle against ineffectuality); has its little touches of mirth, and caprice of humorous quaintness, and lends freshness to erudition, a delightful fragrance to the murky atmosphere of parchment. Guided by her, it is as if we penetrated the locked chambers of history in the illumination of a serene and transfused radiance, with a faint odour of flowers about us, ear as well as eye gratified by a murmuring music. In French and in English it reveals depth in the most engaging limpidity, is free from torment or pedantry, has all the clarity and precision of Gallic tradition, with the elusiveness and plenitude of English prose.

I will not linger over the books of Madame Darmesteter's youth, though they have their value, but are, as we expect young studies to be, immature and self-conscious. Her life of Emily Brontë is vivid and sympathetic, steeped in admiration of the austere and lofty character it depicts, but the style is still too youthful to arrest us. The writer has not yet found her distinguishable note, the delicate polished harmony, the ripe selected phrase which, woven into a personality, gives an incommunicable flavour to style. As a rule, the absent quality of the prose of most women is charm. They may write brilliantly, they may write tenderly, gracefully, eloquently. The vast structure in English literature shows us in

feminine work triumphs in each of these characteristics. But that elusive unanalysable word "charm," in its deepest, subtlest, most penetrative significance, the gift of enchantment, the distilled conscious essence of an individuality offered like the bouquet of mellowed wine, this is what we too rarely find in their prose. Perhaps it is because there is not enough of the consistent egotist in woman. She is usually more concerned with what she has to say than the manner in which she shall say it. If she stops to think of her art, she risks becoming a pedant, for then she is apt to take herself too seriously, and mistake obscure nonsense for philosophy. On the other hand, she is generally too easily satisfied with the hasty and imperfect telling, too easily dazzled by cheap triumph, too restive and precipitate; too ruthlessly the idle victim of her own cleverness and fluency to learn and nurture the mellowing influences of slow and rare production. For charm is something infinitely more than a matter of temperament, however large a part this may play in its development. Hence it is a surprise and a delight to find a woman writing prose that is interpenetrated with the dignity and soft enchantment, that truly bright classical grace of form we relish in the masters who have helped to create tradition by which our taste is ruled. Is my claim excessive? Read but such a passage from her *Renan*, and the reader must perforce agree with me.

"Remember not only the gaunt and solitary aspects of the place, but the kind of persons who dwell in those small gray cities, at once so damp and so scantily foliaged under the incessant droppings of the uncertain heaven. There is a great indifference to worldly things. And the dreamer—we may count him as ten per cent. of the population—be he poet, saint, beggar, or merely drunkard—is capable of a pure detachment from material interests which no Buddhist sage could surpass. There is a vibrating 'other worldliness' in the air; the gift of prayer is constant; religious eloquence the brightest privilege; and religious fervour a commonplace. Yet, all round, in the high places and the country holy wells, Mab and Merlin, the fairies and the witches, keep their devotees. And over all the grey, veiled, melancholy distinction, which first strikes us as the note of such a place, there is the special poetic Celtic quality, the almost immaterial beauty which has so lingering a charm."

Just as lingering is the exquisite melody of this passage. How large the effect, and how austere and studied the form, and what a singular felicity of phrase. Even in the first immature volumes some such notable sentence attracts the eye and captures imagination. For one of the best of the writer's gifts is that of making her readers dream as well as see. She is not only erudite, but she so vividly lives herself in the dear romances of the Past that, my faith! as we follow her we cannot choose but live, too, in those remote times that her fancy and learning have compelled her to adopt. Margaret of Angoulême, as we read her, we see and understand

better than the heroine of the last psychological novel, though the book is inferior to her latest work. Yet here, too, we meet with memorable sentences, swift and remarkable characterisations for which it were worth reading the study. She attributes Margaret's charity of judgment to "a certain chivalrous denseness." "The pedestal," she resumes, "on which this idealising woman set her idols was so high that she did not see their feet of clay, and, bowed down before her shrines, she offered a life-long, unparalleled devotion to those whose real quality she never even saw." Here we are furnished with a truism, until now unexpressed, to explain the denseness of devotion in so many fond and faithful women to worthless idols. Here, too, is a keen touch in deciphering that same inconsistent character: "She showed that compassion is larger than conviction; charity more honourable than faith. Her character was not great. It lacked decision, strength, moral judgment, and the splendour of mental purity. But her impassioned sweetness made it beautiful and rare. Her mercy and magnanimity were the saving of a nation." And no less remarkable is the cold flare of indignation against Diana of Poitiers:—

"The orb of Diana filled the earth with its pale, cold, romantic and illusive light. The moon had arisen and reigned over an altered world; a world without colour, at once vague and hard, all black and white; a world of superstition, of phantasmal ghosts and fears; a world of enchantment; a new Armida's garden, where the young adore the old, where a courtesan is honoured as widowed fidelity, where Probity is avaricious, treacherous and a bigot; a moonlit world where the false and the true are equally shadows; the world of Diana and of Montmorency."

But turn to her next monograph, which is in French, *Froissart*, and you will recognise what strides this writer and historian has made in a few years. Contrast the two quotations from Margaret of Navarre with the few strokes that paint us Froissart and Jean le Bel:—

"Nous connaissons Froissart, son caractère facile et amiable, son esprit vif, observateur et juste, son génie exquis et intarissable comme le babil des oiseaux du matin. On lira Froissart aussi longtemps qu'Hérodote: l'un et l'autre tendent aux nations vieilles une coupe claire où brillent quelques gouttes de la fontaine de Jouvence. Dans le lourd gobelet d'étain de Messire Jean le Bel le vin âcre a je ne sais quel goût de sang: mais c'est un breuvage fortifiant, breuvage de rude soldat, de seigneur hospitalier et brave."

And again of Froissart:

"Mais c'est surtout ses esquisses d'hommes et ses portraits brefs, solides et vigoureusement frappés comme autant de médailles de la Renaissance, qui font renaitre le passé devant nos yeux. Cette variété et cette vivacité intarissables illuminant l'histoire comme d'en dedans"

And after a quotation from Froissart, she exclaims :

"Quelle pureté de rosée dans ces quelques lignes ! Une page pareille, et tant d'autres aussi fraîches qu'il a prodiguées au travers de son œuvre, reposent comme une main de fée posée sur le front fiévreux de notre temps. Ce sont là des choses qui ne perdront jamais de leur prix, bien loin de là : car c'est en vieillissant qu'on s'aperçoit combien est belle la fraîcheur de la simple jeunesse. Cette fraîcheur, cette âme d'enfant éprise du merveilleux, Froissart le possède en perfection, et nul en même temps a eu le regard plus clair, l'oreille plus fine, l'esprit plus net et plus juste."

She has caught, you perceive, the large grace and delicate spirit of French prose.

IV.

With the publication of *Froissart*, happily Madame Darmesteter does not abandon the English public. The reviews are still familiar with her dainty evocations of mediæval history. And she can look around her and tell us what she has seen in delightful pages. "Spring in the Woods of Valois," is as fragrant as the air of any woods I have breathed. It is written in so vivacious, so happy a mood, with such a captivating touch of sprightliness as to bring the very life of the forest and the roads, the glamour of glades and intoxication of the forest air about you in the mustiest library. I read it at night in a little city chamber, and found it grievous to lift my eyes from the last pages and realise that all was dull without and all confined within. I had tasted so vividly the smell of the golden broom, wandered so joyously down French forest-avenues, gazed over miles of blossom, sniffed the scent of the lilies of Compiègne, dreamed amid silent ponds and turreted castles, now in the sheltered shades of the valley, now upon the cool hill heights. A little history too, but of the lightest, a mere reminiscence, as behoves an incorrigible dreamer among historic shades. This prose, as I have said, has a gentle humour and a pretty archness that are part of the expanded individuality of the writer, for the bloom of happiness is fresh upon it. When fragrant leaf and blossom along the dusty roads delight her, she cries : "O white-flowering delicate mock-acacias, were I the King of France I would multiply you by all my high roads, for none is more beautiful to the eye and none is more majestic or more bountiful than you." And the forest by moonlight solemnly thrills the sources of remote origin. Compiègne is touched with such endearing charm that the wall-girt reader wants instantly to take a ticket for Compiègne and dally felicitously in the woods of Valois.

The erudition displayed in the articles on the French burghers and workmen of the fourteenth century is solid, and is presented in as attractive a form as possible, for Madame Darmesteter is one of the bright elect who can never be dull ; but I own I prefer her

researches in less practical paths. Remembering the Woods of Valois, I cannot help regretting that so fine and vivid a talent, a sensibility so keen and broad and deeply sympathetic, so luminously romantic a vision as her's, have not been more engaged upon our modern life, and less absorbed by the past. But historians, like poets, are born, and each must follow his vocation. A distaste for mathematics implies no disrespect of Laplace, and the serious reader, in whose decorous ranks I have, alas! no place, will be always breathlessly interested in such solemn questions as the workman's wages and expenditure, and the burgher's little daily triumphs and humiliations in remote days. I prefer Valentine Visconti and the Italian days. This subject she has made thoroughly her own, and treats with all the surety of close and long study. Her *End of the Middle Ages* is quite a remarkable book. Here, as elsewhere, she treats history as romance, with the advantage to history. We have so many snuffy and spectacled historians who take their mission so ponderously that it is nothing less than a refreshment, as well as a dazzling revelation, to find a woman audacious and original enough to treat facts as prettily as legends, and, unawed by parchments and policy, discuss the lurid secrets of diplomacy in the light and perfumed prose of poetry. May I here insert a little anecdote of Madame Darmesteter I lately heard from one who does not know her personally? It appears that years ago, when she was in the first bloom of lovely youth (she had, as a Florentine afterwards told me, flashed into the bright beauty of Florence, an exquisite and unforgettable vision, a poem in herself more radiant than any she had written; in fact, as one of the residents said to me, "One of the loveliest creatures we ever saw in Florence") she came to Paris. A man of letters spoke of her to an Academician, a grave and illustrious historian, "Since you tell me she is charming, I shall be glad to make her acquaintance," said the historian, "as a woman, you understand, even as a poet, if you insist; but as a historian, never. Tell her to stick to her poetry, or take to novels, but entreat her to give up history. There never was a woman born capable of understanding, much less writing, history." The great man met Miss Robinson, and on her departure, to quote his own words, "saluted her *en confrère*." "If," he afterwards said, "England contains four such women, she ought to be the greatest nation in the world." "Then you think she is capable of writing history?" interrogated his friend. "Mon ami, c'est un maître," replied the historian.

The singing days, as she dolefully tells us in her last volume of verse, are over, and but for her charming English life of Renan, so, too, might we fear are over the days of English prose. The first French volume was a pretty tour de force, *Les Marguerites du temps Passé*, faded flowers gathered among old books. *Froissart* came,

an admirable contribution to a well-known series, and then, after a long silence, an article I am inclined to regard as one of the best she has ever written, on James Darmesteter, that appeared in the *Revue de Paris*, June 15th, 1895.

Surely few pens have ever rendered fuller, more delicate homage to the beloved dead than that contained in these luminous and tender pages. They are written so simply, too, with such unconscious grace and pathos, that on closing the review, the reader feels an immense wave of gratitude for having been so generously and surprisingly taken into the writer's confidence, and allowed for a moment to share her bereavement. We are permitted to see and understand so much of those last days that preceded the "sudden ruin of her life." "Peut-être," she writes, dwelling upon a project death strangely interfered with, and which she charmingly calls, "*un rêve effeuillé*."

"Peut-être se sentait-il plus malade qu'il ne le voulait dire? Je suis pourtant certaine que la hantise de la mort ne l'opprimait pas d'une obsession constante. Mais je crois deviner après coup, qu'il voyait plus clairement de jour en jour la fragilité devant la mort de tout en qui est science, beauté, charme, esprit, bonheur, en opposition avec le prix de ce qui surnage seul dans ces heures extrêmes."

Nothing could be larger or nobler than the image she traces of her husband:

"Il savait vivre sans Ami céleste; il acceptait de mourir sans espoir de paradis, sans la grande consolation de l'éternel revoir. Il ne la nie pas, il ne la raille pas, cette douce consolation: seulement il n'ose pas trop compter sur elle. L'homme sur la terre ne doit demander qu'une règle terrestre, car tout ce qui explique l'infini dépasse sa pensée, conditionnée par la nature. Vivons en justice, mourons en paix. C'est là une religion bien humble et bien fière, une foi stoïque et triste. . . . Au fond de sa douceur charmante, de sa candeur d'enfant béni, de ses ironies brèves et troublantes, de ses beaux enthousiasmes de prophète, sous la grâce et le charme de sa nature exquise, il y avait trois assises de roc inébranlables: la patience, le courage, la véracité. Tout ce qu'il disait, pensait, faisait, était fondé sur elles: et c'est par elles que sa simplicité était toujours noble, sa douceur sans faiblesse, et sa justice sans haine."

So it ends:

"Là où il est à présent, je pense qu'il dort bien, qu'il dort à toute éternité, dans son lit de sable fin, sous un manteau de fleurs bleues, à l'ombre de la forêt. Sa tête à la chevelure encore jeune et drue repose sur la bible hébraïque de sa mère; entre ses mains il tient un livre de chansons. Qui sait quels rêves hantent son sommeil? S'il lui en vient, ils doivent être beaux et purs et vrais. Mais qu'il dorme ou qu'il rêve, qu'il se souvienne ou bien qu'il s'en soit allé lutter ailleurs dans quelque progression inimaginable de l'être, je sais au moins que son courage, sa patience, sa véracité, quoiqu'il lui arrive, sont égales à sa destinée. Que Dieu me le garde! Il n'y a qu'une nuit entre nous; que Dieu le protège!"

Such lines are an unexpected revelation in a review. And yet the sentiment they exhale is not literature. Their great beauty consists in their unveiled simplicity and sincerity. One feels that the

writing of this essay was a mournful delight, a bitter-sweet consolation in anguish. It has all the piety of prayer, the religion of duty.

Another French article I may call English attention to is a masterly study of Rossetti, for the same Review—that Review for ever sacred to her because of its founder and first brilliant editor, James Daymesteter. It was regarded in Paris as one of the most attractive articles that had appeared in any French review for a long while. The writer's complete seizure of every nicety, of every effect of French prose is astounding. Precision and breadth, suppleness and melody, grace and finish, no quality is lacking here to mar a finished achievement. I shall content myself with a long quotation which presents the English poet so captivantly to the French public :

"Ce qui frappait d'abord, c'était la beauté du front, d'un modelé plein, ample, massif, qui rappelait les bustes de Shakespeare. Un mouvement impatient rejetait continuellement en arrière les fins cheveux soyeux, très bruns, qui le voilaient. Les yeux étaient étranges, d'un gris bleu, taillés en amande, mais si largement fendus que le blanc de l'œil paraissait entre la pupille et la paupière inférieure, laquelle se détachait, sur le teint mat et uni, par un ton brunâtre, comme meurtri. Ces grands yeux, perdus dans leur rêve, étaient vraiment des yeux de poète. Le nez, délicat et aquilin, était fort déprimé à l'endroit où il se rattachait au front, les narines dilatées et frémissantes. La bouche épaisse boudait sous la moustache rare. Le bas de la figure, qu'on se rappelle si plein dans les dernières années, était alors frêle et menu, le menton petit, l'angle de la mâchoire aigu. Les pommettes étaient un peu saillantes, les joues déjà pâles et creuses. Une démarche légèrement fanfaroune donnait à ce beau jeune homme un air plein d'assurance et d'importance même ; et quelque chose de protecteur et de familier. Les mains et les pieds étaient petits, attachés finement. Malgré ses allures un peu débraillées, sa toilette négligée, Rossetti, même étudiant, avait de fort bonnes façons, une politesse gracieuse et ingénue d'Italien bien élevé, et dans toute sa manière d'être, je ne sais quoi d'insonnant et de crâne qui plaisait. Il regardait son interlocuteur bien dans les yeux, d'un regard à la fois intrépide et affectueux. La voix forte et sonore, avait des accents d'une douceur infinie. A travers son air de nonchalance et de paresse on sentait l'homme concis et résolu."

I have quoted at length to prove my claim for these articles that they have nothing in common with the cheap manufacture of review articles nowadays, when literature, like all things else in the land, is blighted and slurred in the reign of shoddy. The article that used to bear evidence of the erudition, the study of a life-time almost, the grave and imposing essence of a writer's culture, seriously composed, conscientiously written, if not always exhibiting genius, at least always testifying to abundant care and labour, has now become the fugitive occupation of leisure, undeterred by ignorance or a want of wit or wisdom. It rarely rises above the level of the newspaper article, and anything will serve if it be but signed by a popular name, or a name dear to an admiring clique. To capture public approval by a fourth-rate novel or empty and undigested

verse is to prove qualified to write on all subjects under the sun in the once solemnest monthlies. The less one has to say, the surer one is of saying it, and to break a futile lance in the void is to sit throned a god or goddess upon the diminishing prestige of our literature. The *bourgeois*, lamented Flaubert, has a hatred of literature. If things do not mend, or some standard of taste and accomplishment be not speedily evolved from present anarchy in letters, we all shall be tempted to join the brutal *bourgeois* in his hatred. We shall reach this undesirable condition, however, by the road of contempt.

Madame Darmesteter's *Renan*, recently published in French, is still fresh in the memory of English readers. If she were to write nothing else, she has secured her laurels now. This fresh, serene, liberal, double-tongued volume is the flower of her maturity, her best achievement in prose. Open it at any page, and you will be arrested by the beauty of phrase, the dignity and reticence of sentiment, the undercurrent of poetry and sadness. I know not what to praise most in it; the large and easy treatment, the delicate reserve or the subtle distinction of style and characterisation. *Renan* in English, clothed in all his French grace and charm, with an echo of his own measured and musical note, and an added tenderness in the requisite transposition. This is how she introduces that most slippery and elusive of personalities, that diverse and undulatory genius:—

"Seven hundred years ago the Celtic poets invented a new way of loving. They discovered a sentiment more vague, more tender than any the Latins or the Germans knew, penetrating to the very source of tears, and at once an infinite aspiration, a mystery, an enigma, a caress. They discovered 'l'Amour Courtois.' Yesterday their descendant, Ernest Renan," would fain have invented a new way of believing. . . . The 'amour fine' of Lancelot has passed from our books into our hearts; we feel with a finer shade to-day because those Celtic harpers lived and sang. I dare not say that Renan has done as much for faith—that he has transported it far from the perishable world of creeds and dogmas into the undying domains of pure feeling. But at least the attempt was worthy of a Celt and an idealist."

Could Renan himself, that great charmer, desire to read anything more charmingly expressed? We may not partake of the warm charity of his biographer and friend, remembering rather the vexing interrogation of the gracious and gentle irony that underlay his optimism than the essential virtues of his life, forced to dwell upon the fatal underlying sense of fragility of its strength, doubt of its tolerant sincerity. But we may not deny that his biographer is master of her subject, and that she has succeeded in presenting to us the whole Renan, a glint of each facet of his variable genius set in a frame marvellously fit for so delightful a subject. Renan, the writer, we have long learnt to distrust all in yielding to the fascination of his genius, but we accept with his biographer that his work, as well as his own life, designed his epitaph, *Veritatem Dilexi*, and with her we

gladly yield homage to the directness, the disinterestedness of that life, its laboriousness and purity, its high endeavour and stupendous achievement. His tolerance and optimism dissatisfy by their very inhumanity, for which reason we cannot feel them to be sincere. Is it in the nature of a creature so limited as man to be at once so liberal and so charming, so erudite and so indulgent, and still pursue truth as an only end? Is truth ever quite so sunny, so flexible, so captivating? We thought her, and still think her, fashioned of eternal lineaments, something more lofty, more sad and austere. We picture her ever as both hard and uncompromising, else why so many tears and sacrificed lives in her pursuit? This witching, radiant, musical gaiety of Renan beguiles us, but not as truth. We know that this man of commanding and varied genius has set a standard of perfect style for the ages to come, and that the exquisite charm of his work will be felt as long as the world is susceptible to the thrill and glamour of beauty. But we are far less certain of the value of his influence. As a thinker, a moral support, Ernest Renan's mission is greatly less evident. Too much grace, too much irony, too supple and subtle an intelligence, too pervasive and persuasive a smile. We expect qualities less literary in our moral guides, even when accompanied, as here, by every virtue that man can possess. Madame Darmesteter claims for him the place of greatest genius of our generation. Yes, but the weight of that genius is diminished by a spirit of dainty mockery, and our doubt of his sincerity. Even so warm a partisan cannot persuade us. The doubt will ever remain, however much we may delight in the manifestation of so supreme an art of beguilement as his. Yet again, when most inclined to censure an irritating flippancy, we are constrained to admire a revelation of such consistent worship of virtue, such a free subjugation by the beauty of faith, nourished in the mild austerity of a blameless and beautiful life, and recognise his sovereignty upon the tender and graceful compulsion of his loyal biographer.

A quotation from her *Renan* reveals in the biographer a tinge of the master's optimistic indulgence:—

"The construction of the universe allows for infinite waste. Other forms will bear: all will not be blasted. Evil is a sort of moral carbonic acid gas, mortal when isolated and a real danger to our existence, yet, when combined with other gases, not only innocuous but even necessary to our vital powers in the present state of their development. The important thing in life is not our misery, our despair, however crushing, but the one good moment which outweighs it all. Man is born to suffer, but he is born to hope."

V.

Since the above pages were written, the subject of this slight article has married M. Duclaux, the eminent director of the Pasteur

Institute, and since her marriage Madame Duclaux has published a volume of essays in French under the title of *Grands Écrivains d'Outre Manche*. Of this collection, the most remarkable studies are those of the Brontës and the Brownings. It seemed nothing fresh could be written about the Brontës, but a poet of such deep and delicate sensibilities as Mary Robinson may be trusted to find something to say on these things with all the charm of freshness for us. It would be a strange thing indeed, if the wild and mournful beauty of those tragic lives failed to touch us once more in the interpretation of a warm and gracious personality, in the garb of an original characteristic French the writer has made for herself, which is quick, persuasive and softly toned. Her sympathy is flashed upon these austere Northern figures, so different in every way from herself, in a radiant inspection which goes to the very depths of their suffering, and yet soothes us into consolation. The great poet turned *prosauteur*, is still unacquainted with violence, with revolt, with laughter, with any of the acrid or noisy sentiments of humanity. She casts upon this illustrious trio of sisters some of her own gentleness and serenity, and being herself of the race of sirens, we are persuaded by her to accept their fate without excessive commiseration. Their greatness rests on the heights of the quiet heroism they reached, and it is manifest that it is not pity we should feel in contemplation of such a lonely life as Emily Brontë's, but admiration.

On the same soft, sensitive wave of interpretation and interpenetration of genius, she carries us into "the marriage of true minds" in *Ménage de Poètes*. Poet within poet, genius diverse and blent in one, wavering apart through distinct and assertive characteristics, wavering in unalterable warm sympathy, and ever steadfast in union : here is a picture to tempt a woman poet. And adorably has she performed her task. How well we understand Browning's frail Pompilia, his Tuscan muse, sublime Elizabeth, beloved of Florence ! Here is the sketch of her on their first greeting :

"La voilà, étendue tout à plat sur son canapé, si frêle, si menue ; on dirait une fleur un peu fanée, mais d'un parfum encore très suave. Elle soulève sa petite tête timide pour contempler cet inconnu qui devient son hôte ; de chaque côté de son front pur, une avalanche de boucles brunes tombent sur de pauvres joues creusées par la douleur ; des yeux gris, sérieux, candides, largement fendus considèrent ce jeune homme avec une intensité toute spirituelle. Mais toute entière n'a-t-elle par l'air d'un esprit ? A-t-elle jamais vécu de la vie humaine ? Seule dans sa chambre, toujours seule, telle Miranda sur son île enchantée, telle la Belle au Bois Dormant oubliée du temps et loin des luttes elle est demeurée hors de notre destinée commune. Et pourtant cette voix exquise, mais trop fragile, sait dire sur tout ce qui agite les hommes, des choses senties, sincères, pénétrantes. Cette petite tête sert d'abri à de grandes pensées."

Follows a very tender transcription of quotations from the

Portuguese sonnets into French verse. The Tuscan idyl is delightfully told with all the impressionable appreciation of the most feminine of writers, delicately glancing into the nest of the most feminine of singers, and in clear and luminous pages she tells the tale to French readers steeped in all the charm of remembrance. For the note of Madame Duclaux's prose is a sunny melancholy, a gay and gracious pensiveness, a pleasing touch of irony as gentle as a smile, a delight in unexpected contrasts, nowhere more audaciously illustrative than in her last brilliant and amusing article in the *Revue de Paris*, "La France d'Ausone," where France of to-day is so convincingly connected with the old Gaul of the fourth century with quaint touches of humour and surprise. For if she can contemplate the world's disasters with a smile, she is none the less interested in the movements of the times and a true lover of the past; the dreamer round unremembered tombs and shrines—with soul attuned to the charm of the remote and vanished, thrilling to the suggestive melody of the old romances of the world, to the imperishable witchery of legend and old song and the faded splendours that lie forgotten in the folds of history—finds consolation in present conflicts in the recognition of the eternal likeness of man to man in the long roll of the centuries. The old quarrels ended, and so will ours: such is the philosophy of this cheerful pessimist—and others will begin when ours have happily ended. All the must of erudition is taken from this learned study by a dainty irony and softness of touch, and we realise with ease and vividness how little things have fundamentally altered in France during fifteen centuries. Then as now life ran in the main brightly, with suavity, and the same high standard of domestic duty and courtesy, the same high level of intelligence, and with all the familiar drawbacks of character and temperament in public life and in the routine of education.

But we cannot help deploring the poet's long silence, for we miss the old depth and quiet intensity. Mary Robinson has never met with the appreciation she deserves, and has not taken her proper place in the rank of English poets. It is absurd to class with all the minor poets singing to-day the writer of such lines:—

"Let us forget we loved each other much,
Let us forget we ever have to part,
Let us forget that any look or touch
Once let in either to the other's heart."

In how few words here is the depth of passion reached? And could anything be more perfect than the third and fourth lines? And such a verse from "Florentine May," a wonderfully lovely poem—

“ Night clear with the moon, filled with the dreamy fire
 Shining in thicket and close,
 Fire from the lamp in his breast that the luminous fire-fly throws ;
 Night full of wandering light and of song, and the blossoming rose,
 Night, be thou my desire ! ”—

enriches English literature with another note added to that of the great singers gone. And where will you match in modern work the enchanting grace and sweetness of these lines :—

“ O mandolines that thrill the moonlit street,
 O lemon flowers so fresh and faintly blown, .
 O seas that lap a solemn music sweet
 Through all the pallid night against the stone,
 O lovers tramping past with happy feet,
 O heart that hast a memory of thine own—
 For mercy's sake, no more, no more repeat
 The word it is so hard to hear alone.”

It was Mary Robinson's misfortune to sing at an hour when a host of inferior singers and imitators clamoured for notice. She was submerged in this futile wave, and later more martial and emphatic singers came and caught the public ear. The world is listening still with a rapturous sense of satisfaction to many a louder poet unaware of a rare singer who is silent.

HANNAH LYNCH.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION AT THE DAWN OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

(THIRD ARTICLE.)

VIII.—THE ADMITTED DIFFICULTY OF THE PROBLEM OF FREE-WILL.

MILTON is not generally regarded as a humorous writer; but there is considerable humour in one passage in *Paradise Lost*, which mentions an endless discussion of the problem of free-will, as one of the penal occupations meted out to the damned. Those who are thus punished sit on a hill disputing, "and know no end, in wandering mazes lost." And if the problem of free-will is considered from a certain point of view, we may safely say that our most laborious philosophers on earth have not been more successful in dealing with it than their rebel friends in Hell. Where all other thinkers have failed I shall not try to succeed. I shall confine myself to drawing certain important conclusions from their failure; and in order to do this, let me briefly explain and illustrate what the nature of their attempts and the nature of their failure is.

That a man is free, at any given moment, to do a given thing or not to do it, is the natural belief of all of us, the educated and the uneducated alike. We doubt its truth, or deny it, only after long reflection. Such reflection, however, at a very early date had begun to convince thinkers that it was beset with grave difficulties; and that actions which seem free, when looked at in the light of ordinary thought, must really depend on other and larger causes than the conscious choice or volition of the human beings who perform them.

This philosophy of determinism, this negation of free-will, has presented itself in different forms to the thought of different ages. To the Greeks it presented itself as a doctrine of Fate, or Necessity—Fate or Necessity being conceived of as some ultra-divine Power, which controlled the acts and fortunes of gods and of men alike, influencing their desires and characters by an arbitrary and external compulsion. This conception of Fate is no longer entertained by anybody; but the doctrine of determinism is re-stated in a form very closely resembling it by a school of Christian theology, not even yet extinct, which teaches that man's salvation is not in his own hands, but that even before he is born he is predestined to be saved or lost by the almighty power and deliberate purpose of God.

Both these theories of determinism—the Hellenic and the Calvinistic alike—deal with the free-will problem in a manner which is

purely theological. The latter, however, naturally tends to become, in part, philosophic; and the dogmatic assumption that God has, as a fact, pre-arranged the career and the ultimate lot of everybody, develops into the argument that He must have done so from the very constitution of His nature. If God knows everything, it is urged—the future no less than the past—He must have absolute knowledge beforehand of everything that will be done by everybody; and thus it follows from the logical necessities of the case that men can act only in accordance with that minute prevision which God, from all eternity, has had of the life of each of them. Theological dogmatism here is losing itself in purely secular logic; but a yet more important step is taken when the scene of the controversy is removed from the region of theological ideas altogether; and instead of turning on our conception of the mind of God, begins to turn exclusively on an analysis of the mind of man.

Practically, under these conditions, the doctrine of determinism re-appears; but it is stated in new terms, and defended on new grounds. Will—so the argument runs—is determined by the strongest motive; and motive again is determined by two things—the character and temperament with which the individual is endowed at his birth, and the circumstances with which, from his birth onward, he is surrounded. It is perfectly obvious that he has at starting no voice in the settlement of either of these—of his circumstances on the one hand, or his talents and temperament on the other; nor is the power of free and independent choice, which is obviously absent from him when his life begins, ever smuggled into his nature at any subsequent period.

Theology and abstract logic have here given place to psychology. The problem is referred to the tribunal of definite observation and experience; and in the modern sense of the word it begins to be scientific. It has not, however, arrived at its last stage yet. During the course of the nineteenth century a series of discoveries were made, which had the effect of placing it once more on a new basis, and presenting it to us in connection with a new order of facts. The discoveries referred to are those which demonstrate the unfailing connection between every mental process and some physical process, its counterpart—a connection so close that the highest faculties of the mind can be suspended, interfered with, restored to activity, or destroyed, by treatment applied to given parts of the body. The brain, in fact, as the organ in which the life of the body is centralised, is shown to us as bearing to consciousness, thought and will the same relation that is borne by one side of a piece of tapestry to the other. Since, then, our mental conditions are inseparable from their material equivalents; and since their equivalents—namely the processes of the brain and body—take place in accordance with the unchanging laws

which prevail elsewhere throughout the material universe, how can the former contain any principle of freedom which is not possessed by their inseparable companion, the latter? Such, briefly stated, is the free-will problem in its latest form—the form which it has assumed to-day. It is, then, a problem which has passed through the following stages. At first it was a problem of theology; then it was a problem of metaphysics; then it was a problem of what we may call subjective psychology; then it was a problem—an objective problem—of physiology; and now we may say it is a problem of psychology and physiology combined. But through all these stages of its history one thing is remarkable—that whilst, in the interest of morality and the ordinary convictions of mankind, there has been a constant endeavour to establish the doctrine of man's freedom, the balance of strict argument has been always on the other side, whether the argument started from dogma, metaphysics, or observation.

The intellectual difficulties experienced by the advocates of free-will in former times may be shown by the two following examples, of which one is supplied by a theologian, the other by a lay philosopher.

If God and the will of God cause and direct everything, what room, Thomas Aquinas asks, can there possibly be for the free volition of man? And he seeks to escape from the difficulty by the theory that God acts not directly, but through two sets of secondary causes, one being causes which are necessary and uniform, the other being causes which are contingent or voluntary; the former producing the various phenomena of nature, the latter producing those of human action. Both originate in, and are set in motion by, God; but just as the former, which produce the phenomena of nature, remain natural and necessary, though God is their prime author, so do the latter—namely, the volitions, which produce human action—remain in the same way free, though God is their author also. This theory is, no doubt, highly ingenious, as the extraordinary intellect of its inventor might lead us to expect that it would be; but its ingenuity merely hides—it does nothing to solve—the difficulty. It does nothing towards removing the great underlying contradictions between the postulate of the existence of one universal and omnipotent will, and the postulate of the concurrent existence of other wills that are independent of it. Let us now turn to the English philosopher, Locke, and see what, according to him, is the conclusion of the whole matter. "I cannot," he says, "have a clearer perception of anything than that I am free; yet I cannot make freedom in man consistent with omnipotence and omniscience in God; though I am as fully persuaded of both, as of any truth I must firmly assent to; and, therefore, I have long since given off the consideration of

that question, resolving all into the short conclusion, that, if it be possible for God to make a free agent, then man is free, though I see not the way of it."

We need not dwell on the arguments of either of these two great men; for the problem of freedom has in our day assumed a form which to them was unknown, and to which their arguments are but partially applicable. It is true that even to-day there lie in wait for the theist the same theological difficulties which baffled them both equally; but modern controversy on the subject is not primarily concerned with these. The theological apologists of to-day, no less than their scientific opponents, approach the problem as being primarily not theological, but scientific. We will, therefore, dismiss from our minds the arguments used by controversialists, when the conditions of the controversy were different from what they are now; and we will see how the matter has presented itself to thinkers on either side, since the problem has assumed for both of them a purely scientific character.

IX.—THE DIFFICULTY AS IT APPEARS IN MODERN CONTROVERSY.

When free-will is conceived of as mere natural fact, and apart from any difficulties suggested by considerations as to the nature of God, the average man, unless he is led to give special thought to the subject, sees no reason for doubting that free-will is a reality. Let me, therefore, once more briefly remind the reader of what, by-and-by, we shall have to consider fully—namely, the main grounds on which modern science contends that free-will is impossible. The grounds are three; and a few words will be enough to make each, in a general way, sufficiently intelligible to everybody. The first is supplied by what I have called the science of subjective psychology, or a study of the mind's action as revealed to us by conscious experience. The second and third, which, though distinguishable, are very closely allied, are supplied by the objective study of the physical human organism. The general argument from psychology may be summed up thus:—In the absence of motive there can be no act of will at all. When motives are present, will is always determined by the strongest. Of the two arguments from physiology and the allied sciences, one is the argument incidentally mentioned already—that since every act of will, every motive, feeling or desire, has its physical equivalent in some movement or condition of the brain, all mental processes must follow the same laws as those which prevail through the whole physical universe. The other argument from physiology illustrates and corroborates this. It comprises a mass of facts which show how the qualities of the individual organism depend on parentage, physical health, climate, and similar circum-

stances, so that whilst it is the organism which determines the character and will of the individual, it is a multitude of external causes that determine the character of the organism; and to these facts are added others, which connect volition and consciousness with a variety of vital processes, semi-conscious, sub-conscious, or automatic. •

Of these three classes of argument the two last—the physiological—are the most distinctively modern, having made their appearance during the latter half of the nineteenth century, and not being complete yet. But the psychological, though not novel, is equally modern in one sense—that it is no less a vital part of the controversy as it exists to-day. Whatever advances may be made in our knowledge of the human mind by a study of the human organism as its physical basis or equivalent, a study of its phenomena as revealed to us through the medium of consciousness, is as essential now as it ever was in the past. Indeed, if we are to understand the question of free-will at all, we must see how it is stated by the subjective psychologist first, and consult the physiologist afterwards.

We will therefore turn to two of the keenest of modern thinkers who have dealt with free-will from a strictly psychological standpoint, and consider the problem as put before us by them. Their treatment of it possesses this signal advantage—that it starts with a recognition of the whole psychological case for determinism, and aims, in the face of all this admitted evidence, at finding a way of escape from the conclusions with which determinism threatens us. These writers, moreover, are suitable as exponents of the problem for another reason—that they represented severally the two most opposite schools of modern thought, the one being an English Roman Catholic, the other a German Atheist—the one being Dr. Ward, the other Schopenhauer. The acuteness of Schopenhauer's intellect is too well known to require comment; but the ordinary reader is probably not aware that Dr. Ward, on the admission of his most distinguished opponents, was one of the clearest and most logical of the English dialecticians of his time; and as Mr. Wilfrid Ward shows us, in his interesting *Life of his father*, Dr. Ward's treatment of the free-will problem in particular excited the admiration of John Stuart Mill, both as a statement of the arguments for the determinism, which Mill himself accepted, and as an attempt to escape from them, the success of which he denied.

We will first consider the case as put before us by this writer. Having summed up with great force and lucidity the psychological arguments by which the determinists seek to show that free-will is impossible, Dr. Ward, instead of attempting to find any internal flaw in them, admits that so far as a large part of human life is concerned, they are correct, irrefragable and conclusive. They are erroneous only when we take them as applying to human life as a whole,

and fail to see that there is a part of it, small perhaps but all-important—a sort of sacred enclosure, within which their application ceases. Ward maintains that will is of two kinds, of which one is the resultant of what he calls “spontaneous impulse,” the other of what he calls “resolve.” The former corresponds strictly with will as conceived of by the determinists; but the latter, endowed with that freedom which the determinists declare to be impossible, is, on occasion, capable of counteracting the power of the former. This exercise of true freedom, however, is an occurrence which is comparatively rare, and the degree to which it modifies the spontaneous impulse, even when it does modify it, is, as a rule, slight. In other words, Dr. Ward frankly admits that most of the actions of all of us are as completely determined and necessary as the most thorough-going determinist could maintain them to be. “Given,” says Ward “(at any particular moment), certain faculties, tendencies, habits, and the like in the soul. . . . Science, considered in its abstract perfection, may calculate infallibly the spontaneous resultant of these motives—or, in other words, my will’s spontaneous impulse. Now this proposition,” Dr. Ward proceeds—and here he introduces the peculiar feature of his system—“is indubitably consistent with free-will, because I have the fullest power of opposing my will’s spontaneous impulse.” He illustrates his meaning by the following homely example. He imagines some public man, devoted to hunting, and living in a hunting county, who, just when he is on the point of starting for a day’s sport, receives a letter which begs him to go to London, in order that he may take part in some important but irksome business. Shall he obey the summons; or shall he remain and hunt? There are certain imaginable, and highly probable, cases in which habit, taste, or temperament would decide that he should remain and hunt; and in each of these cases we should have an example of the influence of spontaneous impulse—of the action of a will not free, but rigidly conditioned by circumstance, and capable consequently of acting in one way only. But, says Dr. Ward, in addition to these cases, which, according to the determinists are typical of all human action, there is another case conceivable, the possibility of which the determinists would deny, but which is, nevertheless, not only conceivable, but is also shown by experience to be possible and of constant occurrence. He illustrates this by supposing that the man, whom he has already imagined, though not less conscious than he was, according to the previous supposition, of the spontaneous impulse to hunt instead of going to London, “puts forth an anti-impulsive effort. His reason recognises how very important is the public interest at issue. He resolutely, therefore, enters his carriage, and orders it to the station.” On the way, however, there supervenes a “compound phenomenon”

on his mind. On the one hand his spontaneous impulses are urging him to return and mount his hunter; and on the other, the opposite impulse, based on the dictates of reason, meets his spontaneous impulses with "unremitting energetic resistance." On the one hand, we have a will that is the outcome of "desire"; on the other we have a will that is the outcome of "resolve"; and whilst the acts of the former are determinate, and conceivably calculable by science, the acts of the latter are free, and "external to science altogether." That a second will of this kind does actually exist, is proved, Dr. Ward contends, by the direct evidence of consciousness. "In a large number of cases," he says, "I know by certain and unmistakable experience, what is that act of will to which my entire circumstances of the moment would dispose me. And this being so," he proceeds, "it is easy amongst these cases to pick out a considerable number, in which experience equally unmistakable testifies to the fact that, instead of preferring the act to which I should be thus disposed, I do in reality elicit some act that is signally different. If then," he says, "I act at any moment otherwise than according to such impulse, I act in some way different from that to which my entire circumstances of the moment dispose me. And if I ever so act, determinism is thereby disproved."

The value of Dr. Ward's argument we will consider presently: but we will first see how this problem is dealt with by Schopenhauer. He, too, starts as Ward does, with admitting that, in a certain sense, the arguments of the determinists are unanswerable, and that freedom of the will is an illusion; but just as Ward seeks to escape from the difficulty by maintaining that, though one kind of will is determined, there is another kind of will that is free, so does Schopenhauer seek to show that though no kind of will is free, "moral freedom and responsibility" are nevertheless realities. In his essay on "Free Will," having given a history of the problem from the days of St. Augustine downwards, and having shown that it was not till comparatively recent times that it began to assume a completely scientific aspect, he signifies his complete agreement with the most extreme school of determinists, quoting with admiration the utterances of Hobbes, Spinoza and Priestley; and declaring that the belief in free-will is not only incorrect but ridiculous. Hobbes, he says, was the first thinker who went really to the heart of the question, and Hobbes shows that the very definition of a free agent is nonsense; for what people mean by a man who has free-will, is an agent who, when every cause is present necessary to make him produce some given effect, is nevertheless able not to produce it. Spinoza and Priestley elaborate the same truth, that will is a necessary cause of action, but that it is not a free cause, because will, like everything else, demands some cause itself, which makes it act in some specified way. Kant,

indeed, says Schopenhauer, thinks this truth so firmly established, that philosophy, instead of proving it, must take it henceforward as a starting-point. Such being the case then, and the operations of the human will being just as necessary in their action as any other natural process, how does Schopenhauer vindicate the reality of what he calls "true moral freedom," and, together with this, true moral responsibility? The following passage from the last chapter of his Essay will show us.

"If," he says, "as a result of the foregoing exposition we have made the reader see clearly that the hypothesis of free-will must be absolutely cast aside and abandoned, and that all the actions of men are submitted to an inflexible necessity, we have now at last brought him by the same route to a point where he will be able to conceive *true moral liberty*—an idea which belongs to a superior plane of thought.

"The truth is there is a further fact to be considered, which hitherto I have intentionally left upon one side, in order that I might not interrupt the clear course of the argument. This fact is nothing else than the plain and unmistakable sense possessed by all of us of our own moral responsibility, and of the imputability of our own acts to ourselves—a sense which rests on the inexpugnable conviction that of our own acts we are ourselves the authors. Owing to this inward conviction of all of us, nobody, however fully persuaded that our acts are merely links in a chain of necessary causes, ever dreams of shifting the blame excited by his faults from himself to the motives by which he was caused to commit them, though it be perfectly well established that these motives being present, the faulty acts in question must have taken place of necessity: for he recognises that this necessity is submitted to a subjective condition; and that so far as the objective factors in the case are concerned, an act of a different, even of an opposite, character might have been performed by him, if only he himself had been a different kind of man. So far as he is concerned, it is true that no other act was possible than that actually performed by him; but this is only because he is what he is, and not different from what he is. . . . Thus that true moral responsibility to which his consciousness bears witness, has only an indirect and derivative connection with his actions. Its essential connection is not with his actions, but his character; and it is, in reality, for his character, not for his actions, that his consciousness assures him that he is responsible: . . . and since it is only from our possession of this ingrained sense of responsibility that we are able to infer the existence of moral liberty at all, this liberty must reside where responsibility resides, that is to say, in a man's character. . . . These considerations, as it is easy to see, lead us to seek for the liberty of the human being, not where the common-sense of the

vulgar seek for it—in a man's individual acts, but in his entire nature and essence, which we must look upon as being in itself a single free act, manifesting itself solely—for an understanding submitted to the forms of time, space, and causality—under the appearance of a multiplicity of actions, which actions exhibit themselves as rigorously determined by their several motives, precisely because of the fundamental unity of the thing in itself, the nature of which they reveal. . . . Our sense of personal power and causality is no illusion; but the true application of what it tells us transcends the sphere of actions, and rises, if we may say so, to a higher level—to our nature, to our very selves, from which source, under the influence of motives, our acts necessarily flow. . . . To sum up, man never acts otherwise than as he wills to act, and yet at the same time his actions are always necessary. The reason is that he already is what he *wills*; [and the fact that his acts, under the influence of given motives or circumstances, follow with absolute necessity from what he is and wills] merely proves that his actions are the absolutely unerring expression of his individual essence. . . . Thus," says Schopenhauer in conclusion, "according to this solution of the problem, liberty is not denied, but is merely elevated to a more exalted plane. It disappears as an empirical fact, but it reappears as a transcendental fact."¹

Here, then, we have two typical modern attempts to place freedom of the will and moral responsibility on a scientific basis, and reconcile them with a scientific psychology. We will now go on to consider what they are worth, and what they really come to.

X.—THE FUTILITY OF ALL ATTEMPTS AT ANY INTELLECTUAL ESCAPE FROM DETERMINISM.

What they really come to can be summed up in a word. They both of them come to nothing. We will take the arguments of the Roman Catholic thinker first.

The sole result at which Dr. Ward arrives is not even an apparent reconciliation of free-will with determinism. He leaves free-will, on the one hand, as unthinkable and unintelligible as he finds it; he leaves determinism, on the other, with its foundation unshaken and untouched. Instead of doing anything to reconcile the former with the latter he contents himself with admitting that the mysterious action of the former extends over a smaller domain of human conduct than most of the advocates of free-will suppose, and that the domain of the necessary or determined is very considerably larger. He defends free-will, in fact, by precisely the same argument as that of the wet-nurse, in one of Marryat's novels, who excused the existence of her illegitimate baby by saying "It is only a little one." In so far as he asserts that it exists and acts at all, he makes his assertion

(1) The above passages are slightly abridged from the original.

simply as a dogma which defies the methods and principles so lucidly applied by himself to the explanation of the vast majority of our actions; and he enables himself to maintain this attitude only because, whilst he analyses rigorously the actions which he allows to be necessary or determined, he does not analyse the exceptions which alone he declares to be free. He admits that our consciousness, until it is closely interrogated, presents the one class of action to us as no less free than the other; but whilst he cross-examines it, and refutes its testimony so far as regards the former, he unhesitatingly accepts it so far as regards the latter. As to the former his view is practically the view of Hobbes—that, given a combination of motives sufficient to make a man act in one particular way, it is impossible for the man to act in any way that is different; and he is entirely of the opinion of Kant, that “if it were possible to see into the soul of a man, as revealed in its inward movements as well as in its outward acts—to understand all its motives, even the faintest and most elusive, and at the same time to have an exhaustive knowledge of all the external circumstances which directly or indirectly act on it, we could predict the future conduct of such a man as accurately as we predict an eclipse of the sun or moon.” But when he comes to the actions for which he claims the quality of freedom, all this analysis, this strict account of motive, disappears. The majority of men’s acts, he says, are conceivably predictable beforehand, because the spontaneous impulse which causes them is the exact equivalent of a number of given motives; but a man, he says, “has always the fullest power of opposing his spontaneous impulses; and how far he may *choose* to put forth such an exertion—*this* is not abstractedly a matter of calculation at all: . . . and this circumstance precisely—neither more nor less—constitutes the one particular in which the doctrine of Free-will interferes with the strictly scientific character of psychology.” In other words, free-will, according to his own admission, is essentially will without a motive. Thus an event or process which, in the larger part of human conduct, his psychological analysis shows to be impossible and even unthinkable, is, in the smaller part, not only not impossible, but of constant occurrence. If Dr. Ward had avowedly stated this contradiction as a mystery, which faith must accept, but which science and reason repudiate, his position would have been intelligible, and from a certain point of view unassailable; but he has not only done nothing to reconcile, as a rationally conceivable fact, his free or unmotivated will with the will which is motivated and determinate; but he has not been able, even in his own mind, to adhere to his own definition of what free-will is. For let us turn to his example of its exercise—the case of the man whose determinate will would make him stay and hunt in the country; whilst his free-will—his “anti-impulsive effort”—overcomes his de-

terminate will, and sends him on his distasteful journey to London; and we shall find that Dr. Ward himself instinctively explains the latter as resulting from motive, no less than the former. The following are his own words:—"On the one side, the spontaneous impulse of my will [is in favour of my staying to hunt]; but on the other side, my reason recognises clearly how very important is the public interest at issue. I resolutely therefore enter my carriage, and order it to the station." The alleged act of free-will is, in other words, contingent on a preceding judgment relative to the importance of a certain piece of political business; and not on this judgment only, but also on the fact of the judgment obtruding itself on the man's consciousness with a certain force and vividness at a given moment; and behind this process, again, are a variety of other conditions, such as the whole of the thoughts, interests, and preoccupations uppermost in his mind on the particular morning in question, and the mind's external circumstances which, previous to his "anti-impulsive effort," had been influencing his train of thought and stimulating or putting to sleep such and such memories or associations. Dr. Ward's attempt, therefore, to reconcile free-will and determinism, not only leaves the two as much opposed to each other, and as mutually exclusive as they ever were, but it also shows how incomprehensible is the idea of free-will in itself, and how difficult it is for one of its acutest advocates to describe its operation without denying the very quality of freedom which he attributes to it.

Let us now turn to the parallel attempt of Schopenhauer. Different as it is in its details, we shall find, if we examine it closely, that it fails no less completely than Dr. Ward's does, and in practically the same way. Up to a certain point it is, no doubt, cogent enough; and if at this point we were able to arrest our thoughts, and prevent their following the question into a further stage, it is an argument which might easily impose on us as a real solution of the problem. For the main idea embodied in it, so far as it goes, is true. This idea may be rendered plainer by the following simple illustration. At a given point, at which a man is standing, a road divides into two—both exceedingly tortuous—one of which leads to one town, the other to another; and the man, we will assume for argument's sake, is free to choose either. But when once his choice has been made, when he has settled which town shall be his goal, and has started on the road that leads to it, his entire course thenceforward is not free, but necessary. He goes up and down hill, he turns to right and left, precisely as the gradients and the course of the road make him. This is what Schopenhauer means when he says that liberty resides not in the individual acts of a man but in his character, and that his character or his nature must be looked upon as a single free act in itself, from which the individual

acts follow of necessity, and which they accurately interpret and realise for the very reason that their operation is so unfailing. Schopenhauer himself shows that such is his meaning, and Kant's also, by a very curious illustration cited by him, not in his *Essay on Free-Will*, but in his dissertation on *The Foundation of Morals*, which is appended to his *Essay* by his French translator, M.^r Reinach. The illustration in question is taken from a fragment of the Neo-Platonist Porphyry, preserved in the writings of Stobæus, and consists of a comment on the well-known allegorical story, introduced by Plato into his *Republic*.

"Anyone," says Schopenhauer, "who is capable of realising the essential identity of an idea, even under the most diverse forms in which the mind and imagination can clothe it, will agree with me that the Kantian doctrine of the distinction between character under its intelligible aspect, and under its empirical [that is to say the doctrine adapted by Schopenhauer himself], is an idea which had already struck Plato; though Kant was the first to express it in a rigorously philosophic form. . . . The identity of the two doctrines will become yet more evident to anyone who reads the explanation of the myth in *The Republic*, which has been given by Porphyry with such precision and clearness that the agreement between Kant and Plato is rendered self-evident. 'The thought,' says Porphyry, 'at the bottom of Plato's mind, appears to me to be as follows: Souls before entering the body, and being submitted to this or that determinate kind of life, have the liberty of choosing one kind of life or another, which life they must lead thenceforward in the particular body which, according to their choice, is given to them; so that they may at starting choose any kind of life they please—that of a lion, no less than that of a man. But when once the choice has been made, this liberty is taken away from them. . . . The only liberty left them is a kind of liberty rigidly conditioned by the nature of the animal bodies chosen; and though in it is, in a sense, a force that may be called self-moving, what really directs it is the instincts which result from the nature of these bodies.' "

We thus see that just as Dr. Ward seeks to vindicate the reality of free-will not by reconciling it with that logic of determinism, the force of which he so fully appreciates, but by carrying it off, as it were, to some small secret sanctuary, where its acts are limited in number but remain just as unintelligible as ever, so does Schopenhauer carry it off also to another sanctuary, where its action is more unintelligible still. Moral liberty, according to him, resides not in any of the choices made in the only life accessible to our observation, but in some ante-natal choice, which is only inferred theoretically, and the nature of which he admits it is difficult for the intellect to grasp. Let us assume, however, that some such choice is actually made by

every man—that he chooses his own character, and in doing so submits himself to its necessities. Is this primal choice the result of any motive, or is it not? If it is the result of motive, it does not differ in kind from the train of determinist individual acts that follow it; and we are as far off from moral liberty as we were. If it is not the result of any motive, we have indeed reached a principle of liberty; but we are as far off as we ever were from being able to explain or comprehend it.

But there is more to be said about the foregoing theory than this. If we assume a certain free ante-natal choice as a fact in each soul's existence, and are content to accept it as a kind of religious mystery, vouched for by faith, though beyond the reach of reason, we are able, this primal surrender of reason being granted, to reconcile in an otherwise reasonable way a certain element of free-will in ourselves with the necessity of our individual actions. But at this point a further question confronts us. This supposed ante-natal act—has it any reality whatsoever? Plato might have believed in it; he believed in the transmigration of souls: but can modern science or philosophy find any place for it? To Kant this might have seemed possible; it might have seemed possible to Schopenhauer: but, the conditions of thought being what they are to-day, is there any room for such a belief now? To ask this question is to pass from one domain of our inquiry into another—to pass from the domain of subjective psychology into that of physics, physiology, embryology, and other cognate sciences.

XI.—FREE-WILL, PHYSICS, AND HEREDITY.

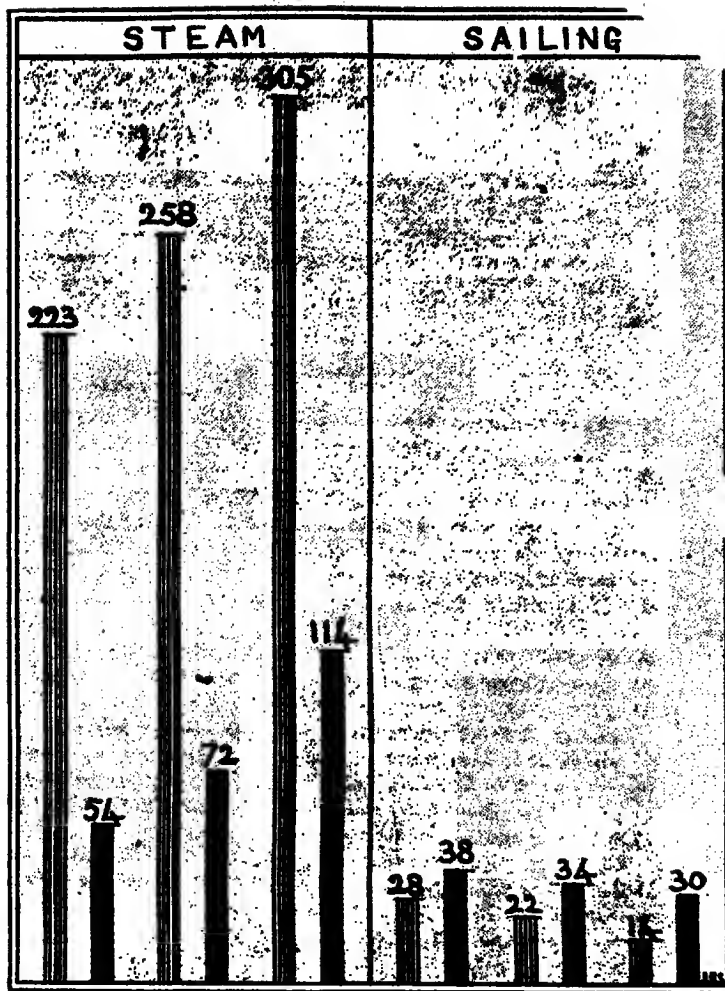
The demonstration of a relationship, empirically at all events indissoluble, which modern science has made between every mental and emotional fact, and some equivalent fact in the brain, and of the relations existing between the brain and the physical organism as a whole, accompanied as it has been by a mass of parallel discoveries—discoveries of the unbroken process by which, from a microscopic cell, the physical equivalents of all thought and feeling develop themselves, and of how this cell itself comes into being—this demonstration and these discoveries of the past half century, though they do not supersede or render obsolete the science of subjective psychology, and do nothing to change a large part of the conclusions reached by it, have nevertheless in many ways effected a profound change in it.

In the first place, as has been already indicated here, this connection of every mental fact or process with a corresponding physical fact or process, so that the two appear as different sides of one and the same phenomenon, has presented the free-will problem to us as a problem of physics, of chemistry, of mechanics—a problem conditioned by the same laws and uniformities as those which condition

the formation of crystals, the blending of metals, or the action of heat or steam. Viewed in this light, the theory of free-will becomes a theory that there resides in the molecules of the brain a power which at any moment can cause them to behave in a way, partially at all events, independent of their condition in the moment preceding; can suspend or not suspend, stimulate or not stimulate, this or that cerebral process, without being determined in its action by anything outside itself: and the psychological difficulty of reconciling free-will with the determining influence of motive becomes the physical difficulty of reconciling it with the uniformities of the physical universe, and especially with the conservation of energy, or the persistence of force. Viewed from the physical side, it is as difficult to impute free-will to the human mind as it would be to impute it to the hands of a chronometer.

This mechanical difficulty, however, if we take it merely by itself, would not perhaps be insuperable. If we resolve to ignore, by a mystical act of faith, the psychological difficulties involved in the very idea of freedom, and if we allow ourselves to assume that the brain is mysteriously influenced by some hyper-physical force with which for a time it is associated, the hypothesis of this free force does not necessarily contradict the scientific doctrine of the uniformity of the physical universe. We can only say that science affords us no shred of evidence for supposing that such a force exists. But the connection of psychology with physics does not end at the point just indicated. It does more than present will to us in the form of a mechanical problem, leaving it open to us to suppose that the physical mechanism of the mind is controlled by some other force, as a locomotive is controlled by an engine-driver. This supposed other force, Schopenhauer conceives as "character," in which alone, according to him, moral liberty resides. This conception of free-will or liberty will be specially serviceable to us here; for it will enable us to see clearly that even if the mere conception of free-will as such is neither more nor less inconsistent with the objective laws of physics than with the subjective laws of psychology it is negatived with a force which increases every year, not by the general laws of science, but by the facts of scientific observation. Science may allow us to conceive it, but it will no longer allow us to assert it. That is to say, if we look at the characters of men as they are, Schopenhauer's attempt to vindicate for them the nature of "single free acts," which comprise in themselves the essence of moral liberty, and thus render each of us a morally responsible agent, is now shown to be in such complete contradiction to facts, that it is hard to imagine the mental condition of a man who could hope, by such means, to place liberty on a rational basis.

For, if there is anything which the sciences dealing with man



1886-1890. 1891-1895. 1896-1900. 1886-1890. 1891-1895. 1896-1900.

■---BRITISH. ■---FOREIGN.

Showing, in millions of tons, the total Tonnage of British and Foreign vessels (sailing and steam) entered and cleared [with cargoes and in ballast] at Ports in the United Kingdom, from and to Foreign Countries and British Possessions during 1886-1890, 1891-1895, 1896-1900. Not including vessels entered and cleared coastwise [i.e., to and from home ports], and not including vessels employed by Government for the conveyance of troops, stores, &c., to and from South Africa.

make more clear than another, it is the fact that the entire nature of the individual—mind, temperament, and idiosyncrasy of character generally—is produced and absolutely determined by antecedent and contemporary circumstances. In the light of modern knowledge no possible faculty of the mind, unless it be a faculty of faith, which puts reason and knowledge on one side, can find any stage or moment in the individual life when the character of the individual contained any trace of that moral liberty which Schopenhauer denies to its separate volitions and acts. For Kant and Schopenhauer equally, a man's character, nature, or essence, is a transcendental something, which enters the sphere of our cognisance, full-grown and complete, and connects itself, in its completeness, with the uniformly acting brain, and, through the brain, with the world of uniformly acting motives. Perhaps this theory is true; but if it is true, it is a truth reached by religious faith only. Philosophy knows nothing of it; physiology and science contradict it. So far as ordinary evidence of the strictest kind shows anything, if it is impossible to attribute liberty to a man's volition and conduct, to attribute it to his character or his essence, and to consider this as a single "free act," is still more impossible. So far as evidence can show anything, it shows us that the life of the individual, as an individual, begins with the coalescence of the ovum and the spermatozoon, which two elements are the first amongst the proximate determinants of its character, and have themselves been similarly determined by similar determinants in the past. Instead of a man's character or essence being a transcendental something, which loses its essential liberty when it connects itself with his physical organism, and is born into the world of motives, its development is slow and gradual. It begins to exist as a potentiality only in consequence of a certain physical event, which took place without its concurrence or consciousness; and its inseparable connection with physical processes, of which it is equally unconscious, continues until it sees the light in the form of a helpless baby, from which time Schopenhauer admits that its faculty of free-will ceases. That is to say, Schopenhauer's psychology shows that its faculty of free-will leaves it at the very earliest moment at which physiology will allow us to conceive of it as possessing a will at all. Schopenhauer was perfectly right in calling attention to the accuracy with which his own doctrine and that of Kant is expressed by Plato's allegorical story of the souls choosing before birth their own bodies and conditions. The fact that this allegory illustrates Schopenhauer's meaning, shows us how utterly unconnected his meaning is with any event or process which modern knowledge or thought will allow us to imagine as taking place in the world of reality.¹

(1) A curious commentary on one of the dicta of Schopenhauer above quoted is supplied us by the recent history of hypnotism. Schopenhauer, in emphasising the fact

So far as the question is concerned of believing in free-will, on any grounds supplied us by reason or evidence, it cannot be said that modern physiology and the other sciences connected with it, make such a belief theoretically more impossible than it had already been made by psychology: but practically, to an incalculable degree, they add force to what psychology tells us. They take it up independently; they utter it in a new language; they present it to us in a tangible form; they seem to placard the mind with posters, in which are diagrams illustrating its truth; and they block up many of the passes, and narrow others, through which the advocates of freedom have attempted to escape into the transcendental sphere. This last observation applies especially to such apologists as Schopenhauer. It is less applicable to Dr. Ward, and others in a similar position, because they avowedly claim the support of religious faith, which all merely philosophic and rationalistic thinkers must reject. Regarded, however in the light of attempts to reconcile free-will in a scientific, or even thinkable manner, with the demands of logic, and the demonstrated facts of science, Dr. Ward's argument and Schopenhauer's are both equally worthless.

Dr. Ward and Schopenhauer are only two thinkers out of the many who have made this same attempt, but for practical purposes they may be taken as representative. Just as all thinkers who deal with free-will under its theological aspect inevitably encounter the same difficulties, and seek and fail to evade them in the same way, so do those who deal with it under its philosophic and scientific aspect play what is, in all its essentials, the same foredoomed part also. For each of them there is the same difficulty to be solved. It is expressed by all of them in almost the same words; and instead of solving it, they all of them merely persuade themselves that they have done so by dressing it up in some new form of expression, so that it seems to have gone, when in reality it is only disguised; or by pushing it back into some dim region of thought, where it ceases to be apparent because nothing there can be seen clearly.

XII.—NATURE, AS EXAMINED BY SCIENCE, SHOWS NO BREAK IN THE GENERAL ORDER OF THINGS, SUCH AS THE PERSISTENCE OF THE SOUL AND FREE-WILL INVOLVE.

What we have seen, then, in this and the preceding articles, is as follows: We have seen that religion, in the sense which we are here

that a sense of moral liberty is given us by our common consciousness, says that no one ever dreams of escaping from his moral responsibility by laying the blame due to his acts on the motives that caused him to perform them. But this is precisely what is done by certain persons, who have acted under hypnotic influence. They exculpate their own will by reference to another will behind it. Physiology is also giving a new significance to the sub-conscious and even the non-conscious as the basis of the conscious. I hope, on a future occasion, to elucidate this point.

attaching to the word, implies two things—a certain doctrine of God, and a certain doctrine of man; and that practically it is a doctrine of a relation between the two. On the one hand, we must postulate a conscious, benevolent, and ethical God; on the other, a soul which does not perish with the perishing body, and a freedom which enables this soul to choose between good and evil. If we take away either of these two constituent parts, religion becomes as impossible as it would if we took away both. The elimination of the soul is as fatal to it as the elimination of God. Accordingly, in considering the relation of religion to science, we here begin with taking the element of religion that is nearest to us, and open to our most direct observation—namely, man; and we have asked how far science, or accurate positive knowledge, will sanction us in attributing to man those two particular characteristics which religion imputes to him, as an essential condition of its existence—freedom or moral liberty and a hyper-physical soul. We have taken them separately, and have asked this question as to each—as to the soul first, and then as to moral liberty. Science, as interpreted by itself, affects to deny both. Religion is attempting to show, on scientific grounds, that science is wrong and misinterprets its own position; and we have, with regard both to the soul and to moral liberty, considered the arguments both of religion and science in detail. The result has been to show that, in so far as the apologists of religion take their stand on the same ground as their opponents, their attempts to defend the religious conception of man are hopeless; and their fancied successes merely a series of defeats.

With regard to the doctrine of a hyper-physical soul, we have seen that the apologists of religion attack science, which is essentially a monistic system, at two points, attempting to show that, at these, the theory of monism is contradicted by observation. One of these points is the point at which matter first shows signs of life; the other is the point at which man is differentiated from other living organisms.

Starting with the first of these alleged breaches in the monistic continuity of things, we have seen that our contemporary religious apologists entirely misconceive the opinions of scientific thinkers on the question of abiogenesis, imagining that many of them have declared abiogenesis to be a proved impossibility, whereas what they really declare is that all the evidence from analogy leads us to assume that it is a fact, although it is no doubt true, that no experimentalist has as yet succeeded in producing it artificially, and no observer has as yet detected it taking place naturally. But we have seen something more than this. We have seen that even if as to this point the religious apologists should be right, and an absolute breach should be demonstrated between inorganic matter and the primary forms of

matter which manifest signs of life, the religious apologists have gained nothing for the cause of religion. Instead of indicating for man any hyper-physical soul, and exalting it as a mystery into higher spheres of existence, they would be merely identifying it with life in its lower and simpler stages, reducing the mystery of the soul to the mystery of the germ or cell, and assimilating the destiny of man to that of the ephemeral insect. The only break in monistic continuity which religion has any interest in establishing, is not a break between living matter and lifeless but between a life that is spiritual and a life that is merely organic.

Such being the case, we turned to those further arguments by which the apologists of religion endeavour to show, by scientific methods, that such a break exists; and we saw that these arguments divided themselves into two classes—one based on the unique difference in kind between the facts of consciousness and the facts of extended substances; the other based on certain differences between the faculties of man and those of all other animals. As to the first of these arguments we saw that, if it proved anything, it proved a great deal more than those who use it desire to prove, and that instead of showing that man possessed a more spiritual essence than the animal, it showed that a similar spiritual essence was the common property of both. As to the second argument, we saw, from the admissions of the religious apologists themselves, that the attempt to vindicate for man any specific intellectual faculties—such as that of forming universal concepts—which differ in kind, and not merely in varying degrees, from faculties exhibited by the higher order of animals, is an attempt shown to be hopeless by any accurate study of facts; and that if between the human and animal faculties any break really exists, it is a break which hides itself from our eyes more and more completely, the more completely and minutely the facts in question are scrutinised by us. It may exist. If it does so, faith alone can inform us of this truth. Science not only fails to afford us the slightest evidence of it, but it is daily strengthening the inference that it is not a truth but a fancy.

And with regard to man's alleged moral liberty, in virtue of which, alone of all known phenomena, his will is a force undetermined by any principle of causation, we have seen that the position of the religious apologists is the same. To establish the reality of this unexampled portent, this causing but uncaused force, on scientific grounds, is impossible, and every fresh attempt to get rid of the difficulties involved in it is merely a fresh demonstration that these difficulties are insuperable. Psychology shows that a belief in any such liberty is utterly inconsistent with the facts of subjective experience, and physiology amplifies this demonstration, and transmutes it into an objective form. Religious moralists, such as Dr.

Ward, and non-religious moralists, such as Schopenhauer, try in vain to place the doctrine of liberty on a reasonable and scientific foundation. The utmost they succeed in doing is to disguise the difficulty, so that they do not recognise it themselves, or to elbow it into a shadowy corner. They none of them solve or even in the smallest degree lessen it.

So far then as man is concerned the case stands thus. The religious doctrine of man, and the scientific doctrine, are, when tried by a common scientific standard, in absolute opposition. It is indeed, open to the religious apologist not only to insist that the life of man, like all other life, may conceivably have an origin distinct from the extended substance which is the basis of all other phenomena, but also to insist that the sequence of all phenomena whatsoever—those of human and animal life included—are referable to some absolute and transcendental cause behind them, which arranged the phenomenal universe in such a way at the beginning that anything which has existed or taken place since was included in the primordial constitution of its simple or its composite substance; and it is open to them, if they please to do so, to call this first cause God. But this line of argument is not really religious at all. It is purely philosophic. That it does nothing to prove the existence of such a God as religion postulates will be shown hereafter. I have thus far been concerned only to show that it does nothing to support the two essential articles of the religious doctrine of man. These articles are, firstly that the life of each individual man, and secondly that the will of each individual man, is an essence, thing, or force, of an isolated and unique kind, which is only accidentally connected with the phenomena through which we know it. Now the theory of God, as a first cause of the universe, even if we grant it to be necessary as an explanation of life, consciousness and volition, does nothing to remove man from the sphere of other phenomena. On the contrary its only tendency is to exhibit him as an inseparable part of them, the individual life with the will and all that is comprised in it being as much determined by external causes as are the size and the position of a bubble which forms itself on the sea's surface, and doomed, like such a bubble, to break and never to exist again. The scientific monist regards the individual life as a bubble on the surface of a substance which has its principles of action in itself. The opponent of monism argues that this substance is like a clock, which will not go unless wound up from without; and which, having been wound up once by God, is now in process of running down. Let us suppose such to be the case: but how, in respect of the religious doctrine of man, does this supposition help the religious apologist? It leaves untouched the broad and indisputable fact that whoever made, and whoever wound up the

universe, the life of the individual man, like all other individual lives, appears and disappears as the result of uniform causes—causes which, even if they are not identical with those inherent in non-living substance, have, ever since life began, been indissolubly associated with them. Man did not begin to exist till long after the first winding up was accomplished. He will have ceased to exist long before the weights shall have run down. If we still adhere to the simile which represents the universe as a clock, man is presented to us in the guise of one of the wheels. What science shows is that the human wheel, of whatever metal it may be composed, is controlled, even in its minutest movements, by the rest of the wheels or machinery, of which it forms an inseparable part. What the religious apologist has to prove is that this special wheel has some principle of motion in itself—that when the teeth of the wheel next it urge it to revolve in one direction, and at a given speed, it can revolve in another direction, and at a speed indefinitely different. It may be true that this wheel possesses these astonishing properties; but we do nothing towards showing that it does so by showing that it would not have revolved at all if the clock to which it belongs had not been wound up by a clock-maker.

However we argue in favour of a hyper-physical first cause, in order to account for the phenomena whose uniformity science reveals to us, our arguments will exhibit man in his relation to such a cause merely as a helpless wheel crying out to the clock-winder—merely as the bubble on a wave crying out to the sea. This conception of man—a perishing creature, whose will, although it determines his actions, is itself inexorably determined by causes outside itself, and who, if there be a God, can have no abiding and no moral connection with him—this is not the conception of man which religion demands. On the contrary, it is the conception against which religion protests; but if based on scientific grounds its protest is helpless and useless.

Having seen how religion stands, as related to science, in respect of the essential elements of the religious doctrine of man, we will see in the next article how it stands related to science, in respect of the religious, or of the moral, conception of God. We shall see that, if it meets science on really scientific grounds, it is quite as helpless in this latter case, as we have seen it to be in the former: and then I shall endeavour to make it clear that this double failure does not show that religion has no grounds on which to defend itself, but merely that its present apologists are looking for them in the wrong place.

W. H. MALLOCK.

THE NEW ANGLO-AMERICAN TREATY.

It is a matter for congratulation that the Senate of the United States were so prompt in ratifying, with only six dissentients, the new agreement known as the Pauncefote-Hay Treaty. It was not by any means certain that they would do so, for the ways of the United States Senate are mysterious. The "railway interests" are believed to be opposed to any canal across the Isthmus, which may threaten to reduce the trans-continental railway traffic; the "shipping interests" are said to regard with doubt a project that may interfere with the earning of long-distance bounties; and the extreme Jingoists insist upon the right of the United States to fortify the canal. Still, the earnestness with which President Roosevelt advocated the Treaty and the canal, and the general favour with which the measure was received in the country, ensured its ratification. The moment is opportune to review the agreement itself, the circumstances that have led up to it, and the results that may be expected from it.

The Isthmian Canal, said Mr. Roosevelt in his first Presidential message to the fifty-seventh Congress, is emphatically a work which it is for the interest of the entire country to begin and complete as soon as possible. It is one of those great works which only a great nation can undertake with prospect of success, and which when done are not only the permanent assets of a nation's material interests, but a standing monument of its constructive ability. "I am glad," he said, "to be able to announce that our negotiations on the subject with Great Britain have been conducted on both sides in the spirit of friendliness, mutual goodwill, and respect, and have resulted in my being able to lay before the Senate a Treaty which, if ratified, will enable us to begin preparations for the canal at any time, and which guarantees to this nation every right it has ever asked for in connection with the canal. The old Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, so long recognised as inadequate to supply a base for the construction and maintenance of a necessarily American ship-canal, is abrogated. The new Treaty specifically provides that the United States alone shall do the building and assume the responsibility of the safeguarding of the canal, and regulate its neutral use by all nations on terms of equality, without guarantee or interference by any outside nation from any quarter. The Treaty will at once be laid before the Senate, and, if approved, Congress can proceed to give effect to the advantages which it secures to us by providing for the building of the canal."

It may be assumed that the Treaty would not have been so strongly recommended to the Senate had not the report of the Isthmian Canal Commission been so decisive in tone. One would not like to say how many Commissions of inquiry have been sent to the Isthmus since the first survey by Colonel Childs in the forties, but this particular one was sent with the object of enabling the Government either to definitively recommend to Congress the construction of a particular line of canal, or the abandonment of the project altogether as a Federal enterprise. The Walker Commission report that the most practicable and feasible route for a canal under the control, management, and ownership of the United States, is that through Nicaragua. And they are of opinion that a canal by this route may be constructed for 189,804,062 dollars. One mistrusts the precision of the figures, but the arithmetic of Isthmian Canal schemes has always been eccentric. The Panama project would, it is estimated, cost 144,233,358 dollars, *plus* 109,141,000 dollars for concessions. The Nicaragua route is 183 miles, the Panama route 40 miles, and the cost of working and maintaining the former is estimated at 1,350,000 dollars per annum more than the latter. But it is reported that the Nicaragua Canal can be made in four years' less time than the Panama Canal, that the hygienic conditions are more favourable, and that the Nicaragua route is more advantageous to commerce. We will not stop to examine these statements just now. Suffice it that they are emphatic enough to induce the President to recommend the Nicaragua project to Congress, and the Senate to ratify the Pauncefote-Hay Treaty.

Now, before we proceed to the consideration of the present agreement, let us put in evidence the first article of the old Treaty:—

“BULWER-CLAYTON TREATY, 1850.

“ARTICLE I.

“The Government of Great Britain and the United States hereby declare, that neither the one nor the other will ever obtain, or maintain, for itself any exclusive control over the said Ship-Canal; agreeing that neither will ever erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the same, or in the vicinity thereof; or occupy, or fortify, or colonise, or assume or exercise, any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America; nor will either make use of any protection which either affords, or may afford, or any alliance which either has, or may have, to, or with, any State or people, for the purpose of erecting, or maintaining, any such fortifications, or of occupying, fortifying, or colonising, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America, or of assuming or exercising dominion over the same. Nor will Great Britain or the United States, take advantage of any intimacy, or use any alliance, connection or influence, that either may possess with any State or Government through whose territory the said Canal may pass, for the purpose of acquiring, or holding, directly or indirectly, for the subjects or citizens of the one, any rights or advantages in regard to commerce or navigation through the

said Canal, which shall not be offered, on the same terms, to the subjects or citizens of the other."

The preamble to the Treaty just ratified is practically identical with that of 1900:—"The United States and His Majesty King Edward, being desirous to facilitate the construction of a ship-canal to connect the Atlantic and the Pacific by whatever route may be considered expedient, and to that end to remove any objection which may arise out of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty to the construction of such a canal under the auspices of the United States, *without impairing the general principle of neutralisation* established by Article VIII. of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, have for that purpose appointed as plenipotentiaries Mr. Hay, State Secretary, and Lord Pauncefoot, British Ambassador at Washington, who have agreed to the following Articles."

The 1900 Convention consisted of two Articles, the first of which was as follows:—

"ARTICLE I. (1900 CONVENTION).

"It is agreed that the Canal may be constructed under the auspices of the Government of the United States, either directly at its own cost or by gift or loan of money to individuals or corporations or through subscriptions to or purchase of stock or shares, and that, subject to the provisions of the present Convention, the said Government shall have and enjoy all the rights incident to such construction, as well as the exclusive right of providing for the regulation and management of the Canal."

Observe that while this modifies the conditions of Article I. of the Bulwer-Clayton Treaty, it does not abrogate the agreement as to fortification and colonisation. The rest of the 1900 Convention puts into practical form the "general principle" of neutralisation set forth in Article VIII. of the 1850 Treaty, which ran as follows:—

"BULWER-CLAYTON TREATY, 1850.

"ARTICLE VIII.

"The Governments of Great Britain and the United States, having not only desired in entering into this Convention to accomplish a particular object, but also to establish a general principle, they hereby agree to extend their protection by treaty stipulations to any other practicable communications whether by canal or railway, across the Isthmus which connects North and South America, and especially to the inter-oceanic communications should the same prove to be practicable, whether by canal or railway, which are now proposed to be established by the way of Tehuantepec or Panama. In granting, however, their protection to any such canals or railways as are by this Article specified, it is always understood by Great Britain and the United States that the parties contracting or owning the same shall impose no other charges or conditions of traffic thereupon than the aforesaid Governments shall approve of as just and equitable; and that the same canals or railways, being open to the subjects and citizens of Great Britain and the United States on equal terms, shall also be open on like terms to the subjects and citizens of every

other State which is willing to grant thereto such protection as Great Britain and the United States engage to afford."

The Second Article of the 1900 Convention as sent to the Senate was in the following terms:—

* "ARTICLE II. (1900 CONVENTION).

"(1.) The Canal shall be free and open in time of war as in time of peace to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any nation or its citizens or subjects in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic or otherwise.

"(2.) The Canal shall never be blockaded, nor shall any right of war be exercised nor any act of hostility be committed within it.

"(3.) Vessels of war of a belligerent shall not revictual or take any stores in the Canal except so far as may be strictly necessary, and the transit of such vessels through the Canal shall be effected with the least possible delay in accordance with the regulations in force, and with only such intrusions as may result from the necessities of the service. Prizes shall be in all respects subject to the same rules as vessels of war of the belligerents.

"(4.) No belligerents shall embark or disembark troops, munitions of war, or warlike materials in the Canal, except in case of accidental hindrance of the transit, and in such cases the transit shall be resumed with all possible despatch.

"(5.) The provisions of this Article shall apply to waters adjacent to the Canal within three marine miles of either end. Vessels of war of a belligerent shall not remain in such waters longer than twenty-four hours at any one time, except in case of distress, and in such case shall depart as soon as possible; but a vessel of war of one belligerent shall not depart within twenty-four hours from the departure of a vessel of war of the other belligerent.

"(6.) The plant, establishments, buildings, and all works necessary to the construction, maintenance, and operation of the Canal shall be deemed to be part thereof for the purposes of this Convention, and in time of war as in time of peace shall enjoy complete immunity from attack or injury by belligerents and from acts calculated to impair their usefulness as part of the Canal.

"(7.) No fortifications shall be erected commanding the Canal or the waters adjacent. The United States, however, shall be at liberty to maintain such military police along the Canal as may be necessary to protect it against lawlessness and disorder."

In effect, this Article provided that the Nicaragua Canal should have the same international status as the Suez Canal, but that the United States should have both the exclusive management and the exclusive policing of the waterway.

This was the Treaty which not all the influence of Mr. McKinley could induce the Senate of last Congress to ratify. One need not now recall the heated controversy in that Assembly over what in this country was regarded as a reasonable and fair arrangement, involving a large concession by Great Britain gracefully made in a spirit of friendship and goodwill. The attitude of the Senate was, perhaps, not properly understood on this side, and too much prominence was given in the cabled reports of the debates to the "high falutin'" of one or two spread-eagle Senators. Much was said in the heat of debate that most Americans condemned and that all Britons can

willingly afford to forget. Towards the close of December, 1900, the Convention was sent back from the Senate to the President, "with advice and consent to its ratification," but with three amendments. In the first place, the preamble to Article II. was made to run thus:—

"The High Contracting Parties desiring to preserve and maintain the 'general principle' of neutralisation established in Article VIII. of the Clayton-Bulwer Convention, *which Convention is hereby superseded*, adopt, as the basis of such neutralisation, the following rules, substantially as embodied in the Convention between Great Britain and certain other Powers, signed at Constantinople, the 29th October, 1868, for the free navigation of the Suez Maritime Canal."

The agreement between Lord Pauncefoot and Mr. Hay did not abrogate or supersede the Bulwer-Clayton Treaty. It merely modified and amplified the conditions of Articles I. and VIII. of that Treaty. The second alteration made in the Convention by the Senate was to add to Section 5 of Article II. the following clause:—

"It is agreed, however, that none of the immediately foregoing conditions and stipulations in Sections numbered 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 of this Article shall apply to measures which the United States may find it necessary to take for securing by its own forces the defence of the United States and the maintenance of public order."

The third alteration made by the Senate was to strike out altogether the short Third Article of the 1900 Convention, which ran:—

"ARTICLE III. (1900 CONVENTION).

"The High Contracting Parties will immediately upon the exchange of the ratifications of this Convention bring it to the notice of the other Powers and invite them to adhere to it."

The injunction against fortifications on or adjacent to the canal was retained.

It is believed that the action of the Senate of last Congress in thus re-casting the Convention in a form which the British Government could not accept, was a deep disappointment to President McKinley. He merely transmitted the amended Treaty with a mild expression of the hope "that the amendments will be found acceptable to Her Majesty's Government." Secretary Hay did not put forward any arguments in support of the alterations. In replying, Lord Lansdowne reminded Mr. Hay that at the time of his Message to Congress in 1898 the President had emphatically assured Lord Pauncefoot that he had "no intention whatever of ignoring the Clayton-Bulwer Convention, and that he would loyally observe Treaty stipulations," though he desired by friendly negotiations to obtain such a modification of it as would, without affecting the "general principle" declared in it, enable the canal to be made by the United States for the benefit of the commerce of the world. It was in these circumstances, and notwithstanding the indisposition shown by the United

States in the case of the Joint High Commission presided over by Lord Herschell, to make any concession at all in the Alaskan boundary dispute, that Lord Salisbury consented to accept unconditionally the agreement provisionally drawn up by Mr. Hay and Lord Pauncefote "as a signal proof of Her Majesty's Government's friendly disposition, and of their desire not to impede the execution of a project declared to be of national importance to the people of the United States." The Convention as altered by the Senate became a wholly different matter.

As an international contract the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was of unquestionable validity, and a contract which, according to international usage, cannot be abrogated or modified save with the consent of both parties to it. The Senate disregarded this usage in proposing to abrogate the Treaty without any attempt to ascertain the views of Her Majesty's Government. Lord Lansdowne pointed out in his despatch of February 22nd, 1901, that as Article I. of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty provided that neither party should occupy, fortify, or colonise, or assume or exercise any dominion over, any part of Central America, and as there was no similar agreement expressed in the Convention, the abrogation of the Treaty would leave both Powers with entire freedom of action in Central America, except in the vicinity of the canal. The clause inserted by the Senate, reserving to the United States the right of taking any measures which it may find necessary to secure by its own forces the defence of the United States, appeared to be a violation of the principle that the passage of the canal should be free and unimpeded in time of war as well as in time of peace. For these and other reasons, set forth with great moderation and at some length, Lord Lansdowne declared that His Majesty's Government preferred the modified Clayton-Bulwer Treaty to the Pauncefote-Hay Convention as altered by the Senate—"as matters stand at present."

What influences have swayed Lord Lansdowne, and what considerations have induced him to modify the attitude he assumed in February, 1901, will doubtless be revealed in due time. It is not difficult to imagine what they are, nor is it difficult to find justification for the change. It has long been evident to those who have considered the matter in all its bearings, that the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty would sooner or later become necessary to the preservation of cordial relations between the two countries. It has subserved its purpose and the time has come for a new arrangement. The real objection to the last Senate's amendment of the 1900 Convention was that it stepped in arbitrarily between the two Executive Governments, and attempted to obtain by decree what could only be properly obtained by joint consent and common agreement. It was a fault in the method of procedure calculated to

give offence, though no offence was intended. As happened, no offence was taken, and the resources of diplomacy were not exhausted. The new Treaty is expressly designed not to supplement but to take the place of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.

It begins by abrogating that Treaty. The First Article declares that the present supersedes the old one, and thus the way is cleared, beyond possibility of dispute, for the formulation of a wholly new and distinct agreement. These are the conditions which the Senate have now approved :—

“PAUNCEFOTE-HAY TREATY, 1901.

“I.—The High Contracting Parties agree that the present Treaty shall supersede the Convention of April 19, 1850.

“II.—It is agreed that a Canal may be constructed under the auspices of the United States Government, either directly at its own cost or by gift or loan of money to individuals or corporations, or through subscription to or purchase of stock or shares, and that, subject to the provisions of the present treaty, the said Government shall have and enjoy all rights incident to such construction, as well as the exclusive right of providing regulations for the management of the Canal.

“III.—The United States adopts as the basis of the neutralisation of the Canal the following rules, substantially as embodied in the Convention of Constantinople, dated October 28th, 1888, for the free navigation of the Suez Canal, that is to say (1) that the Canal shall be free and open to vessels of commerce and war of all nations observing these rules on the terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discriminations against any such nation or its citizens or subjects in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic or otherwise, such conditions and charges of traffic to be just and equitable. (Here follow five other rules for the regulation and use of the Canals.)

“IV.—It is agreed that no change in the territorial sovereignty or international relations of the country or countries traversed by the Canal shall affect the general principle of neutralisation or the obligation of the High Contracting Parties.

“V.—Ratifications must be exchanged within six months.”

Now, if comparison be made with the text of the 1900 Convention above, it will be seen that the First Article of that Convention becomes, in practically identical terms, the Second Article of the new Convention. The Third Article of the 1901 agreement is an adaptation and extension of the preamble to the Second Article of the 1900 agreement, before it was amended by the Senate, and it embraces the rules laid down in the various sections of that Article. The Fourth Article is new, and seems to have reference both to a possible expansive form of Monroism and to such a Confederation of the South American States as Bolivar the Liberator desired, and as the present President of Venezuela is said to favour. Lord Lansdowne appears now to have waived the Third Article of the 1900 Convention, under which the High Contracting Parties were to invite the adherence of other Powers to the terms of the agreement, and to this feature we shall refer presently. In the Foreign Relations

Committee of the Senate, two adverse critics took exception to the clause which authorises the United States to police the canal, on the ground that this limits the power of control, which it was declared ought to be absolute. One Senator proposed the re-insertion of the clause added by the Senate last year to Section 5 of Article II., of the 1900 Convention, with reference to "measures which the United States may find it necessary to take for securing by its own forces the defence of the United States, and the maintenance of public order." This proposal was rejected by the Committee, but the very fact that it was made serves to show the continued existence of discordant elements in the Senate.

The Treaty is also being objected to by the extreme Jingoës, because it does not expressly declare the right of the United States to fortify the canal. This is not done, but the omission of Rule 7 of the Suez Convention, may, perhaps, be construed as involving the right in case of need.

With regard to Article III., it may be explained that in the Suez Canal Convention Article IV. guarantees that the maritime canal shall remain open in time of war as a free passage, even to the ships of war of belligerents, and regulates the revictualling, transit, and detention of such vessels in the canal. Article V. regulates the embarkation and disembarkation of troops, munitions or materials of war by belligerent Powers in time of war. Article VII. prohibits the Powers from keeping any vessel of war in the waters of the canal. Article VIII. imposes on the agents of the Signatory Powers in Egypt the duty of watching over the execution of the Treaty and of taking measures to secure the free passage of the canal.

Of course, there is this material difference between the two canals—that whereas the Suez Canal is built through a territory the sovereign of which is a party to the Convention, the Nicaragua Canal will be built through territory belonging to a State which is not a party to the Convention, and over whose sovereign rights neither contracting party has any power of disposition.

To return now to the objection, already alluded to, made by Lord Lansdowne to the deletion by the last Senate of the clause in the 1900 Convention, stipulating for invitation to other Powers to adhere to the agreement. Without that adherence, Lord Lansdowne argued, neutrality of the canal would depend upon the guarantee of the two contracting parties. They are surely both quite good for all their engagements. But Lord Lansdowne went on to urge, that if His Majesty's Government agreed to such an arrangement, it would follow that "while the United States would have a treaty-right to interfere with the canal in time of war, or apprehended war, and while other Powers could with a clear conscience disregard any of the

restrictions imposed by the Convention, Great Britain alone, in spite of her enormous possessions on the American Continent, in spite of the extent of her Australasian Colonies, and her interest in the East, would be absolutely precluded from resorting to any such action, or from taking measures to secure her interests in and near the canal."

Since this objection was formulated to the Senate's alteration of the Convention, Lord Lansdowne must have modified his views. "But was there ever any good ground for the objection as stated? Let us consider for a moment the position of the canal in the event of war. There will be no difficulty in time of peace, except in accommodating the waterway to the needs of those who may use it, without exciting international jealousies by suggestion or suspicion of preferential treatment. It is possible to exaggerate the advantages to trade—and especially to British trade—which the canal will offer, but once it is constructed it will certainly be used to some extent by the ships of all nations. It may be under exclusive American ownership and control, but it has been expressly stated as intended to be "for the use of all well-disposed peoples." Now, well-disposed peoples are supposed to be always at peace, and regulations for times of peace have no effect in times of war. In the event of war the canal will be actually controlled not by the police along its banks but by the ships of any Power that can secure and retain the command of the sea-approaches to it. The free use of the canal in time of war will depend, for us, not on the Treaty but on our ability to open it from both seas for ourselves, and to close it for others. Neither joint ownership nor joint control with the United States would affect our position—especially in a war with the United States. No amount of international agreement for the neutralisation of the line of artificial waterway will neutralise the ocean routes to it. This is a consideration which ought to soothe those who are disposed to regret the abrogation of a Treaty which for fifty years has affected Anglo-American relations in Central America, at first and on the whole with benefit, but often and latterly with disadvantage to both countries. The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty would only permit of the construction of a canal, which both countries presumably want, on conditions which have no longer any real value. Disappointment has been expressed in some quarters that Great Britain is obtaining no apparent advantage—is making a large concession without any *quid pro quo*. But in giving up the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty we are losing nothing of any value, and we are gaining what may be of great value—a new commercial highway. We also secure what is surely worth a large concession—the preservation of cordial and kindly relations between the two nations. The United States have a perfect right to the police, as well as the commercial, management of the canal they propose to build across Nicaragua. And we have a perfect right, in event of war with a

naval Power, to prevent our enemy from getting near the canal—if we can. If we cannot, a joint share in the management of a neutral waterway would not help us. Therefore, one need not entertain the apprehensions expressed by Lord Lansdowne in his comments on the Senate's mutilation of the first Pauncefote-Hay Convention.

Without going back on the controversies preceding and following the conclusion of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty—the history of which the present writer has given elsewhere¹—it is pertinent now to recall the part taken in it by the late Mr. J. G. Blaine, when he came into office as President Garfield's Secretary of State. De Lesseps had begun to work at his Panama scheme in 1879, and soon afterwards he proposed that the Powers of Europe should combine in an international guarantee of the neutrality of the canal. President Hayes had in a Message to Congress declared that the policy of the American Government was for a canal under exclusive American control, and Americans generally favoured the Nicaragua route, though they did not oppose the Panama route. What Secretary Blaine did was to send a despatch to all the United States Ministers in Europe, formulating and elaborating the policy indicated in President Hayes' Message. According to Mr. Blaine, the United States Government recognised *the necessity of a guarantee for the neutrality of the Panama Canal*, but maintained that the necessary guarantee already existed under a treaty between the United States and the Republic of Grenada. "That guarantee," wrote Mr. Blaine, "does not require re-enforcement, or accession, or assent from any other Power," and any attempt to supplement the guarantee of the United States "would necessarily be regarded by this Government as an uncalled-for intrusion into a field where the local and general interests of the United States of America must be considered before those of any other Power, save those of the United States of Colombia." Thus spoke the rabid Monroeist, whose Pan-Americanism led him into many mistakes during his chequered political career. Secretary Blaine disavowed all desire to interfere with the commercial management and administration of the canal, but insisted that the United States must have the political control. He pointedly declared that "the passage of armed vessels of a hostile nation through the canal of Panama would be no more admissible than would be the passage of the armed forces of a hostile nation over the railway lines." And one of his periods was positively minatory: "The United States of America will insist upon their right to take all needful precautions against the possibility of the Isthmus transit being in any event used offensively against their interest upon the land and upon the sea,"² and "any attempt to supersede that guarantee by an agreement between European Powers which

(1) *The Story of the Bulwer-Clayton Treaty*. By Benjamin Taylor. *The Nineteenth Century*, March, 1900.

maintain vast armies and patrol the seas with immense fleets, and whose interest in the canal and its operations can never be so vital and supreme as ours, would partake of the nature of an alliance against the United States." Whilst Mr. Blaine said his Government would view such an agreement "with the gravest concern," he altogether ignored the joint agreement in existence between his country and Great Britain. The Continental Powers did not feel sufficient interest in the subject, or did not believe sufficiently in the completion of the canal, to reply in any definite form to Mr. Blaine's spread-eagle despatch. And as soon after it was sent President Garfield was assassinated, the subject sank into the background again. But in November, 1881, Lord Granville replied to Mr. Blaine, approving generally of his opposition to an international guarantee, and calmly observing that the position of Great Britain in the matter—"irrespective of the magnitude of its commercial relations"—was already fully determined by the engagements entered into by her and the United States in the Convention "commonly known as the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty." He added that "Her Majesty's Government rely with confidence upon the observance of all the engagements of that Treaty." This drew from Mr. Blaine a lengthy argumentative despatch on the subject of the Treaty, but nothing further came of it at the time.

The comparative simplicity which characterises the terms of the new Hay-Pauncefote Canal Treaty contrasts remarkably with the controversies which have raged between the two countries over the superseded Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. One interesting feature of the present situation, for Americans, is that the terms now obtained by their Government are to a large extent those claimed by Mr. Blaine in 1881. Mr. Blaine's contentions were that it was the fixed purpose of the United States to regard the question strictly and solely as an American one, to be dealt with and decided by the American Government, and that the conditions under which the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was signed were temporary and could never be reproduced. When it was concluded the United States had no possession of any sort in Central America, whilst Great Britain possessed the settlement of British Honduras and the adjacent islands, besides exercising a Protectorate over the Indians of the Mosquito Coast; but subsequently the commercial interests of the United States in these regions became much enlarged, though American politicians have usually underrated the extent of British interests in the question.

In providing for neutralisation the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, however, really carries out the principle of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. It was this principle which caused American statesmen of the past generation to support that Treaty—men such as Clay, Webster, Marcy, Cass, and Seward—men who would not have endorsed the Treaty had they seen in it anything inconsistent with the Monroe

Doctrine. Mr. Cass, for instance, declared in the Senate, in 1856, that one motive for adopting this treaty was that "if carried out in good faith it would peaceably do the work of the Monroe Doctrine, and free an important part of our continent from European interference." On another occasion, when expressing regret that Congress would not embody the Monroe Doctrine in a final resolution, he said that, for himself, if he could not get the Monroe Doctrine, he would get the next best thing to it—conventional arrangements for "the exclusion of European influence from this hemisphere, step by step, if necessary, and in seeking to effect this object there are peculiar reasons which render it highly desirable to free all Central America from impending transatlantic intrigue." According to the views of American statesmen of this type, neutralisation, either under the Clayton-Bulwer or the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, would be an international agreement to observe the Monroe Doctrine in that part of America. The opponents of neutralisation, on the other hand, maintain that it is improper that any European Power should enter into any agreement with the United States in regard to an Isthmus canal. As it was put lately by Mr. J. G. Whiteley, Vice-President of the International Congress of Diplomatic History, "it would seem to them heroic for the American Government to stand at the canal, sword in hand, and defy the nations of the earth to attack it." But, just as Washington's doctrine was that America should be neutral in the affairs of Europe, so was Monroe's doctrine that Europe should be neutral in the affairs of America. These are the terms of it, as contained in President Monroe's seventh Message to Congress in 1823.

"THE MONROE DOCTRINE."

"We owe it, therefore, to candour, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those Powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European Power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the Governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration, and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European Power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States."

It was by a distorted reading of this declaration that Mr. Cleveland precipitated himself into the dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela on a mere question of boundary. It was by a distorted reading of it, also, that the opponents of neutralisation persuaded the last Senate to mutilate beyond recognition, or, at all events, beyond acceptance, the Convention of 1900. Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, was one of the stoutest obstructors of that Convention, just as he was, in 1895, one of the loudest proclaimers of the

inviolability of the Monroe Doctrine in the case of the Anglo-Venezuela dispute. The United States, he said then, must either maintain the Monroe Doctrine and treat its infringement as an act of hostility, or abandon it. And at the same time he declared that the people of the United States were resolved that the Nicaragua Canal shall be built, and absolutely controlled by the United States. Now, times are so changed, by the simple substitution of one treaty for another, though still preserving the principle of neutralisation, that Senator Lodge, who obstructed the Convention of 1900, took, the other day, the Convention of 1901 from the Committee on Foreign Relations to the Senate, and so engineered the measure as to secure its ratification.

In a former number of this Review,¹ the present writer expressed the conviction that the commercial value of any canal across the American Isthmus has been generally exaggerated. It will, no doubt, be of much benefit to both hemispheres, but it will not be an epoch-maker in maritime commerce as was the Suez Canal. The people of the United States are, after all, of all the world the most directly concerned in the potential results of such a waterway. They have been too busy hitherto in railway-making and in other industries to have time for the moderate profits of shipping. But there is not much more railway booming to be done, and industrial enterprises have been developed to the point of repletion. A long period of prosperity has left the country with a large surplus of accumulated profits seeking new investments and ready to accept less highly-paying investments than aforetime attracted American capitalists. For this capital a new outlet is required in ship-owning and shipbuilding, and I expressed the belief that the Nicaragua Canal is more necessary for the new expansive policy of the Republic than for its trade. It is, in short, more of a political than a commercial necessity. By severing the two continents the canal will draw them more closely together. South America is, at present, better known to Europe than it is to North America, as most of the capital, and nearly all of the enterprise, employed in developing the resources of the Southern Continent, is of European origin. "Between the Teutonic Republic of the North and the Latin Republics of the South, the intercourse is by no means so close and extensive as enthusiastic Monroists would like the world to assume. In all South America the population is not more than three-fourths of that of the United States alone, but its area is nearly 400,000 square miles larger. Although the greater portion of it is within the tropical zone, it is a continent of many climates, and has a profusion of natural wealth, including the products of every other continent of the world. Yet is its commerce as yet small compared with North America and Europe."² By the canal it is

(1) *The Maritime Expansion of America*, THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, July, 1901.

hoped to change all that—if, by subsidies, the United States can resuscitate her merchant navy. And the canal is to be built if Congress authorises, as it is sure to do, the appropriation of the 180,000,000 dollars asked for the purpose. It will not be completed for that sum, but that is a detail.

It has been well remarked in this Review by Mr. Sydney Brooks,¹ that the Monroe Doctrine is less a policy than a religion, and less a religion than a superstition. And it is a superstition mainly, no doubt, owing to the lack among Americans of instruction in high politics. But it is a universal superstition which dominates the national policy of a generation which does not stop to consider the conditions under which the Doctrine was enunciated; or the effect it may have upon the sister Republics of South America. It is, indeed, singular how little the South American States reckon in the North American view of international politics and of American policy. It may be that the North American politician, if he thinks about the matter at all, believes that the United States are rendering a good service to mankind by preventing the return of any part of South America to Monarchism. But are they doing so? Is there anything in the Monroe Doctrine to prevent any one of the American States from proclaiming a monarch or adopting an emperor of their own race? It was not on account of the Monroe Doctrine that the Empire of Maximilian collapsed in Mexico, or that of Dom Pedro came to an end in Brazil. A South American "Dictator" is often as absolute an autocrat as ever sat upon a throne. In Secretary Olney's famous Venezuela despatch it was expressly stated that the Monroe Doctrine does not justify the United States in attempting to prevent the people of any American State from altering the form of government to their own will and pleasure. But, as Mr. Brooks says, "Whether by accident or design, or as the result of the steady ousting of the Mestizo adventurers from authority by the foreign settlers, the United States seems destined to be faced with these alternatives: to fight and keep South America as it is; to 'Egyptise' the great continent on her southern borders; or to submit to seeing it parcelled out among the nations of Europe."

There is no doubt what the choice will be, and the consideration forced upon us is—Will the choice be compelled by the construction of a Federal canal across the Isthmus? May not Washington's warning against entangling alliances be construed into a justification for annexing the whole Isthmus to the Federal Union, even as Puerto Rico and the Philippines have been annexed? It is impossible to define the limits of the new principle of Imperialism, with the nation saturated through and through with belief in the righteousness and justice and necessity of a new reading of Monroism.

BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

(1) THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, December, 1891.

THE COST OF THE WAR.

THE British public is long-suffering, and grumblingly endures many things at the hands of its rulers, municipal, ecclesiastical, or political; but even the British public will turn in time. For many months now the question why 250,000 men cannot catch 20,000, or 10,000 (according to official estimates), has been increasingly on men's lips, while the official excuses for failure are wearing very thin. More slowly (for the average citizen's strong point does not lie in the understanding of national finance), but not less surely, men are beginning to ask why it costs so much. A few go further and begin to wonder whether there is not some relation between the enormous cost and the steady failure of our army in South Africa. For there is no surer sign of incompetence than waste. Extravagance means unorganised expenditure, and implies disorder, and with disorder for ally even valour and determination must struggle in vain. In this article I purpose to analyse, as far as may be, the war expenditure.

In the first place I will set out what the total amount is according to the latest official figures, and in so doing will give in their order the successive demands of money—final demand was the usual description—made by the unintelligent anticipations of a Government whose optimism seems to gather fresh strength with each reverse of fortune. The Ministerial utterances accompanying these demands, which I quote from Hansard, are a liberal education in the arts of political ineffectiveness.

FIRST DEMAND, 20TH OCTOBER, 1899, FOR £10,000,000.

At this time the Government seriously proposed to subdue the two Dutch Republics with some 50,000 men, operating for four months, at a cost of ten millions sterling. The Secretary of State for War, Mr. Wyndham, said :

"At the beginning of hostilities, the scope and duration of which no man can confidently predict, it is at least prudent to put a superior limit to the margin from which you may be called upon to draw men from time to time. . . . The sums necessary for mobilising the field force of 47,000 men, for transferring it 6,000 miles over sea, for equipping it and for maintaining it for four months in a land destitute of surplus supplies, are included in the third division of the White Paper, and the cost is shown as £8,000,000."

The other two divisions of the White Paper gave £2,000,000 as the cost and maintenance of the reinforcements sent prior to the outbreak

of hostilities. It should be further noted that the official estimate made provision for "prime charges," and "for continuous charges to 31st March, 1900," (1) for the additions to the Natal garrison, (2) for the reinforcements from India and the Mediterranean—12,500 men, and (3) for the field force of 47,000.

On the 23rd October, in Committee of Ways and Means, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach gave his adhesion to Mr. Wyndham's very sanguine estimate, saying:—

"Of course it is possible that these estimates may be exceeded; no one can be certain of accurately foreseeing the total cost of such a war as that in which we are now engaged. But they have been, I am sure, framed with the utmost possible accuracy and care . . . and I see no reason whatever to anticipate that the campaign may not be brought to a successful termination well within the period to which the estimates have referred."

The falsification of this "accurate and careful" estimate was painfully early in the history of the war.

SECOND DEMAND, 12TH FEBRUARY, 1900, FOR £13,000,000.

TOTAL TO DATE, £23,000,000.

In introducing this supplementary estimate Mr. Wyndham and his colleagues were still under the sobering influences of the early British reverses, consequently there was on this occasion instead of prophecy, apology, and in particular a very lame attempt by the Secretary for War to defend the Chancellor of the Exchequer from a "most prodigious indictment," to wit, that he, the Chancellor, "laboured last October under the delusion that this war could be successfully concluded for the sum of £10,000,000." "I wish to protect my right honourable friend," continued Mr. Wyndham, "from any similar misapprehension with regard to this supplementary estimate." Of course there had been no "misapprehension" as to the Chancellor's meaning on October 20th, as a reference to his words quoted above will show.

THIRD DEMAND, 5TH MARCH, 1900, FOR £37,797,000. TOTAL

DEMANDS TO DATE, £60,797,000.

This was the sum tabled in the Army Estimates of 1900-1, and thus referred to in his Budget speech by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"We may be obliged in July or August next, unhappily, to ask Parliament for further provision, but I think we are fairly justified in the hope and expectation that the estimate which we have placed on the table will be sufficient to conduct this war to a successful termination."

This estimate was framed on the assumption that the war would be over—practically over—by 30th September. Well, the Government were obliged in July, unhappily, to ask Parliament for further provision, and this is how they did it.

FOURTH DEMAND, 27TH JULY, 1900, FOR £8,500,000. •

TOTAL DEMANDS TO DATE, £69,397,000.

On the 27th of July Mr. Wyndham made an extraordinary contribution to the economics of war expenditure, attempting to draw many and fine distinctions between expenditure directly and that indirectly due to the war. He was also at great pains to point out that this latest Government estimate of the cost of the war was not so much due to previous "miscalculation" of that cost as to a "shortcoming"—whatever that may mean—and that for the rest it was chiefly made up of "terminal charges," money to bring the troops home and give them gratuities at the end of the war. Here is what he said :

"This estimate has been framed to meet all the charges that will come in course of payment until the end of February, 1901. . . . We are asking for sea transport to bring back 135,000 men. . . . Then the other factor in the terminal charges consists of the gratuities. These have been calculated upon a basis of £5 as the unit. . . . There is also provision made which will enable us to give a suit of plain clothes to every Reservist on his return, and further provision is made for the issue of a medal and other minor matters. . . . I do not think that any large sum in addition will have to be asked for when Parliament meets."

Incidentally it may be noted that since all these elaborate preparations were made for winding up the business of the war, some 10,000 British troops have been killed or have died in South Africa, and nearly £100,000,000 has been spent. It is notorious that about two months after this provision of terminal charges the Government, with Lord Roberts's assistance, declared the war over, and appealed to the country. Upon that statement they were returned to power, and immediately proceeded to prove its falsity by meeting Parliament with a supplementary estimate "so large" as to afford Mr. Brodrick "a certain measure of disquietude."

FIFTH DEMAND, 11TH DECEMBER, 1900, FOR £45,500,000.

TOTAL DEMANDS TO DATE, £84,797,000.

This was the first occasion upon which Mr. Brodrick was called upon to address the House of Commons as Minister for War; he was, therefore, not unnaturally, in a chastened mood. As Sir William Harcourt observed: "This is the first time we have really had made

to us an admission and a confession, not only of the errors of the past but of the prospects of the future." However, no member of the present or past Government has ever yet shown himself capable of looking unpleasant facts squarely in the face—some qualifying optimism clothes their narration of what, to ordinary minds, are facts of elemental ill-omen. Even then Mr. Brodrick could not abstain from hinting the near approach of the end of the war.

"We believe we are reaching the climax (he said). Before the House meets in February I trust we may be able at all events to give much more satisfactory assurances than we are in a position to make now. . . . We are not drifting, we are not deceiving ourselves,"

—but one month before they had deceived the country!—

"either as to the magnitude of the demands which we are compelled to make, or as to the necessity, as far as possible, of bringing them to a close. . . . Our credit as Ministers is concerned . . . in bringing the war to an early conclusion."

Surely they had brought it not merely to an early, but to a premature, conclusion some weeks previously! But let that pass.

SIXTH DEMAND, 28TH FEBRUARY, 1901, FOR £3,000,000.

TOTAL DEMANDS TO DATE, £87,797,000.

This sum was for further expenditure on remounts (£2,000,000), as shown by an instructive debate on 8th March, and on Vote 7, provisions, forage, &c., £1,000,000.

SEVENTH DEMAND, 8TH MARCH, 1901, FOR £56,070,000.

TOTAL DEMANDS TO DATE, £143,867,000.

Upon this occasion Mr. Brodrick made but slight reference to the War Estimates, and did not propose to prophesy as to the duration of the war.

"All I would say is that what we have taken as the cost of the war is what we regard as being the full sum that we are likely to have to ask from the House of Commons. In taking so large a figure it is an earnest of our intention to pursue the war at all costs to a conclusion."

In his explanatory Memorandum issued as a parliamentary paper, Mr. Brodrick was, however, unable to refrain from exercising the fatal gift of prophecy. In this he said:

"The provision under this head (i.e. War Services) is based on the assumption that for the first four months of the new financial year, the field force in South Africa will be maintained at full strength, and that a gradual diminution will

subsequently take place. Provision is made for the transport home of the troops, and the gratuities payable on demobilization, as well as the special war gratuity."

There, for the moment, the matter rests. Everybody knows now that this last estimate of diminishing pressure after the end of July has been as ridiculously false as those that went before: and that it is no longer a question of whether the Government must make another demand for money before the close of the current financial year, but of when and of how much. In the above statements of the various demands I have only given the sums asked and voted for the army services connected with the South African war. In setting out below the total cost incurred or sanctioned to date, other matters such as interest and the cost of raising loans and the administration of the "annexed" territories have naturally been included, as also the actual sum spent in 1900-1 as distinguished from the estimates.

The latest official statement of the cost of the war was issued by the Treasury in May, 1901, and shows a total expenditure, including the Budget estimate for 1901-2 of £147,657,000. As a matter of fact this statement was even then inaccurate, as it left out of account the cost of issue of most of the loans raised to meet the war expenditure. This is clearly an error in accountancy. This cost of issuing Treasury Bills, which do not bear interest in the ordinary acceptation of the term, is duly shown on the expenditure side; and on the receipts side the full amount of Bills so issued, representing accurately the indebtedness incurred, is shown. But in the case of the Exchequer Bonds issued in 1900, of the Khaki Loan, and of the Consols issue of 1901, the heavy discounts at which they were issued are not brought to account. Only the net receipts of the various loans are given, which is, of course, misleading; as it is not £29,519,000, the net produce of the Khaki Loan, which the country owes the subscribers, but £30,000,000. In the aggregate these discounts constitute a serious addition to the cost of the war, as under:—

Khaki Loan, amount issued	£30,000,000	
Net produce	29,519,000	
Discount		£481,000
Exchequer Bonds, amount issued	£24,000,000	
Net produce	23,423,000	
Discount		577,000
Consols, amount issued	£60,000,000	
Produce at 94½	56,700,000	
Discount		3,300,000
Total discounts		<u>£4,358,000</u>

So far this sum, which has nothing to do with the annual interest payable, and which is obviously a heavy and increasing—for our credit in the loan market falls with each fresh borrowing—item of expenditure due to the war, has not figured in any official estimate of its cost. The discount of £481,000 for the Khaki Loan includes £31,000 on account of expenses of flotation, cash discounts for anticipatory payments of instalments, &c. With regard to the sixty million issue of Consols a similar allowance for minor expenses would amount to £62,000. This should perhaps be added, as the £1,250,000 estimated for interest on the £60,000,000 is only £12,500 in excess of the amount actually falling due before the 31st March next, but in order to keep as closely as possible to official figures I will leave it out. In round numbers then, we may say that up to the present £4,400,000 of war expenditure has been incurred for the flotation of loans apart from all charges of interest. This sum which has been improperly ignored in all official estimates of the cost of the war must be included.

Again, since the last official estimate of the total cost, falls to be added the large supplementary estimate of £6,500,000 voted on August 6 last “to defray the charge, which will come in course of payment during the year ending on the 31st day of March, 1902, for a grant in aid of the Revenues of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony.” We have the authority of Mr. Chamberlain, as also the plain dictation of common sense, “to consider it a part of the expense of the war.” There is also the grant of £100,000 to Lord Roberts. We can now make out a table showing the cost of the war according to passed accounts and the latest official estimates.

COST OF THE WAR.

In 1899-1900—

Supply Grants	£22,790,000	
Interest	217,000	
	<hr/>	£23,007,000

In 1900-1901—

Supply Grants	£63,737,000	
Interest, &c.	1,383,000	
Discounts on issues of Loans	1,658,000	
	<hr/>	66,178,000

In 1901-1902 (Estimate)—

Supply Grants (Budget)	£56,070,000	
” ” (Supplementary Estimate)	6,600,000	
Interest	3,250,000	
Discount of Consols	3,300,000	
	<hr/>	69,220,000
		<hr/>
		£158,405,000

In order, however, to arrive at an approximate estimate of the cost of the war up to the 31st of March next, a considerable sum must be

aided for the further supplementary estimate which it is well-known will be presented as soon as Parliament meets. According to a Parliamentary reply given by Lord Stanley (Financial Secretary to the War Office) on August 1 last, of the £56,000,000 granted for the war in South Africa, some £26,000,000 had been spent by the end of July, leaving only £30,000,000 to finance the army through the remaining 35 weeks of the financial year. According to the same authority the weekly cost of the war during July was approximately £1,250,000. It is notorious that there has been no relaxation of effort since then and that even now large reinforcements over and above the necessary reinforcing drafts are going out. We may, therefore reasonably assume that the war continues, and is likely to continue to the end of March next, to cost at least £1,250,000 a week. The sum is easy. Thirty-five weeks at $1\frac{1}{2}$ million sterling shows an estimated expenditure of, roughly, £44,000,000. Towards meeting this only £30,000,000 remained on the 1st of August, consequently it would seem at least highly probable that a further sum of £14,000,000 will be required for the prosecution of the war down to the end of the current financial year. Adding this, we arrive at an estimated war expenditure for the current year of £83,220,000 (of which £70,070,000 is for army services) and an aggregate expenditure down to the 31st March next of £172,405,000.

There are other considerations which point to the probability that the army in South Africa will cost at least £70,000,000 during the current financial year. For 1900-1 its actual cost was £63,787,000, but it is well-known that many accounts were held over until 1901-2 and that this fact partly accounts for the heavy disbursements, aggregating nearly £26,000,000, during the four months, April to July, 1901. If only £3,000,000 of this expenditure belonged to 1900-1, we should have for the two years, March, 1900, to March, 1902, an average annual expenditure on the army in South Africa of about £67,000,000. It is true that the expenditure on transport will be a good deal less this year than it was last year; on the other hand the average numbers in the field are greater. For 1900-1, so far as can be gathered from the official returns of the strength at different dates, read in conjunction with the monthly summaries of deductions to be made from the Field Force, the monthly average number of men in the field was 205,000, with, say, 10,000 in hospital, total 215,000. For 1901-2 the corresponding total monthly average has exceeded 240,000 during the first seven months, and is not likely to be allowed to fall below that figure.

We can now set out a sufficiently good estimate of the cost of the war for the 30 months ending 31st March next, divided into three main heads, army expenditure, debt services and incidental expenditure.

ARMY EXPENDITURE—

1899-1900	£22,790,000	
1900-1901	63,737,000	
1901-1902 (Estimate)	70,070,000	
		£156,597,000

DEBT SERVICES—

1899-1900	£217,000	
1900-1901	2,441,000	
1901-1902	6,550,000	
		9,208,000

INCIDENTALS—

1901-1902	£6,600,000	
		6,600,000

Total £172,405,000

So much for the total liabilities as at present known. Of course, if no material change occurs in the situation before next March—and by material change I mean the withdrawal of large bodies of troops—the country must make up its mind to further heavy expenditure. Even if the war could be finished by the end of the third year, say 30th September, 1902, the aggregate cost would almost certainly largely exceed £200,000,000, and might reach £250,000,000, to say nothing of the annual load of interest left running on, and the cost of repairing and restocking the ruined territories.

For the present I want to try to form a reasonable estimate of the military cost of the first two years of the war, showing what has been obtained for that expenditure. The data we have to go upon are the Army Appropriation accounts for 1899-1900, showing the army war expenditure to 31st March, 1900, to have been £22,790,000; the supply grants for 1900-1901, shown in the latest Treasury estimate of the cost of the war, at £63,737,000; and the Budget estimate for 1901-2 of £56,070,000. It is necessary to apportion this £56,070,000 for the six months ended 30th September, 1901. We know, from a Parliamentary reply on August 1, that £25,750,000 had been spent at that time, and that the weekly expenditure was £1,250,000. Let us assume this rate to have been constant up to the end of September, which will show £11,250,000 (nine weeks' expenditure). Upon this basis we have an expenditure of £37,000,000 during the first half of 1901-2. And combining all these sums we arrive at an estimated military expenditure as follows:—

Six months, 1899-1900	£22,790,000
Twelve months, 1900-1901	63,737,000
Six months, 1901-1902	37,000,000
Two years' expenditure	<u>£123,527,000</u>

We must now attempt to allocate this sum among the main heads of expenditure. With regard to the first eighteen months, we have only to follow the official figures; but for 1901-2 it is necessary not only to apportion the total, but also to apportion its main divisions. The matter is further complicated, though not to a serious extent, by the incomplete separation in the detailed estimates of the cost of the China expedition from that of general war expenditure. Here are the official details in round numbers, as far as can be given:—

		WAR EXPENDITURE.		
Votes.		1899-1900.	1900-1901.	1901-1902.
		Accounts. Millions of £.	Estimates. Millions of £.	Estimates. Millions of £.
1-3	Army Pay, &c. . . .	3	13·4	15·6
6 (part)	Transport	7·6	15·3	12
6 (")	Remounts	2·6	5·5	2·9
7	Provisions	5·3	15·2	14·2
8	Clothing	1·2	4·1	3·2
9	Stores	3	9·9	7·6
10-16	Works and Miscellaneous .	1	3·8	2·7
Total		22·8	67·2	58·2
Deduct China		—	3·5	2·2
War in South Africa . .		22·8	63·7	56

The first thing to do is to apportion the expenditure for the China expedition. The official estimates assist us under the two main heads of pay and provisions (1900-1, £700,000 and £500,000; 1901-2, £630,000 and £500,000), for the rest, I distribute it between transport, stores, and clothing (1900-1, £1,000,000, £1,000,000, and £300,000; 1901-2, £600,000, £500,000, and nil). It remains to make the detailed apportionment of the £56,000,000 of 1901-2 for the first six months. I have proceeded upon the following basis: Of this total some £5,000,000 was taken for terminal charges, $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions for gratuities, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions for bringing the troops home. Deducting this, we have £51,000,000 as the estimate for the maintenance of the army in South Africa for the twelve months ending 31st March. I have already shown that £37,000,000 had been spent by the end of September, and I have, therefore, estimated that $\frac{3}{4}$, or say nearly three-quarters of the amounts shown under the principal headings for 1901-2 (after deducting for the China expedition and for the terminal charges), were expended in the six months ended 30th September. Upon these lines we arrive at the following statement:—

WAR EXPENDITURE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

	1899-1900. Six months. Millions of £.	1900-1901. Twelve months. Millions of £.	1901-1902. Six months. Millions of £.	First two years of War, Millions of £.
Pay of Troops, &c. . . .	3·	12·7	9·	24·7
Transport	7·6	14·3	6·5	28·4
Remounts	2·6	5·5	2·2	10·3
Provisions	5·3	14·7	10·	30·
Clothing	1·2	3·8	2·3	7·3
Stores	3·	8·9	5·	16·9
Works and Miscellaneous	·1	3·8	2·	5·9
Totals	<u>22·8</u>	<u>63·7</u>	<u>37·</u>	<u>123·5</u>

Of course, such a table cannot pretend to anything approaching final accuracy—no doubt in the first six months the liabilities incurred were heavier than the actual expenditure, as we know to have been the case in 1900-1901, but the totals for the first two years are in all probability not very wide of the mark. Some of these main heads the official estimates enable us further to subdivide, but in the meantime it is necessary to determine the numbers to which this expenditure applies.

The garrison in South Africa, including the Indian reinforcements, was, at the outbreak of hostilities, about 20,000 men. Including these, by the 1st August, 1900, 265,000 troops had been sent, but by that date 35,000 deductions had to be made from the field force for casualties and invalids sent home, leaving 230,000 in South Africa, including some 10,000 to 12,000 in hospital. By the 1st of December, 1900, in spite of further reinforcements, these numbers had fallen to 217,000. By the 1st February, 1901, they were 205,000 (exclusive of recently raised colonials); and by the 1st May, 1901, all included, they were 250,000. In the first six months of the war the process of reinforcement was extremely rapid. Between the middle of October, 1899, and the 1st April, 1900, 163,000 troops were sent out from England and the Colonies, and about 20,000 raised in South Africa. These, added to the garrison, would give a total of 203,000 men by 1st April, and deducting the 13,000 killed, died, or sent home by that date, we have an army of 190,000 in South Africa by the 1st April, 1900. Let us set out these figures:—

THE ARMY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

On 1st October, 1899	20,000	Including sick and wounded in hospital in South Africa.
„ 1st April, 1900	190,000	
„ 1st August, 1900	230,000	
„ 1st December, 1900	217,000	
„ 1st February, 1901	205,000	
„ 1st May, 1901	250,000	

During the five months, May—September, 1901, the deductions from the British forces, not counting disbandments of local levies, if

such there were, averaged 2,700 a month, or a total of 18,500 (of whom nearly 3,000 were killed or died). It seems that the reinforcing drafts during this period were insufficient to cope with this rate of wasting, as only a few weeks ago Mr. Brodrick said we were issuing 241,000 daily rations in South Africa. Assuming then that the numbers had fallen to 240,000 by the 1st October last, assuming also a proximately uniform rate of increase or decrease in arithmetical progression between the dates given above, we arrive at a monthly average number of troops in South Africa for the two years of nearly 193,000. Let us say 200,000, or a concession of over $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in favour of the Government every time the expenditure is divided by the larger figure. We may also take this as the weekly or daily average.

The total number sent over sea (excluding the garrison already in South Africa on August 1, 1899—10,000 men—and the 52,000 troops raised locally) was, up to the end of April, 1901, 285,000 men, and the numbers sent away from South Africa (not counting Boer prisoners) was up to that date 76,500. Adding on the one hand 15,000 for reinforcing drafts, &c., landed between May 1 and September 30, and 10,500 invalids, &c., and say 13,000 British and Colonials left South Africa during these five months, we have totals of 300,000 men landed in South Africa and 100,000 men shipped thence during the two years. Any slight adjustments necessary to make all the figures tally may be put down to disbandments of local levies, or to further raising of South African local troops.

There is a third point of statistical importance in connection with a general survey of the expenditure, and that is the number of horses and mules taken out and maintained in South Africa. On the 6th June, 1901, Lord Stanley stated in the House of Commons that up to the 31st of May, 173,000 horses and 80,000 mules had been sent out to South Africa; and that on the 11th May, 1901, 185,000 animals, excluding oxen, were being fed. Mr. Brodrick, in a subsequent debate, claimed that the War Office had conveyed over 260,000 animals and had been for six months supplying horses at the rate of 10,000 a month. Accepting these figures we shall probably be doing full justice to the War Office if we assume that they conveyed 300,000 animals to South Africa during the first two years of the war. As to the number maintained, on the 27th June last Mr. Brodrick stated that there were then from 70,000 to 80,000 mounted troops. Looking to the notorious waste of horseflesh which has occurred in this war, but giving due weight to Lord Stanley's statement that 185,000 animals were being fed last May, I am sure that I shall be putting the number very high if I assume an average monthly number of 120,000 horses and mules maintained in South Africa for the use of the army. And in this estimate I take into

account the purchase or capture of horses in South Africa. Upon these various estimates, based as I have shown upon the published official data, the critical numbers applicable to the expenditure I have set out above are, for the first two years of the war:—

- (1.) An average army of 200,000 men with 120,000 horses and mules;
- (2.) 300,000 men and 300,000 animals landed in South Africa; and
- (3.) 100,000 men conveyed thence.

It remains to apply these figures to certain important heads of expenditure.

PAY OF THE ARMY, £24,700,000.

The 200,000 men received $24\frac{2}{3}$ millions in the two years, or at the average of just over £60 per man per annum. But here is the noteworthy fact. Of this £24,700,000 no less than £8,500,000 was absorbed by Colonials and Imperial Yeomanry. Now, by the 1st April, 1900, there may have been 25,000 Colonials and Imperial Yeomanry serving; by the 1st of December, 1900, there were 43,000 in the field; by the 1st of February, 1901, 36,000 (exclusive of some recently raised Colonial levies); and by the 1st of May last, 82,000, but since then many over-sea Colonials have returned and many Imperial Yeomen have been sent home. Upon these figures it is impossible to assume the average number of Colonial troops (Australian, Canadian, and South African) and of Imperial Yeomanry at more than an average 40,000 or one-fifth of the total army. Let us take that very liberal estimate and what do we find? Why this. That the pay of the army was allotted—two-thirds (£16,000,000) to four-fifths of the troops (160,000) and the remaining third (£8,000,000) to one-fifth of the troops (40,000). In other words while the average pay of a Colonial or an Imperial Yeoman (including those recently sent out, who could neither ride nor shoot) works out at an average £100 per man per annum, that of all the rest of the army is only an average of £50 per man per annum. No wonder Tommy grumbles. Of course, it will be understood that pay here is used in a widely inclusive sense, but, however general its application, the striking contrast has been arrived at by a uniform method of analysis. The persuasive force of 5s. a day may be a good recruiting sergeant, but it is a desperately expensive expedient in its aggregate results.

TRANSPORT, £28,400,000.

The striking point here is the enormous expenditure on sea transport. Calculating upon the lines I have already indicated, allowing

for terminals for China, and for only partial expenditure of the Supply grants for 1901-2, the sum spent on sea transport in the two years may be estimated at £20,000,000, the balance being apportioned as to £900,000 for land and coast-wise transport in the United Kingdom, and £7,500,000 for land and inland water transport in the Colonies. I have allotted the supplementary estimate of £2,000,000 for transport and remounts in 1900-1, presented last February, entirely to remounts on the strength of the debate in the House on March 8 last, and of Lord Stanley's statement in reply. Here, then, is the sum. In two years the Government carried 400,000 men and 300,000 animals at a cost of £20,000,000. Of course I have no means of taking specifically into account the stores conveyed, but I would point out that passenger steamers allow passengers a certain amount of baggage on their passage money, that military stores of ammunition, &c., are not bulky, that the cost of conveying provisions and forage was doubtless incurred, in the first instance, by traders, the Government either buying here at enhanced rates for delivery in South Africa, or in South Africa at corresponding prices, and that, consequently, the expense of conveying stores is rather to be looked for in the enhanced price of provisions under that head of expenditure.

The shipping companies, working for a profit, convey passengers to the Cape at £10 a head; the average freight for a horse, as detailed by Mr. Brodrick in the House of Commons on March 4 last, was then £23 from Great Britain, the United States, Canada, or Hungary (varying from £24 13s. 6d. to £21 5s. 7d.), £18 from Australia, and £14 5s. 3d. from Argentina. The mean freight (which included a profit) from these six places was £20 15s. Let us assume, therefore, that every animal costs twice as much to transport as a man. Upon this basis the matter works out thus:—Every man moved to or from South Africa cost the Government £20, and every animal carried thither cost them, for passage money or freight alone, £40. Doesn't that show waste? No cheapness on a quantity, but double ordinary commercial rates. I know there were other services performed, such as carrying Boer prisoners—of course the carriage of our sick and wounded is included in my calculations. I know that a great deal of the money went in altering fittings in the most approved red-tape style, in demurrage payments due to bad organisation, and in non-employment through mismanagement of ships chartered at exorbitant rates. But there are the hard facts reduced to their simplest arithmetical expression. The Government so managed their transport that it cost them about double the ordinary profitable trade rates.

Besides, let us not forget the opportunities for saving on the ordinary trade rates. On the 6th June, 1901, Mr. Brodrick informed

the House of Commons that a typical infantry transport, to carry 1,250 men, and of course their kit and stores, could be chartered for £5,000 a month, and that a similar ship could take 400 horses. From Canada, America, or Australia the voyage is a month, from England three weeks, from India or the Argentine a fortnight. For £5,000, then, the Government could carry, in a "typical infantry transport," 1,250 men, who, at £10 a piece, would represent £12,500, or 400 horses, representing, at £25 a piece, £10,000. Allow for a two months' chartering, for the return of only one-third the number of passengers and no animals, and even then there is an enormous saving on the commercial rates, thus: two ships, two months each, £20,000; 1,250, and say 400, men carried at £10 apiece, and 400 horses at £25, or say £20 a piece—total value of services, £24,500 at commercial rate; net saving £4,500. But the idea of economy, save of the pernicious kind, finds no harbour in the official breast. Instead of saving—and £5,000 a month is no niggard price to pay—we have an average expenditure at the rate of double the commercial value of the services performed. How the money must have been frittered away—no, thrown away in handfuls—to bring out on such enormous totals such enhancement of the cost!

REMOUNTS, ETC., £10,300,000.

In the absence of corrected and specific official data, it is very difficult to arrive at any detailed appreciation of this vote. We know that the number of horses sent to South Africa was not at all the same as the numbers bought for the war under this head, as naturally there were animals already available on the establishment. Thus on the 22nd February, 1901, it was officially stated in the House of Commons that 145,000 horses had been despatched to South Africa, whereas four days earlier, on the 18th February, it was stated, also officially, that 103,000 had been purchased for South Africa up to the 31st January, 1901. With regard to mules, of which we know from Lord Stanley's statement last June that 80,000 had been sent out by the 31st May, 1901, we may assume that practically all were purchased for South Africa specially. The Indian troops brought 1,000 mules with them, presumably drawn from the establishment, but so small a number may be disregarded. The 100,000 horses referred to were purchased, I infer, outside South Africa. Of course horses have been bought and commandeered in that country, and according to Lord Kitchener's weekly despatches, some tens of thousands have been captured. Again, while the foreign purchases have required cash, doubtless many of those in South Africa have been settled for the time being by promises to

pay—a practice common to a good deal of the war expenditure—or by requisition notes. I think then, if we assume that under Vote 6, "Purchase of Remounts and Transport Animals," the Government have bought and paid for 150,000 horses and 100,000 mules, I am doing the expenditure on this account no injustice.

Another difficulty is the range of prices between horses and horses, and horses and mules. According to Mr. Brodrick's statement in the instructive debate on remounts on 6th June, 1901, the Government are in the habit of paying for cavalry and artillery horses at home an average of about £72 a head; for horses bought in Canada they paid £30 a head; and for those in Australia, the States, and Hungary from £20 to £25 a head. Again, according to the consular reports, so said Mr. Hobhouse in this same debate, the average payment for mules worked out at £20. No doubt that was ridiculously high, or the Government would surely have contrived to pay more. But let us start with that figure as a basis, and note the result. 100,000 mules at £20 apiece represents £2,000,000; we have, therefore, £8,300,000 as the cost of 150,000 horses, which works out at an average price of £55 a head. Surely a monstrous figure for an average, even allowing for all manner of incidental expenditure connected with the obtaining of such large numbers. Even if we gave the Government credit for another 50,000 horses bought and paid for, the average is still over £40 a head. Over and over again it was shown in Parliament that this figure was excessive; that good Australian horses could be got for from £10 to £20 a-piece; that in Ireland, for instance, the Government paid the dealers £40 for what those dealers had paid farmers £28; besides there is the official admission referred to above, that in Canada, Australia, the States, and Hungary prices ranged from £20 to £30. How comes it, then, that the cost of horses for the war in South Africa works out at an average of from £40 to £50 or more per head? The official admissions—and they were wrung from the War Office with the utmost difficulty—do not square with the known facts. Here, again, is extravagance, or worse, writ large over this department of the war expenditure.

• PROVISIONS AND FORAGE, £30,000,000.

In the first place assume that it costs as much to feed a horse as it does a man, an estimate which favours the Government, for as a matter of army estimates forage averages rather less per beast than food does per man. Upon this assumption the Government had to provide an average of 320,000 rations for men, horses, and mules. Considering the character of the food supplied, I mean its limited variety.

—I make no reflection on its quality at time of purchase, at any rate as measured by price—and considering the large quantities required and the steady demand to be met, an expenditure of 10s. a week a head ought to yield either an excessive supply of necessities, or an excessive profit. Put on 50 per cent. for war prices, though war prices are largely the measure of military incompetence in the business of life, and we have 15s. a head—surely the outside expenditure which can be accounted for without gross waste beyond the hazards of war, or illicit profits beyond what is tolerable even in army contractors. Well, 15s. a head per week represents £78 per head for the two years, and this sum multiplied by 320,000, gives us just on £25,000,000. My estimate here is one of pure extravagance, but it is not enough for our military authorities—they have spent £30,000,000, or at the rate of 18s. a head per week.

Look at the matter in another way. Deduct 10s. a week per head of the animals for forage—in the two years for an average of 120,000 animals that means £6,240,000, leaving £23,760,000 for provisioning 200,000 men for two years. I am not haggling over thousands or tens of thousands: I do not want to press the Government to the matter of a million or two; so let us put aside £8,000,000 as a reasonable sum for forage, and see what can be done in the way of purchasing necessities for 200,000 men for two years with £22,000,000. That sum yields over £1 per man per week. Will the Government explain for what quantities and at what prices the rations actually supplied to our men must be worked out in order to account for this enormous expenditure? The South African Storage Company has recently made a profit of a million (declared a dividend equal to 105 per cent., and carried £700,000 to reserve). I quote from *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*. 15th March, 1901:—

“Mr. Field said he found from the report of the Comptroller and Auditor-General that, on 27th October, 1899, a contract was entered into with the South African Cold Storage Co. to supply fresh meat for the troops at 11d. per pound, but two-thirds of the supply was frozen meat. The hon. Member could say, as an expert, that 11d. per pound for frozen meat was a famine price. . . . Frozen meat was supplied by the same firm to the troops in Cape Town at 5½d. per pound, while 11d. was paid for the same class of meat to feed the English troops in the field.”

We see at a glance the relation between the profit of a million sterling to a commercial company and this bill of £30,000,000 for the supply of provisions and forage to the army. I have not the figures for the Cape by me, but I do not suppose that in a great stock-rearing, meat-eating country like that the wholesale prices rule higher than in London, and they are for beef from 4d. to 6d. per lb. fresh, and about 3d. a lb. frozen; and for mutton 3d. to 8d. a lb. fresh, and

about 3d. a lb. frozen. Allow an average of 6d. a lb., and less than £7,500,000, of the £22,000,000 remaining after providing forage, would be required to furnish 200,000 men with a daily ration of 2 lb. of meat each for two years. Where, then, have all these millions gone? We know where one million has gone, but where are the others? Here also there is evidence of unparalleled waste and extravagance.

The other heads of account do not lend themselves so well to examination, nor are they so important or so costly. We may note in passing that clothing appears to have cost on the average 30s. per man per month which, having regard to war service, does not seem excessive, but then you can never trust the War Office. As to the item of nearly £17,000,000 for stores, all that I can say is that its colossal proportions are fairly well reflected and incidentally explained in the prosperity of some enterprising British firms.

H. MORGAN-BROWNE.

MRS. GALLUP'S BAD HISTORY.

"THE CIPHER STORY," says Mrs. Gallup, "is unique in literature, first from the peculiar method of hiding, and next, in what it tells." This is perhaps the only sentence in her book with which the average reader will find himself in complete agreement. The Cipher Story is unique and ought to remain so. A *Times* correspondent has sufficiently exposed "the peculiar method of hiding," or rather, the still more peculiar method of deciphering. Not less peculiar is the sum of "what it tells."

It is possible, as far as the dates go, for Bacon and Essex to have been, as Mrs. Gallup asserts that Bacon, in his cipher, alleges that they were, the legitimate sons of Queen Elizabeth. Mr. Andrew Lang, in drawing attention to some of Mrs. Gallup's fallacies, has argued that, if Bacon thought himself the legitimate son of Elizabeth and Leicester, he was under the impression that "bigamy constituted lawful marriage." The reference is, of course, to the marriage of Leicester (then Robert Dudley) with Amy Robsart, on 4th June, 1550. Now Amy Robsart was "so pitifully slain" on 8th September, 1560, and Francis Bacon was not born till 22nd January, 1561. A marriage of Elizabeth and Leicester between September, 1560, and January, 1561, would have rendered Bacon, in the words of the cipher, "not base-born." Yet the story which Francis Bacon is supposed to have written in cipher is so badly told that Mr. Lang's criticism is quite fair. Mrs. Gallup's Bacon asserts that Leicester and Elizabeth were married during their imprisonment in the Tower of London, that Bacon was the fruit of this union, and that the marriage was repeated "a suitable time prior to my birth," and after Elizabeth's accession, "soe that I was borne in holy wedlocke." The Princess Elizabeth was imprisoned in the Tower during the months of March, April, and May, 1554, while Leicester, who had been sent there in the preceding January, was released in the month of October. An intrigue was therefore possible as a matter of chronology, but (except for a vague hint about the necessity of getting rid of Amy Robsart) Bacon always expresses the belief that a legal marriage was possible in 1554. There can be no doubt about the legality of Leicester's marriage with Amy, which had been graced by the presence of Edward VI. Nor does the author of the cipher story anywhere betray a knowledge of the fact that four and a-half years elapsed between Elizabeth's removal from the Tower and her accession, and two years between her accession and Bacon's birth. Still, the story is not chronologically impossible (except for Bacon's

repeated assertion that he was "not base-begot"), and we must approach it with an open mind.

Mrs. Gallup asserts that Bacon hid in his biliteral cipher the facts that Queen Elizabeth bore a son to Robert Dudley on the 22nd January, 1561, and another son on the 10th November, 1567, and that these children were falsely registered, the first as the son of Sir Nicholas and Lady Anne Bacon, and the second as the son of the first Earl of Essex and his wife Lettice Knollys. These are the traditional dates for the births of the men subsequently known as Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Albans, and Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, and Mrs. Gallup does not question their accuracy. There were, undoubtedly, many scandals about Queen Elizabeth, as there were about any queen of the sixteenth century. The death of Amy Robsart had given fresh life to these suspicions, and foreign ambassadors resident in England were eager to relate, for the amusement of the Court at home, any tales derogatory to the Vestal throned by the West. On the very day of Bacon's birth the Spanish ambassador wrote a report about these scandals. "There is," he wrote, "no lack of people who say that the Queen has already had some [children], but of this I have seen no trace, and do not believe it."¹ Similarly, five days before the birth of Essex, another Spanish ambassador had a long talk with Queen Elizabeth at Hampton Court, but had no suspicion of the Queen's condition.² It is difficult to prove a negative, and all this is not decisive. But we are arguing a question of probability. We are asked to believe that not only was the marriage kept a profound secret (although sufficient witnesses were present), and that no one, except those in the Queen's confidence, had any suspicion of the births, but that, when the so-called Francis Bacon was sixteen years of age, there was an open confession on the part of Elizabeth, and that this also was kept from the public knowledge. "We were in presence . . . with a number of the ladies and severall of the gentlemen of her court, when a seely young maiden babled a tale, Cecill, knowing her weakness, had whispered in her ears. . . . Noe sooner breath'd aloud than it was hearde by the Queene. . . . Losing controll immediatlie of both judgement and discretion, the secrets of her heart came hurtling forth." It is true that, according to this statement, Elizabeth confessed only the single fact of his parentage, but it is none the less remarkable that no rumour of this scene, enacted in the presence of witnesses, reached the outside world. Still another improbability has been unnecessarily worked into the story. Lingard has made accessible to all readers of history the unpleasant accounts of the familiarities between Elizabeth and Seymour, the second husband of her step-mother, Queen Catherine Parr. The cipher story improves

(1) *Spanish Calendar*, 1558-1567, p. 180.

(2) *Ibid.*, p. 682.

upon this so far as to make Elizabeth bear a child to Seymour, which he disowned and she murdered "at the very first breath, least she bee openly sham'd in Court, inasmuch as King Edward was intollerant of others foibles, whilst partiall to his own." The probability of the truth of this story may be estimated by the age of Elizabeth and Edward VI. When Seymour fell, Elizabeth was sixteen years of age and Edward was eleven.

The devoted Baconian may be inclined to believe all this. The improbable does sometimes happen, and the temptation here is great. For if he can accept these stories his reward will be the assurance that Bacon was, as it were, the sole partner of a literary syndicate, trading under the names of Marlowe, Peele, Greene, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Burton. Why should he not "to do a great right do a little wrong," and outrage historical probability to this extent? But when he has done this, a still more difficult task remains. For Bacon has insisted on inserting in his cipher several strange errors about himself and his relatives. Not only was he unaware that Leicester had married Amy Robsart; he also thought that his own proper name was his mother's maiden-name, which he writes as "Tidder." At the end of his life, after he had been Lord High Chancellor of England, and although he had witnessed the creation of Prince Henry as Prince of Wales seven years after the accession of his father, James I., and the creation of Prince Charles four years after his brother's death, he was still under the impression that "our law giveth to the first-borne of the royall house the title of the Prince of Wales." We venture to think that if Mrs. Gallup had written her book after the death of Queen Victoria, we should not have detected Bacon in this error. It may be possible that Bacon believed that Elizabeth and Leicester "came into our world, not the same daie onelie, but the same hour," although no one else has confused June and September in this way. But it is scarcely possible to persuade oneself that, in the year 1596 Bacon could write "our wilfully blind mother (the phrase sounds curiously nineteenth-century) hath for many long years been wedded to the Earle of Leicester," or that, in 1623, he could write "The opportunities are at this Queene's orders, therefore not seene, if it so gratifie Elizabeth." Every schoolboy of 1623 knew that Elizabeth had died twenty years before, and the news of Leicester's death, which occurred in 1588, ought, by the most moderate computation, to have reached Bacon by 1596. This carelessness about the dates of the deaths of his parents extended to his friends. In a cipher statement in "Romeo and Juliet" he says "that it (love for woman) uplifts our life who would ere question. Not he, our friend and good adviser, knowne to all decyph'ring any of these hidd'n epistles, Sir Amyas Paulet." There was but small chance of Paulet's questioning anything, for he had died in 1588 and "Romeo and Juliet" was

not printed till 1597. As the cipher depends upon the arrangement of the printed letters, it is useless to argue that such passages were written before the deaths of the people mentioned.

Bacon, according to Mrs. Gallup, was not satisfied with using his cipher to relate interesting impossibilities about himself and his parents, and to claim for himself the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. He considered it a suitable employment for so busy a man to insert into his narrative meaningless statements of the more obvious historical incidents of his own time and the years immediately preceding his birth. We cannot conceive his motive for this unnecessary labour, unless we find it in the statement on p. 167 of Mrs. Gallup's book: "I wish to get my cypher into students' curricula." It was a strange ambition, because to a sixteenth-century Englishman the word "curricula" could only mean racecourses. Can it be that the cipher is ont-ciphering itself here, and that the Lord Chancellor was really backing a horse? Or is it merely a way of imploring him that runs to read? Whatever be the explanation, the schoolboy had better beware of accepting Bacon's statements about the most clearly ascertained facts of Elizabethan history. Every schoolboy knows that, after the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, the Queen of England contrived to throw the whole responsibility upon a secretary, by name Davison. Most text-books add that Queen Elizabeth fined him heavily and disgraced him, destroying his career. The Bacon cipher informs us that he was put to death. The Bacon cipher professes to be contemporary evidence, and the text-books make no such claim. But Mary's son, James I., some years after his accession, did not know that Davison had been put to death, for he was convinced that he was merely a scapegoat, and, very honourably, extended to him some royal grace. Nor did Davison himself understand that he had been killed, for he sent a petition to the King. Is it conceivable that Bacon could have misstated these facts? The other statement in the cipher, that Davison "sign'd for the Queene" without her knowledge, and at the instance of Burleigh and Leicester, is equally impossible. Mrs. Gallup says that it "confirms what the most recent historians have noted." Who are they, and what did they note?

There are two trivial slips in Mrs. Gallup's cipher story which seem to us to give a satisfactory indication of the manner in which the whole narrative has been concocted. The discoverers of the story were impressed by the interest taken by Bacon in ciphers. They found some variations in type in early editions of Shakespeare, Burton and the others, and they proceeded to read a secret meaning into these variations. It would obviously lighten their task if they knew what Bacon was likely to say, and they decided that he was likely to tell some contemporary history. When the facts,

as they knew them, would not work into the cipher, it was easy to make the cipher work into the facts, for, as Mrs. Gallup lightly remarks, "many stumbling blocks occur in the books, placed there with the evident purpose of making the deciphering more difficult, which bring confusion to the work until removed" (p. 9). An eminent contemporary of Bacon was Mary Queen of Scots; it is therefore likely that he would say something of her. The cipher, without conscious fraud, will as easily accommodate itself to Queen Mary as to any less charming topic. There is a well-known and frequently quoted passage in Sir James Melville's "Memoirs," where, in the course of his lively conversation with Queen Elizabeth in 1565, the English Queen expressed a wish to see Mary, then in Scotland. "I offered to convoy her secretly into Scotland by post, clothed like a page disguised, that she might see our Queen . . . and how that her chamber should be kept as though she were sick in the meantime, and none to be privy thereto but my Lady Stafford, and one of the grooms of her chamber." Bacon was, at this time, four years old, but he had heard of the story, for, says the cipher, "she was almost persuaded, I am well assur'd, to goe to Scotland with a gentleman from that Court in the disguise of a youth, as page to the gaye Courtier, whilst her chamber should, in her absence, be closed as though suffring so much payne as that it compelled her to deny audience to everie person save Lady Strafford and the physitian." There is one slight inaccuracy here; but it is very suggestive. The history of the seventeenth century has rendered Strafford a much more familiar historical name (especially in America) than Stafford. There was, of course, no Lady Strafford in 1565, and although an Earldom of Strafford had been created before Bacon is supposed to have written this, Bacon is not likely to have made the error. There is another slip of a similar nature. Among the peers who tried Mary Queen of Scots at Fotheringay were the Earls of Kent and Derby and Viscount Montacute. The two latter noblemen might have accompanied the Earl of Kent to witness the execution. The cipher asserts that they were present, "idle conversing." But Secretary Beale has left, in his own handwriting, a list of those who witnessed the execution, a list corroborated from other sources, and it does not contain the name of either Montacute or Derby. Moreover (and this is the important point), the name of Montacute appears in the cipher as Montague. The latter is a much more familiar name, especially in America; but Bacon must have known all about Lord Montacute. There are other inaccuracies in the cipher story of the execution of Queen Mary, but we pass to a more interesting anticipation of Mr. Froude's history. No reader of Mr. Froude can forget his brilliant, if somewhat brutal, description of the scene at Fotheringay Castle, or his picture of the

doomed Queen standing "on the black scaffold with the black figures all around her, blood-red from head to foot." Mr. Froude had some authority for his phrase; one contemporary writer does remark that she was executed "tout en rouge." But the majority of contemporary accounts go to show that her costume, after she had disrobed for the block, consisted of brown velvet and black satin, and their statement is confirmed by the contemporary picture, painted to commemorate the Queen's death. We must therefore grant the "tout en rouge," though Bacon could scarcely have seen the MS. of the Frenchman who wrote it; but the picturesque "blood-red" bears the unmistakable mark of Mr. Froude, and when the cipher tells us that Mary "stoode up in a robe of bloud-red," we can only conclude that Francis Bacon was the real author of a *History of England from the Death of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada*, hitherto attributed to James Anthony Froude. Any remaining doubt on this point will be removed when the reader finds, on p. 312, the words "our colonies in all the regions of the globe, from remote East to a remoter West." It is as likely that Bacon wrote Pope's Homer and Froude's History as that he penned these words in the reign of King James I. For where were the colonies?

Space forbids our dealing with all the errors and anachronisms into which Mrs. Gallup falls, but there remains one interesting topic which we cannot pass over in silence. Few historical legends have impressed themselves more deeply on the popular mind than the story of Essex and the ring, and we are not surprised to find the cipher-Bacon quoting it in connection with the death of his cipher-brother, Essex. "The event of the Earle's death," he says, "never for an howre, or even for a moment seem'd possible to me after Robert stoopt his pride to send our proud mother her pledge—a ring given as if in doubt some great harm might ever threaten, altho' neither surely tho't it from the Queene his evil would threat. It was long enow, in truth sume time thereafter, ere this fact became well known, Her Ma. coming into the knowledge but a short period ere she died. After our mis-guided Queene's last murther, however, was by a chance only prevented, it was freebie bruited everywhere. It was then that I also found that th' most preitous—yet, by his fortune, trulie valuelesse—token came short of its desir'd or rather intended end." We have here the full story involved—that Essex, when condemned to death, sent to the Queen a ring which she had given him as a promise of protection, that the Countess of Nottingham, to whom he entrusted it, failed to convey it to the Queen, and that the Countess, when dying, confessed to Elizabeth, who nearly shook the life out of the dying woman. It must be to this incident that the mysterious phrase, "our mis-guided Queene's last murther," is intended to refer. No competent historian will now

attempt to defend the story of the ring. It has absolutely no contemporary authority, and it makes its first appearance in an utterly untrustworthy work of the seventeenth century, a book which professes to be no more than "a Romance." The origin of the myth has been traced to a statement of the contemporary diarist, Manningham, who says that Essex had presented a ring to Queen Elizabeth, and that she wore it till her death. The tale had assumed considerable proportions by the middle of the seventeenth century, when the historian Clarendon looked into the evidence for it, and pronounced it apocryphal. In 1650 it received wider currency than ever, from the publication of the book to which we have referred—"A History of the most renowned Queen Elizabeth and her great Favourite, the Earl of Essex. In Two Parts. A Romance." The plot of this story turns on the incident of the ring, which is related with many improbable details. The book was very popular, and the story has appeared in many varying forms, in fiction and professed history alike, till at last it has received such contemporary confirmation as Mrs. Gallup has it in her power to bestow.

We have surely heard the last of the bilateral cipher. Mrs. Gallup herself has had to admit that it requires inspiration to read it properly. It has been elsewhere shown that, if Bacon wrote this cipher story, Pope must have discovered it and made it the basis of his own translation of Homer, and we have endeavoured to point out that the acceptance of Mrs. Gallup's theory not merely involves ludicrous improbabilities, but deprives Francis Bacon of any claim to the possession of average intelligence. We can scarcely hope that, with the last of this cipher, we have also heard the last of the whole Baconian controversy. The repudiation of Mrs. Gallup's concocted narrative leaves the question of the authorship of Shakespeare's plays precisely where it was, and he that was before this a believer may be a believer still, while the doubter will remain constant in his disbelief. Meanwhile we may present to the followers of Mrs. Gallup an argument quite as reasonable as any in her book. When Shakespeare's contemporary, Francis Beaumont (1584-1616), wrote to lament the death of Shakespeare, he addressed him thus:—

"Sleep, rare tragedian, Shakespeare! sleep alone
Thy unmolested peace in an unshared cave."

Here then is the basis for a compromise. Shakespeare wrote only the tragedies, and so was not to share his grave with the writer of the comedies, who was obviously a different person. The conclusion is just as sound as anything that Mrs. Gallup has produced.

ROBERT S. RAIT.

THE ANALYSIS OF JINGO.¹

"I HAVE always said that Ranelagh was a gentleman." The speaker, a jolly red-faced country squire, loud-voiced, good humoured, overflowing with sound health, animal spirits, and, after a capital dinner at Wynham Club, in the best of tempers with himself and all mankind, then up for the cattle week from his Norfolk home, had the credit, among his friends of two generations, of supplying Bulwer with the original from which was sketched Squire Hazeldean in *My Novel*. The gentleman who received him at the 'Travellers', and to whom these words were addressed, of a manner feminine in its gentleness, speaking in a tone so low that the words seemed to melt like snowflakes in the air before they alighted upon the ear, presented a contrast picturesquely complete to his visitor. With a faint but not ungenial smile (for he had himself been a man of pleasure in his day), with a look of humorous perplexity on his delicately-cut face, in a voice only just rising above a whisper, he of the 'Travellers' said to the Wynhamite "That I am prepared to assume; in fact, it is rather implied in the business which gives me the honour of this interview"; there was something in the articulation of these words, as well as in the general iciness of their utterer's deferential manner that produced an immediate and more than mesmeric effect upon the wide-acred and anciently descended East-Anglian squire. To quote A. W. Kinglake's remark to the present writer: "It was the only little piece of acting that I ever did in my life; before a minute had passed I had frozen him sober." Mr. Packer's principal has already been mentioned; Kinglake's was none other than his old friend and contemporary Abraham Hayward. The perfectly loyal and equally reciprocated friendship between these two accomplished men of letters formed a beautiful, as years passed on a pathetic, trait in the character of each. To the many who knew and still remember him, William Kinglake's old age is a beautiful memory; he gradually withdrew from the world soon after he had taken his last ride round Hyde Park, or to speak with perfect exactness, upon a hired hack from his rooms at Regency Square, Brighton, to his friend Sir Frederick Pollock, then, as was his custom, staying at Rottingdean. Then came some weary years of waiting, brightened, or at least relieved, by the philosophic composure amid trying pains and the equability of temper that Kinglake had set himself to cultivate throughout life, and that gave to his placid death in some degree the grace of a Christian Euthanasia. Hayward, though he died at four-score odd, never seemed to grow any older. At his lodging in St.

(1) *A. W. Kinglake: a Biographical and Literary Study*. By the Rev. W. Tuckwell. (George Bell & Sons.)

James's Street, the very number, though not the same tenement, where once lived Byron, Hayward fell mortally sick. No enquirer or visitor equalled Kinglake in his assiduity. Then arrived a day, preceded by an exceptionally bad night. Hayward's exhaustion made him a little delirious; the words that immediately preceded his dissolution, while a more than human radiancy seemed to spread over and rejuvenate the old man's face, were "I don't know what it is; I am sure it will be something grand." But, some hours before the end came, while the invalid's pillows and head were supported between them by his devoted sister and his friend, Hayward had wandringly whispered into Kinglake's ear "we will both of us as soon as our things can be packed go to stay with my sister at Lyme." Directly, was the reply, the servants can get ready. "On no account," faintly uttered the dying man, "hurry the servants."

It was Hayward who had been the cause of the interview already described at the Travellers' Club between the Irish peer, once so well known on the town, and a real artist of words. Kinglake in *Eothen* produced an epoch-making book, which long since has become a classic; like the Crimean invasion, *Eothen* is subtly ocharged with influences intellectual or political, not merely in the closest sympathy with, but historically explanatory of, the simultaneous outburst of militant patriotism whose diffusion, throughout all classes and all parts of the Empire, makes memorable for ever the opening of the twentieth century. The Kinglake-Packe incident had grown out of a Hayward-Ranelagh *contretemps*. The two men belonged to the same club; they had lost their temper over some trifle; hot words passed; the century had not then advanced in years sufficiently to make a duel, between two veterans of the past *régime*, as ridiculous as it was impracticable. The old Bond Street *roué* had, therefore, in the old-fashioned way, asked a friend to see his literary aggressor. The potential second acted for his principal in the manner already described; the affair was, of course, arranged; the two old gentlemen continued to their life's close to glare at each other quite peaceably from their respective club corners. In another episode, touched upon, if I mistake not, by Sir Wemyss Reid in his *Life of Lord Houghton*, Kinglake may have played a like part; his other chief friend was Eliot Warburton, of *The Crescent and the Cross*. Warburton I cannot recall, save by hearsay, as lost on the *Amazon*, some of whose wreckage was, in the present writer's early childhood, washed to the shores of Devonshire from the Land's End. As master of words and rhythm Kinglake must be placed above Warburton. As stylists not less than patriots both belonged to the same school. Of that cult, not the founder but the earliest, whose writings are now read, George Borrow was born (1803) six or seven years before Kinglake, and before his junior by one year, who perished in sight of the Cornish rocks. To the names, already

mentioned might, in a literary sense alone, be added that of John Henry Newman, who, like his secular contemporary of the pen, figured prominently in the reaction from the rhetorical prose of the eighteenth century towards the more classical simplicity and severity for which Addison had revived, rather than created, the taste. Among that group of writers Kinglake alone had enjoyed educational advantages comparable with those of Newman. Like the future great Oratorian; like his life-long ally, Warburton; like his predecessor of *The Bible in Spain*—all the sons of professional men in the provinces—Kinglake came of a good old county stock. Kinglake differed from his contemporary, Newman, and from his ally, Warburton. He learned all that the Eton and Cambridge of his day could teach; he was known for a brilliant boy in Keats' sixth form, when Gladstone, Hallam and Heathcote were in the same class-room; at Trinity he was a leader of the set that included F. D. Maurice, Sterling, W. D. Cookesley (of King's) and Alfred Tennyson.

One interesting feature or experience is common to the earlier days of most of these men, not excepting Newman himself; the diction of that accomplished stylist differed in degree rather than in kind from that cultivated with scarcely less of success by many Oxford men of the same generation, but of inferior distinction. Newman's English is the language wherein Benjamin Jowett showed himself a consummate performer; this is the sort of composition in which J. A. Froude's power of extracting the deepest and most varied tone and feeling, to be wrung forth from syllables made that historian a master. The point in which the sacred and the profane writers now placed together resemble each other was the formative influence of eastward travel upon their social and intellectual future. Before Borrow had served in Spain as an agent of the Bible Society, he had produced nothing of real literary promise. Eliot Warburton had lived the life of an Irish absentee landlord in London, till a winter trip up the Nile for pleasure or health inspired him with *The Crescent and the Cross*, as well as with those predictions of the future intimacy between the kingdoms of the Pharaohs and of the Plantagenets that invest the book with so marked an interest to-day, and that, a generation after its writer's death, have been so curiously fulfilled. As for Newman, in the year of the first Reform Bill, he left England an Oxford don, he returned to it with the discovery that Arianism was a Judaising heresy which sprang up in Antioch, and that the Anglican communion went perilously near to lacking the notes of a truly Catholic Church; the lines, "Lead, kindly light," were written during a calm on board an orange boat in the Straits of Bonifacio. The famous Assize sermon of Keble did not come till a year later; but when Newman sailed from Falmouth in 1832, he had been, to all appearance, the orthodox member of a Protestant body; when, bronzed by the suns of the European if not Asiatic Orient, he next found himself in 1833

in the shadow of St. Mary's, he had "almost persuaded" himself into a convinced Romanist.

Upon Eliot Warburton and upon William Kinglake, the results of eastern travel were shown in a less dynamic way. About the same time as his friend—like himself, with a successful manuscript in his pocket—Warburton returned to England; he was congratulated on his safe reappearance at his club, and together with Kinglake he became a lion of the season. Newman's secession, matured as it had been by southern warmth, in Disraeli's well-known words, dealt the Church a blow from which it still reels. The sights and airs of the palms and temples of the south ripened the two writers more immediately dealt with here into literary forces still felt by their posterity of the pen.

Kinglake returned from his travels with a reputation for social tact and knowledge of the world, that he maintained throughout his after life. These qualities, in the manner already described, made him a possible second to the principal in a duel which was never fought. In his pathetically humorous way, recalling his London days when the travels recorded in *Eothen* had brought him into social prominence, he would say the "women then seemed as if they expected me to throw them across a Sicilian steed and gallop into the desert." The living Kinglake was essentially one of those persons, for whom in a merry moment destiny had prearranged exceptionally droll experiences; he was at his best when recounting them to one or two friends in the gently deprecatory manner that gave a flavour of its own to the recital. Such was the case with the reminiscence, which opened these remarks. Others reflecting his travels might be added. During his Eastern tour he visited Damascus. Walking down the "Street called Straight" he accosted a native whom from his dress he imagined to be a professional guide. When, however, the visitor asked for information on certain points of personal detail, the apparent cicerone showed signs of indignant resentment, began a homily on a text out of the Koran, and made a gesture of reverential impatience in the direction of a mosque; the man was a Mahommedan priest, not a guide; Kinglake at no time of life had much time for speculative theology. Comparatively few, indeed, of "*Eothen's*" best stories or happiest sayings appear in that *Eothen* of which, at the present writing, two or three new editions are independently announced. One of Kinglake's editors might do him a worse service than by collecting these floating narratives and compressing them into footnotes. Seldom can there have been so varied and prolonged an existence, so perennially fresh and versatile a man, whose story would be told better by the narrative of isolated scenes and incidents than by the biographer's continuous record. In Kinglake, unlike Palgrave and other pioneers of excursions in the near East, the taste for travel had been satiated before middle age was reached. During later years he seldom crossed

the Channel; the terrors of the *salle d'attente* effectually, he said, warned him off French railways. Once, indeed, he so far overcame that objection as at the close of the Franco-Prussian war to visit his old friend Adolphe Thiers, then conducting the peace negotiations at Versailles. Well known in Paris during the same period as Bulwer and others among his contemporaries, Kinglake had no French acquaintance within memory of the present generation. The typical Englishman who then filled the popular mind across the Straits of Dover was Gambetta's friend, at that time member for Chelsea. When, therefore, the thin delicate intellectual presence of Kinglake made itself felt in the grass-grown streets of Versailles on that January day, the loafers gazing at the English visitor began with one consent to mutter "il doit être Sir Dilke." All the writers now bracketed with Kinglake, most of the men with whom the Crimean historian lived intimately, in some way or other left their personal impress upon the militantly patriotic movement of their own and of succeeding times, especially upon the closing years of the nineteenth century with their military operations in the Transvaal or elsewhere. No person now living can recall a contest so unanimously approved by all classes and interests of the Empire as that undertaken for the emancipation of the Transvaal from the Boer oligarchy and its transformation into a real, not a nominal, republic. After a good deal of pain, or weariness worse than pain, Kinglake's end came peaceably. His setting sun would have glowed with triumph had he been spared to witness some half-dozen years later the full expression, in the applause or achievements of his countrymen, of that national temper whose most gifted incarnation he himself was, which, by many stirring passages in the last, the Inkerman volume, of his great work, he only ceased with life itself to strengthen and stimulate.

Tennyson, in the closing passages of *Maud*, as a fact, in much of his best work belonging to that period, played the Tyrtæus of the school whose later literary founders had been Warburton and Kinglake the prose poets. Another remarkable member of the group of Cambridge contemporaries, including as it did Tennyson himself, was the famous banker, Mr. Lloyd Jones, who died Lord Overstone; this shrewd old school financier, with his sturdy, practical, good sense, ever ready to be kindled into patriotic emotion, during after-dinner talks with his Cambridge friend at Freshwater, suggested to Tennyson more than one touch in the concluding lines alike of *Locksley Hall* and *Maud*. A sympathetic man with great power of impressing his own ideas upon others, Lord Overstone fairly may be described as representing the business side of the Jingo set, whose poets, during the Crimean period, were FitzGerald and Tennyson, whose statesmen might at times be seen in David Urquhart, and whose pedestrian exponents, adorning every point of the subject they touched, were Eliot Warburton and William Kinglake.

In the remarks which open his books on the eighteenth century, Mr. Lecky, illustratively, has pointed out that, notwithstanding apparent inconsistencies in their manifestations, the essential principles maintained by English parties at different epochs, have varied less than might be supposed from the fact of the Whigs having been the unpopular advocates of war in the eighteenth century, and the Tories who, under Harley and St. John, carried through the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, having, in 1782, resisted the accommodations between England and America with the latter's European supporters, voted by the House of Commons under Rockingham. In the same way British Jingoism is among the most constant of political forces throughout the country. Its ingredients are perpetually changing. The conditions of its expression, its immediately inspiring causes, and its ulterior ambitions, are seldom or never at two different epochs the same.

At the close of the seventies, when a music-hall refrain first gave to a political sect the title with which, for the sake of convenience, Kinglake and his distinguished contemporaries have been associated here, the analysis of Jingo, in its genesis, would have supplied results very different from those obtainable by a minute examination of its constituents during the later developments of 1900. Throughout the period at which Lord Beaconsfield, with Lord Salisbury, brought back peace with honour from Berlin, Jingo meant an aggregate of interests, ideas, even nationalities and creeds, often at other times brought into mutual conflicts among themselves, but now for a time fortuitously united. On the Turkish side generally ranged the forces of Society, of the City, and, from its rivalry with the Greek Communion, of the Roman Catholic Church. Without a Gladstone and a Disraeli, as champions of counter attraction on either side, the division might not have been political at all. But the great Liberal leader was also the chief of Anglicanism; the High Churchmen, therefore, one and all, were Russophiles. Meanwhile the Vatican and its servants in England rather bitterly opposed and snubbed the Puseyite rump that renewed its overtures to the Greek Patriarch. As the Romanists were generally moved by opposition to the Orthodox Church to favour the followers of the prophet, so the political disciples of Auguste Comte, then by dint of sheer mental power an European agency not to be despised, fell into line with the friends of the Unspeakable because they owed Christianity a grudge. With Society, with the City, and with the Comtists went, of course, the music-halls. East of Temple Bar Semitic agency fused into a solid and formidable whole the motley elements in the Jingo alliance. In the west of London and throughout the country, the same duty was performed by the smart organisers of polite life. But for the fascination of Disraeli's genius and the contagion of Gladstone's moral enthusiasm this antagonism might not

have been practicable, or probably would have evaporated before the season was half through. It continued, its tradition and its inspiration remain; they might, with little artificial incitement, re-appear in the twentieth century as forces not less formidable than they proved themselves in the nineteenth.

Very different from this would, in the phrase of science, be found the formula of Jingo in its application to an earlier school of patriots. When Eliot Warburton first visited Egypt, Napoleon's designs to make the land of the Nile the *depôt* or the base of an attack upon British India, were but as the events of yesterday. When travelling further towards the rising sun, Kinglake trod upon the dust of decayed empires; the one idea filling his sensitive and chivalrous soul, was that as sovereign over kingdoms on which the sun never sets, England had made good her claim beyond European dispute to that Imperial succession. With the showy and unintellectual elements in the Jingoism of 1878, 1879, Kinglake could only have felt a sympathy reflected on it by the glowing memory of Crimean days. For the City, for Society, for latter day politics, he cared nothing; the latest developments of the party system he abhorred. He believed in England's destiny and in the character of her sons, above all things he had no fears for the future of the race or the empire. National character, to quote his own words to the present writer, will survive even the House of Commons and the rival whippers-in. He had the satisfaction of living long enough to witness the first fruits of the harvest whose seed he had long since sown, not only by his writings, but by some of the most instructive speeches ever heard in Parliament, or rather not heard there at all. The reason of these last words very briefly may be explained: The understanding between Cavour and Napoleon III. resulted in the unopposed annexation of Nice and Savoy by France. Kinglake, then in the House as member for Bridgwater, like others of his set, was furious; he made a special effort, scoured the Continent in quest of original documents, returned to Westminster, delivered a speech, which for epigrammatic exhaustiveness of treatment and accurate circumstantiality of detail made, though not at the moment, its effect, not only throughout London, but throughout the Western world. The speaker's voice was pitched in so low a key as to be scarcely audible to those who sat near him, and were ready to hang on his every word. Among these was the late Sir Robert Peel, himself interested in and a close student of the subject. To him Kinglake gave the notes which he had prepared. A day or two later Peel in his own sonorous sentences and with the magnificent organ, so admired by Mr. Gladstone, practically reproduced Kinglake's speech amid applause literally indescribable.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

AUBREY DE VERE.

(BORN, JANUARY 10, 1814; DIED, JANUARY 20, 1902.)

IN the far romantic morning where the giant bards together,
Ringed with dew and light and music, struck their lyres in golden
weather,
Came a child and stood beside them, gazed adoring in their eyes,
Hushed his little heart in worship of a race so bland and wise.

They are gone, those gods and giants, caught Elijah-like to glory,
And their triumphs and their sorrows are a part of England's story;
Years and years ago they vanished; but the child, who loved them
well,
Still has wandered among mortals with a tale of them to tell.

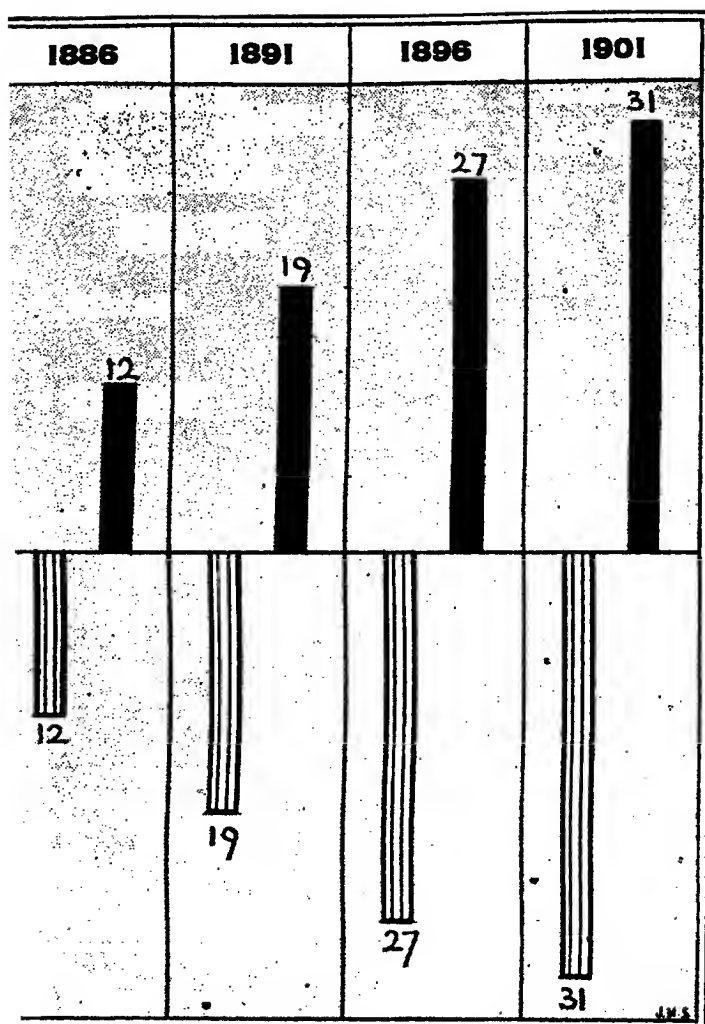
Theirs were voices heard like harps above the congregated thunder;
His, a trembling hymn to beauty, or a breath of whispered wonder;
When the world's tongue spoke his vanished; but below the turmoil
rolled
Fragments of romantic rapture, echoes of the age of gold.

Others stun the years to homage with their novelty and splendour;
He was shy and backward-gazing, but his noiseless soul was tender.
When he sang, the birds sang louder, for his accents, low and clear,
Never hushed a mourning oushat, never scared a sunning deer.

Now the last of all who communed with the mighty men has
perished;
He is part of that eternity he prophesied and cherished;
Now the child, the whisperer passes; now extremity of age
Shuts the pure memorial volume, turns the long and stainless page.

Where some westward-hurrying river to the bright Atlantic dashes,
In some faint enchanted Celtic woodland lay this poet's ashes,
That the souls of those old masters whom the clans of song hold
dear,
May return to hover nightly o'er the grave of their DE VERE.

EDMUND GOSSE.



Striped Columns England and Wales's Seats too few.
Solid Black Columns Ireland's Seats too many.

SHOWING THE UNDER-REPRESENTATION OF ENGLAND AND WALES AND THE
OVER-REPRESENTATION OF IRELAND DURING 1886-1901; SCOTLAND HAS
BEEN JUSTLY REPRESENTED DURING 1886-1901.

NOTE.

THE following statement is one of a series of statements of fact which touch social, political, or national matters of interest and importance.

The matters that will be dealt with here too often escape the notice they merit, or, if shown to the public, they are not infrequently presented obscurely or with bias, or with inaccuracy due to hastiness or to inexperience in handling quantitative facts—a process that is essentially technical.

These statements will be made absolutely without bias, and being prepared by a professional statistician who has had more than twenty years' actuarial experience, there is a considerable degree of probability that inaccuracy will be reduced to a minimum.

II.—REDISTRIBUTION OF SEATS.¹

FOR more than twenty years Ireland has been over-represented in the House of Commons. Ireland's excess of seven seats in 1881, had in 1901 grown to an excess of thirty-one seats, and during nearly the whole period Ireland's excess of representation has been at the exact cost of the under-representation of England and Wales—Scotland having been justly represented during the last sixteen years.

There now seems to be intention to remedy this anomaly, which has been the more irksome by reason of the fact that this faulty representation has given undue importance to a partly hostile or disloyal section of the nation at the expense of the loyal subjects of the King.

The following statement contrasts the actual representation with the proper representation of each part of the Kingdom, the proper representation being based on the respective populations in the years named.

Year.	England and Wales.		Scotland.		Ireland.		United Kingdom.	
	Actual No. of Seats.	Proper No. of Seats.	Actual No. of Seats.	Proper No. of Seats.	Actual No. of Seats.	Proper No. of Seats.	Total.	Total.
	I.	II.	I.	II.	I.	II.	I.	II.
1881	493	490	60	70	105	98	658	658
1886	495	507	72	72	103	91	670	670
1891	495	514	72	72	103	84	670	670
1896	495	522	72	72	103	76	670	670
1901	495	526	72	72	103	72	670	670

From the above table we may see exactly to what extent each part of the Kingdom has been over or under represented during this period of twenty years: thus—

(1) Copyright, 1902, by John Holt Schoaling.

Year.	England and Wales.	Scotland.	Ireland.
1881	3 seats too many.	10 seats too few.	7 seats too many.
1886	12 seats too few.	A just representation.	12 " "
1891	19 " "	" "	19 " "
1896	27 " "	" "	27 " "
1901	31 " "	" "	31 " "

The above comparison suggests that Mr. Gladstone's Redistribution of Seats Act of 1885 was a short-sighted Act, and not fair to England. It has worked out justly for Scotland only. We see that in each of the years 1886-1901, England's deficiency was precisely equal to Ireland's excess. But it is possible that justice to England was not one of the essential qualities then desired; at any rate, the representation of England and of Ireland, as adjusted in 1885, at once became of unjust proportions, and has become increasingly unjust ever since. If this improper condition is now to be remedied, it should be remedied with an eye to the future. Such adjustment as may be made, should not be based only upon existing facts, but upon the population of (say) ten years ahead of the present time. Twenty years may pass without another adjustment of seats between the three parts of the Kingdom, and we may rightly ask that some attention be given to the near-future movement of the population. It is not probable that any material alteration will occur in the dynamics of the population such as would arrest the long-continued decrease of Ireland's population or the continuous growth of England's population. Such alteration, within the term of ten or twenty years, is indeed so improbable that present action may safely be based upon the assumption that no such material alteration will occur.

Assuming that the number of seats in the House of Commons is retained at 670, the proper share of each part of the Kingdom would be as follows, in the years named :—

Year.	England and Wales.		Scotland.		Ireland.		United Kingdom.	
	Actual No. of Seats.	Proper No. of Seats.	Actual No. of Seats.	Proper No. of Seats.	Actual No. of Seats.	Proper No. of Seats.	Total.	Total.
	I.	II.	I.	II.	I.	II.	I.	II.
1906	495	531	72	72	103	67	670	670
	36 seats too few.		A just representation.		36 seats too many.			
1911	495	535	72	73	103	62	670	670
	40 seats too few.		1 seat too few.		41 seats too many.			

The "Actual Number of Seats" above does not include any adjustment that may now be under consideration: it is a repetition of the present actual representation stated in the first table.

The "Proper Number of Seats" above is based upon a forecast of the population of each part of the Kingdom in 1906 and in 1911: using for this purpose the rate of growth, or in the case of Ireland the rate of decline, which obtained during 1891-1901. In this connexion it may be useful to state the actual distribution of population in the three parts of the Kingdom, in 1901, and the probable distribution in 1906 and in 1911.

	Distribution of the Population of the United Kingdom, in		
	1901.	1906.	1911.
	Per cent.	Per cent.	Per cent.
England and Wales	78·5	79·2	79·9
Scotland	10·8	10·8	10·9
Ireland	10·7	10·0	9·2
United Kingdom	100·0	100·0	100·0

The foregoing statements show that no adjustment is needed in Scotland's share of seats, and that Ireland's excess must go to England. Here is the comparison for the three years 1901, 1906, and 1911:—

	In 1901.	In 1906.	In 1911.
England and Wales	31 seats too few.	36 seats too few.	40 seats too few.
Ireland	31 seats too many.	36 seats too many.	41 seats too many.

If an impending redistribution of seats is based upon the facts for 1901 [31 seats being taken from Ireland and given to England] England will again remain under-represented in increasing proportion for an indefinite period—perhaps for twenty years. But if the 1911 basis be used [40 seats being taken from Ireland and given to England] the under-representation of England would be deferred until after the year 1911, and England's over-representation, upon this basis, extending in diminishing proportion to the year 1911, would be followed by England's under-representation that would begin after 1911, and then continue in increasing proportion until a further redistribution of seats might be made.

We are quite justified in basing any impending adjustment of seats as between England and Ireland not upon the present distribution of population, but upon the distribution of population which will obtain a few years ahead of the present time. Only by this method can we avoid an immediate relapse into the under-representation of England—an injustice which already has been endured for too long.

JOHN HOLT SCHOOLING.

BLANK-VERSE ON THE STAGE.

ONE swallow, or even two, may not make a summer; yet after the production of Mr. Phillips's *Herod* at Her Majesty's, and in prospect of that of his *Ulysses* at the same theatre, and of *Paolo and Francesca* at St. James's, those who love to sit by the shores of old romance, while the players interpret between them and Shakespeare, may indulge in a forlorn hope that a revival of poetic drama is at hand. There are, perhaps, some signs that we are moving past that crude form of idealism which calls itself "realism," and pressing forward in quest of a more richly imaginative form of dramatic art; and Mr. Tree did well in making the bold experiment of producing the dramatic poem of a young author, with all the pride, pomp and circumstance of the modern stage. But if we are to persuade Poetry to be more than an occasional visitor; if she is once more to make the stage her home, we must treat her with reverence, and prepare the stage for her reception.

It is not enough that poetical plays shall be splendidly mounted, or even splendidly acted; and in these days of elaborate scenery and magnificent costumes—when the actor seems to be primarily regarded as a spot of rich colour relieved against a finely-toned background, rather than a personage with a significant part to play in a complex dramatic harmony—the acting is not always as splendid as the mounting. It is no less important that the verse shall be beautifully spoken. Our modern actors must devote more intelligent study to the difficult art of speaking verse upon the stage than they have hitherto done.

English blank-verse is a poetical form of which England may well be proud. It is a form of imaginative expression quite unique for range of thought and for subtlety in the suggestion of delicate phases of emotion. It is most necessary then that the actor who has to use such an artistic form should be a master of his craft. The dramatic author is always at the mercy of the company which produces his work. It is almost impossible for the most experienced critic, to say nothing of an average audience, to see the play through the playing, and judge of its merits unbiased by inadequate representation. This is emphatically the case when the play is also a poem. How can any one feel the charm of a poet's verse if it be marred in the delivery—"like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh"? And this it too often is, in the mouths of even the best-trained actors and actresses of the present day. An ear for the rhythm of verse, like an ear for music, needs careful cultivation; and it is apparently a rarer gift than that of an ear for music.

Before verse can be properly spoken on the stage, the actor should have at least mastered the elements of its rhythm, the time and

phrasing of each line and musical passage of the poetry he has to recite. But merely to understand this is not enough; the speaker of verse is the instrument through which the poet speaks. He must therefore produce his voice properly, and have it under perfect control. The art of speaking and the art of singing are intimately connected, and their technique is much the same, as regards the management of the breath and the enunciation of syllables and tones. As Coquelin puts it, with epigrammatic concision: "*L'articulation c'est l'âme de la diction.*"

But all this is merely preliminary, and should be learnt as a matter of course by every child at school, if English men and women are ever to speak their own language decently in daily life, and England is no longer to remain the land of bad voice production.

In a modern play the actor of average intelligence usually understands fairly well the meaning of what he himself has to say. In dialogue so subtle as that of Shakespeare—to take the most familiar and notable instance—it is very different. Here there are wheels within wheels, suggestion within suggestion. It is often quite evident that the actor has but a vague notion of the thoughts and emotions he has to interpret, and of the delicate manner in which they are expressed in the intricate structure of the verse. Hence his tendency to emphasise the wrong words, even in defiance of the rhythm; to neglect the relative value of the various clauses of each sentence, and of the sentences of which each speech is made up. He should fully understand what he is saying, and convey each shade of meaning and emotion by intelligent emphasis and intonation. Otherwise he is like an ill-trained singer, singing more or less out of tune.

Fortunately, the general drift of Shakespeare's speeches is usually, though by no means always, plain enough; so that he can stand a good deal of mishandling in their details. But why mishandle him more than is necessary? Why these wrong emphases, these ill-timed pauses, this *staccato* delivery of *legato* passages, these inexpressive intonations, this very imperfect phrasing? Why this anxiety on the part of some actors to gabble off their speeches as fast as possible, and get to the cue; and on that of others to make a grotesque gamut of their voices, and gambol up and down upon the lines, now hastening, now halting, as if the verses were made to be subjected to elocutionary fracture or dislocation? We hear a good deal about reverence for Shakespeare—and the reverence may be genuine enough as far as it goes; but it must go much further if he is to be adequately represented on the stage.

It may be said, and said truly, that if the verse be spoken as prose—that is, with a due regard to the emphasis demanded by the sense, it will take care of itself. So it will, to a certain extent, if it be really good verse. It is difficult to make Shakespeare's verse sound like prose;

yet even this astounding feat is sometimes accomplished by the skilful employment of perverted ingenuity in evading the rhythm.

The actor should, of course, be able to speak verse as intelligently and intelligibly as if it were prose. If he merely does this, reading the lines by their sense-emphasis, their melodic form will be felt through his delivery. He has laid the foundation of a good style. This is far better than the attempt to *make* verse of them, to show the audience that he knows something about scansion—a very futile kind of knowledge, of which I shall have something to say presently. Look to the sense first, and do not trouble your head about scansion, which is merely the anatomy of metre. So far, so good. But verse is not prose; and the final grace of the delivery of verse is that it shall be given with a perfect feeling for the harmonies of rhythm and tone; that its music may be made to sound like an emotional incantation. When shall we hear our actors “speak far above singing”? For to speak verse finely, beautifully, is a rarer, if not a more difficult art than even that of singing well.

The rhythm of English blank-verse should be thoroughly understood before this form of verse, so subtle, so elastic, so beautiful, can be properly delivered on the stage. Much has been written about English rhythms and metres; but the subject has hitherto been much obscured by reference to the Classic forms of verse, in which accent is subordinated to quantity—the length or shortness of the vowel-sounds; while in English verse, quantity—or rather the fulness or emptiness of the vowel-sounds, is subordinated to accent. Yet in the Classic metres, as in the English, there must have been a give-and-take between accent and tone; and in modern verse the tone element sometimes becomes almost as important as the accent.

When English blank-verse delivered itself from the trammels of rhyme, that naturalised exotic in Teutonic verse, its coming into existence was no doubt due to an instinctive feeling after a freer metrical form, more suitable for speaking than for singing, and admitting of an extended harmony, with sustained passages and varied cadences. It was to the lyric metres much what dramatic recitative is to the stricter forms of vocal music. At first the new metre was but a Gregorian chant, stiff and bald, but stately and solemn. From Marlowe, who first handled it like a master, Shakespeare took it; and in his hand the rhythm became less obvious and conventional, more subtle and spontaneous, as the verse became a more and more perfect expression of the thought and emotion it embodied.

The conventional type of a blank-verse line, as of the line in the “heroic couplets” of Pope, is a decasyllabic line consisting of five reiterations of an unaccented followed by an accented syllable—a line of “five feet,” as it is called, as in “The Rape of the Lock”:

Ev'n thén/ before/ the fá/tal én/gine closed/.

Or in Keats's "Hyperion":

Before/ the dawn/ in sea/son due/ should blush/

But a succession of lines constructed on this strict plan would be very monotonous. Even Pope, who regarded any departure from this form as a "license," managed to evade it with the greatest ingenuity; while in fine blank-verse it is difficult to find many such lines in succession. In these lines from *Romeo and Juliet* the monotony is relieved by redundant syllables:

This bud/ of love/ by sum/mer's ripening breath,
May prove/ a beauteous flower/ when next/ we meet/.

In fact, the beauty of this kind of verse depends upon the infinite number of variations by which the strict form *can* be evaded.

How this evasion may be effected, we must now consider. The two elements of metrical structure and musical sound in English verse are *accent* and *tone*, which roughly correspond to form and colour in design; and to these may be added *pause*, which plays an important part in the rhythmical effect.

Accent is primarily produced by the stress upon certain syllables, in the pronunciation of words of more than one syllable; secondarily, by the sense-emphasis—and this emphasis may be so strong as to make the accent of pronunciation of inferior importance. Monosyllables have no accent of pronunciation, accent being a relative stress; but in verse they are accentuated by the sense-emphasis, not merely by their position in a line. They have, of course, a tone value, differing in quality as their vowel-sounds are full or open, empty or close. Some vowel-sounds are hard to classify as to tone value, or *timbre*. They are modified by accent, emphasis, and by the combination of consonants which accompany them. The close *e* in *pent* has a more prolonged and slightly fuller sound than the close *e* in *pet*; and this differs also from the obscure *e* in *monument*.

The line ending with:

In populous city pent

differs much in effect from the line:

Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,

in which the obscure *e* in the last syllable is unaccented. Shakespeare, indeed, frequently ends his lines with these unaccented, obscure vowels, such as the obscure *e*, the obscure *a*—as in *populace*, and the obscure *y*—as in *enemy*, or in adverbs like *holily*; by which he avoids the monotony of the recurrent final accent.

Variation in the rhythm of a line in which the normal metrical system of five feet is the standard, suggested and understood rather than maintained, may be effected in several ways, of which the most obvious are:

1. By changing the position of the accents.
2. By suppressing some of the accents.
3. By introducing secondary accents, or vocal stresses.
4. By the introduction of extra syllables in the line.
5. By the employment of light or heavy lines, in which empty or full vowel-sounds predominate.

Perhaps the most frequent change of position of the accent is that in which the line begins with an accented syllable, as in the first line of "Hyperion":

D  p in the shady sadness of a vale.

But in a line of five feet the accent may fall upon *any* syllable, even upon the first syllable of the last foot, as in:

Gilding/ your for/tune's dawn/. Till then/ silence!

This form of accentuation is, however, very rare, though lines ending with two unaccented syllables are frequent, as in Hamlet's:

That blurs/ the grace/ and blurb/ of mod/esty/.

Somewhat rare also is an accent on the first syllable of the *second* foot, as in Shakespeare's:

My life/ stands on/ the level of/ your dream/,
and in Keats's:

My heart/ aches and/ a drow/sy numbness pains/.

An accent on the first syllable of the *third* foot occurs in Julia's line in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona":

Be calm/ good wind/ bl  w not/ a word/ away/:

and in Swinburne's:

O fair-/faced sun/ killing/ the stars/ and dews/.

An accent upon the first syllable of the *fourth* foot occurs in Milton's:

Intel/ligence/ of heaven/ angel/ serene/:

and in Keats's:

Distinct/ and vi/sible/ symbols/ divine/.

Next we come to variations produced by the suppression of accents by the introduction of an unaccented syllable in one or more places, without introducing an accent elsewhere. This is frequently done; and there may be as few as two accents in a line.

A four-accent line is almost as common as the normal five-accent line. The first line of "Paradise Lost" has but four accents:

Of m  n's first disob  dience, and the fr  it:

and in such irregular lines the arbitrary scansion is seen to be quite futile, so far as the reader is concerned. Scansion is merely a conven-

tional method of analysing metre, with which he has as little to do as with grammatical analysis. A line should be read not by the scansion, but by the rhythmical phrasing, which depends upon the sense-emphasis, and accentuation of the words. Even as mere metrical analysis it seems idle to attempt to stretch these lines of less than five accents on the Procrustean bed of the five-accent line. What is gained by scanning this four-accent line from "Hyperion" in the ordinary way :

Sat gréy/haired Sét/urn, qui/et às/ a stòne/;

Why mark a hypothetic accent on *as*, where none really occurs? The broad rhythmical division of the line is marked by the comma. Four-accent lines are so frequent in blank-verse that I need not multiply examples. Three-accent lines are also frequent, as in *The Tempest* :

Infúsed with a fórtitude from Héaven ;

in "Paradise Lost" :

Fall'n chérub, to be wéak is miserable ;

and in "Hyperion" :

Beside the óaiers of a rívetlet.

Two-accent lines are much less common, but they occasionally occur, as in Julia's :

As in revénge of thy ingrátitude ;

in Juliet's :

'Tis but thy náme that is my énemy,

and in Oberon's : .

With Ariádne and Antiopa.

In the line :

To the wild singing of the nightingale,

there is a secondary vocal stress on the word *wild*, but not a true accent.

The sense-emphasis may, however, produce a stress upon a monosyllable so important that it becomes equivalent to an extra accent. Thus in Swinburne's lines from "Atalanta" :

Bow dówn, crí, wáil for píty ; is this a tíme,

and :

Náy, should thine ówn séed áláý hímsélf, O Quéén ?

we have by the sense-emphasis a stress so strong upon *cry* in the first, and upon *seed* in the second line, as to be equivalent to an extra accent in each case ; making them lines of six accents instead of five. Such heavily stressed lines, usually charged with full vowel-sounds, are not uncommon. Thus, in the first line of the "Morte d'Arthur" :

Sé ál dáy lóng the noise of báttle rólléd,

we have a line of five accents, reinforced by two full syllables *all* and *day* which take a heavy vocal stress to give them their full rhythmic value. It is not, however, a seven-accent line in the sense in which Swinburne's lines are six-accent lines; because these words have no distinct sense-emphasis on them. It may be noted that these full-toned syllables tend to obscure the accent on the syllables with which they are in juxtaposition; while short unaccented syllables tend to increase the intensity of the accent, which they throw into strong relief. There are but three short syllables in the line, and these tend to emphasise the accent on *noise* and the first syllable of *battle*—the shortest syllable in the line, but thrown into relief by the two unaccented ones between which it is placed. Such a heavy and sonorous line is at the opposite pole from that swift keen line of Juliet:

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy,

in which the antithesis between *name* and *enemy* is flashed out by the two accented syllables, which concentrate the meaning of the line, so characteristic of Juliet, whose vivid imagination always grips the essential facts of every situation in which she is placed. Shakespeare instinctively finds a rhythm expressive of the moods of his personages: for the diverse passions of Othello, Macbeth, Lear; for the sweet reasonableness and righteous indignation of Hermione; for the frank, wholesome joyousness of Perdita; for the patient loyalty of Imogen; for the overtopping pride of Coriolanus; for the cynical humour of Richard III; for the fanciful wit of Mercutio. To study his rhythms is to study the light and shade of his characters.

We have seen that there may be more than five accents in a line where the sense demands it; but there may be a vocal stress equivalent to an accent, upon *every* syllable of a ten-syllabled line. Such a line as the second of these is conceivable:

Rave on, ye winds! Who heeds your malice now?
Come! Pour!—hail, rain, snow, sleet! Blow! howl! rage! roar!

Such lines as this, and the first line of the "Morte d'Arthur," should be read as much by the tonal value of their syllables as by their accents; and, indeed, the tonal value is always of the utmost importance, as the music of the line greatly depends upon this. Hence Tennyson speaks of:

Mouthing out his hollow oes and aes,
Deep-chested music.

Some elocutionists have a theory that every line of blank-verse should be made to take the same time in delivery. This is mere pedantry, so far as the stage is concerned. The *tempo* of blank-verse, and especially dramatic blank-verse, is a *tempo rubato*; the natural time of the delivery of each line depending upon the rhythm demanded by the sense and

emotional expression. Some lines are naturally grave and slow, like the "Morte d'Arthur" lines; others swift, like that two-accent line of Juliet, or such a line as this, in which there is no long syllable:

It is her wit kindles his enmity.

It would take up too much space to go into the tone-value of lines, dependent upon variation in the position and sequence of the vowel-sounds. For an approximately complete analysis of a line of verse, it would be necessary not only to mark the primary and secondary accents or stresses by means of dashes and dots, but the tone-values by means of long and short marks, with colour to represent the different vowel-sounds; while the effect of the sequence of consonants should also be taken into account.

I have already given an example of the introduction of redundant syllables. This is of frequent occurrence. There are several redundancies in Imogen's lines:

I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you trust me here.

So, too, in Swinburne's:

Lands indiscoverable in the unheard-of West.

Such lines are usually easy enough to read, but occasionally there may be a little difficulty in getting the true reading at first sight. Imogen's line:

* To one not sociable: I am not very sick,

may be read as above. In this speech the superfluous syllables seem to mark her effort to fight against the languor which is overcoming her.

In speaking verse on the stage, may I say again that the actor should dismiss from his mind the arbitrary rules of scansion, dismiss the notion that each line must contain just five accents, no more or less; and that he should never attempt to correct the poet's metre by introducing accents when they only hypothetically exist? Fortunately, in most cases there is no temptation to do so, the natural sense-emphasis and accentuation of words carry him along. It is in lines with few accents, and composed chiefly of monosyllables that this error of over-accentuation usually occurs. If the line:

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun, •

be read with accents upon the *is's*, the strength of its effect will be much marred; for the intimate connexion between the three most important words, *east*, *Juliet*, and *sun*, will be obscured.

Another fault of delivery, which sometimes occurs, is the drawing out of conjunctions and prepositions, such as *and* and *of*, thus:

We have scotched the snake, not killed it ;
 She'll close ~~and~~ be herself ; whilst our poor malice
 Remains in danger ~~and~~ her former tooth.

We have now to consider the more extended rhythm of periods made up of several lines, in connexion with which the effect of pauses may be best studied. The position and duration of pauses depend mainly upon punctuation—itself dependent upon the grammatical sense. But punctuation-marks are not to be taken as absolute indications of the duration of the pause they indicate. A comma, especially, has different time-values in different situations. Even with the more precise notation of music, the full effect of a passage is not obtainable by keeping in time with a relentless metronome ; and in speaking verse the duration of a pause must to a great extent be left to the intelligence of the speaker. It is enough to say that there are two forms of the abuse of pauses, not uncommon on the stage. The gabbler, eager to be in at the death of his speech, takes his semi-colons and colons in full stride. The loiterer introduces pauses where none are needed, and gasps out his lines in disjointed fragments, thus :

O—what a—rogue—and—peasant slave—am I.

These faults should be reformed altogether. Pauses marked by punctuation may occur after any syllable of a line ; but where they are not judiciously arranged they tend to kill the rhythm ; as, for instance, when two strong pauses cut off from two consecutive lines a portion equivalent to a line—thus producing a strong cross-rhythm which practically destroys the line it distorts, as indicated in the following passage :

O better I were dead —/dead in the bloom
 Of stainless maidenhood ! / I am a wretch
 Grown loathsome to myself :/ I could for shame
 Stab with thy sword my breast/.

This is a hypothetic instance, and, of course, an extreme one ; but such an arrangement of pauses occasionally occurs. Shakespeare usually avoids it ; but sometimes has it, as in Prospero's speech :

To credit his own lie —/he did believe "
 He was indeed the Duke ;/.

Such pauses should, as a rule, be avoided, or at least craftily used. In broken dialogue they may so confuse the rhythm as to make a passage sound like stilted prose. These lines from *Paolo and Francesca*, if spoken on the stage, would be almost certain to suffer shipwreck :

Giov. What I have snared, in that I set my teeth,
 And lose with agony ;/ when hath the prey
 Writhed from our mastiff fangs ?/
Luc. Giovanni, loose
 Francesca's hands—the tears are in her eyes.

Even where pauses of this kind do not occur, the carrying of rhythm and sense from line to line needs dexterous management, or the throbbing vitality of the verse may be impaired, and the whole rhythmical movement made weak and indefinite. I hope such a passage as this may not be taken as a model of all that is newest and most exquisite in blank-verse by the young poets of the twentieth century :

Giov. Now since I must
Surely be absent on affairs, I could
More easily Francesca leave behind
If you were by her side.

Pao. If I?

Giov. And whom
Than my own brother would I better leave?

Pao. Ah, brother, such a charge I cannot well
Support. If this thing happened by some chance,
I in the house, you absent—'tis a duty
I could not willingly take up.

Giov. See how
You cool to me.

But it would be ungracious to point out the defects—if one may venture to think them so—of such lines as these, without acknowledging that in the more important scenes in the play any crudities which may be found are half redeemed by the poetical beauty of the passages in which they occur.

It may be well now to consider in a broader way a few passages from Shakespeare, whose verse, being of the subtlest kind, in diction as in rhythm, demands careful study before it can be spoken properly. Actors often do very well in a rough way with their passionate speeches; while in those in which the emotion is more delicate, and the poetical charm of supreme importance, much is left to be desired. It is much easier to make an audience feel the rhetorical expression of passion than to make them feel the beauty of the poetry in which the emotion is made musical. It has been said that rhetoric is intended to be heard, poetry to be overheard; and on the ideal stage, where drama becomes poetry, all should be overheard. The poetry should be felt through the dramatic passion, like an incantation to the Muses.

I shall begin my study with two of Shakespeare's simpler speeches in his early plays, and then pass on to a more complex one; endeavouring to show how clearly character is expressed in the rhythmical phrasing. Take Valentine's first speech in *The Two Gentlemen*, as he enters, in conversation with Proteus. His first line is spoken in reply to a previous speech, and closes the discussion between the heart-whole youth, eager to go in quest of adventure, and the stay-at-home lover—the butt of his good-humoured raillery.

Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus.

The second line gives his common-sense philosophy of the matter :

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.

An arrow shot jestingly straight at the mark. His next six lines express his regret that the infatuation of Proteus prevents him from sharing his own eagerly-anticipated journey. There is no important break in the lines, which should be given with a firm vigorous swing, the voice well sustained. The last couplet :

But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein, .
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

expresses his half-contemptuous pity for his friend's amorous enchantment, a form of experience which he himself is content to postpone until he has seen the world. The character of the man is lightly and firmly touched in this first speech of Valentine, as that of Proteus in his.

Now turn for a moment to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. This loses half of its poetry and significance when the great figures of Theseus and Hippolyta are dwarfed and made insignificant, as they always are on the stage: where they seem to be regarded as a part of the scenic background, in front of which Bottom and his Clowns play their antics. They should pervade the imaginative atmosphere of the play, like divine personages, sane, royal, magnificent, with latent practical energy; mighty wielders of the world's destiny in the midst of dreamers; the predestined parents of a god-like race. They are instruments of the august powers of Nature, apparently capricious, but kindly; here symbolised in Oberon and Titania, who are not fairies, but "spirits of another sort"—spirits of divine elemental alchymy, who watch over the growth of plants, the developmental power of the seasons, and the generation of mankind.

What actor, what actress, now on the stage could sound the great open-air music of speeches like these, in which the spirit of Hellenic nature-poetry, and heroic romance lives and breathes in one of those "melodious bursts" from "the spacious times of great Elizabeth" that inspired Tennyson?

- Hip.* I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, beside the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seemed all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.
- The.* My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crock-knee'd and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.

Yet this is all broad, simple, easily comprehended. It is all so

speakable. It only needs beautiful voices, and an instinctive feeling for rhythm, to make its dignity and beauty heard in resonant vocal music. But beautiful voices, and a beautiful method of speaking, are not things which were assiduously cultivated in England during the nineteenth century.

Much subtler than this is the verse of Orsino's first speech in *Twelfth Night*. It expresses a more modern and complex civilisation. The speeches of Theseus and Hippolyta are simple and direct; Orsino plays ingeniously with his emotions and thoughts.

If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.—Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what capacity and pitch soever,
But falls into a batement and low price,
Even in a minute! So full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high-fantastical.

In the first line there is a little pitfall for the clever elocutionist who understands scansion. Ten to one he will read it:

If music be the food of love, etc.

But Shakespeare is always careful to make the relation between the important words the basis of his rhythm; and here it is *music* and *food of love* that are placed in apposition, and the emphasis should be placed on these words, not on *be*.

The full meaning of this speech is not quite obvious at first sight: but without analysing it clause by clause, its general drift may be indicated. The Duke's love is "high-fantastical." It is an exquisite æsthetic emotion, of which Olivia is the idealised object; and each mood of this emotion is tasted like a fine vintage, and its full flavour enjoyed, until the surfeited palate demands a new stimulus. To the cultured person the old "shape of fancy" becomes wearisome when its freshness is exhausted; and Orsino sighs for a new mode of æsthetic delight. His mood is a more exquisite phase of that of the euphuistic Romeo of the Rosaline period. This first speech, which reveals the self-conscious dreamer about love, rather than the ardent lover, should therefore be given with a deliberate dwelling upon every finess of his mood.

I cannot here go minutely into the phrasing of the speech, which could be better analysed *viva voce*. In the first part, ending with the couplet, Orsino expresses the emotion suggested by the music, and then dismisses it with the words:

Enough; no more;
 'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

The last line should be read as a line with three principal accents and secondary stresses upon the words *'Tis* and *was*. These lines with a succession of monosyllables, and without punctuation, should be read not in a *staccato* but a *legato* manner; the tone being carried on from word to word to the end of the line. The second part of the speech, in which he philosophises upon his emotion, needs a good deal of sustaining power in the voice to give it its full effect. If the two parenthetical clauses:

notwithstanding thy capacity
 Receiveth as the sea,

and:

Of what validity and worth soever,

be distinctly marked, it will go trippingly on the tongue. It is in the proper marking of the words in apposition and antithesis, and of parenthetical words and clauses; and in the dexterous carrying of sense and rhythm from line to line, while not allowing the previous line to be completely swallowed by its successor, that the art of the speaker is most delicately shown. Space does not permit of my attempting any analysis of the complexities of Shakespeare's later style, as in some of Macbeth's speeches, in which clause is heaped upon clause, and metaphor upon metaphor. What I chiefly desire to point out is the intimate connection which exists between the dramatic and poetical elements in his verse. With him the dramatic emotion seems to create the rhythm of the verse, and the character of the personage lives for us in the music of his speeches.

But I began with Mr. Phillips, and to him, in conclusion, I return; as the Morning Star of the new English poetic drama, "enskied and sainted" by the verdict of the critics. His instinct has led him to depart completely from the Shakespearean tradition; wisely, I think—for the bow of Ulysses is not easily bent. He is classical, in the decorative sense in which Lord Leighton's work was classical. He does not attempt to elaborate character; but sketches picturesque personages in effective situations. In form *Herod*, like *Paolo and Francesca*, is idyllic. The action is simple—a severe outline to be filled with decorative colour within the outlined spaces; and he can be "sensuous and passionate" on occasion. His verse is modern verse, of course; yet it has its roots in the pre-Shakespearean drama. Not content with going back to Marlowe, he goes back to the earliest writers of dramatic blank-verse. Take these lines from *Ferrex and Porrex*:

And thou, O Britain, whilome in renown,
 Whilome in wealth and fame, shall thus be torn,
 Dismembered thus, and thus be rent in twain,
 Thus wasted and defaced, spoiled and destroyed:
 These be the fruits your civil wars will bring.
 Thereto it comes when kings will not consent
 To grave advice, but follow human will.

These lines have a grave stateliness; but they are monotonous in rhythm. Now take these from *Herod* :

Herod, before all these I here would thank you
For honouring thus the Asmonean House,
And making thus my brother the High-priest.
Since his ancestral office he resumes,
We three are bound unto each other more :
With him the rites of peace, with thee the sword,
With me a reconciling love for both

Now I do not mean to say that Mr. Phillips has made *Perrex* and *Porrex* his model, or that these lines are as monotonous as the lines from that play; but merely that they have more affinity with the pre-Shakespearean form of verse than with Shakespeare's. This older English drama was to some extent influenced by the dawning knowledge of that of the Greeks. It was still a thing of "the buskined stage"—stiff and stately; the action demanding conventional poses rather than spontaneous acting, and the verse probably declaimed in a kind of Gregorian chant. Shakespeare in giving more spontaneous life to the action, gave also more spontaneous life to the dramatic verse of Elizabethan drama. His aim was to get away from the Gregorian chant, and produce a perfect music of varied harmony—an ideal human speech for the human voice. Mr. Phillips recognises the fact, which the Greeks recognised, that monotony is an element of grandeur in art; and as the Greeks did, in their ornament as well as in their tragic iambs, he deliberately introduces elements of variety in subordination to the element of monotony. This struck me while hearing his verse upon the stage; and now that I have his text before me it is no less evident. I do not think the actors quite know what to make of this novel form of rigidly grandiose verse. From defective enunciation much of the sense of what was spoken escaped me; and in passages of broken dialogue, even where I heard the words, I was unable to decide whether I was listening to prose or verse. For one thing Mr. Phillips deserves praise: he has endeavoured to subordinate rhetoric to poetry. Whenever the actors attempted the ordinary stage rhetoric the verse suffered.

The Wagnerian music-drama is said to be the modern equivalent for the Greek play or trilogy; and it is so—a less simple, less stately, and very German equivalent. Now in listening to *Herod* I had a curious feeling that I was listening to an English music-drama without the vocal score. It seemed to me that, to give it its full effect on the stage, it should have been cast in the Greek form with chorus; or that at least the vocal parts should have been scored in a form of recitative more delicate than that of Wagner, and with much less complex orchestration, kept in absolute subordination to the vocal score.

This may, perhaps, be considering it too curiously; but something of the kind is in the air. Mr. W. B. Yeats, whose genius is much more

distinctly lyrical than that of Mr. Phillips, but who is working, like him, to win from the chaotic wilderness of the stage a little territory—a land of dreams—where poetry may reign supreme, has already had two of his poetical plays produced; and Mr. Yeats's theory is that, as I have said before, poetry on the stage should be an incantation, conveying to the hearers what Keats has called "the power to dream deliciously." He at one time wished his verse to be delivered in a rhythmical chant—a kind of unscored Gregorian, accompanied all through by instrumental music. That is to say, his ideal drama is an idealised melodrama, in the original sense of this word. Here, again, we are in touch with a conception of drama more akin to that of the Greeks than that of Shakespeare, and still more close to that of the modern music-drama. Mr. Yeats is not a musician, and he had no idea of the immense difficulty of getting spoken verse—the rhythm of which is measured in one way, to go with music—the rhythm of which is measured in another way. He has now, I believe, come to see that the two parts, vocal and instrumental, must be reduced to a common denominator before they can be got to go together harmoniously.

There are, no doubt, beautiful possibilities latent in such a hypothetical form of music-drama—not epic like Wagner's, but idyllic and symbolic like Mr. Yeats's plays—which might give rise to a very charming form of lyrical recitative; but it is scarcely likely to take possession of the stage to the exclusion of poetical plays more after the Shakespearean type, with spoken dialogue unaccompanied by music. Dramatic verse of a robust kind, if well-spoken, has a music of its own, and might lose more than it could gain by being chanted to an orchestral accompaniment. An unscored Gregorian, intoned at the sweet will of the actor, seems to me to be a hybrid form of art—something between speaking and singing, and without the expressional capabilities of either. It might become a *cultus*, a fashion of the day; but I fear that on the ordinary stage, and chanted by the average actor, it would degenerate into a form of incantation perilously resembling that of Jacques: "an invocation to call fools into a circle."

JOHN TODHUNTER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RIFLE SHOOTING AS A NEW WINTER EVENING PURSUIT, ESPECIALLY FOR WORKING MEN AND LADS.

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—As the publication of some letters on the above subject in the *Spectator* a few weeks ago, has called forth many inquiries from various quarters respecting the portable apparatus used by our Society, and how to apply it, a few observations on the subject may be interesting to your readers.

The hall or place in which rifle practice is desired to be carried on, should not be less than about forty feet in length. It does not matter whether it has a stage or not; but any persons contemplating the introduction of this kind of rifle shooting in their locality, should send to the Assistant Secretary, Society of Working Men's Rifle Clubs, 17, Victoria Street, London, S.W., a rough sketch of the plan of the hall, with dimensions, stating whether it has a stage at one end, and, if so, what height the floor of the stage is above the floor of the room. We can then direct our manufacturer to have the legs of the standards made in each case the appropriate length, so that the overhead travellers, which carry the targets, will run at a fairly uniform level; or we can attach the apparatus to brackets, if more convenient.

Illustrations of the apparatus, directions for fixing it, suggested rules, hints for the use of committees and members of rifle clubs, and other persons who wish to adopt this kind of rifle shooting will be forwarded to anyone sending for them.

The applications recently made to us have, besides those from London, come from such diverse sources as Liverpool, Tewkesbury, Uxbridge, Ripon, Rickmansworth, Birmingham, Chester, Wimborne, Wateringbury and Belfast; from the London Diocesan Church Lads' Brigade; from the Jewish Lads' Brigade; from Oxford House, Bethnal Green; from several schools; from the 2nd V.B. Royal Fusiliers and other volunteer corps, for their drill halls; from the officer commanding the 3rd Battalion Goorkas, for India; from the Admiral Superintendent at Chatham, and from the officer commanding the cavalry depot at Canterbury.

Although this is neither a military nor naval matter especially, but essentially civil in its broadest aspect, Admiral Holland exactly hits the nail on the head when he writes:—"I am anxious to help our local volunteers and our young naval men to take a keen interest in becoming good shots, to make a pastime and a pleasure of it, and not a tiresome lesson which some seem to suppose it must be."

The time has indeed arrived for reviving this question: "Are not the recreations of a people a matter for public concern?" and more especially so their evening recreations, particularly in cities and towns. It has never yet been realised how much good can be effected by occasionally spending an evening in rifle shooting, for the means have not been forthcoming for utilising many places which may be available for the purpose. How many places are only partially used for other purposes, which on

winter evenings could be temporarily used for rifle shooting at no great cost?

For a sum which represents the cost of a decent bicycle, a small rifle club of the description indicated can be fairly started, and the cost of maintenance can be covered by the profit on the ammunition (even at the low price of from a farthing to a half-penny a shot) and a very trifling subscription according to circumstances.

* An example of the apparatus can be seen at our office at any time, or, for a short period, at the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall, by appointment with the Hall Porter at that place.

As an adjunct or a preliminary to more advanced and more expensive rifle shooting at open ranges, it would be difficult to over-estimate its value, providing as it does for the combination of accurate with rapid shooting at moving targets, which will be a determining factor in the future lives of nations.

As a matter of public policy it is exceedingly urgent, but it would be impracticable, at the present stage, for such an operation to be dealt with by the Government of the country.

Our aim is to induce large numbers of wage-earning people occasionally to utilise their evenings, the only time which is at their disposal, in a manner which will be thoroughly interesting to themselves, and profitable to the State.

We are justified in asserting that the importance of our being able to prosecute our operations with rapidity gives place to few, if any other, matters before the public at the present time, and we trust it may receive from you, by the promulgation of this information, the support which is at your disposal and within your discretion.

I am directed by the Committee of the Society to sign this letter and am, Sir,

Your Obedient Servant,

C. E. LUARD.

Chairman of Committee.

SOCIETY OF WORKING MEN'S RIFLE CLUBS,
17, VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.
; 21st December, 1901.

WAR OFFICE,
LONDON, S.W.
12th December, 1901.

DEAR GENERAL LUARD,—I have read with great pleasure the letter written by the Committee of the Society of Working Men's Rifle Clubs, for the purpose of describing the manner in which rifle shooting may be made a winter pursuit, and I sincerely trust it will be the means of arousing still greater interest in the work of the Society.

I cordially approve of the scheme and hope that the efforts of the Committee will meet with the success they deserve in the coming winter.

I am sure that there must be many working men and lads who will gladly avail themselves of the opportunity which is offered to them of spending a pleasant and instructive evening, and at the same time obtaining a knowledge of the use of the rifle, which would be of great value should their services ever be required in defence of their country.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,
ROBERTS, F.M.

MAJOR-GENERAL C. E. LUARD.

COWPER AND WORDSWORTH.

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have read with deep interest and appreciation Mr. Symons' "Wordsworth" in your recent issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW. None the less, I feel myself constrained—though with extreme reluctance—to protest against a phrase that incidentally occurs in it, in which Mr. Symons, referring to Cowper's *style*, characterises it as "mean rather than vicious."

If Mr. Symons uses the word "mean" in its classic sense of "medium," that is as neither high nor low, but preserving a middle course, I am prepared to concede that it may be justly applied to Cowper's earliest compositions, those written in the rhymed heroic couplet. Yet, who judges a man—much less a poet—by his first attempts? And even here the word is not very happy, for these first excursions of Cowper into poetry are characterised rather by a certain domestic *tameness*—like that of his own hares for example, to which he, like them, had been reduced by the conditions of his mental captivity—his range being measured by his madman's chain.

But if Mr. Symons uses the word—as I devoutly hope he does not—in its accepted modern sense as implying the "reverse of splendid," then, as applied to Cowper's best work (by which alone he, like Wordsworth on Mr. Symons' own showing—must stand or fall), I must beg leave to deny it absolutely and altogether. I must further express surprise at its application to the style of a poet so deservedly and admittedly famous, and to whose genius such notable judges of style in our own day as Matthew Arnold, Stevenson, and Lord Tennyson have testified. But I am the more surprised that the word should have been applied by one whom I had come to regard as having a very fine ear for verse harmonics, such as abound in Cowper; and I am most of all surprised that use of such a word should be made, even incidentally, in an article on Wordsworth.

Loving and revering both poets as I do, I can see no advantage accruing to Wordsworth by any attempt to belittle Cowper, to whom he owed and from whom he took—seemingly without acknowledgment—so much; for as I have pointed out, Sir, by your kind courtesy, in the pages of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW¹ and elsewhere,² the outlook of the two poets is in parts *almost identical*, and here and there their spirits are so indefinitely interfused that the ordinary reader would find it difficult to discern where Cowper ends and Wordsworth begins. Also, with the mixed material he has left us, Wordsworth would have been wiser had he been more chary of references to Cowper's "prosaic verse"; and much more should his admirers fight shy of similar criticism, for if Cowper be judged by such a standard, how shall Wordsworth escape?

Nay, as Mr. Symons has so lucidly shown, Wordsworth must only be judged by his best, and I claim the same for Cowper. In both poets the beauties are scattered like oases amid whole deserts of aridity, but what refreshing and green oases they are!

Moreover, Cowper had one advantage over Wordsworth, *viz*, which his greater disciple lacked, so that though Cowper in his longest passages may, like Wordsworth, be dry, he is rarely altogether dull.

(1) FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, May, 1900. (2) Temple Bar, January, 1895.

In conclusion I can but surmise that Mr. Symonds, intimately as he knows his Wordsworth, has but a superficial acquaintance with Cowper, or how could he apply the word "mean" to a style which is as far removed from "meanness" as wealth from beggary. Space forbids lengthy quotation, but I may be perhaps allowed briefly to indicate how the pages of the *Task* shine resplendent with Cowper's fine imagery. Opening his pages at random we come upon such passages as—

" . . . Your songs confound
Our more harmonious notes : the thrush departs
Scared, and the offended nightingale is mute."

Or that passage—like so many others of Cowper's, now passed into a proverb—

"England ! with all thy faults I love thee still—"

leading up to the lines on Wolfe and Pitt—

" . . . They have fallen,
Each in his field of glory, one in arms,
And one in council—Wolfe upon the lap
Of smiling victory that moment won,
And Chatham heartack of his country's shame.

Those suns have set. Oh, rise some other such,
Or all that we have left is empty talk
Of old achievements, or despair of new."

Or this of the martyrs—

" . . . They lived unknown
Till persecution dragged them into fame
And chased them up to heaven. Their ashes flew—
No marble tells us whither. . . ."

Or that description of flowers in *The Winter's Walk at Noon* beginning :—

" . . . These naked shoots,
Barren as lances, among which the wind " .
Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes "—

and many others too innumerable to quote.

It was probably after reading some of these passages that Lord Tennyson, speaking of Cowper's style and metre, expressed to Mr. F. T. Palgrave the wish that "there were any that could put words together with such an exquisite flow and evenness."¹

With apologies for trespassing at this length upon your valuable space,

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

ALICE LAW.

(1) *Tennyson's Life*. By his son.

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~~FOURTH~~
THE

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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THE ANGLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE—AND AFTER.

TRUE to its most ineffective traditions, the Foreign Office has rushed from apathy to spasms, and has attempted to compensate for torpor by extremes. With no warning given to the nation, no counsel taken, no urgency proved, the thing is done beyond remedy. We have passed, at a stroke of the pen, from splendid isolation to splendid complication, and the supreme question of Imperial policy has been decided without the least discussion of both sides of an immensely arguable case, such as the most insignificant issue of domestic interest is supposed to demand. Among men of clear mind there are two, and only two, schools of thought on foreign policy. Both of them rest upon firm argument from facts. Their conclusions are differently determined by the relative importance they attach to facts. To the older of these schools, the vital danger to the empire lies in Russia's land expansion. To the later, that danger lies in the development, hand-over-hand, of German sea-power. For the one, the main problem of Imperial defence is found in the Straits of Korea or the Persian Gulf. The other sees it in the North Sea. Those who hold the latter view have been forced to the conviction that the fixed and vehement Anglophobia of the Kaiser's subjects must end by controlling the Kaiser's Government. They are no mere enemies of Germany for that reason, as with grotesque and ignorant triviality is often suggested. They harbour no hatred. They advocate no conspiracy. They are influenced by nothing but objective evidence, and they look to nothing but the absolute security of the empire against the only form of attack by which it can ever be subdued, and of which Russia, among all the Greater Powers, is least capable. They are those who have the highest opinion of the German people, who have given the closest study to its organisation, who owe most to its culture. But they know that the aim, and the right aim from its own point of view, of German policy is to prevent war in the heart of the continent, spelling economic ruin, whatever the military result. It hopes to supersede the internal quarrels of

Europe by uniting with its neighbours for external objects. This idea is, and must be, fundamental, with whatever skill concealed. From the Pan-German sheets of Leipzig and Munich to the organs nearest to the confidence of the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin, the German press, which has been assailing this country with every resource of virulence for the last few years, has rejoiced in the Anglo-Japanese Treaty. Why? They are as specific as shrewd in the reason.

Those whose dearest dream is the destruction of our supremacy at sea, hail the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, not because it makes peace in the Far East secure but because it makes an agreement between Russia and England impossible. This conclusion appears to be accepted with some complacency among ourselves. But there is no halting there. The logic of the position carries further than that. We cannot baffle St. Petersburg without playing into the hands of Berlin. If an agreement with Russia is impossible, none but the blind can fail to perceive that a Continental coalition is inevitable. Towards that consummation Lord Lansdowne has done the worst that was feared from him by the country when he was appointed to office. He has abandoned splendid isolation in the way of all ways best calculated to incur the maximum of increased danger with the minimum of increased protection against it. To have joined Germany when the Kaiser wished it seven years ago would have been one vital guarantee of our chief interests. To settle with Russia now would have been another. To make an alliance on account of Korea and Manchuria for the sake of the most remote of all our local and secondary interests is, indeed, a vital guarantee for Japan, but for us, none. There is no difference among Englishmen as to their duty and their determination to stand between Japan and destruction. They would do that, treaty or no treaty. There can be no difference among Englishmen as to their duty and determination to uphold this agreement, once made, with all their might. But it was one thing to protect the insular existence of Japan. It is quite another thing to engage, as we shall find we have done, our whole Imperial power and to compromise our whole Imperial policy for the active furtherance of her continental development; and from this point of view, the provisions of Lord Lansdowne's alliance, as it stands, can only be regarded as in the highest degree untimely, unnecessary, unequal, and injurious.

Viscount Komura, the present Foreign Secretary at Tokio and former Minister at Peking, was credited two months ago (in a letter from the Japanese capital to the *Politische Correspondenz* of Vienna) with the declaration that his country required no alliance to control Korea, but that it was equally important to prevent Russia from controlling Manchuria. This statement alone would prove, if any doubt remained, that Lord Lansdowne has placed our relations with Russia

at the mercy of Japan—and her deepest interest, for the present, is to keep the two Powers apart whose deepest interests lie in coming together.

Whenever the House of Commons is unanimous it is, as we know, wrong. That the country should have accepted this sensational surprise with practical unanimity, and before it had time to think its way through the whole matter at all, is no guarantee that the country is right. For it is precisely in proportion to the degree of thought they have devoted to the same subject that intelligent persons are apt to be found differing upon it. Nevertheless, the considerable effects produced by the Treaty are there. However local, so far as they are likely to be permanent, however temporary, where general, the considerable effects are there, and we must begin by recognising them. The Treaty has brought the mind of the nation fairly to the sticking point in the matter of foreign policy, in a manner that will compel us to think the situation out. It has undeniably increased the self-confidence of the country. It has given us the only assured and effective friend we possess on the globe. For the moment it has strengthened the position of the Government, which is always a diplomatic asset for a nation, however disappointing for an Opposition. Nor can it be denied that it has enhanced British prestige in every important capital of the world, and restored its predominance at Peking, as the Treaty of Berlin formerly enhanced British prestige and restored its predominance at Constantinople. We have since seen the effects of backing the wrong horse, both in Asia and on the Bosphorus. Whether the future will work out the parallel with only too much closeness remains to be seen. Meantime, our international credit stands higher in every respect than at any moment since the seizures of Kiao-chau and Port Arthur. Nor can we refuse to admit for Lord Lansdowne's treaty that it may easily have the main effects at which it aims, in depriving Russia of the strategic control of her Trans-Siberian outlet, in ensuring the ultimate reversion of Korea to Japan, in maintaining the integrity of China, and in preserving, for an indefinite period, the peace of the Far East.

All these things the Anglo-Japanese Alliance may secure. So far the extraordinary complacency by which it has been received in this country might appear most fully and obviously justified. But do we suppose that we shall pluck mere roses and feel no thorns? Do we think that we shall reap all these results in the Far East without being called upon to bear any reaction elsewhere? Knowing, as instinct and experience must teach us, that this bargain cannot be all profit, have we made the slightest attempt to conceive a likely balance-sheet and to reckon losses against gains? From the point of view of Asiatic policy we are all now agreed, it seems, that backing the wrong

horse in Turkey, by the Crimean War and the Berlin Congress, was the most futile and expensive stroke of business we ever did. It has proved impossible to reform the Ottoman Empire, and no one knows whether it will be feasible to reform the Chinese, to arrest its decay or to prevent disintegration. By blocking Russia in the Near East we diverted her pressure towards Afghanistan and the Far East. The Balkans, where no territorial change can now be made except through Armageddon, remain blocked, and we shall not get the relief to that quarter that, when too late, we are inclined to desire. The inference is irresistible. The more successful the present Treaty in checking Russia in the Far East also, the more speedy and sure will be its effect in bringing the whole glacier-pressure of Muscovite policy to bear upon Persia, upon Afghanistan, and the Indian frontier, upon the very points which those who are most in favour of this Treaty consider the vital quarter of the Empire. They say that an accommodation upon Manchuria might be possible, but upon Persia—in respect of allowing our rival access to the Gulf—never! Yet they take a course which more endangers Persia, and, it is perfectly safe to say, will have no influence whatever upon the substance of the position in Manchuria. Russia has been taught that her retaliation in Asia was the sure way of making us change our views as to the Near East, and we have changed them. She must necessarily conclude that new retaliation upon the Indian frontier is the only policy by which our opinions as to the Far East are likely to be altered; and Lord Lansdowne has practically invited her to pursue that policy. We can only await results with the knowledge that there must be results. We have not exhausted the civilised and other resources of St. Petersburg. Russia puts a fair face upon a bad matter. It is not her custom to show her cards. But if we interpret her intentions by the unnatural moderation of her Press, and are led away by gratifying verbiage from disquieting facts, we are laying up for ourselves some instructive surprises. We are pursuing irreconcilable aspirations by disconnected expedients, and the unmistakable, the alarming suggestion which emerges from the Alliance itself and the Ministerial explanations of it, is that the Foreign Office has no foreign policy.¹

The Treaty is untimely.—Mr. Balfour declares in effect that there are no motives behind it but those which must be plain to the plain man. If this is so, it is difficult to understand why the instrument should be concluded and declared now. The Chinese crisis had passed out of the acute phase. No controversy, like the disputes as to Port

(1) The fundamental weakness of our present devotion to the *status quo* in one continent is that we have got all we wanted in every continent. We have wrenched away everything that lay loose round the world. With Anglo-Saxondom controlling half the globe, a mere policy of the *status quo* on its part against the Teuton and the Slav is as great a fallacy as it will prove a failure.

Arthur and the Northern Railway, directly threatening our national prestige or the interests of our subjects, was known to be impending. If M. Lessar had succeeded in securing Li Hung Chang's signature to the proposed Russo-Chinese Agreement, which it is perhaps intended to prevent, no serious or special interest of ours would have been affected. Railways and mines in Mongolia are of as little fundamental Imperial concern as mines and railways in the moon. As regards Manchuria, which is a matter of perfect indifference to Germany, we have even more reason to leave Russia unmolested in that province, precisely as we expect to be let alone in Egypt. Her position there, morally and practically, is what ours is upon the Nile, except that she is bound even more strongly to remain, bound by every rivet in the Trans-Siberian Railway. Recent events had made it more desirable than before that we should studiously improve our relations with Russia as the only means that exist, or will exist, for arresting the development of Anglophobia in Germany. Yet we choose this moment of all others for enabling Count Bülow, and all who had been chastened by the incipient promise of an Anglo-Russian *rapprochement*, to wash their hands in invisible soap. In two respects, Russia, since Count Muravieff's influence was removed, has behaved extremely well. If the Kaiser refused to receive Mr. Kruger, so did the Tsar. No Russian minister during the war has publicly spoken to the deliberate detriment of English prestige as the German Chancellor has done. Above all, and so far as the country is aware, the attitude of St. Petersburg in connection with the change of succession in Afghanistan has been irreproachable since the death of the Ameer. Yet the settlement in that country is by no means assured. The new reign is still in a position of unstable equilibrium. Grave disorders are possible and probable, and will be so until Habibullah has proved himself the master, as his father had to do. Russia is too poor for war, but she is richer than any other Power for intrigue, and to challenge her activity at the unusually vulnerable spot, and at the present juncture, is a venture in which Lord Lansdowne exhibits amazing nerve.

If the actual time chosen for concluding the Treaty is singular, its precipitate publication is unintelligible. In British interests, at least, every consideration would seem to demand that it should have remained secret. With Afghan affairs in a delicate posture upon the one side, we are still engaged upon the other in the South African War. There is a grave contingency here which the dullest mind cannot shut out of sight, and for which Ministers must be assumed to be fully prepared. If no connection should appear between the state of affairs upon the Indian frontier and their state in South Africa before the war is got fairly under, we shall be extremely fortunate. But if, by evil hap, that connection should appear, and the country

should be called upon to face troubles in Afghanistan while its hands are tied elsewhere! It is impossible not to remember what brought down Lord Beaconsfield's Government: it was the sinister conjunction of troubles in South Africa and Afghanistan following the Treaty of Berlin. The question of the timeliness of the Treaty is one that can only be determined by events. Its present publication is valuable for Japan, calming the nerves of her people and relieving a tension of anxiety that had been growing painful and dangerous. But, from the British point of view, the most elementary considerations of prudence would have demanded that the publication should have been deferred until we were free to face all consequences, no matter where or when arising.

The Treaty is unnecessary.—If anything is certain in politics, it is that the integrity of China was in no more danger than that of Turkey. Russia's claim for special privileges in Manchuria and Mongolia, whatever they have been, were infinitely less relevant to the fundamental interests of the Empire than the concession for the Bagdad railway. Before the first term of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty has expired that enterprise will be bringing the military power of Germany within possible striking distance of the Persian Gulf. We are passive, if, indeed, we are not accomplices, in this remarkable transaction. Yet we still pursue the method of allowing Germany to steal a horse where Russia may not look over a hedge, and while we do not think for a moment of opposing German railways upon the shortest route from the Continent to India, we encourage Prince Ching to refuse his signature when M. Lessar seeks concessions in Manchuria and Mongolia, insignificant by comparison with the Bagdad railway for commercial and strategical purposes alike. As regards the integrity of China at large, there is still less possibility of proving urgency for this Treaty. No Power is more opposed to the partition of China than Russia, who hates the thought of an arrangement which would force any sphere of influence that might fall to her to march with that of Germany. Either the attempt to divide China would result in huge anarchy, disastrous to all the Powers involved and menacing Siberia, or, if it succeeded, millions of Chinese, under the infinitely superior organisation of Germany, would place Asiatic Russia at the Kaiser's mercy, and reduce the Tsardom to a position of subservience to Berlin for generations. If Russia were secured in her Trans-Siberian outlet through Manchuria, nothing would be easier than to obtain her signature to a treaty providing for the integrity of China at large. We admit, as we must admit, the special interest of Japan in Korea. Is it possible to deny the special interest of Russia in Manchuria?

Our aim should have been not to recognise one but both of these ambitions, to endeavour, if we interfered at all, to mediate a

compromise between them, to wash our hands of the dispute if that effort to effect the only rational settlement failed, and to guarantee Japan under all circumstances against destruction if her sea-power were threatened by a coalition. Japan in turn should have engaged her fleets to assist our own whenever we were engaged in war in Asiatic waters with more than one Power, no matter what might be the origin of the quarrel. We can never have too large a margin of naval superiority anywhere. This would mean that we should agree to protect Japan when threatened in her insular existence, precisely as the three Powers guaranteed the territory of China after the Treaty of Shimonoseki. Manchuria and Korea should have been left out of the question for reasons to be developed at a further point of this argument. In other words, England and Japan might have confined themselves to an exchange of naval guarantees providing against the attack of more than one Power on either, anywhere in Asiatic waters. That would have effectually secured Japan against destruction. It would also have secured us against this conceivable contingency—that if we were involved in a struggle with the Dual Alliance, on account of quarrels connected with Afghanistan or the Persian Gulf, Russia might be able to secure the neutrality of our ally by relinquishing Korea to her influence. For Russia that is always a possible solution, as the present writer reads the Treaty.

This is the solution for which we shall do well to be prepared, if war upon the question is avoided within the term of the instrument, and the "moral occupation" of Korea by Japan has advanced, instead, as it probably will, to lengths impossible to reverse. In the end we shall get war out of this Treaty if Russia resists, or nothing out of it if Russia is subtle. An exchange of naval guarantees upon equal terms for all Asiatic purposes, would have been, under all the circumstances, necessary and advisable. To make an engagement which, if we plunge below its verbiage to its practical meaning, binds us to back the continental expansion of Japan and to resist the effective occupation on the part of Russia of the territory traversed by the vital extremity of the Siberian railway, this is what was not advisable and was not necessary.

The Treaty is unequal.—It is not of course meant that there is the slightest denigration from our honour or our dignity or our morals in allying ourselves with an Asiatic race or a non-Christian Power. Upon the expedition for the relief of the Legations, the Japanese distinguished themselves in point of morals above more than one of the European peoples, and especially from the authors of the massacre of Blagoveshchenak. Japan is, for all civilised purposes, a self-contained Power. Specific and unique civilisation is accepted by some philosophers as the only sanction for the national idea. In that respect the extinction of Japan would be a greater loss to the intel-

lectual activity and ethical interests of mankind than the disappearance of several of the European peoples. Whether the empire of the Mikado will continue its assimilative power, like the Aryan races, or will again reach a point of saturation, that is what remains to be seen. At present there is no reason to believe that the permanent capacity for progress will not continue to act parallel with the ceaseless evolution of the white nations.

As regards the fact that Japan is a non-Christian Power, we are advanced beyond the age of the Crusades, though even in the age of the Crusades the chivalry and enlightenment of Saladin shamed those of the Crusaders. There is not one trace of Christianity in the public morals of any of the white Powers. Self-preservation is the fundamental law of their policy, as it is that of Japan, and self-preservation is the great common denominator. It is not only Heaven's first law, it is the first law of earth as well, and perhaps that of the devil also. Japan has a right to be accepted as the moral and intellectual equal of any people unless and until the contrary is proved. In any case, the Japanese are infinitely preferable allies upon the ethical score to the Turk, whose alliance we have not long abandoned, and whose friendship the Kaiser is still glad to cultivate.

No, the inequality of the Treaty is in no sense moral. But it is diplomatic. The alliance, whether immediate results or ultimate probabilities be considered, is not a bad act, but it is a bad bargain.

It is a bargain of a nature unprecedented in our own history, and without example in the existing diplomacy of Europe. It is a treaty that guarantees the vital interest of one party but no vital interest of another. It is a treaty that may work out by perfectly conceivable methods so as to result in leaving all the profit on one side and all the risks on the other. It is a treaty by which the more effectually the common interests of a number of nations—not the high contracting parties only—are safeguarded in the Far East, the more assuredly our separate and specific interests will be made to pay elsewhere for the general philanthropy of the former benefit. When have we surrendered our splendid isolation before on such terms? What European Power in modern times has ever made an alliance against which, as a business arrangement, a similar indictment could be plausibly drawn? In this case, it can be not merely drawn but proved. Let us see upon what bases all our own previous alliances have been contracted since parliamentary government began. In the wars of the Pragmatic Sanction we subsidised Austria against France and Frederick. The aim was to abate the strength and the pretensions of a rival with whom the struggle for world-empire was beginning to open. In the Seven Years' War we subsidised Frederick himself against France, and in the settlement we won America and India. He retained Silesia. This was probably the most profitable

alliance for us ever entered into by a nation. When we subsidised the Continent against Napoleon for the primary purpose of self-preservation, we completely assured for a century our colonial and maritime supremacy. In all these cases our alliance invariably rested upon the fundamental interest of *both* parties. There was no possibility of their entailing dangers more serious than any removed. In the Crimean War, hideous blunder as it was, France and England had the same definite aim and an equal share of the risks and charges. It was not possible that one party might gain and the other lose, and both supposed themselves to be directly pursuing their paramount interest. All these alliances, in short, were aimed against the intrinsic aggressive force of certain Powers, and were not merely designed, like the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, to block their force at one particular outlet, with the risk of driving it to the attempt to break out in some other and even less desirable quarter.

This is the essence of the question. We can emphasise the point by glancing at the alliances of the Continent. The Holy Alliance was a complete mutual insurance system. The dynastic friendship—and that is everything where in one of the countries nothing but the dynasty counts—between Prussia and Russia has existed without a rupture for a century and a half, for the simple reason that they are on each other's flanks in such a relation that their enmity would be mutually ruinous, and while they stand together nothing else can be fatal to either. In case of accidents, however, to the wire to St. Petersburg there is, or has been, the Triple Alliance, safeguarding the main interests of all the parties to it so far as human arrangements can provide that security. The Dual Alliance gives peace and safety to France and Russia, and binds Berlin over to good behaviour. The great European treaties, into which we might have entered at an earlier period had we contemplated any tying of our hands, set up the equipoise of Power against Power, combination against combination. That is what Lord Lansdowne's local alliance does for Japan, whose interests are all concentrated in the limited circle to which it applies. For England it does nothing of the kind, since it touches but a small segment upon the immense periphery of our Imperial interests, and can only be effective at that point by intensifying elsewhere a peril against which no equivalent protection is guaranteed with the same, or anything like the same, certainty. In short, the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, in the nature of its inequality, is like none other we ever made, and none other existing. It affords a complete insurance against all vital dangers for one of the parties, Japan. But so far as any vital dangers to us are concerned, they are not prevented; they are only transferred; they are probably increased.

For the share of Japan there can be no question that she has effected as brilliant an achievement as any in the annals of

diplomacy. The illuminations and processions at Tokio and Yokohama are justified in a sense that has not been fully realised in this country. The Continental suggestion that Albion has again revealed a particularly deep example of her perfidious craft and ensnared Japan into something like a fool's bargain, is one that will not endure a moment's examination. The German Press is particularly busy in urging this point. Their argument is that Japan is exceedingly unlikely to be attacked by more than one Power, and may therefore remain without benefit from the Treaty. England, upon the same hypothesis, is certain not to be attacked except by more than one Power, and is, therefore, assured of receiving the benefit of the Treaty, if involved at all. This is the merest quibble of speculative plausibility. Had Japan remained isolated, and made the least move towards intervention in Korea under the circumstances contemplated in Lord Lansdowne's treaty, she would be again, as in 1895, liable to attack, not from two Powers, but from three. The Berlin organs forget their history. They urge that France would be reluctant to interfere. She was reluctant after the Treaty of Shimonoseki. Her hand was forced by the eagerness of Berlin to restore the wire to St. Petersburg by assisting the Tsar—on terms. The Dual Alliance was at stake, and Paris was forced to move. If she were again in the same predicament she would take the same action. If Germany had another opportunity to act with her two great rivals, and to substitute new partnerships for old quarrels, she would again take advantage of it, not out of ill-will to Japan, but in pursuance of the far-reaching interests of her own European policy, and for another extension of her Asiatic position. That would have been the prospect had Japan remained isolated. The overwhelming probability is now all the other way. Germany will risk nothing in the naval line until she is tolerably convinced that she sees her way to success through the size and perfection reached by her fleet, the distractions of her opponent, and the rapidity and definiteness of her own action. In any case Berlin could not again strike in with the Dual Alliance against England and Japan in the Far Eastern question without risk of seeing the American navy ranged upon the other side. France, freed from the invidious pressure which constrained her to irksome action in 1895, would certainly refuse to join Russia for the purpose of keeping Japan out of Korea, and with the prospect of seeing the fleets of the old Dual Alliance shattered by those of the new. But neither will the Government of St. Petersburg think for a moment of risking its ships with the odds all against them. They are too expensive, and take too long to build, to be exposed to ruin or capture in an otherwise profitless or disastrous struggle. Russia will watch and wait.

The case is very different with Japan, who will act and advance.

At one stroke she is freed from the nightmare that weighed upon her. Her insular existence is rendered safer than that of any country in the world with the single exception of the United States. The Japanese can play a dazzling game with nerve, knowing that they play it on limited liability, and that if the worst came to the worst they would be shielded from the last penalties of losers. No conceivable disaster in a Continental imbroglio can result, so long as the treaty with England stands, in making their position permanently worse than it is now. Their island-base is impregnable within its seas. If they should engage Russia alone single-handed, and victoriously, no one would be asked to share their success. If they failed their retreat would be absolutely covered, since Mr. Balfour has laid down a species of Monroe Doctrine for the Far East by declaring what is true, that we cannot allow the destruction of Japan under any circumstances. We should not allow it, for instance, if Russia alone chanced to win single-handed and were on the point of pushing conquest home. There can be no doubt that henceforth whoever stands to lose, Japan stands all to gain. It is extremely unlikely that she will fail to improve her opportunity.

Just here we come to the great flaw in this instrument from the point of view of general Imperial policy. That Japan shall not be crushed out while we can help it is a determination upon which the whole Empire is now agreed. No one would have objected to a formal parliamentary declaration in that sense, treaty or no treaty. An exchange of naval guarantees in accordance with that principle would have been right policy. But Lord Lansdowne's treaty goes far beyond the purely defensive in its scope, and it admits of something very far indeed from what it means, upon the side of the Foreign Office, to aim at, the mere maintenance of the *status quo*.

Whatever may be the case in China, in Korea there can be no genuine question of preserving the *status quo*. Nothing could be more mischievous than to pretend the contrary or to allow our sense of realities to be blurred by diplomatic fictions. The situation in the peninsula offers no parallel to any condition that exists or can exist in China proper. There the trading Powers compete for commerce and concessions or seize isolated coigns of vantage to serve for bases in the contingency of conflict. In Korea, what is actually going on is the most powerful of all processes by which a *status quo* can be altered—the methodical occupation of the country by another race; and the ideal of Japan is not the independence and integrity of Korea, but the permeation, the saturation, the acquisition of that territory. For the Mikado's subjects, as Count Hans von Koenigsmarck well expressed it (in a recent number of the German Asiatic Society's valuable new organ, *Asien*), "To have or not to have Korea is for Japan To Be or Not To Be." If the peninsula were in the hands of another Power, it would

threaten the island as imminently as a foreign occupation of Ireland would menace Great Britain. For centuries the Japanese have regarded the destinies of Korea as mysteriously knitted to their own. Since their expulsion from the mainland after the Treaty of Shimonoseki it has been the one primary object of their concentrated and desperate ambition—the key to whatever future may be beyond. It is the fortress of their independence; the easiest market for their trade; their granary for the deficiency of their harvests; the field of colonial emigration and enterprise for their surplus population; their Greater Japan. They are dotting the nearest coast of Korea with settlements. The Mikado's subjects are passing over the straits in a steady stream. They have the trade of the whole interior in their hands, and are saturating it with investments in every species of undertaking. They had already purchased from the American Syndicate the first Korean railway from Seoul to Chemulpo, and have just floated a company in Tokio which is to build an infinitely more important line from the capital to Fusan, the port upon the Straits which stands to Shimonoseki, though at a far longer remove, as Calais does to Dover.

The Anglo-Japanese Treaty will immensely accelerate the rate of "moral occupation," and will facilitate the final subversion of the Korean *status quo* in their own favour, which is the inevitable aim of Japanese policy. The decisive moment has come, and the statesmen of Tokio would be more than human if they did not strain every nerve during the next few years to make sure of their prize. Article I. of the Treaty entitles Japan to intervene in Korea if her political, commercial, or industrial interests are "threatened," whether by external aggression or internal disturbances. There is an extraordinary latitude in this provision. Though nothing is said about suzerainty in the preamble and even independence is mentioned, what the first Article does, so far as we are concerned, is to recognise Korea as the Transvaal of Japan. The Court of Seoul is inclined to fear the Mikado more than the Muscovite, and disputes will not be avoided as the uitlanders become more numerous and powerful. We have seen recent instances. The ineffectual potentate forbade cables to be landed. Japan ignored the prohibition, and established the communications. The Emperor sought to close the ports against shipments of rice to meet the scarcity in Japan. The latter forced the removal of the embargo. This, it will be seen, was a serious question. There can be no reasonable doubt that endless elements of complication exist; that Japan, and Japan alone, must be the judge of the circumstances making intervention necessary; that she can force the issue at almost any moment; that it is precisely one of the situations in which the guns are most apt to go off of themselves, and that we have henceforth no real control over the course of fate in the Far East. No treaty was ever made upon a more explosive basis, and we

can only indulge the pious hope that the match may be withheld, and that sparks may fail to light. But what we must be prepared for is to see Japanese commercial enterprise and political energy developing something like an incandescent activity in Korea.

In China, on the other hand, it is exceptionally useless to attempt any speculation as to the effect of the Treaty. It is designed to provide against external aggression or internal disorders. The cases will depend upon the circumstances, and no data exist, as in the instance of Korea, upon which any good judgment of the trend of events can be formed. If there were another Boxer outbreak the Powers would either be united against it, as if the Anglo-Japanese Alliance were not in being, or a line of cleavage would open upon immediate interests, precisely as it would do whether Lord Lansdowne and Baron Hayashi had signed the Treaty or not. Reform may be vigorously undertaken under Japanese supervision throughout China. But a very different contingency cannot be left out of account. The agreement, stimulating Japanese progress in Korea upon the one side, may hopelessly confirm the spirit of stagnation in the Middle Kingdom.¹ Necessity has hitherto seemed likely to be the only mother of reform. To relieve the Chinese from the fear of losing their integrity may prove the worst of all ways of trying to preserve it, and Prince Ching's lofty refusal, upon learning of the new alliance, to hold any further discussion upon the unhappy Manchurian agreement with M. Lessar, suggests reflections not wholly reassuring. There is something like celestial irony, in more than one sense, in the incidental fact that America regards Lord Lansdowne's treaty as guaranteeing the open door for *her* trade, and as ensuring the United States at least an equal share with England in any commercial advantage that may accrue from the alliance, without the slightest participation in its risks.

But the probabilities are far less of any measurable effect from the Treaty upon the fate of China—which will be determined by nothing but the psychological mystery, whatever it may be, working at the bottom of the minds of the Chinese themselves—than of a profound reaction upon our Imperial policy far nearer home. Lord Lansdowne expressly declares that the engagement, as Prince Ching appears promptly to have assumed, applies to Manchuria. There is a large school of politicians in Japan who believe that Russia ought not only to be barred out of Korea but should be ousted from the Tartar provinces. There is no guarantee that this view may not be forced upon the Mikado's Ministers before the expiration of the Treaty in its present form. If Lord Lansdowne were led to enter upon a policy of pin-pricks against Russia in Manchuria nothing could be more wantonly mischievous. We can only trust that there was some glimmer of reality in Mr. Balfour's assurance that

(1) "China," says a Tientsin paper, "may now relapse into her 'ancestral calm!'"

there was "nothing dearer to the heart" of His Majesty's Government than the improvement of its relations with the Tsar's. Russia's title to be in Manchuria is as irregular but real as ours to be in Egypt. If she requires a permanent argument for remaining there she will simply have to make an easy adaptation of the words in which the High Contracting parties to the Anglo-Japanese Treaty contemplate intervention for the protection of their special interests against foreign aggression or internal disorder. An excuse for the latter plea is never likely to be wanting, and Russia, again by the truly "Celestial ironies," may choose, if she likes, to regard Anglo-Japanese policy as the unreasonable aggression upon her special interests which would justify her in maintaining the occupation of Manchuria upon Anglo-Japanese principles.

If war is avoided, then the only definite results clearly to be expected from the Treaty are two. Russia will not be dislodged from Manchuria: Japan will be established in Korea. Let us be sure that we grasp the significance of the latter fact in thinking out the reflex action of Lord Lansdowne's alliance. In possession of both sides of the Straits between her islands and the mainland, Japan cuts the communications by sea between Vladivostok and Port Arthur. This alone would place the Tsar's navy in the Far East at a hopeless disadvantage in the struggle for sea-power against Japan. But it would not be all. The warm-water terminus of the Siberian railway would always be at the mercy of a naval and military Power established in Korea, able to blockade the terminus, to stop all ocean traffic in connection with the railway, and to cut the exposed line at any time unless it were permanently defended by something like Lord Kitchener's block-house system. The strategical value of Port Arthur would be sterilised; the results of the ruthless *coup* after the treaty of Shimonoeki would be neutralised. In Persia Lord Lansdowne has warned all whom it may concern that there can be no compromise upon the question of exit to the Persian Gulf. The precious settlement to which a conciliatory British Government might be brought to consent in the Shah's dominions would be one by which Russia would have the northern part of Persia, while our own share of the partitioned territory would form a new barrier between the inland empire and the sea. Upon this absurd scheme we should control Russia's central outlet even more completely than Japan would dominate her arteries in the extreme East. In the Near East it looks more and more as if we had too surely done the work we have half repented. Russia is further from Constantinople than she has been for a century and a quarter. She fears to risk war upon the modern scale with her present resources, more inadequate by comparison with those of her neighbours than they have ever been before since Peter the Great. Defeat in a premature struggle might mean the loss of the prize for ever. Yet, if the present process con-

tinue, and peace be maintained for another couple of decades, the results can only bring about a similar disaster in a more gradual way. All across the Ottoman Empire the economic influence of Germany will be entrenched, and the conditions under which Constantinople seemed bound at one time to drop into Muscovite hands, like a ripe pear, will have passed away. When the Kaiser's naval programme is complete, the Baltic also will be under the absolute control of Germany.

Thus, in consequence either of past or of present British policy, the empire of the Tsars, if Lord Lansdowne's principles should prevail, would be commanded at its East-Asiatic exit by Japan, excluded from the Persian Gulf by England, and supplanted on the Bosphorus by Germany. A more demented attempt than that to which we are committing ourselves was never embraced by dull imaginations. Do we suppose that Russia will be easily penned in, blocked, and dominated all round in this fashion, and that she will not set herself to devise ways of breaking out. The alliance of France is insufficient for that purpose against England and Japan. The support of one other Power would be indispensable. That power is Germany, and its support is to be had for a price. An outlet through Manchuria at least cannot be supposed to threaten India, and if we cannot make willing room for Russia there we can make room nowhere. Concession in the Persian Gulf means possession in the North Sea. Lord Lansdowne's *status quo* principles could only end in realising German dreams and placing the Russian and French navies at the disposal of German ambition. If England is to be recognised, for what she is made to appear in the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, as the secular enemy all round, Russia will accept the logic of that fact, and will be driven to compromise at any cost with Germany. Lord Lansdowne's policy tends to bring that junction for the first time into the field not of possibility but of probability. It works straight towards crystallising the Continent against us. Lord Lansdowne, in the new alliance, contemplates a coalition. It will not come until the German fleet is ready, and when it comes it will be more formidable than he contemplates. If the three great European Powers are to throw in their lot together they will command immeasurable military forces, they will have the interior lines of two continents at their disposal, they will be able to agree upon the retrenchment of their armies in order to develop their fleets; and they will be able to shut out our trade in case of conflict. Against a Continental coalition even the victory of our fleets would not prevent the ruin of our commercial supremacy. The statesmanship which is leaving Russia no hope but in a German alliance from which her every instinct and interest would otherwise recoil, is a statesmanship which may end by saving the island-kingdom in the Japanese seas and endangering our existence in our own.

ZETA.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF GREATER BRITAIN.

COMMENTING the other day on the new Anglo-Japanese Alliance, a French paper said: "What seems to invest this diplomatic event with a sort of universal importance is that it has come to pass at a moment when the whole framework of the international *status quo* is cracking and trembling."¹ Among the hundreds of more or less banal reflections to which the Treaty has given rise this has struck me as by far the most thoughtful and suggestive. It is refreshingly free from those optional and water-tight-compartment views of international statecraft which characterise the political science of the great majority of modern newspaper writers, inasmuch as it envisages, profoundly and instructively, those underlying and far-reaching natural origins of international policy without a full comprehension of which it is hopeless to attempt to appraise any of its local manifestations.

It is not my purpose in this paper to discuss exhaustively the relation of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance to what Prince Bismarck would have called the "atmospheric conditions" by which it has been precipitated, though I shall have something to say briefly on that point before I conclude. For the moment I shall mainly confine myself to a consideration of the "cracking and trembling" of the international *status quo*, now everywhere so apparent, the marked *malaise* it has produced in this country, and the remedies which have been proposed so far as British foreign policy is concerned.

For some years past the instability of the international situation has been obviously growing. The sense of security which the Triple Alliance first gave to Europe, and which was consolidated by the formation of its Dual rival has disappeared. Fresh areas of conflict have been opened up, with the result that the Triple Alliance is now tottering, and new combinations of the Powers are on the lips of every political observer. It is clear that some far-reaching change has taken place, not merely in the essential as distinct from the formal relations of the Powers, but in the historic forces by which those relations are governed and modified. What is this change? The question is not a difficult one to answer. During the last twenty years a new epoch has opened in the world's history, and if the world itself has not fully grasped its true character, and especially its practical bearing on the formal relations of the Powers, it is because it has been brought about without any of those violent cataclysms which have hitherto signalised the dawn of new political eras. The Treaty of 1815 and the Quadruple Alliance marked the triumph of

(1) *Temps*, February 14, 1902.

Legitimacy in Europe. They disappeared before the Democratic upheavals of 1830 and 1848, and the Nationalist victories of 1870. What the Quadruple Alliance was to the Legitimacy of 1815, the Triple Alliance has been to the Democratic Nationalism of 1870. It is now, in its turn, disappearing before the predominance of economic forces. More fortunate than its Quadruple analogue, the Triple Alliance nursed the interests it was designed to guard until their serious imperilment became almost unthinkable. The result was a peace which gave the fullest scope to industrial development, and which consequently produced great accumulations of capital for which fresh outlets became necessary. Thus the national idea became transcended by economic interest in all national policy, and the Economic era took the place of the Democratic. The "cracking and trembling" in the international situation which we are now witnessing is, then, the bursting of the bonds of an obsolete diplomatic framework by a new political epoch. The nations require for their predominant economic interests a fresh definition of international relationships, perhaps a new set of combinations.

If once this idea is firmly grasped, it will be found that it affords the key not only to the crumbling of the Continental alliances, which are usually regarded as the sum of what is called the international situation, but also to the flustered perplexity with which, for some years past, the English people have watched the management of their foreign affairs. It is, indeed, in Great Britain, and not on the Continent, that the changes brought about by the new epoch in European affairs have been most severely felt. The economic strivings of the Powers have led them into regions which she had accustomed herself to regard as her own, and she has found herself in perpetual conflict where formerly her activities met with no serious obstacle. During the whole of this period she has practised a policy of virtual isolation, tempered by informal predilections. This was at first not so much the fruit of a deliberate political conviction as a convenience. Up to 1880 her predominant interests lay in fields where no one crossed her Imperial path, and consequently permanent alliances would only have engaged her responsibility in questions in which she had little direct interest. Her European predilections, which sometimes materialised into temporary alliances—as in the alliance with France in 1855—or into informal assurances of support in certain specified contingencies—as in the pledges given to Italy in 1887, 1889, and 1891—were exclusively governed by such colonial interests as the freedom of the Mediterranean and the integrity of Asiatic Turkey. Thus, until 1882, she acted with France, but after that year the Egyptian question and the French alliance with Russia threw her into the arms of Germany. This system has proved infinitely less adequate to the purposes of Great Britain in the new economic era

than the alliance policies of her rivals, because in the first place the over-sea enterprises of all the Powers were directed towards markets where she had previously enjoyed a virtual monopoly, and consequently there was a certain identity of interest among them which could not extend to herself, and in the second place her strictly European *entente* with Germany left that Power free to compete with her outside Europe, a privilege of which she availed herself with exceptional strenuousness and unamiability. In 1898 Great Britain came to a final agreement with Germany in Africa, but in Asia and the rest of the world her rivalry remained, and it is now the most formidable commercial and colonial competition with which this country has to grapple.

Year by year the dissatisfaction to which this state of things has given rise in England has been increasing in intensity. Each conflict over a neutral market or a derelict island has added something to the popular irritation, and each "graceful concession"—which not infrequently took the form of giving up what was not ours to give—has helped to produce an impression that there was something radically wrong with our foreign policy. Gradually Germany became the scapegoat of our ill-humour. The man in the street who has only vague notions of the scope of an *entente cordiale* became angrily perplexed by a friendship which seemed to manifest itself only in friction. The famous Kruger telegram and the equivocal policy of the Kaiser in China, at length convinced him that Germany was in reality our evil genius. Our political predilection for her was denounced as a mistake, and when the anxieties of the Boer War became complicated by a strong Anglophobe outburst in the Fatherland people began to set themselves earnestly to the study of a new British foreign policy. Some of the results of this study have lately been given in the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* in the shape of definite proposals for transforming our relations with the Continental Powers.

Now there can be no question that at several of the early stages of this movement it was amply justified. The conditions of the new economic era were not adequately met by our old methods. German policy towards us had not been without an element of perfidy, and the insincerity of the Kaiser and the flippant insolence of the "imitation Bismarck" who acts as his political factotum warranted a strong measure of resentment on our part. But between this and the new scheme for reconstructing our foreign policy there is a wide gulf fixed. It was not sufficient for the sponsors of this scheme to point out that our interests were suffering and that some means should be devised for protecting them more adequately, but it was insisted that dangers of the most melodramatic kind were threatening our whole Empire, and that at all hazards we should recognise in Germany an irreconcilable and dangerous foe, and purchase the assistance of another great Power to hold her in check.

This scheme has been propounded in articles of such remarkable power and brilliancy,¹ that its inherent extravagance has not been perceived. Indeed it has *fait école* on quite a large scale, even such level-headed organs of public opinion as *The Times* and *The Spectator* allowing themselves to be impressed by it. Let us see what it amounts to. In the first place take the *exposé des motifs*. A more lurid picture it would be difficult to conjure up. Germany, we are told, is a sort of fully-charged volcano brimful of men of preternatural energy and ambition. She must expand politically, whether she like it or not, and all obstacles in her path will be swept away by the force and matchless genius of her overwhelming numbers and the irresistible law of her existence. There are two avenues of expansion open to her. One is by way of Austria and Asia Minor to the Persian Gulf; the other is by sea across the British Empire. Which will she take? Her fate is determined by her political psychology. She hates England with a hatred profound, absorbing, and ineradicable. Consequently she will expand at the expense of the British Empire. When the Kaiser says "Our future lies upon the water," he is only oracularly foreshadowing the exploits of a naval Attila who will plant the German Eagle where the Union Jack now flutters complacently before the never-setting sun. And how will she accomplish all this? Here, again, facts speak for themselves. Only an infatuated world can have failed to recognise the true significance of German naval activity. What can she want with ships unless it be to serve her conquering destiny under the guidance of her Anglophobe instinct? It is known that she is maturing plans for an invasion of England, for pamphleteers have actually discussed the matter in print. But will she wait until she is so supreme both on land and sea that she will be able to gobble us up without fear for the safety of her frontiers? Not at all. This elementary objection has not escaped the Machiavellian intelligence of Berlin. In the present circumstances of the world a conflict between Great Britain and the Dual Alliance is certain. When that conflict takes place Germany will be able to turn the balance of naval power against us, and Russia and France will consequently appeal to her for assistance. This will be the psychological moment of her destiny. She will romp in and then—*Finis omnium Britanniarum!*

Now for the remedy. If we carefully consider the details of the German plot we cannot fail to perceive that it has one conspicuous weakness—only one. In order to succeed within a measurable period of time it requires assistance. Germany counts on an Anglo-

(1) I am of course referring to the articles signed "Calchas" which have appeared in these pages at intervals since August, 1900. A good summary of them will be found in the *Fortnightly Review* for December, 1901, "The Crisis with Germany and its Results."

Russian quarrel. Obviously, then, we must avoid such a quarrel, and not only avoid it but substitute for our present relations of aloofness with Russia a close, friendly, and trustful alliance. How can we propitiate her? Let us see what would please her. She also has an itching for expansion. An inexorable law drives her to seek the sea, and hitherto we have stood in her way. We must mend our manners; we must help her to the fulfilment of her destiny. India she does not want. There are difficulties about the Mediterranean and Manchuria. Happily Persia remains. Let us, then, give her Persia. It does not belong to us, and Russia would be eternally grateful for the gift. Thus, clearly, we should be saved. Germany would have to bottle up her uncontrollable volcano somehow or other, and Russia and England, thenceforth in idyllic amity, would watch over the peace of a contented world.

This, then, is the new scheme of British foreign policy which is to enable this country to meet the exigencies of the new epoch. I have, I am afraid, dealt with it somewhat summarily, but I believe I have quite accurately rendered its main lines. One point, however, I have forgotten to mention. Lest there should be any misconception of the absolutely serious spirit in which this scheme is propounded, we are assured over and over again that it owes nothing to the emotions of its author, that it is strictly objective, scrupulously practical—in short, a large piece of *Real-politik* designed to rescue us from the fool's paradise of sentiment in which hitherto we have conceived all our diplomatic plans.

Now let me say at once that, while admitting all the inadequacy of our present foreign policy, I have not the ghost of a belief in the reality of the perils described by the author of this scheme, and no confidence whatever in the practicability of the remedy he proposes. At the same time I should be sorry—having undertaken to discuss it—to meet it in anything but a serious and respectful spirit, more especially as it has made a visible impression on a not inconsiderable section of the public by whom it has been taken at the full moral value set upon it by its author. My objections extend to almost every point urged in the scheme, and these I will now endeavour to set forth.

In the first place let me ask what is really German foreign policy, and what are the factors by which it is governed? I quite agree that all foreign policy, as, indeed, all politics, must be largely moulded by national forces beyond the discretionary control of individual statesmen; but where is the evidence that German foreign policy has any such unity or aim as that now ascribed to it? So far from that being the case, I believe that the direction of German foreign policy is largely at the mercy of discordant influences, that consequently it is essentially opportunist, but that still in the main it is and must

be friendly to England. Before the dawn of *Weltpolitik*, and when nationalist fears in Europe still outweighed national economic interests, there was a certain consistency about German policy. The safety of the frontier was the one object to be kept steadily in view, and for this purpose it was sufficient to combine in an alliance the three imperilled nationalities, Germany, Italy, and Austria, and to isolate France by a see-saw method of humouring Russia and England. After the fall of Prince Bismarck, however, the problem became more complex. In 1890 the supremacy of the economic factor had disclosed itself by the overwhelming defeat of the Government's Protectionist and Reactionary policy. The new Chancellor swiftly recognised the signs of the times, and sought to govern with the people. A Liberal policy was introduced; the equivocal diplomatic methods by which Great Britain and Russia had previously been managed were abandoned; the Triple Alliance was refounded on a system of commercial treaties which, while giving its members economic interests in common, opened new markets for German industry, and finally the safety of Germany at sea was assured by a frank understanding with Great Britain. This revolution, however, came too late. The Liberals and Socialists wanted more than Count Caprivi could give them, and the only effect of his policy was to strengthen the parties of social disorder and the opponents of military efficiency. The 1893 elections, which brought back the Social Democrats to the Reichstag forty-four strong, and with the largest poll in the Empire, alarmed the Kaiser. Count Caprivi fell, and the Emperor set himself to the task of preserving the Empire by rallying round him all the factions which could be depended upon to combat the Socialists.

With this reversal of domestic policy came a change of foreign orientation. Among the new government parties was a strong Anglophobic element, and accordingly the Emperor, feeling all the difficulty of maintaining permanently cordial relations with Great Britain, cast about for a substitute. Now it is interesting to note that he did not turn to Russia, and for very good and sufficient reason. The object of the English *entente* had always been to obtain a counterbalance to Russian aggression, and if another Power was to be selected, it could only be one which, by its friendship, might prove at least a moderating influence at St. Petersburg. In these circumstances the Emperor conceived the daring idea of establishing a close identity of interests with France on the more or less avowed basis of hostility to England. In this conception, be it observed, there was no dominating element of territorial ambition. It was a piece of defensive *Realpolitik* dictated exclusively by the necessity of assuring the support of some of the political factions which had to be relied upon to combat the Socialists, and preserve the national defences.

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Probably, in the first instance, it was suggested by the blunder of the Rosebery Cabinet in negotiating the Congo Treaty of 1894, which had been one of the disappointments of the Caprivi *Neue Kurs*, and had already brought France and Germany together on the Anglo-phobe field. However that may be, M. Hanotaux, who was then in charge of the Quai d'Orsay, reciprocated the German advances with enthusiasm, and it seems to have been due to them that he accepted the plan of the Fashoda expedition which was submitted to him by Captain Marchand in September, 1894. The co-operation of Germany with France and Russia in the Shimonoseki intervention in May, 1895, and the participation of French ships in the Kiel fêtes in the following month, marked two important stages in the *rapprochement*. Early in 1896 the opportunity came for clinching it permanently. The Jameson Raid occurred; Continental Anglophobia burst into flame, and the German Emperor, after dispatching his famous telegram to President Kruger, turned to France for support against England. Unfortunately for him one of those Cabinet crises which always happen at inconvenient moments in France had just taken place, and M. Hanotaux was no longer in power. The new Minister proved unresponsive; the whole scheme fizzled, and the Kaiser had to scramble out of his difficulty as best he could. He did so, partly by protesting to Downing Street that he had only been animated by an overpowering respect for international law, and partly by a personal letter to Queen Victoria in which he assured her that he had never contemplated any action unfriendly to Great Britain, and that he had been amazed and pained by the interpretation placed upon his action both in England and Germany. How far these assurances were to be trusted is shown by the little-known sequel. In the following April M. Hanotaux was again in office, and the old relations were resumed. Once more, however, the Kaiser's hopes were doomed to disappointment. In June, 1898, Portugal, fearing a quarrel with Great Britain over the award of the Delagoa Bay Arbitration Tribunal, approached Germany with an application for her protection, and suggested a treaty by which a right of pre-emption to all the Portuguese colonies in Africa should be acquired by her on certain terms. The German Government at once instructed Count Münster to acquaint M. Hanotaux with the proposal, and to solicit the co-operation of France. A few days afterwards, however, the French Cabinet fell, and the new Premier and Foreign Minister, M. Brisson and M. Delcassé, declined to have anything to do with a scheme which was obviously calculated to prejudice French hopes on the eastern frontier, and to embroil France with England, with whom she had no serious cause for quarrel. The Kaiser thereupon retraced his steps for the last time. The fears and embarrassments of Portugal were confided to the

British Cabinet, conjoint action was suggested, and ultimately the Anglo-German-Portuguese Secret Treaty, which virtually established a far-reaching Anglo-German alliance in Africa, was concluded.

I have dwelt on this experiment in German foreign policy at some length because, although it affords a disagreeable picture of the unscrupulousness and insincerity of the German Government, it illustrates very strikingly how imperative are the practical motives which make for co-operative relations between Great Britain and Germany. Those motives belong exclusively to the domain of *Real-politik*. Germany is friendly to us because she can obtain no other counter-balance to Russia outside the Triple Alliance. She cannot help herself. Her only alternative is a durable French understanding, and that has proved illusory. Her duty has been made manifest to her not only by the fiascoes of 1896 to 1898, but still more emphatically by the remarkable illustrations of the vitality of the *revanche* idea, which were disclosed in France on the occasion of the Hague Peace Conference.

But I shall no doubt be asked, Why should not Germany come to terms with Russia direct, and how is it that, if she is so anxious for friendly relations with England, she does not cultivate them more assiduously in Asia? The answer is very simple: Germany is anxious for an understanding with Russia, but, in the first place, it must be an understanding which will not prejudice her colonial and commercial aims in Asia, and, in the second place, it must not be of a character to wholly alienate Great Britain from her, since in that event it would tend to make her dependent on the will and caprice of the Dual Alliance. Prince Bismarck's plan for the conciliation of Russia was partly embodied in his Secret Neutrality Treaty, by which he led her to believe that in case of her being involved in war he would leave her a free hand, and partly in a policy of studious abstention from interference in Russian spheres of influence and expectant influence. Neither of these courses is now open to the German Government. The Secret Neutrality Treaty came to an end with the fall of Prince Bismarck, and its resurrection has been rendered impossible by the Franco-Russian Alliance. Abstention from Russian spheres of expectant influence is equally impossible. With the scramble for Asia in full swing Germany dare not stand aloof, because her need of colonial markets is greater than that of any other Continental Power, and because the Parliamentary factions, on which the Government relies in its fight with Socialism, consist largely of Jingoes and *Kolonial-Menschen*, who insist on a forward policy in Asia. There is, moreover, the Roman Catholic Centre, which has to be conciliated and which would have no hesitation in acquiescing in the French claims to protect Roman Catholic missionaries in Asia if their own Government refused to support and make use of these valuable

agents of over-sea expansion. In these circumstances Germany is playing a bold and skilful, though as usual an unscrupulous, game. She profits by Anglo-Russian differences, which she deftly foment, to secure the footholds in Asia which are necessary to her, and at the same time by ostentatiously taking Russia's part, or by observing a judiciously friendly neutrality towards her in conflicts of Russian and British interests, she forces Russia to acquiesce in her intrusions. Her final object, no doubt, is to secure a permanent understanding with Russia in Asia, similar in its scope to that which she possesses with Great Britain in Africa. So far, however, she has nothing of the kind, and it is tolerably certain that she will never obtain one.

Such, then, is German foreign policy to-day. I do not see in it any traces of the melodramatic forces by which it is supposed to be controlled and directed, nor can I detect in it any elements of an overmastering Anglophobia. It is unscrupulous, practical, opportunist, and in a large measure *mesquine*, but just because it is all this it is all the more necessarily Anglophile within certain definite but by no means contemptible limits. Broadly speaking German policy is Anglophile in Africa and Russophile in Asia and Anglophile or Russophile everywhere else according to the orientation of the Jumping Cat.

But what about the pent-up expansive force of Germanism; what about the bitter and ineradicable hatred of England which possesses the Fatherland, the significant German naval preparations, the Coalition risks? Is it not possible that whatever German policy may be now, it will develop on these lines in the time to come? No, I do not believe it will; more, I do not think that any sensible person who considers the point for one dispassionate moment will experience a single second's uneasiness afterwards.

I am not quite sure that I understand what is meant by the expansive force of the German people, but whatever it is I know that it cannot operate in the manner suggested. Two lines of expansion, we are told, are open to Germany, one landward at the expense of Austria and Russia (that is Russian interests in Turkey), the other seaward at the expense of Great and Greater Britain. The alternatives here laid down are the measure of the extravagance of both. It is to be assumed that if German sentiment were Anglophile instead of Anglophobe, her expansion south-eastward across Europe would be just as "inevitable" as her seaward expansion is now held to be. Now what would this mean? Let us take the first stage—the absorption of Austria. This would come about either by a friendly transaction with Russia, or it would be a conquering excursion against all odds. On the question of a partition of Austria the last word was long ago said by Prince Bismarck, and credulous people who are deluded by theories like those of M. Cheradame would do well to refresh themselves with the

Iron Chancellor's pregnant words.¹ A partition of Austria on racial lines—and it could be on no other—would be an unmitigated disaster for Germany. In the first place it would mean the subjugation of German Protestantism; then it would mean the permanent hatred of Italy, for the possession of Vienna would be useless without Trieste; thirdly, it would lead to the establishment of a hostile Hungarian Republic on the German south-eastern frontier, in perpetual league with a hostile Italy on the south-west; fourthly, it would give Bohemia to Russia, and with Bohemia would go all the head-waters of the rivers which fertilise Germany. Would any German statesman adopt the Pan-German policy at this price? But suppose the German expansion took the form of a conquest of Austria-Hungary outright. Well, in such an enterprise Germany would have to meet Austria, Russia, and Italy for certain, and most probably France and Great Britain in addition. Are we to believe that the expansive force of the German people will ever be equal to such a struggle, and that, if it is, the conflict will be worth risking?

The theory of seaward expansion is not less illusory. Here no suggestion is made that Germany would undertake the task single-handed, but this apparently moderate concession only adds to the impracticability of the scheme. It would not, perhaps, be so difficult as the landward expedition, but at any rate it would involve a long and devastating war, which would be as ruinous to the victors as to the vanquished. Would the result of the consequent partition be worth these sacrifices? Look closely at the booty. Canada, of course, would be beyond reach. Australia, too, would for certain place herself under the wing of the United States. India would of necessity fall to Russia. There would remain our African possessions and some of our island dependencies to be divided between France and Germany. This would scarcely be a satisfactory outlet for German expansion, at a cost say of £2,000,000,000 of direct expense besides an incalculable indirect loss.

The case against the inevitable expansion theory is, indeed, so overwhelming that—to my mind at least—it is scarcely necessary to consider the subsidiary contentions associated with it. Still it may be desirable to examine them briefly. The ineradicable and universal Anglophobia of the German people is little more than a prodigious bogey. The present hostile spirit in regard to us which prevails in Germany is the product of a factitious combination of otherwise irreconcilable sections of her population on a basis of studied and deliberate misrepresentation. The normally Anglophobe Reactionaries have captured the Radicals and Socialists by preaching a humane aversion to British policy in South Africa which they themselves do not share. This is a state of things which cannot last.

(1) See Chaudordy: *La France en 1889*, pp. 256-258.

When the war is over, and the truth becomes known, the old divisions will reappear, and all anti-Reactionary factions will perforce become Anglophile again.¹ The naval scare is another pure hallucination. A nation which has a large sea-borne trade must have the means of protecting it and it is clear, from the difficulty the German Government has always experienced in getting its Naval Budgets adopted by the Reichstag, that the German people are determined, in spite of their overmastering Anglophobia, not to devote a kreuzer to the navy beyond the bare defensive needs of the Empire and its transmarine responsibilities. As for the coalition scheme, even were it possible, it would depend for its realisation on the readiness of Germany to give up Alsace-Lorraine to France, and to abandon all claims to territorial expansion in Asia Minor to Russia. If she declined to do this there could never be a coalition. Indeed, a coalition against Germany is, on the elements of this fantastic problem, far more likely.

I turn now to the suggested understanding with Russia. On this point I shall be brief, as the question is scarcely worth considering if my contentions that the German peril does not exist, and that, on the contrary, Germany is a reliable, if restricted, element of strength to us, are well founded. The suggestion, however, may stand by itself as a scheme—always desirable—of reconciliation with Russia, and from that point of view it will be useful to examine it. What is proposed, is that we should give Russia a free hand in Persia, and it is alleged that this would finally dispose of all Russia's animosity towards Great Britain. Well, I cannot say whether it would or not, but of one thing I am certain: the transaction is contrary to all diplomatic precedent, and the anticipation of its moral and political effects is based on a surprisingly naïve and ideal conception of human nature. It is what Prince Bismarck once contemptuously called "a policy of *pourboires*," the effects of which he described as "to increase the greed of our friends and teach them to reckon on our anxieties and necessities."² I have a very high opinion of Russia, but I do not believe her statesmen are overpowered by the Quixotic instinct, and I doubt whether they would prove superior to the temptations enumerated by Prince Bismarck. As a matter of fact, alliances are not constructed in this way. They belong to the political nature of things; they are not the exclusive product of bargaining; and they are in the main independent of statesmanly volition. Alliances arise from a solid and obvious community of interests or dangers, and, as a rule, they are only consummated when, after a long consociation, some event or some

(1) For a fuller discussion of this question see "The Verdict of History," by the present writer, in the *Fortnightly Review* for August, 1901.

(2) *Reflections and Reminiscences*, vol. ii., p. 287.

tendency of events awakens the sense of political affinity and precipitates the formal bond. A durable alliance with Russia can only be constructed in this way.

But a more practical question is, Does Russia want us? Would any overtures from us be welcomed by her? It is of course easy to argue that our goodwill would be valuable to her, as hers would be to us, and that in Asia is a wide field for a fruitful partnership between the two greatest Asiatic Powers. All these contentions are however elaborated in vain if Russia refuses to be convinced by them, and I am afraid it must be admitted that Russia does not believe in them. Since 1880 she has had plenty of opportunities of coming to an understanding with us if she desired it. She has seen in turn the party of the Crimean War and the party of the Berlin Congress converted to the Russophile gospel. She has heard Mr. Gladstone apostrophise the Tsar as "the Divine Figure from the North" and Lord Salisbury confess that in 1856 we "backed the wrong horse." Has all this at any moment modified her attitude towards us? The answer to Mr. Gladstone's panegyrics was *Penj-deh*; the response to Lord Salisbury's *pourboire* in Manchuria was an immediate and defiant evasion of the terms on which it had been granted. Even the recent overtures put forth in these pages as a means of conjuring the German peril have been coldly and even derisively received by a Press which holds as an article of faith that the Teuton is the natural enemy of the Slav. The truth is that while there are many earnest men and women in Russia who dream of and agitate for an Anglo-Russian Alliance, not only in the interests of the two Powers but for the promotion of the higher well-being of Asia and the consolidation of the peace of the world, the Russians who count are intensely Anglophobe. Mr. Henry Norman, M.P., referred in the House of Commons the other day to the friendly attitude maintained by Russia towards this country since the outbreak of the Boer War. Has he ever heard of Count Muravieff's attempt to organise a European intervention in South Africa, or of General Vannovsky's military demonstration towards Herat, or of the appointment of so notorious an Anglophobe as General Kuropatkine to the Ministry of War, or of the bargain for the control of the Persian Customs which, when attempted by Baron de Reuter in 1872, was denounced by Prince Gortchakoff as an infringement of the Anglo-Russian *entente amicale* in regard to Persia of 1834? All these things have happened since the Boer War began, and their significance is unmistakable. We are told, too, that it is melodramatic to believe that Russia covets India, but as a matter of fact the aspiration lives in a good many Russian hearts, and it has only recently been avowed and championed in the Russian Press. For myself I do not regard it as within the calculations of practical statesmen, but it is surely just as likely as the delirious schemes which are attri-

buted to the German expansionists. No; Russia, I am afraid, is for all practical purposes against us, and the idea of an understanding with her is hopeless. I shall always regard such a *rapprochement* as highly desirable, and I shall never cease to advocate any reasonable concessions which may help to keep the road to it open, but I cannot delude myself to the extent of recognising it as within the present limits of the field of practical politics. On the other hand I do not believe that essentially Russia is any better disposed towards Germany. She will make use of both of us in Asia, but she will not tie herself to either. She has the great gift of illimitable patience, the fatalism which believes in the day of reckoning. When she strikes she will strike for all she wants, and she will not prejudice her chances by any premature bargain.

It results, then, from what I have said, that while I fully recognise the inadequacy of our present—perhaps I should say our late—foreign policy to meet all our needs in the great era of colonial and economic competition which has dawned upon the world, I do not see any practical alternative in the anti-German and pro-Russian policy recently advocated in these pages. Indeed, I regard that policy as dangerous, inasmuch as it proposes to give up an *entente* which, though limited in scope, is still of value to us, on the chance of winning another ally, who obviously does not want us, and will never be of any use to us.

What, then, do you propose? I may be asked. What in your view should be the foreign policy of Greater Britain? The subject is too vast a one to be treated at the far end of a paper, and I will content myself with saying that the new departure of the Government, which has been marked by the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, is, to my mind, a step in the right direction. It is a bold, original, and unsentimental contribution to the reconstruction of the international *status quo* in accordance with the conditions of the new world-struggle. It is essentially an Imperial and economic innovation, for it relates to strategic and commercial interests situated in a remote ocean, which are shared with us by such great colonies as Canada and Australia. It recognises, too, that our isolation in the present condition of the world not only makes for our impotence, but jeopardises the general peace by depriving the international situation of the high guarantee of an equilibrium of forces. If we continue to travel on these lines our world-interests will soon cease to be a source of anxiety and a stimulant of nightmare.

DIPLOMATICUS.

"THE UNKNOWN GOD"?

An attempt to seek, by a carefully made induction from available data, some certain assurance respecting the influence which the "Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed" has exercised on Man throughout his long career on Earth.

"But amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the absolute certainty that he (the Astronomer) is ever in presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed."—HERBERT SPENCER, *Nineteenth Century Review*, Jan., 1884.

I.

I SUPPOSE there can be no doubt in the mind of any intelligent student of Nature, by which term is to be understood the numerous and multiform phenomena which any and every part of the Universe within his reach presents, that careful investigation inevitably leads to a conviction that all are subject to a uniform order and regularity in their varied operations. And this regularity is to be regarded as applying to all such phenomena, whether they be only mechanical movements of inert matter, or those more complicated forms of activity associated with what is termed—but not yet understood—as "Life"; either in the animal or vegetable world. For an example, let us consider that magnificent array which we call the "Heavens," concerning which it is well known that millions of stars are individually identified and registered by the astronomer, and that each is a central sun, more or less like our own, pursuing a rapid course, absolutely uniform and therefore calculable, so that its exact position in the sky can be predicted for any future minute of time, even (say) in the next century. No less ordered in its movement is each of the smaller orbs constituting our own solar system; the eclipse of one by the intervening passage of another, or, may be, only by a shadow cast upon it in its course, being predicable with like certainty years before the event occurs.

One more example, but from the no less wonderful and extensive world of the exceeding small. A competent observer may, on seeing attached to a certain leaf a minute ovum, be able infallibly to predict the future career of the animal which will emerge therefrom, its coming changes in size and form, the duration of its existence, and the fact that it will assuredly give rise to other beings like itself. Hundreds of like illustrations might be adduced, but the above amply suffice for the present purpose.

II.

Familiar with the apparently universal presence of a uniform order dominating the operations of all that is understood as Matter, roughly classed as organic and inorganic, it is almost impossible to conceive our observer capable of resisting a conviction that some marvellous source of Energy exists behind, or is immanent in, the "Universe," accepting this as an appropriate term by which to denote the sum-total of all the phenomena within our reach. And thus the idea is naturally and strongly suggested, that what he knows as ordered arrangement as exercised among men is manifested in Nature, but with a more complete and far greater certainty and stability of result in the latter case. For "Man" being himself, beyond all question, the most perfect example of intelligent activity known to man, must necessarily be the type or measure by which he can attempt to estimate any other manifest source of analogous activity, however infinitely greater than himself, and conceived by him as the paramount and ever-present origin or Cause of all Existence.

Let me then venture in pursuing this inquiry to suggest that the "Infinite and Eternal Energy" thus postulated as the productive source of all Natural phenomena may be regarded by man, notwithstanding his necessarily limited purview, as to a certain extent analogous—being dissimilar rather in the transcendent vastness of its scope, than in the mode—with that by which a human will is exercised. This being granted, I cannot but conclude that the unknown source may, and can only, be studied, with the view of acquiring any knowledge respecting its nature, by the single method or instrument which man has hitherto employed to acquire all the knowledge he has obtained during the long period of his existence in this world, viz., by the careful study of phenomena, and by collecting all data respecting them which are proved to be absolute facts. These being collated and carefully considered, may in time enable him to infer, with more or less certainty, the existence of manifest tendencies, denoting the possession of attributes or disposition manifested by the Unknown Power, and furnishing data capable of being appreciated or described as exercising a beneficial influence, or the reverse, on the Human Race; and also upon all lower forms of Animal Life.

III.

But perhaps it might here be urged, Why not avoid the circumlocution involved by referring to a possible Supreme Cause of all things in such terms as "Infinite and Eternal Energy," or the like, and adopt one of the brief words which have been in general use, as

"Jehovah," "Theos," "Jove," or "God"? I reply that they are avoided precisely because each of them has become so completely identified by long association of ideas with schemes of theological doctrine based on the alleged existence of personal appearances on the earth of the beings thus named, founded on ancient legends which have served without doubt as useful provisional working hypotheses during the early ages of man's history, but for the scientific inquirer, *i.e.*, the patient seeker after truth, are necessarily replaced by "less defined and more abstract terms. For, as we have seen, no human mind can entertain, much less express, any definite idea of the nature or attributes pertaining to the Source of all power, "Infinite and Eternal," without conveying at the same time the idea of a Being or Personality; man's conceptions being limited by his knowledge of the highest achievements of his own race. Hence the universal use of anthropomorphic symbols, and the necessary formation of inadequate corresponding ideas, respecting the vast, inscrutable, and unknown source and origin of all things; whence an "eidolon" results, no better than any of those which have been carved by the hands of every race in its early history, possessing none but the crudest legends derived from necessarily ignorant ancestry. And thus every man to-day who has imbibed any idea of a material semblance representing in his mind a personal "God," conditioned by terms expressive of human attributes, has but made an idol for himself. And no two such men can ever by any possibility make the same; each of these impressions or concepts must be that of the individual alone, and from the very nature of things no two can be alike.

To return then to the subject of our proposed inquiry: there is but one mode of prosecuting it to its farthest extent with the faculties which man at present possesses, *viz.*, the patient diligent examination of natural phenomena on a large scale. And let it be remarked here that by the phenomena of the Universe, or Nature, are to be understood not only those impressions on our senses which arise by contact with what is understood as the external world, but also those impressions which are derived from a study of what we know as our own consciousness—a distinction without a difference, retained in deference to popular habits of thought, since every acquisition of knowledge involves an act of consciousness.

In this way and by this alone can we be sure of attaining our object, at all events to some extent. It is impossible to comprehend the vastness and sublimity of the idea which the terms "illimitable space" and "endless time" express; although doubtless strictly applicable to the source of the Infinite and Eternal Energy, concerning the nature and tendencies of which we but crave, if possible, humbly to learn something more than heretofore, by the mode of inquiry already suggested. An object which beyond all others is, perhaps, the

sublimest and most attractive which our life and its surroundings can offer.

IV.

We will next consider the question—What has Man acquired during his long career by the so-called Supernatural revelations alleged to have been communicated to him by a supreme and all-powerful Deity?

Whatever he may have learned, "at sundry times and in divers manners," by means of "Divine Revelation," this fact at least must be universally admitted, viz., that the single object of all of them has been to inculcate Religious and Moral duties. The Religious duties have consisted chiefly in demanding constant and humble service to an Omnipotent Deity, one God, of whom, taking the words attributed to the Founder of Christianity as a command, he said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment" (Matthew c. xxii., v. 37, 38). A service the neglect of which, according to the tenets of Christianity, entails the severest punishment, not in the present but in a future and eternal Hell; while a never-ending life of supreme happiness is promised as the reward of faithful obedience.

The Moral obligations enforced, that is, the conduct of Man to his fellows, are signified and enunciated by impressive exhortations to charity and kindness to the poor and afflicted. The passage above quoted continues as follows: "And a second like unto it is this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" (Matthew c. xxii., v. 39). Then follow the significant words, so opposed to the oppressive ceremonial of the ancient Jewish usages then in force: "On these two commandments hangeth the whole law, and the prophets" (v. 40).¹

Subsequently Christianity, organised by the great Teacher's immediate followers, who were Greeks speaking and writing that language, took the form of the Greek or Eastern Church during the second century of our era. The doctrines of Christianity are still taught in that tongue throughout Russia, where it is the National Church to this day. From this source the Romish Church arose, and allying itself to the Imperial power the Bishop of Rome soon became the Pope, and an infallible head of the Catholic Church, requiring absolute obedience in all matters of faith and practice from her adherents. In our own country the Reformed or Protestant Religion is the National Church, and notwithstanding its evident and admitted defects, its inevitable division into numerous hostile sects, differing seriously respecting matters of belief, it has doubtless been

1) Revised Version used throughout.

in past ages well suited to the nations who have embraced it, and have been influenced thereby. Thus the establishment of public hospitals and other institutions for the care of the poor and afflicted are found among the European races who have adopted the religious faith which is identified chiefly with the young Jewish devotee whose history, although imperfectly known as to matters of detail, affords little ground for doubt that he taught his followers very little or no dogma, but simply the worship of One God, "His Father"—and "Theirs" also—the practice of kindness, truth, self-denial and of a simple and blameless life; and that he set them the example of going about doing good to others, even to their enemies.

And such charity and care for the suffering is held in all parts of the world to be the duty of Man, wherever he has become civilised, as we shall hereafter see. And let it be added here once and for all, that each of the varied forms of Religion which have appeared on earth, although claiming to be supernaturally revealed, must be regarded as the natural outcome of Man's own wants and feelings, the sense of his desire to recognise a Power above him—"One that is greater than I"—worthy to be worshipped; trusted for help in time of need, for justice when oppressed; One who might hear his prayers, and accept his sacrifice. All have been useful aids in his progress, and have arisen as the natural result of his own development.

A brief sketch of the chief religions which have thus arisen in the later ages of the world's history may follow here. That with which we in this country are necessarily most familiar, by no means the oldest in point of date, is believed to have originated among the ancient Semitic race, and was known as Judaism, still largely prevalent, but modified at a comparatively recent date, that adopted to mark our own era, A.D., by the out-growth and separation of an important and powerful religious organisation and creed, which has been already noticed, Christianity, now accepted by the greater part of Europe and its dependencies and by the United States of America. The most ancient of all known to us is the system of religious worship and rites of early Egypt, of which interesting records exist dating certainly to 5,000 B.C. After these should be named the religions of Babylonia and Assyria, which follow Egypt closely in respect of antiquity.¹ An ancient lawgiver in China, Confucius, who flourished about 550 B.C., was remarkable for his honest and upright rule, led a virtuous life, and had many disciples. He sought knowledge from every available source, and after death his acts and sayings were

(1) Babylonia.—Documentary history, in the form of inscriptions, exists respecting a race of kings who lived as early as 2200 B.C. There was an ancient hierarchy of Gods, each chief city having its own. A well-preserved bas-relief representing a God and his worshippers may be seen in the British Museum.

collected by them in several books, the chief of which is his *Code of Morals*, which contained among many other precepts the precise words of the Golden Rule of Christian Scripture. But he taught nothing respecting a God or religious worship. The ancient religion of the Persians, now that of the Parsees, was to a great extent founded by Zoroaster, who lived at least 800—900 years B.C., possibly earlier. Subsequently it became related in some degree with Sanskrit. Its ancient writings form "the Zend Avesta" or commentaries. One great and good creator was recognised ("Ormuzd"), regarded as dual at a later period, whose emblem was fire; and evil spirits headed by ("Ahriman"), the spirit of evil, opposed him. Numerous sacrifices and penances were enforced; strict purity of life was held essential in all the disciples of the faith. Somewhat later is the religion of Buddha, which possesses the largest number of followers of any religion in the world. Its origin dates from about 500 B.C., when its founder, a royal prince in Northern India (Prince Saddhartha) devoted himself to an ascetic life and contemplation, and to a study of the causes of things, regarding ignorance as the greatest evil. The records made by his adherents became sacred books, and the cult flourishes not only in India but throughout a large part of China. It suffices only to mention briefly the religious Hierarchies of ancient Greece and Rome, constituted by large groups of deities, some arising out of historic legends. The divinities so-called of Greece were especially represented as exhibiting all the follies and vices of humanity. Those of Rome were related rather with the needs of husbandry, or of the shepherd and his flocks—as well as those of the house and the family: hence the "Lares and Penates." For the former the Greek poets and satirists had little respect; while the philosophers derided the rites and ceremonies which were largely performed by the common people, but they inculcated the advantages of a good life as acceptable to the Gods.¹ Of any future state their views were at first indistinct, but gradually a belief was established in some system of future rewards and punishments after death. There were no sacred books, and any idea of an evil spirit or devil was unknown. More recent than Christianity was the advent of Mahomed (570-622 A.D.), in the divine origin of which its followers have the profoundest belief, adducing ample evidence thereof. It is more closely allied to Christianity than any other, since it recognises one supreme God as the "Only God," together with the claims of Moses and the Jewish prophets, even those of Jesus Christ himself, to have received Divine authority; thenceforth however to be superseded

(1) Socrates, born 469 B.C., concerned himself with Ethics, and taught that virtue is knowledge and vice is ignorance; Plato, born 427 B.C., was the master of Aristotle, born 384 B.C. Both taught that goodness and truth are among the highest virtues, although the latter differed in many other things from his master.

by the Prophet. To its later date may perhaps be attributed his wise laws and regulations, which are minutely recorded in the Koran, and contain numerous incentives to the constant practice of charity, mercy and kindness. Moreover he absolutely proscribed the use of all intoxicating liquors, and also of betting and gambling, two vices which are disastrously prominent in all Christian countries.

V.

I propose now to make a brief outline of the history of Man's long and painful progress, while slowly acquiring knowledge of the objects by which he has been surrounded, that is to say, of the numerous and varied conditions and influences to which the course of Nature has everywhere exposed him; and thus to demonstrate that he has attained his present position solely by his own unaided efforts. For as before stated (p. 396), it is certain that no record exists to show that any divine or supernatural revelation has ever afforded man aid or instruction in matters relating to his physical well-being, during the laborious course he has pursued throughout countless ages of tardy and difficult progress, from the earliest savage life to the present day. Every advance has taken place by the gradual improvement of his faculties through the development of a more complex brain through lower forms, until it has attained its present condition, with capability of increase in coming ages to an unknown extent.

Man at first acquired an activity of brain and nervous system not possessed by those of his progenitors, now termed "Anthropoid Apes." These had gradually assumed a more or less upright position for special purposes of the body, thus differentiating the four legs of a lower animal into upper and lower extremities, each employed for special and distinctive service. These large apes usually took shelter among the lofty branches of large forest trees, and lived chiefly on fruit and nuts, with now and then eggs and young birds. Like them, man probably at first used similar food, but in course of time added thereto the flesh of wild animals trapped in the forest and fish caught in the streams. Exposed to cold, wind, tempests, and inundations, he made himself clothes from the skins of the animals he learned to kill, and inhabited natural caverns which he probably excavated or improved for himself; at first, perhaps, by using for the purpose portions of the branches of trees blown down by the wind. Or of these he might also construct rude huts to protect himself and his young ones from the elements, and from the attacks of carnivorous foes of many kinds. He would soon learn to make long pointed stakes of hard wood, to be used as weapons for defence or to kill animals for food. Abundant evidence exists in many parts of the world that in prehistoric times flints were utilised as

cutting instruments for such and other purposes; at first being rudely broken into thin flakes so as to produce a sharp edge. These have been found in great quantity, some of them very skilfully made, in caverns and in other places of deposit. When the use of the bow as an instrument of propulsion for killing prey and in fighting had been discovered, it was rendered more efficient by tipping the arrows with sharp flint points as arrow-heads. From very large flints were also fashioned axes for cutting wood, &c., and for weapons. They were attached to wooden handles by a strip of hardened animal hide. Some of these flint instruments were ultimately made with serrated edges for use as saws.¹ The bones of small animals were utilised for making needles and other finely-pointed instruments.

The Flint Age was succeeded by the discovery of copper and by the use of bronze, of which weapons and utensils were thenceforth largely made, and used almost universally for several centuries; to be superseded by the discovery in modern times of iron, and its conversion into steel for appliances of all kinds as at present.

The process by which man acquired the first rudiments of the great faculty of speech must have been a very gradual one. The earliest attempts probably consisted in improving upon the rude sounds, and even musical notes, by which the lower animals expressed tender emotions to their mates, and approached the rival or the enemy with loud and angry cries, which signified displeasure or even a challenge to combat. Language of a primitive kind followed, and took the place of signs, as association with his fellows slowly improved by experience; while the growth of family ties, often apparent among some of the lower animals, became naturally more highly developed by man, and the aggregation of families on some fertile or sheltered spot gave rise to the formation of a small community. These increased in size, until the larger combination of a tribe resulted, leading to the adoption of customs gradually acquired to promote the common welfare. By this means the principle of sacrificing a certain portion of personal liberty by each individual, for the good of the "commonwealth," was gradually discovered to be a wise arrangement and to promote the happiness of all. Man became social in his habits, and—without knowing it—learned the first lesson not only in law, but in ethics, the value of self-denial for the good of all. And it is worthy of note that each tribe, in course of time, generally became provided with its local Deity, and with some rudimentary form of religious worship.

Thus, various languages naturally arose in different parts of the world. The common objects daily seen, by the members of each

(1) Some specimens very highly finished, with no less than 40 teeth to the inch, of very early date, have been recently found in Egypt; probably these were used for sacrificial purposes.

tribe or community, would be identified by a sound or word, suggested perhaps by the appearance of the object, and adopted in order to denote it. All the first words were therefore nouns; and by the same process their qualities came to be indicated, and adjectives were employed to describe them. Action had to be expressed, and verbs came into use; applicable to the past, present and future in respect of deeds. While articles and pronouns appeared, for obvious purposes, and so on. In this manner a spoken literature was formed, and was transmitted as "hearsay" from father to son, in the forms of tradition, story, proverb or song. Long after, written symbols were invented and the permanence of these traditions provided for. Much interesting light on man's early history has been obtained by modern scientific researches in connection with ancient languages. The rights of personal ownership must have been recognised at an early period in man's social history. The maker of a flint axe or the builder of a hut would naturally be entitled to regard these as belonging to him for his own exclusive use, and the idea of property came to be realised. Then the mode of transferring of property from one owner to another had to be provided for. At first it was by barter only—a custom at present still extant among savage tribes. Then, as the community increased, some "common medium of exchange" was found, through objects generally prized, as skins (*vide* p. 408, for an example), cowrie shells, &c., &c. It became necessary next to find some article which could be adopted as "a measure of value," and also one which could be stored without depreciation in quality; which led to the use of the precious metals, gold and silver, copper and bronze being employed for articles of small value; and ultimately to the circulation of portions of each metal—known weights—as coins, and stamped as such by the chief authority.

The discovery of fire, and the power of producing it at will, must have marked an epoch in his early history; friction between two pieces of hard wood is known to have been practised for the purpose of producing it by the isolated savage inhabitants of distant islands in the Pacific, discovered by some early navigator some centuries ago.¹ And continuous light was provided for by rude oil lamps, which as well as common drinking vessels were made of a primitive form of pottery.

(1) For ages past the universal mode for producing fire during the absence of sunlight, has been that still practised no longer ago than 1833, viz., by striking a smart blow on a piece of steel held in the left hand with a flake of sharp flint held in the right, from which the sparks falling upon some tinder (charred linen), and contained in a tin box, the tinder became ignited, to which a sulphur-tipped match being applied a flame was produced sufficient to light a candle. Matches which took fire on being struck with a hard instrument, or by friction on a rough surface, were not invented until 1833-4. Fire had been produced long before, in full sunlight, by a double convex lens, in the focus of which some inflammable material was placed. When the use of fire had become general, lamps and candles soon followed, so that a continuous source could be maintained.

Agriculture, in an elementary form, became an occupation at a very early period, by the sowing of seeds which produced edible vegetables; and selection of the seed-bearing grasses, by cultivation of the best growths, led in the course of years to the production of the grains now known as rye, oats, wheat, maize, rice, &c. Meantime the gradual domestication and breeding of animals for flesh and milk as food, and also for employment in draught, such as of carts on rollers and rude wheels, &c., increased man's resources considerably. The hollow trunks of trees were utilised, and trimmed into shape, to form canoes and boats; and these were equipped with sails when the art of weaving mats from dried wide-leaved plants from marshy soils had been attained.

Not only by sailors for the purpose of navigation at night, but by the shepherds with their flocks on extensive plains, attentive observations to the course of the sun and moon by day, and of the greater stars by night served the purpose of timekeeping. And the sun's rays by day were made to record themselves automatically, by marking the progress of a shadow from an upright stake in the ground—a rudimentary dial. These early attempts were followed by careful observers among the Chaldeans, Chinese, and Hindoos. The first mentioned, probably some 3,000 years B.C., named the chief stars and grouped some of the constellations, divided the day into hours, &c. The Ptolemaic system followed, and is a record of researches first made by Hipparchus, the Greek philosopher (about 150 B.C.), by Ptolemy of Alexandria (middle of second century, A.D.), who extended his predecessor's work and left voluminous records which more or less maintained their influence until the appearance of the great mediæval observers, soon to follow.

Here it may be appropriate to recall the fact, that up to a comparatively recent period the Western nations universally regarded the earth as a large circular plain with an undulating surface, forming the centre of the universe. Those especially who were acquainted with the records known to us as "Sacred Writ," learned from it that the "Heavens above" formed the special dwelling-place of "Jehovah," "God" of the universe, surrounded by ministering angels who executed His will, often indeed appearing in bodily form to man to announce His behests. From the same source he learned also, that on the fourth day of creation, "God made two great lights"; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night; he made the "stars also" (Gen. chap. i., v. 16). All these were supposed to be fixed in "a firmament" which revolved round the earth, the latter having no movement of any kind.

Below this plain, at an unknown but not great depth, there was a region of gloom, which the spirits of the dead inhabited, known as "Sheol"; from which by means of the "Seer," they could sometimes

be recalled to earth in order to foretell events; since a few of those who, during life, had been distinguished as favourites of Jehovah were believed to be capable of so doing.

The very "recent period" named above may be more distinctly indicated by devoting a few lines to define the views of three of the principal early astronomers.

Copernicus (1473-1543 A.D.) believed the sun was always at rest, and formed the centre of the universe; that the earth was a spheroidal body, which, with other planets, moved round it, but revolved on its own axis, thus causing day and night. He had no idea of the importance of the stars, but regarded them as lesser lights at an uncertain distance.

Tycho Brahe (1546-1601 A.D.), who believed that the sun moved round the earth, will be named as holding a distinguished position in the annals of the science. He had a noble observatory well-furnished with instruments, and gave an impulse to astronomical studies.

Galileo (1564-1642) was the first to employ an arrangement of lenses, for the purpose of forming an astronomical telescope, by which means he discovered the Milky Way to be formed of separate stars. He afterwards openly taught at Rome his belief in the rotation of the earth on its axis, and its annual passage round the sun; and was in consequence summoned before the Holy Inquisition, and was tortured and imprisoned when seventy years of age for persisting in his opinion, but he was ultimately set at liberty by the succeeding Pope.

It now only remains to be said that unceasing and intelligent study and greatly improved telescopes in every part of the civilised world, aided by the recently discovered arts of photography and spectrum-analysis, have led to the astonishing results achieved during the nineteenth century.

The astronomical discoveries which, as above observed, man's own unaided labours have achieved, demonstrate beyond all possibility of doubt that the so-called Mosaic records, above quoted, are quite untrustworthy. Nevertheless they are still accepted by all Christian Churches, and are publicly read, in turn with other extracts equally questionable, twice or thrice a week as "Holy Scripture." The earth is now known to be an insignificant speck, a mere atom of dust in the universe, and that the millions of stars, visible with any good telescope, are suns like our own, many being much larger, and that these are almost certainly surrounded by encircling planets; since spectrum-analysis has proved that the same chemical elements which are so active in every part of our own system, are also the components of every one of the rest within our ken. Now it is impossible for anyone familiar with scientific chemistry to conceive

that those potent elements oxygen, hydrogen, chlorine, nitrogen, carbon, calcium, sodium, the metals, and the rest, can be present there without activity. Hence we are impelled to believe that the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms are in course of development in each of those innumerable systems, and will become active when the stage of fitness, varying, of course, according to the temperature at which each in its history has arrived; a certain very moderate range only of heat being compatible with the existence of vegetable and animal life. Hence it is impossible not to believe that a large proportion are inhabited by organisms more or less akin to those which flourish here. We, in our little home of earth, may well be devoutly humble in presence of the grandeur of the universe, and in the still greater grandeur of the Author, if we may descend for a moment to the use of an anthropomorphic term to designate the Power of whom nothing can be truly known but by the study of the phenomena around us.

VI.

I shall not furnish in detail any further history of Man's progress to illustrate what he has accomplished by his own unaided efforts; but shall simply enumerate, in a tabular form, some of the chief results which he has achieved thereby.

I. All that is comprehended under the general term of "Fine Arts"—painting, sculpture, architecture, metal-work, fictile products, pottery, &c.

II. The discovery of gravitation, and the laws which govern force. At a later period, the conservation of energy.

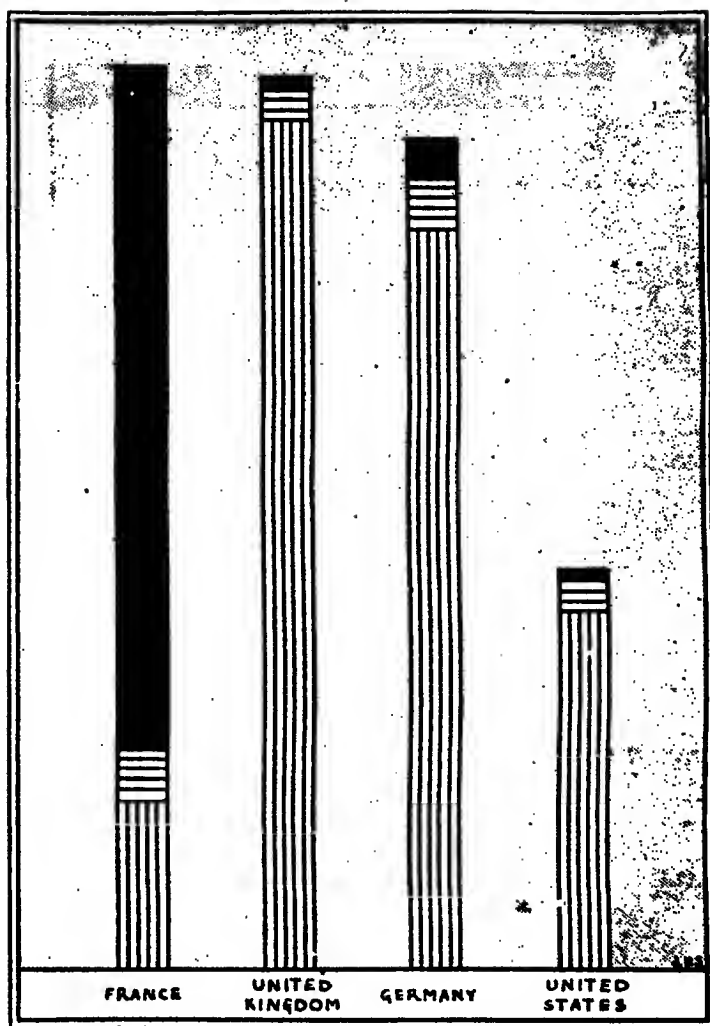
III. The discovery of the laws of light, heat, and sound.

IV. All that is comprehended by the science of chemistry, and its innumerable practical applications to every department of human activity.

V. The discovery of the existence and of the laws of electricity, the utility of which it is already impossible to over-estimate.

(1) The word "Law" as used here, and in other parts of this essay, has always the restricted sense of implying any ordinary sequence of events, which a faithfully observed experience has led man to believe will continue. As Huxley says in his well known *Essay on Descartes*: "'Law' means a rule which we have always found to hold good, and which we expect always will hold good." . . . He further observes—explaining that all knowledge is relative to the individual, and that all the phenomena of Nature are known to us only as facts of consciousness—that the conclusions logically drawn from them are always verified by experience. (*vide Descartes Discourse on using one's Reason rightly, etc.*" Huxley's *Collected Works*, vol. i., pp. 178 and 183.)

"Thus the belief in an unchanging order—the belief in law, now spreading among the more cultivated throughout the civilised world, is a belief of which the primitive man is absolutely incapable. He is unable even to think of a single law, much less of law in general."—Herbert Spencer, *Princ. of Psychology*, § 488.



THE DRINK-CONSUMPTION PER HEAD OF POPULATION IN 1900.

Wine . . . Solid Black. Spirits . . . Horizontal Lines. Beer . . . Vertical Lines.

(For the actual figures, see next page.)

VI. The sciences of animal physiology, botany, and medicine; the microscope in connection therewith; the discovery of the circulation of the blood; of the functions of the brain and nervous system;¹ the laws of health and the nature and cause of disease. The omnipresent activity and importance of bacteria, with all that is understood as sanitary science; the latter having had immense influence on the art of surgery, and enormously increasing the service it is capable of rendering to suffering humanity.

VII. Man's knowledge of the condition of the earth and of its inhabitants in pre-historic time, as learned by palæontological research, *i.e.*, the discovery of the remains of animals which lived many thousands or even millions of years ago, and found in stratified deposits far below the present surface. A science at present in its infancy, so small a portion of the earth's crust having been yet explored.

PART II.

I have now finished that part of my work which has been devoted to the object of demonstrating two important statements:

First, that Man has, throughout a long and very gradual course of development from his pre-historic origin, acquired all his stores of natural knowledge—in its widest sense—solely by his own unaided efforts.

Secondly, that the authenticity of the ancient records, existing in several parts of the world, made at different periods of his history, and regarded as supernatural or "divinely" revealed, respecting the origin of the entire universe, especially that of the earth, including man himself and his duties to an alleged Creator, and asserting the existence of a future endless state of rewards and punishments for every individual after death, has never been substantiated, and is in fact unsupported by evidence.

VII.

I now arrive at the interesting and important stage of our inquiry: What does our survey of man's history and experience, and of his relations to the phenomena of nature, teach us respecting the Tendencies, Disposition, and Purpose—if permitted to use terms suggested by purely human feelings and ideas to convey a meaning which cannot be otherwise expressed—manifested by that "Infinite and Eternal Energy" from which all things proceed? This inquiry

(1) Involving abolition of the old theory of "possession by evil spirits," and its disastrous consequences; as well as of a belief in witchcraft and its cruel results: each theory solely derived from "the Inspired Writings."

has exercised the minds of many; nay more, has been an absorbing study for the thinking part of mankind from very early times to the present. Hypotheses and speculations innumerable, some of which were at first crude and obviously untenable, need not be referred to further now. The fact which alone concerns us here is, that they evince the existence of a deep interest in, an all-pervading desire to solve, if possible, the mighty problem here presented.

I declare my firm belief, and desire to repeat it, that one method alone can throw light on the subject, viz., a studious observation of the facts of nature and of the inferences which may be legitimately drawn from them.

I shall consider what we may thus attempt to discover respecting the "Source of Infinite and Eternal Energy" under three heads, regarding each as a form of its manifestation, viz.:—

I. INFINITE POWER.

II. INFINITE KNOWLEDGE.

III. TENDENCIES OR DISPOSITION.

I. POWER; beyond man's faculties to grasp or comprehend. Eternal and all-pervading, therefore ever-present, wherever we may be, at every instant of our lives. In a certain sense by no means invisible, for its working is everywhere around us and within us, in every molecule of our bodies; in the curiously and beautifully arranged adaptations, not yet half discovered, by which we come into contact with external nature—the "not our self"—which meets us everywhere. Let me repeat that it is a fact beyond controversy always to be borne in mind, that Man is the most finished product known on earth of "Nature's" work—that is, which has resulted from the "Infinite and Eternal Energy;" the noblest and completest manifestation, so to speak, of the "divino afflatus"—the "Temple of the Holy Ghost" in ancient language, used with undesignated prophetic purview in times when men were ignorant of Nature's laws, and when faith in the Invisible must necessarily suffice for their needs, until discovery of scientific methods had revealed the existence of hitherto unknown powers within and around us; facts in place of fables. Then much which was formerly invisible is now visible; and we might adopt for ourselves the old expressive but mystic saying of "the Master," "Behold the kingdom of God is within you."

II.—INFINITE KNOWLEDGE AND INTELLIGENCE.—We possess no language adequate to express what must be the deep conviction of all religious persons—and even of men in general, if they consider the question—respecting this subject. By far the greater part of the present essay has been really devoted to illustrating the tran-

ascendant Intelligence which has ordered the organisation of the Universe, so far as we know and are able to understand it; and I have no stronger terms in which to express admiration. Nothing then remains but to bow in humility, and confess in the words of the Hebrew poet, "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me: it is high; I cannot attain unto it" (Ps. cxxxix: v. 6).

III.—The third and last subject of inquiry (see p. 406) is, What can we rightly infer relatively to the TENDENCIES, DISPOSITION or PURPOSE,¹ of the unknown "Source of Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed."

I shall first revert to the unquestionable fact, on which I laid so much stress, and so fully illustrated at the commencement (see pp. 399 to 405), of the history of Man's career and progress in this world—that it had been accomplished solely by "his own unaided efforts."

For it constitutes the most important fact in his history; and is for me a signal illustration not only of the wisdom but especially of the beneficence of the great Source we are studying. Nevertheless, the first and most natural feeling suggested by a survey of that long and difficult course which man has traversed through countless ages, may be for many one of pity—with a sense of regret that, had it been possible, aid should not now and then have been proffered, perhaps at certain turning points in his history, when apparently it would have been greatly serviceable. And not a few have expressed inability to believe in the beneficent tendencies of the Unknown Source of all power, and have inferred evidence of neglect, or of indifference, in regard to man's progress and welfare.

But, on the other hand, it is next to certain that had the human race received at any time a revelation, say, of the means of obtaining fire, or of the elements of agriculture, or of the means of obtaining complete relief from suffering which modern science has discovered, man would never have become the efficient and highly-endowed creature he is. He has fought his own way throughout, has overcome every obstacle himself, and passed through an educational course of the most perfect kind—self-taught, not "helped."

The result of this survey of man's long struggle with the forces of Nature, so often apparently hostile, but which he has so completely dominated and rendered subservient to his will and conducive to his well-being, has, I believe, established a fact which affords a complete and decisive proof of the beneficent tendency exercised by the Source of the Infinite and Eternal Energy.

Nevertheless, doubt as to the existence of that beneficence has arisen in some minds from the fact that life mostly entails the endurance of so much pain and misery as to invalidate the grounds for

(1) Applying these terms as we should to the action of human beings; an analogy which must be permitted to Man's limited means of expression.

that belief. I reply that life is universally regarded as a precious possession, and is enjoyed—in different degrees—by every individual in the entire animal creation; not one will part with its share without a struggle, if it has the power to defend itself. The universal sentiment of Humanity is—"Skin for (upon) skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life."

VIII.

I shall next present, in a tabular form, the following statements derived from that knowledge of natural history which is common to all, reciting the chief sources of pleasure or happiness possessed by the animal creation.

1. Enjoyment of Food through the senses of taste and smell.	} Enjoyed by the entire animal series from the lowest conscious forms to the highest.
2. Acquirement of Power by growth, and the enlarged experience which it brings.	
3. The relations of love between the sexes.	
4. Social relations with others—Friendship.	
5. Appreciation of beauty—through the eye, of colour, form—as presented in Man and especially in Woman. The charm of landscape, the cultivation of flowers (scents) and fruit; the garden. Impressions derived from grand scenery in all parts of the world—the pleasure of travel by land and sea.	} Chiefly exemplified in Man, but embracing in a less degree some lower animals.
6. Delight from Musical Art, through the ear.	
7. The pleasure of Possession.	
8. The Practice of Art in all its branches.	
9. The Pursuit of Knowledge; acquisition of new facts—discovery in every department of life.	} To Man only.
10. The pleasure derived from the exercise of Charity, from moral conduct, and in the exercise of the religious sentiment natural to Man, and already observed throughout all his history; becoming gradually developed and modified as he increases in his acquaintance with Nature, in the widest sense of the term, and in his power of reasoning from the facts thus acquired.	

By the long process of Man's evolution, ethical rules have been evolved. Men have learned that it was not only wise, but productive of satisfaction and often of pleasure, "To do unto others as you would they should do unto you"; that honesty was not only the best policy, but desirable for the reason just given. Thus it is that the "golden rule" has been enunciated in almost identical terms by the sages of other civilisations, even before the time of Christ. A code of morals has resulted by degrees as man himself has progressed, and is not the product of any supernatural revelation; a code which not only sets forth man's duties, but necessarily implies the existence of punitive consequences on any neglect of its articles. For due con-

consideration will render clear the fact that every breach of Nature's laws, whether physical or moral, certainly brings with it punishment in this life, sooner or later. For example, the man who merely consumes improper food or drink, or takes more than he can digest, pays the penalty which the error entails. Again, if he exerts his strength far beyond his powers, as in athletic contests, &c., he runs great risk of injuring his heart and of damaging his constitution as the result; one indeed too often met with. If he wastes his health and strength in debauchery, his punishment often speedily arrives, involving disease and shortened life, that possession which every sane man prizes above all other. So with every breach of moral law; any unjust act committed equally involves its penalty in this life. It brings long and bitter remorse in generous natures; in others, it surely tends to debase the individual; he becomes habituated to dishonourable designs and acts, and sinks lower in the scale of morality, until he loses self respect, that of others, and at last is trusted by none. No doubt an unprincipled man may have a successful career, but his punishment surely arrives after a time. On the other hand, in every department of life unblemished character is the highest attainment; whatever of talent or of genius a man may display, he who has been proved by a past career to be a possessor of that, is the most valued and esteemed in any rank or condition of life, and is the most certain to ensure success in the long run.

To the foregoing let me add a quotation here, and ask attention to it, in which these sentiments are tersely and beautifully expressed by an ancient Hebrew poet, whose religious creed, *let it be remembered, ignored any scheme of rewards and punishments in a future life*. Psalm xxxvii., vv. 35-37: "I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

I shall conclude this section by simply observing that the religion of Nature, the laws of which and their working have thus been briefly illustrated, and which is based upon the determination not to believe anything which is not supported by indubitable evidence, must eventually become the faith of the future: its reception is a question for each man's personal convictions. It is one in which a priestly hierarchy has no place, nor are there any specified formularies of worship. For, "Religion ought to mean simply reverence and love for the Ethical ideal, and the desire to realise that ideal in life" (Huxley).¹

(1) Huxley's *Collected Works*, vol. v., p. 249. *Vide* also the following extract bearing on this subject. "There is a striking expression of Diderot's that all Revealed or National religions are only perversions of the Religion of Nature; and it is true, if the words Religion of Nature be taken in the highest sense."—Extracts from a letter by Jowett to Professor Caird, *Life of Jowett*, vol. i., p. 445.

IX.

The facts of suffering and death which affect mankind—the former mostly, the latter universally—have been urged by many as incompatible with the attribution of goodness and benevolence to the Author of the Universe.

I shall first consider the last-named inevitable event, which each one of us must encounter. And I shall venture to state, as the known result of long and careful observation of the phenomena which then occur, that a really painful death from disease is never witnessed. Whatever of suffering may have previously occurred, which I shall deal with after this, the act of death is believed to be always preceded by a considerable period of insensibility. There may often be obvious automatic movements, not felt by the subject of them, but naturally distressing to bystanders because resembling those of pain.

Acute and sometimes long-continued sufferings precede death, it may be for periods of considerable duration, sometimes for years. But thanks to man's scientific researches, especially to one of the most recent, the inhalation of anæsthetic vapours, all acute sufferings can be completely avoided. What untold and agonising tortures would have been spared throughout his long history had this precious secret been revealed! *How evident is it that "Revelation" was no part of the plan.* In the course of most chronic diseases it is well known that some form of anodyne, of which several notable examples exist, can almost always be utilised so as to avoid severe suffering. No man should be a martyr to pain who can obtain a tolerably skilful medical attendant; and such are provided in all the public institutions for the care of the poor, or at the hospitals which abound in London, and exist in almost every small country town.

The sufferings of the lower animals are very far less than those of man. The sense of pain corresponds with the extent or the development of the nervous system; and this is extremely small among countless species of active living beings, *e.g.*, the insects—flying, creeping, or jumping—and furnishing a population far exceeding the sum total of the human inhabitants of the globe on any five acres of cultivated land, to say nothing of the inhabitants of the waters which wash our sea coasts. Among insects may perhaps be partially excepted those which form social communities, as the ants, bees, wasps, &c., who have highly developed instincts, and concerning whose possession of some degree of consciousness it is impossible to speak with certainty. Shakespeare greatly erred when he said that the poor beetle we tread upon feels a pang as great as when a giant dies. Like ancient authors of all time, he could, when dealing with natural history, only reflect the knowledge of his age. His insight into human character, and his knowledge of the human heart, have

never perhaps been surpassed by any, and his mastery in expressing thought has made him a poet for all time. Similar qualities existing, more or less, among some of the poets and prophets of the Hebrew race give their productions a high value in no way lessened by the fact that they were ignorant, when writing, of the earth and its origin, and of its relation to the rest of the universe.

It is impossible to state with certainty what amount of consciousness is present throughout the numerous species of animals which rank below the Vertebrate series, but there is certainly ground for believing that they are incapable of suffering much pain, and that even the fierce Carnivora inflict little or none in the act of killing their prey, although belonging to the same order. For all are led by what is called instinct—probably inherited habit—to seize their victim at a vital spot, as by the neck, at the top of the spinal cord, which mostly destroys the power of movement and of sensation, of course in order to prevent struggles or acts of retaliation when possible.

Some of the higher vertebrata, especially those who have long held intimate associations with man, have had their intelligence and emotional powers much developed; for two obvious examples take the dog and the horse. Such are susceptible to pain and suffer much, and when inflicted, either by accident or design, should invariably be relieved, when possible, by the same anæsthetics employed for man.

There is another consideration supporting the view here taken of the beneficent tendency of the great but unknown Source of Infinite Energy, not to be overlooked. Granting this view to be correct, it is impossible not to believe that the influence of the Supreme Source must not merely equal, but greatly transcend any like or analogous quality—such as care, compassion, or kindness—which man can and does very largely exercise towards his fellows or dependents, all like himself having derived their being and its inherent qualities from that same Energy which pervades the universe.

X.

Finally the cultivated and truly religious man finds his greatest happiness in the active and healthy exercise of all his functions, moral, intellectual and physical. He is careful to promote the welfare of his fellow-creatures, not merely by works of charity but by enabling them to help themselves, and exercises his judgment to that end. Whatever he does it is his aim to attain the best result possible, and thus to make the most of the priceless boon of life. His religious feelings do not suggest to him the validity of the Christian practice of prayer to a Deity for gifts of any kind, even for the purpose of obtaining moral or mental improvement, nor for the recovery of the sick or protection from personal dangers, &c.—a practice which is so

common—well knowing that all events must follow the laws of nature, which are unalterable. No doubt the act of prayer on the part of one who believes in its power to move the Deity to bestow a precious boon, brings consolation to the feelings of the applicant. It is a spiritual sedative which affords indescribable relief and enjoyment to many. Nevertheless "Thy will, not mine be done," is the only prayer of the truly sensible Christian, and he may be grateful indeed that no other prayer can be acceptable. What a chaos would the world present if short-sighted men could interfere with the working of the laws which determine the course of events! For the religious man here described, adoration of the grandeur and of the beneficence which pervade the universe is the only sentiment suitable for public or for private religious service. "Lord how manifold are Thy works, in wisdom hast Thou made them all" (Ps. civ., v. 24), expresses the same sentiment, in the language of the Hebrew poet, in terms suitable to his day.

To conclude, he is grateful, yet proud to feel himself a participant in the great and endless procession of the wise and good throughout the ages; trustful, without shadow of a doubt respecting any kind of future there may be in store, and concerning which it is needless for him to inquire or speculate. He "lives a life of Faith" in the Source of the Infinite and Eternal Energy, confident in the knowledge that the laws of the Universe are the outcome of perfect Wisdom and Beneficence. The old Faiths, founded on so-called "revelation," have long been tested and are found wanting, and a natural religion will ultimately replace them. It is no part of this inquiry to dilate on what this comprehends. It is sufficiently defined in few and simple words at page 409 and note.

But it is not to be forgotten that a large proportion of the population in all Christian countries is ignorant of, or indifferent to, the subject of religious belief, unless the formal compliance with a certain slight ceremonial is considered to be religious worship. Concerning these it is not necessary to speak. On the other hand I have no desire to disturb the beliefs of those who derive comfort from the hope of a happy future in another world, and a motive for well-doing in this, which they derive from the Christian faith. It is especially undesirable to do so in relation to the poor and uneducated, whose lot is mitigated thereby, and also to those who, possessing an ordinary share of intelligence, have confidently and happily rested on its hopes and promises for many past years.

But among the rising and future generations of the educated classes, many are certain to have their eyes opened to the fact that no supernatural revelation has ever been made to man. Hence the day is probably not far distant when the religious part of the community will be divided into two distinct camps or classes, viz., first, those who enjoy

complete liberty of thought and action, and practise the many virtues which are associated therewith; and secondly, those who become devotees of the old Papal Church, which denounces the exercise of reason and inquiry in all matters connected with religion, and as a consequence demands implicit obedience, offering to her votaries in return—with or without the intervening pains of purification in purgatory, according to circumstances—an ultimate admission by the Gate of St. Peter to the society of the blessed for evermore—a well-organised hierarchy which has exercised a vast influence on human affairs and interests for many ages, and may probably continue to do so for two or three more to come, but must eventually entirely disappear.

I now close this essay, the materials for which in the shape of sundry notes I began to collect upwards of twenty years ago. Others were frequently added, as I pondered much and often over what has long been a favourite theme, and it was not until a few years later that I copied into my note-book, on its first appearance in 1884, that striking passage from Herbert Spencer which is now quoted as a motto on the title-page. This indeed suggested the subject, respecting which, as it appeared to me, systematic research might be not only practicable, but might also be expected to yield some definite results.

I commenced my task solely for the purpose of seeking the truth for my own personal needs and enlightenment, incited thereto by the numerous and conflicting claims of the various sects, some diametrically opposed to each other, into which what is termed "Christianity" is divided. The original paper was written without any intention that it should be seen by any other eye than my own; nor has it been so seen until, having been considerably amplified, I submitted it to the judgment of a friend during the past year. For myself it has been a veritable "Pilgrim's Progress." The title, together with the form of the essay as it now stands, has been the result of the whole inquiry, and was not a predetermined intention.

I am now approaching the end, and find myself compelled to arrive at a conclusion, contrary, I gladly confess, to that which I at first entertained when engaged with the former part of the inquiry, and depressed by mentally realising the miseries and hardships to which Man was exposed during the tardy development for unknown ages of what may be deemed the infancy and childhood of the race: a career which will probably continue many ages more before he approaches maturity.

But when that long inquiry came to an end, and not until then, the Truth—as I profoundly believe it to be—almost suddenly impressed me: to wit, that interference of a supernatural kind with man's doings (supposing its exercise to be possible within the limits of the great scheme of Nature) would have marred, if it did not

arrest, the course of that development which has issued in the remarkable progress he has made, especially during the last three centuries.

I was now assured by evidence which I could not resist, that all which man—with his limited knowledge and experience—has learned to regard as due to Supreme "Power" and "Wisdom," although immeasurably beyond his comprehension, is also associated with the exercise of an "Absolutely Beneficent" influence over all living things, of every grade, which exist within its range.

And the result of my labour has at least brought me its own reward, by conferring emancipation from the fetters of all the creeds, and unshakeable confidence in the Power, the Wisdom and the Beneficence which pervade and rule the Universe.

Finally, let me add that no one can feel more forcibly than myself that the foregoing pages offer only a very slight sketch of a most extensive and important subject. It is but a syllabus thereof, and in this sense I venture to offer it to the consideration of my readers. Moreover, I desire to state my belief that the subject of this paper, "The Unknown God" ? may be regarded as in progress of solution by following the process suggested, and that "the Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed" will not ever remain wholly unknown or "unknowable"; but may be still further elucidated as human faculties become more highly developed in the progress of time, and rendered capable of receiving additional enlightenment respecting it.

HENRY THOMPSON.

THE CARE OF BOOKS.

THE recent publication of two separate monographs bearing upon our text—Mr. J. W. Clark's history of the early library and its fittings, and Mr. Cookerell's treatise on bindings—will, it is hoped, serve as an apology for a more general discourse upon a subject perhaps rather neglected by the mass of "bookish" literature.

The burden of many books—who has not felt it?—from the bookseller sitting "cormorant"-like (according to Coleridge's extravagant libel)—

"Hard by the tree of knowledge,"

to whom the vast bulk of stock looming large in his half-lit warehouse seems, in chronic hours of depression, but a stable-full of "white elephants," though to the particular volumes you handle on the counter he continues to attach a fanciful importance,—from the dealer, we say, with his tons of auction lots and unsorted parcels, to the private collector with his five, ten, or twenty thousand volumes, all personally known, ranged round the gleaming walls, "*comptes ehre et vitro*" of his comfortable library, and ready to come, so to speak, at his call.

The excellent adage concerning fire, that it is a good servant but a bad master, applies with full force to the accumulation of books in masses, and alas! to how many a book collector who, starting from nothing and meaning no harm, gradually builds up about him an unmeaning Babel pile of calf and goatskin, a rampart exclusive of all happy domesticity, a horror to the wife, a hissing to the housemaid.

This is he who does not know what he has got, or, for that matter, what he wants; and it may be he really wants nothing, and his collecting is a mere disease like dipsomania; who only knows that there is much too much of it, and that it is all fearfully dusty, and that he thinks "some day" he will set to and put his house in order. Alas for him who is dominated by his books!

We are here concerned, however, with the true intelligent book-collector, whose library, far from being a mere accumulation of typographic wares, has grown with the growth of his mind and extended with every extension of his literary or historic sympathies: to whom every volume, apart from his bibliographical notes on the flyleaf, is the repository of at least one or two suggestive ideas, or a window giving on to some interesting scene in the past. When books begin to have this value, it will be agreed that they at least deserve to be carefully housed and guarded.

The physical and material loss of an outlying corner of one's mind, of a pigeon-hole or two of one's memory, in so far as this is comprised in a book, may be safeguarded by locks and bolts and, if necessary, an extra policeman. That is a simple matter.

But, as an eminent scientist once observed, "the re-discovery of a fact in a library is often more difficult than its original discovery in the realm of science." Books we do not possess, and facts we do not know, may either be deplored or ignored on the sage principle: "*maximæ sapientiæ est quædam sequo animo ignorare velle.*" But the knowledge, the sympathy that is our own—directly or, through the tentacles of our cherished books—this we want to preserve at all hazards. And after all but few of our volumes are lost or stolen.

The most important question for us is—how we can make sure of finding in our libraries *what we know is there?* And it soon becomes obvious that to know where the book is by a natural and instinctive knowledge, and not by mere mental gymnastics, one must know where it *ought* to be. And where ought it to be? Well, books like other chattels may be classified by their size, shape, or colour. But though all adjuncts and qualities may be utilised, the intelligent characteristics of the book should come first.

The ideal librarian will, in a word, grasp the large perspective of human intelligence as recorded in literature. And the eye once used to the contemplation of the dazing chaos of literature as a whole, soon discerns that it may be usefully and practically divided into three important classes. First, of course, will come—

I. *Original Works*, of the creative order, the chief importance of which centres in the genius and personality of the author, the particular topics handled being comparatively immaterial. To such a class would of course belong not only the spontaneous productions of drama, fiction and poetry, but also the mass of belles-lettres, personal and general memoirs, individual contributions to thought, philosophy, &c. Secondary in vital significance, though first in utility, will next follow those—

II. *Works of Reference*, of which the subject matter is, in the main, of more general importance than the authorship: among which would be classed all the literature of history, geography and science. Lastly, an important proportion of modern books would fall under the head of—

III. *Collections and Selections*, a formal subdivision in which the authorship (i.e. editorship) of the volume is of varying importance, but usually less than that of the kind of literature collected or selected.

Of these, the first class is obviously the most intrinsically valuable, comprising indeed every volume that can in the truest and most practical trade sense be called a "book," a genuine and individual

production, all those works of which the original genesis has an importance that is the basis of the often exaggerated demand for "first editions," all that can in the most critical sense be called "literature." But all three classes are of sufficient size and importance to require a separate treatment when we approach that important matter, the art and science of cataloguing.

Its first principles should indeed be tolerably obvious, though in the details of their execution a certain variety is allowable, and indeed immaterial. The first essentials are that the reasonable wants of the inquirer should be satisfied, and to determine what these are one must appreciate all the possible attitudes of the inquiring student who visits the library.

He may come with the straightforward object of finding and consulting some well-known work by some well-known author. He may want to know *what* Charles Kingsley or Voltaire or Hugues Languet wrote—under their own or any other names. He may bring a pamphlet by "Parson Lot," or "M. de Francheville," or "Stephanus Junius Brutus," and desire merely to unmask these disguised characters. He may want to know who wrote a work of which the title is unintelligible, and the nature vague or obscure. Finally he may want to know (and this is perhaps the most important demand formulated to the librarian) what literature has been written upon any given subject by authors to whom he has no clue but this conjecture. Against this complex invasion, against the "forlorn hope" pressed home by desperate research, the official catalogue—with its embankment of shelves that hedge around the custodian of the library in his central fort—has got to afford an adequate protection.

Now the catalogue can only be made effective by being built up *a fundo* upon fixed principles, the essential data of which are the nature and genesis of the book, and the probable wants of the reader, as sketched above, and the extent to which it is intended to satisfy them. The *first* condition and perhaps the only one of which we can make sure is that the book, as it presents itself, should be adequately described. Thus it will be tolerably clear that, to deal with class (I.) above,

(a) *All original works bearing any name should be discoverable directly or indirectly under that name, as apparent on the title-page.*

Should it be a pseudonym, then the author's real name may be given in brackets, or connected up by a cross-reference. An author's genuine works should be grouped together under his own proper name, and those who approach him by way of a pseudonym should be "shown round," as it were, to the front entrance.

That is a sound general rule, but the only *essential* is that the necessary identification of "Parson Lot" and Charles Kingsley, of

"Junius" and the popular Junius of the period, of "Philaethes" and the particular tractarian the term conceals for the moment, be accomplished *somewhere*, and on some intelligible principle. And there may be cases like that of "George Eliot" where the accepted *nom de plume* is enough, and the family name need not be obtruded into the catalogue at all.

It is where we are confronted by a title *et preterea nihil*, by no name, true or false, that the difficulties begin, one of the first perhaps being our definition of anonymity. A publication, for example, in which the author's name, initials or pseudonym, though not apparent on the title-page, is either appended to the preface or buried somewhere in the text, seems not to be regarded by some authorities as an anonymous work, and it may be convenient to extend our definition of "apparent," to a name, initial or pseudonym, which is discoverable by turning a leaf. But speaking generally, the actual title as it stands (in all its awkwardness or obscurity) should be the real fixed test; for if knowledge outside its "four corners" be once allowed to creep into the entry it is difficult to know where it will stop. Here again, however, it matters little which definition we adopt provided it is made clear to the reader of the catalogue at starting.

Where nothing, then, is known, on the accepted principle, of authorship, there remain only two accidents of the printed book, as such, to which description can attach—(1) its subject-matter, where discernible; or, in the absence of any *prima facie* suggestion of a subject, (2) *the mere literal form and wording of the title*.

As to the latter, the mere mechanical entry in alphabetical order of all the words forming respectively the titles of such works is, if rather tiresome, secure enough, and was that adopted by Barbier in the most famous *Dictionary of Anonymous Works* now extant. But—for the humane librarian—it is really a last resort. Thus, in approaching, after this preface, our second class of original literature, it seems a reasonable general rule that—

(b) *All anonymous works ostensibly bearing on any definite subject (person, place, art, sciences, or the like) should appear under that subject heading, or, speaking generally, under the most significant word in the title.*

Here it is obvious we make our first start on that arduous but important task, the "subject-index," a thing in its elementary form a necessity of existence, in its perfection the greatest of intellectual luxuries. To suggest that every author of importance should be traceable under his subject would be a counsel of perfection. But where we know nothing of a work except that it concerns Mesopotamia, or Window frames, or Chinese chess, we can only expect to find it under some subdivision of Countries, Architecture, or Games. And

whereas the entry of names is a mere matter of spelling, the selection and distribution of subject headings makes a considerable demand on intelligence. For example, in the recently published catalogue of an important public library, a separate heading has been made of the word "Treatise." But this is (we should venture to urge) a mistake, the mistake, to wit, of attaching undue importance to an insignificant word. A "Treatise" on earth, air, or water, may (if signed) and should (if anonymous) be accessible under one of those particular heads. But, as it is a mere chance whether an author entitled his work "Treatise," "Essay," "Memoir" (or by any one of fifty such possible titles), a trivial error, if the inquirer has to depend on this classification, would send him wrong every time. Thus, in Barbier's Dictionary the heading "*Discours*" occupies eighteen pages of small type to itself. But suppose we were looking for Estienne's famous tract of 1575. We may easily forget whether it is entitled "*Discours historique, discours intéressant, discours véritable, or discours merveilleux,*" but never that it concerns *Catherine de Medici*, under whose name, of course, it would most easily and properly be discoverable. In other words, the attempt to make a "subject" out of nothing, when plenty are already in existence, merely imposes a useless tax on the memory. "Something" must appear, either under that "something" or, if it be too vaguely defined, in our general alphabetical list of miscellaneous nameless works. Between these alternatives lies, doubtless, a certain latitude of choice. It is easy to say that *The Example of France a Warning to England* (1793) should be entered not under "example" or "warning," but under France, or England, or both. And we suppose no one could intelligently catalogue Defoe's *Shortest way with the Dissenters* as if its brevity were the soul of its wit, nor a tract entitled *New Roads to Rome* as if it were some unknown production of the late Mr. McAdam. But such a pamphlet as *A Switch for the Snake*—seeing it can hardly be secured except by the alphabetical drag-net—we shall not be astonished to find next to an anonymous Essay on Electrical Fittings, or a monograph on some rare serpent, simply because "switch" and "snake," unlike "France," "England," or "Dissenters," are in this particular conjunction "insignificant" words. Such true significance as the title has—in respect of its reference to the Quaker movement—may, though by no means "apparent" on the face of it, be recognised in a cross reference (where this is possible) from the author or the subject-matter. Speaking, as we have said, for a library of "human" size, ranging, say, from 3,000 to 20,000 volumes, a liberal and intelligent selection of "subjects" bearing on all important and well-known human interests, is one of the first essentials to the real sociable use and utility of the collection. While, on the other hand, a narrow and fantastic theory, turned loose into the catalogue

for this purpose, will merely cumber the path with rubbish heaps of futile information.

To aim at too wide a range may involve a delusive pretence of completeness. But any substantial and instructive book expressly dealing with a particular chapter of human knowledge should be found (again, we say, where the size of the library admits this) by a person approaching it through that subject. Which brings us to a useful rule for our second class of books, viz., that—

II.—*All Works of Reference* (though governed generally as original works by Rule I., (a) and (b)), *should also be discoverable under the subject they professedly deal with.*

In very large libraries this may be impossible. Where possible, we can only say it is highly desirable. But the subject-index should not wander beyond matters at once definite and important.

It must not aspire to that bibliographical omniscience which can point an inquirer to the most unexpected sources of information. Of course, it is highly interesting to know that what is professedly a history of one thing is incidentally the history of something else, but a cataloguer cannot be officially aware of this. And though it may be true, for example, that Captain Marryat's romances supply what is really the best history of the old British Navy, we should scarcely expect a cross reference from that heading to the famous account (given in *Poor Jack*) of the sinking of the *Royal George*. These are things which the student of "original authorities" must find out for himself. When found they may be usefully made a note of on the flyleaf, all such notes being regarded as an informal extension of the Catalogue.

To pass, then, to the last and purely technical subdivision of Literature, the "Collection" or "Recueil" here referred to is of course that edited as such, and not that manufactured by the bibliophile or by the binder.

The "*Recueil factice*," or bundle of miscellaneous booklets bound together, interesting as it often is, scarcely requires special notice here. It may be so purely and fantastically "factitious" as to constitute a real nuisance to both librarian and student. It may; on the other hand, verge so closely upon an editorial *Recueil* like Percy's *Ballads*, or Legrand's *Fabliaux*, or the Stephanus volume of *Roman Historians*, or the Aldine selection of *Letters from Philosophers*, as to deserve similar treatment. But a mere congeries of heterogeneous tracts or opuscula inside one binding may be catalogued, as is most natural, under the most important of its various contents, or (if such a distinction be impossible) under any other, *provided* that all are properly connected by cross reference—often a labour of Hercules—with the individual authors to which they belong. But with regard to the genuine specimens of the class here considered:

III.—All Collections and Selections (of Poetry, Plays, Letters, Pamphlets and the like, should be discoverable under the general heading (of "Subject," "Language," or "Period") which they concern.

"Editorial" headings, as has been said, vary a good deal in importance and utility. Even where an Editor's name is "apparent"—and in the good old times (when to "edit" a classic meant something more than a flimsy preface, and your own name writ large across the title) many editors of invaluable work were content to merge their personality in their subject—the question arises, how far, on the one hand, the Editorial element has given a special character to what is otherwise a mere series (or jumble) of independent works, or how far, on the other, the name is a mere appendage to the Collection.

Moreover, for the purposes of practical, popular cataloguing, the present heading has a peculiar importance, seeing that the indices or contents-tables of the works comprised under it (which should include the more or less classical collections) *may reasonably be regarded as an extension (a sort of dépendance) of our catalogue itself.* For the actual text of it need not comprise *nominatim* every trumpery little author of every trivial little opusculum belonging nevertheless to some well-defined class of literature.

Thus, if a person called Martin Schookus wrote in 1643—as we do not say he did—a trumpery little pamphlet of twenty-four pages *De Aversione Casei* (on the dislike of cheese) this must, as an original work, be entered under Schookus. For where else could one look for it? Not under the general heading "Groceries": scarcely under the special head of "Cheese," nor—although the whole interest of the work may lie in a scandalous anecdote concerning the Grand Monarque or Pope Urban VIII.—under any such historical connection as that, of which the cataloguer can officially know nothing. But it would be otherwise in the case, say, of a verse or two of French poetry (by an author not known to have written anything else). For this the inquirer may reasonably be expected to look under "French" or "Poetry," according to the principles laid down for his guidance, and to ransack every collection he finds there from Barbin's *Recueil des plus belles pièces*, to Auguis's *Poètes Français depuis le 12^{me} siècle*, before despairing of his quest.

So much for the general principles of book classification and cataloguing. But wherever a library consists largely of contemporary "sources of history," or of original literature (professedly historical or not) intended to be utilised for that purpose, the catalogue may be usefully supplemented by another form of memorandum—less familiar indeed, but in certain ways of far greater educational importance—to wit, the *chronological chart*. This may easily be arranged in a form resembling a map on Mercator's

projection, in which the latitudinal spaces represent periods of 50 or 100 years, and the names of original authors are written in horizontally just over the periods during which they "flourished," while those of the more modern historians may be printed in larger type over the larger periods they cover, in the same manner respectively as the names of towns and counties in an ordinary map. On such a chart, the reader, running his eye down a column, for example, bounded by the dates of 1500 and 1550, can see at a glance in regard to the particular country considered *who was living at the date in question*, and discover (what no mere catalogue will tell him) the names of the contemporaries of any author, event, or movement. For though a subject-index or a historical manual may tell him who is *known* to have written, *e.g.*, on the subject of the Battle of Pavia or the character of Charles the Second, it is only by such a chart as here suggested that he can see for himself at a glance *who could have written* (as a contemporary) on these subjects, and thus—an important point—who may or may not have incidentally referred to them.

With regard, moreover, to original writers—and after all, a score of quarto pages will include most of the world's "classics"—the effect of such a vista of literary history will be found to have a novel and illuminating force, to give a useful perspective of the growth and decadence of national literatures and schools of poetry and philosophy, etc. It will be found—if we may transfer Mr. Jorrocks's famous metaphor from the hunting field to the human mind—to "bring people together who wouldn't otherwise meet," to help us to visualise many a literary coincidence or contradiction that would otherwise escape notice. . . . With regard, however, to that first mundane essential, the finding a book when it is wanted, ill must the librist reader fare who relies upon classification—nay upon catalogue-notation alone.

"Appearances," says the beggar in Mr. Meredith's poem, "make the best part of life."

It is, at any rate, a mistake to abjure them when they can be really useful.

In the Library, quite as fully as in any other human institution, is illustrated that eternal necessity for compromise on which Mr. Lecky, in his map—not of literature but of life,—has so ably expatiated. This is the real and everlasting "Battle of the books," the irreconcilable conflict between mind and matter, in which some collectors, it may respectfully be added, take one side, and some another.

This is a large and thorny subject—how far the form and nature of the book as a chattel affects its influence on us as a spiritual force. It might, perhaps, be said that until we can peruse all literature (a terrifying thought!) in a similar bodily form, shape,

style, typography, and edition, etc., we can scarcely form an impartial judgment of it. Our present point is merely that size, *forma*, and even "get up" should not, indeed cannot, be disregarded in the arrangement, and what may be called the mental location of books, without great waste of labour.

"Are we to arrange books," it is sometimes asked, "by subjects or by sizes?" The answer is, of course, by both. It will be a small "subject" that will not include enough volumes to fill a considerable variety of different-sized shelves.

In the first place, the broad classification given above will exhibit, of course, numerous subdivisions, exhibited in the concrete form of separate bookcases. Belles-Lettres, Poetry, Drama, Prose, Fiction, Science, Criticism, Philosophy, History proper, and materials for History, Memoirs, Speeches, Letters, Tracts, Theology, these will almost necessarily occupy separate places; while the special taste of the collector may give special prominence to other more recondite subjects, or to the literatures of particular nations or periods. But however many (or few) be the bookcases occupied, for example, by "Poetry" or "Sources of History," there will be found under each of these heads sufficient variety of folio, quarto, 8vo, even 12mo to make possible a classification of "size within subject." And whatever uniformity can be found among books of one class must be utilised, seeing that to rely on a mental *memoria technica* (embodied in the catalogue or carried in the head), and disdain all material assistance, would be like pretending to ride by "grip" alone, without balance, or *vice versa*. The two things ought, over the main bulk of the library, to work together. Where and in so far as this degree of harmony is unattainable, there folio must contentedly consort with folio and 18mo with 18mo *as such*, and without respect of literary ranks and distinctions.

To a considerable mass of books it may be inevitable that we should have no clue but the catalogue. A strip of wall or two, between windows (let us say), covered with close-fitting pocket editions—Elzevir and other—of miscellaneous Classics, Memoirs, Letters, Tracts, Histories, what not, all pieced together according to size, like a rich mosaic—a light-built shallow bookcase of this kind, a thing built precisely to the measurements, if one may say so, of a few seventeenth-century publishers, will be found a most economic, and (when once properly catalogued) no less useful institution.

But apart from size and form, both "get-up" and *colour* may and should be utilised to assist the already overburdened memory. Hence we have heard a busy bibliophile say, "Never, in shelving books, put any volume next to another closely resembling it, *unless they belong to one another*." For this is a fruitful source of "theoretical" loss. The differences, in a word, as well as the

similarities of volumes are to be utilised. Like certain animals, a book, when eagerly pursued, sometimes escapes by being of the same colour as its surroundings, often a needless error of arrangement.

This reference to the externals obviously brings us to that vital element in the care of books—their binding.

There may be people who tell you that a good book is always a good book to them whatever its style or dress; which is much like saying that a friend is a friend still, though he meet one on the highway in dressing-gown and slippers down at heel. So he is, but we are much more likely to out him, and conversely (by the anti-Jacobin simile of dissimilitude) we are more likely to leave the poorly printed, awkward sized, or badly bound book uncut, and unread. To the enthusiastic student such drawbacks may merely act as a spur, but gratuitous obstacles need not be thrown in the way of weaker brethren. Good bindings have doubtless served the cause of human education just as the "get up" of the Camden Society publications has probably nipped in the bud many a nascent historian. At the very portals of the garden of knowledge, after all, stands the bookbinder, artist, faddist, or ruffianly "plough"man, and has us at his mercy. The first principle of the business—and we are here only concerned with its practical use—is that the book should protect itself. The early printed book, we have seen it cynically observed, did this even more effectively by the repellent nature of its subject matter (too often the dreariest of theology) than by the *robur et æs triplex* of its pigskin and bronze-clasped binding.

The modern reader wants nothing stiff or heavy in the covering or the contents of his book. He wants a reliable and amicable *reliure*, which will not waste his time when he wants to read, and will look after the *book* in his absence. With the details of this art—illustrated of late by so many specialists—we are not here concerned. In the interests of the practical reader one may note that a point often lost sight of is the *weight* of books when bound—an appalling thing, in the aggregate, when the "move" that is half as bad as a fire has to be faced. Many bindings wear themselves out, in a sense, to say nothing of the reader's arms. The conventional half-morocco is, of course, very well; but an excellent style for homely octavos that are to be much handled is a good grained cloth, with back pieced, sides tidily shaved, and top edges marbled or gilt, the only recipe for keeping out dust. Edges *absolument non rognés*, the bibliomaniac's joy, accumulate it in heaps. *Uncut sections* distribute it about the interior of the book. The enthusiastic collector—of dust—may take his choice.

With a view to the exclusion of foreign bodies, as well as to economy of space, a word may here be said of shelving. In the

ideal form of library we should rather see walls closely "lined" with books—say, from the height of three feet upwards—as it were with some rich and heavy tapestry, or stamped leather, than bookcases noticeably projecting, as pieces of furniture, into the room. For a permanent collection of books, shelves should be found or made *to fit*. Single rows need no empty passages at the back where moth and insect and even *rats* (as a respected Oxford Street bookseller the other day found to his cost) may disport themselves. Where, however, a shelf is deeper than the average width of the volumes it holds, it may as well be deep enough, at any rate where the most is to be made of the given wall space, to hold a double row. True, many authorities besides Mr. Gladstone have condemned the practice of putting one book behind another: but all depends upon how this is done. In the case of sets of volumes only occasionally used, Vols. I. and IV., for example, may well be kept outside—thus leaving preface and index easily accessible; while Vols. II. and III. go behind where they can in no sense be describable as lost to more than sight. Similarly with duplicates, or even with various works by a single author, one or two volumes (of which the position must not be lightly changed) may be left in front to indicate the lair of the rest.

It may be added that, given the well-made and well-fitting shelf, it will be found very useful—seeing that shelves alone, or garnished with foolish flaps of leatherette, keep out very little dust—to give the whole row of books an inner covering of American cloth, or cheap glazed calico, laid so as to completely envelop all the volumes and leave only their lettered backs visible. This is often more effective than glass doors, unless they be of the finest joinery; while the glazed material is specially useful in avoiding friction between book and shelf, and makes the top of the row one easy surface for dusting purposes. Of course no decently bound book should ever be allowed to rest on wood, plain or painted.

When we have thus had the book properly bound, wrapped it up and relegated it to its proper shelf on the soundest principle applicable to a volume of its peculiar size, shape and literary nature, there remains nothing but the question of how the reader is going to take care of it in future. Of course it may be one of the volumes never intended to be read, of which the bookcase is the tomb, and the proprietor what Roger Ascham called the "Bibliotaph." But if not, we can scarcely do better than conclude these notes with a popular version of certain curious Laws of Book-borrowing—originally found in a copy of the *Lettres Fanatiques*, 8vo., 1739, now in the British Museum. The complete text in ancient Law Latin was published in the *Athenæum* of December 23rd, 1893. Prescribed some century and a half ago by one Francis Vargas, Marquis of Maciucca to frequenters of his library, the book-lover, of any age, will

find little to cavil at in their simple provisions, which run as follows:—

- "I. Do not steal the book.
- "II. Do not cut or stab it.
- "III. For Heaven's sake draw no lines about it, within or without.
- "IV. Do not fold, crumple or wrinkle the leaves.
- "V. Nor scribble on the margins.
- "VI. All the ink required is already on the pages; do not defile them with more.
- "VII. Let your book-marker be of perfectly clean paper.
- "VIII. The volume is not to be lent to anyone else on any consideration.
- "IX. Keep mouse, worm, moth and fly away from it.
- "X. Let no oil, fire, dust, or filth come near it.
- "XI. In a word, use the book, don't abuse it.
- "XII. Read and make what extracts you please, but
- "XIII. When read don't keep it an unreasonable time.
- "XIV. See that the binding and cover are as they were when you received them.
- "XV. Do this, and however unknown you shall be entered in the catalogue of my friends. Omit it, and however well known your name shall be erased."

These rules, the Marquis adds, he imposed on himself as well as on others—a self-denying ordinance, some will say—in the matter, at least, of making notes, with regard to which the author may well reserve to himself exclusive rights over his margins and fly-leaves.

If the borrower resents that or any other restrictions, we need only conclude in the words of the eminent collector, "*Quoi placeas annue quoi, minus, quid tibi nostra tactio est?*"—a mild objurcation, surely, for any gentleman with a keen sense of private property in books.

The mediæval bookmaker, we are reminded by a recent writer on the subject, often finished up his volume with a comprehensive *curse* directed at the souls and bodies of all who should infringe such a code as the above. We can imagine that the two things run together by some experienced equity draughtsman would make a highly effective *Ex-Libris* of a literary merit at present quite unknown. To paste that inside the cover of every cherished volume would indeed be to say the last word that can be said for "the care of books."

G. H. POWELL.

FREE TRADE OR PROTECTION FOR ENGLAND?

A PLEA FOR RECONSIDERATION.

I AM glad to embrace the opportunity of offering a few remarks in favour of a reversal, or, at any rate, a suspension of judgment on the great question now beginning to raise its head again among us, and causing uneasiness in many minds, namely, that of Free Trade or Protection for England in a possibly near future. I do not mean by this that I am preparing an attack on the old arguments in favour of Free Trade; on the contrary, I hold those arguments, when regard is had to the historical conditions out of which they arose, as final and unanswerable. What I propose rather is to go a step farther than has yet been attempted by economists, and to map out in sharp and definite outlines the general conditions which determine whether any given country is better suited to a policy of Free Trade or Protection; to remove the tangle of illusion by which these determining conditions have been overlaid and obscured; and to restate the problem in its bearings on England when once all the new factors have been taken into consideration.

And here, at the outset, I may perhaps be permitted to say, that in pleading for a reconsideration of the question, I do so, not so much in the interests of abstract political science as of what is of much more importance at the present time, namely, of immediate and urgent national necessity. In this I am not expressing merely my own changed opinion, drawn from my studies of historical evolution, but the feeling as well of some of the more clear-sighted of the younger economists, of many public men of both parties in politics, as well as of a large number of thoughtful and penetrating minds of all shades of opinion who have not yet found for their thought adequate public expression.

But before proceeding to my main argument, the first illusion I would point out is that the expediency and validity of the policy of Free Trade never really rested, as is imagined, on the abstract economic arguments by which it was supported, either by the Economists or the Practical Politicians who carried it, but rather on certain industrial conditions which did not appear in the argument, and which, although unavowed, lent to that argument all that it had of weight and cogency; and, further, that it is only as long as these industrial conditions last that the arguments can retain their validity. Up to the present, I am prepared to admit that these conditions still continue to prevail in English industry, and the arguments of the Free Traders in consequence, so far as England is concerned, still

retain their soundness. But whether these conditions are likely to continue, it is now for the industrial experts and specialists to determine from the statistics of probability; and it is owing to the possible answer that may be given by them in the near future, with the momentous interests involved, that the necessity of reconsideration for which I plead is so urgent and pressing.

What then, in a word, are the industrial conditions which can be used as a rule or principle in determining whether a given country is better adapted to a Free Trade rather than a Protectionist policy, and *vice versa*? Leaving mixed and intermediate conditions out of account, for the sake of clearness and simplicity, we may say, speaking broadly, that there are two that favour Free Trade and two that favour Protection; and if our reasoning should prove sound, it is evident that when the statisticians shall have told us to which of these England belongs, or is likely soon to belong, the question will have been solved for us.

Now the first condition of a Free Trade policy is that the country in question should possess some single natural advantage or combination of advantages, natural or acquired, which shall give that nation an industrial advantage over the rest of the world in the production of important articles of world-wide demand—whether it be silver or gold mines; exceptional commercial situations, as the position of Corinth on the Isthmus in the ancient world, or of Florence, Venice, and Genoa in the Italy of the Middle Ages, and before better trade-routes were discovered; the shipping and carrying trade of Holland before the Navigation Acts of England killed it; the cotton-growing soil of the Southern States of America; the sugar-growing climate and soil of the West Indies before the manufacture of sugar from beetroot; the corn-growing facilities of Russia; or the coal and iron mines close together of England; and the like. Such conditions of industrial pre-eminence, when present in any nation where the extent of the industry is capable of employing a large part of the population, and where the demand of the outside world for the produce is effective and enduring, make a Free Trade policy for that nation as scientifically demonstrable in an industrial race, as feathering the oar by a bench of rowers is in a boating one; and there all the old arguments for Free Trade retain their validity unimpaired.

The second condition which makes a policy of Free Trade expedient is just the opposite, namely, where a country is so poor in natural resources that it has and can have no industrial pre-eminence in anything, and so, not being in the running at all, a policy of Protection to enable it to produce what it wants for itself would only be a waste of time and human labour. All this, perhaps, needs only to be stated to be admitted; it is when we come to the conditions justifying a policy of Protection that disputes are likely to arise, and we

shall have to proceed more cautiously. What, then, in my opinion, are these conditions? They also are two, speaking broadly.

The first industrial condition justifying Protection is where countries of great natural advantages and of a high intellectual and political outlook, come late into the field of industry, so that like some infant Zeus or Hercules they have to be guarded and protected with sedulous care until they arrive at industrial manhood. Under the name of "infant industries," such countries have always been admitted, although grudgingly, by men like Stuart Mill and the more open-minded of the old Economists and Free Traders, to be justified in adopting some form or measure of Protection, as in the case of America and the colonies. At that time England, it is to be observed, with her great firms freely competing *against* each other, was believed to have attained the same of industrial development; but what we have now to point out is that until these industries have been brought to that high stage of concentration and unity which is seen in the mammoth Trusts of America, they cannot be said to have reached their full development in utilising our natural advantages in the cheapening of production, and so quite logically and truly cannot be said to be yet full-grown; and so, by the admission of Mill and the old Economists, if they are to attain to that point must still fall, in a way, under that category of infant industry which may under certain circumstances favour some form or degree of Protection. But this, too, will probably be admitted without further dispute; and we may now pass to the second set of industrial conditions which, as I am now to show, appear to me to demand a most rigid system of Protection. Unfortunately, it is just the condition with which England is threatened in the near future, and it is in order that we may be prepared that this discussion, in my judgment, claims precedence over all others at the present time, so numerous are the pitfalls and illusions with which it is strewn.

The condition I refer to is that of a country once industrially supreme, and still as rich as ever in natural resources, but which has been effectually beaten in the race by an enterprising rival, *by however small a margin*, provided that margin is likely to be enduring; and this it is admitted is the condition with which we are threatened by our trade rivals America and Germany. Now it is assumed by the Free Traders that even in the event of the loss of our supremacy in those industries which have made the country great, still the nations are all such common sharers in the industrial wealth of the world that our loss would only be in proportion to the largeness of our stake; just as in business, losses or gains are divided in proportion to the shares in the partnership of the persons concerned. This is the first illusion. The second is that even if we were beaten in the industrial race, it would still be as much better

for us to keep our ports freely open for the entrance of foreign goods as it would be for a rower (even if he had lost some of his original power) to still feather his oar.

Now all this is most plausible, but as we shall now see most false; and if acted on would mean ruin, speedy and complete. Where then are the fallacies? They lie in imagining that what is right, natural and expedient to do *before* an industrial defeat, must be so *after* it; whereas it is precisely the opposite. Instead of our losses being, as among partners, only in proportion to our stake, the true analogy is that of a fight between rival bulls or stags in a herd, with the rest looking on, where the victor takes not his proportion according to his strength, but the entire herd (it is only the other nations with no supremacy—the herd—who share in the advantages gained); or like the race for the Derby, where the horse that is only half-a-neck ahead takes the whole stake; or better still, perhaps (to bring out the difference between before and after an industrial defeat), like the provinces of the Roman world after Pharsalia. Before the battle, Pompey and Cæsar divided almost equally these provinces between them, but after it, although it was won only by a happy thought, Pompey lost all and was ruined, while Cæsar gathering up the entire spoil, stalked off with it, and put the Empire and diadem of the world in his pocket.

Now, how does this specially operate in the case of an industrial defeat such as we have in view? It does so by a double action, as it were. In the first place, to a nation once thoroughly and decisively beaten by however small a margin in a commercial sense, no one will come to buy; not its successful rival, because it can buy cheaper at home; not the outlying nations, because they can buy cheaper from the conqueror; not even the defeated nation itself, because its people too can buy cheaper from their successful competitor than at home. The consequence is that except to bring in such trifles as fruits, spices, tobaccos, cheap wines, knick-knacks and other such things, foreign to the great main industrial issue, the ships of the nations will no longer crowd and jostle each other in the ports of the defeated nation as before, but will sail past her to swell the triumph of her conqueror. On the other hand, and by the wind of the same stroke, no one within the nation will continue any longer to manufacture those products which gave it its former supremacy, simply because with no guarantee against the return of the conqueror, no one will consent to produce. Mills and workshops will stand stock-still or fall to ruin, not by a slow and lingering decline, but as if a bolt had struck them. As well expect a Turkish or Moorish peasant to do more than scratch his fertile soil with a stick, when some Pasha can swoop down on him as he passes along and commandeer the fruits of his industry with impunity.

It is not that the mills *cannot* go on, but that they *will* not ; and the reason is that in the present stage of industrial development there is for the individual producer no national or collective guarantee, as there is for the protection of property, but each producer has to take his own risks. And the effect of this is the same as if the Bank of England were suddenly to suspend payment without the Government at its back. Possessed of that guarantee, the commercial world, with here and there a failure, would go on much as before ; but without it, not a market or an industry would stir, although all the world should raise its eyebrows in mild surprise, and ask what has the Bank of England to do with the running or not of the mills of Lancashire. For industry at the present day is so bound up with a subtle all-pervasive and interconnected system of credit that, when that is widely and rudely shaken, each man is as suspicious of his neighbour's solvency as a number of people at a masked ball are of each other's personality. Now, precisely the same effect would be produced on our industries if we were suddenly struck by a successful rival in our markets at home and abroad—and that because industry in its present stage has no collective or national guarantee. And if no single individual will produce without guarantee, then the nation which is made up of these individuals will not do so either ; and if not, with mills standing idle, England would fall as far in a single decade as Florence, Venice, and Genoa of the Middle Ages did in a century. For it is to be observed that it is not now as it was in the days when these States lost their Eastern trade through the opening of better trade routes, or Holland her shipping through the English Navigation Acts, where, in the difficulty of starting new industries outside the beaten track of custom and routine, intending rivals had to have a very great natural advantage over the nations formerly enjoying the supremacy, and required a long time before they could reduce them to ruin. On the contrary when, as at the present time, whole industrial armies can be transported, fed, and planted down with all the machinery and appliances of production to their hand, at any point in the wide world in a night as it were ; and when the smallest margin of differential advantage in production of one nation over another can be seen in the morning papers, or read off the tape from hour to hour in the great central exchanges of the world—in such a state of the industrial world a nation, if beaten, might easily lapse into a third-rate power in a single generation.

In what then do I expect a strict Protection to help us, it will be asked ? Simply by giving that national guarantee of which I spoke, and which would ensure that what is produced by us, if sold at all, would be sold at a remunerative price. But if the foreigner will not buy from us because he can buy cheaper elsewhere, will not our trade be greatly contracted ? Certainly, our foreign trade, for you cannot

both lose your industrial supremacy and keep it. It is not a choice between first and second best—that will have been settled by our defeat. It is rather a choice between a good second-best with Protection, or ruination, speedy and complete, with a continuance of Free Trade. But although we should lose our foreign markets, we should still have a population of between thirty and forty millions with capital abundant, and machinery and workmen equipped and at hand; and more than all, with a fertile soil that, as Krapotkin has conclusively shown (it came as a revelation to me), could if necessary be made to support many times the population we have now; with all these advantages there would be the same difference between stagnation and ruin with Free Trade on the one hand, and a good, if second-class, industrial status with Protection on the other, as there would be between a field which, although of excellent quality of soil in itself, is altogether abandoned because a better can be found for our purposes, and the same field which, if it had to support a family, could be made to yield, by a little more labour it is true, an abundance of fruit.

But why not participate in the prosperity of the conqueror, throwing aside our private griefs and losses, and let the country lie idle, with its mills closed down, its workmen out of work, farmers throwing up their farms, the country districts deserted, in the knowledge that the outlying world is benefited by your defeat? asks the cosmopolitan Free Trader; even if, like Irish peasants, there is nothing for us to do but to squat on our little potato patches and plant and hoe enough of them to keep each his own family. For, consider it well, that is what we should come to if we were soundly beaten by America or Germany in our manufacturing industries, and if Russia could supply us with corn, and other countries with cattle, cheaper than we could produce them here. We should be reduced, it is evident, to the *status quo ante*, to the condition, that is to say, of England before the factory system of the last century gave us our manufacturing supremacy; in the same way as Holland has been reduced to what she was before her mercantile supremacy began; and Spain before her time of prosperity from her mines. For our supremacy never at any time depended on Greek art, nor even on "the fantastic carving of cherubs' heads on cherry-stones"; not on the ingenuity and inventiveness of the Americans, the science of the Germans, as applied to Industry, nor the encouragement given to intellect either in general or particular, as in other countries; but on simple gross masses, which happen to lie close together, of coal and iron; and when we have been beaten in these we have been beaten in all, and shall have naught left with which to face the future save pluck and grit, energy and honesty alone—great and important as these are.

Why not emigrate, then, with these to our conquerors? We shall do so when the time comes that country is nothing, patriotism nothing, a common home nothing, pride of race and ancient prestige nothing, family ties nothing; and when it is indifferent whether we are ruled by an American or German sitting in London or by one of ourselves—but not till then. And certainly not for an economic fetish, which, although a beneficent deity to nations living under industrial conditions to which it is suited, as it has so long been to us, would prove a demon and a curse when these conditions have passed away.

In the above argument I have assumed, for the nonce, that we are likely to become a defeated industrial nation in the near future; and have laid on the colours rather strongly for the purpose of bringing out more sharply the principles that in my judgment ought to guide us in the solution of this great question of Free Trade or Protection. And with this my part in the discussion ceases; and the problem must now be handed over to the specialists and experts in the various branches of industry, to tell us to what extent the statistics of probability will justify us or not in our fears.

But while this is pending, and in order that we may be prepared for the worst, I shall, in my next article, still assume, for the purposes of argument, that we are a beaten nation, and taking advantage of the revelations of Krapotkin as to possibilities of land culture, and of the new economic truths on the relation between Production and Consumption established by Hobson and others of the new school of Economists, as well as of the facts so carefully collected and collated by Macrosty on the subject of Industrial Trusts, shall indicate a few of the means by which, without recourse to Protection, we could raise our industrial efficiency to the highest point compatible with our natural advantages. But still assuming that, in the judgment of the statisticians of industry, these, too, will prove inadequate for the maintenance of our industrial supremacy, I shall go farther, and proceed to outline as a basis of discussion a sketch of the Protection policy which I believe to be necessary to meet the new conditions, as well as of the general policy required to bring the different parts of our industrial system, manufacturing and agricultural, into harmony with it.

JOHN BEATTIE CROZIER.

THE APPROACHING ABANDONMENT OF FREE TRADE.

THE public confidence of the nation in Free Trade as a basis of commercial policy has evaporated during the last thirty years. The rank and file of the Conservative Party, predominant in wealth and influence to a degree unprecedented in our history, is almost to a man Protectionist; among its leaders one only retains the reputation of a convinced Free Trader; most of the others, though not avowed Protectionists, have committed themselves in public speech and action to a practical policy of Merchandise Marks Acts, restrictions on imports of prison-made goods or foreign cattle, countervailing duties on sugar, relief of agricultural rates, all of which are anathema to the rigorous Free Trader. Liberal Imperialists are rapidly gravitating towards a re-construction of relations between Great Britain and her colonies, which, if adopted, would involve some unavoidable concessions to the fiscal policy which prevails in all our self-governing colonies. Socialism, in all its various forms and degrees implying an increased use of the State as an instrument of public policy, has so eaten into the older Radicalism that the former intellectual apprehension of Free Trade as an integral portion of the *laissez faire* principle of government now remains little more than the discredited gospel of a *doctrinaire* remnant. Political Economists mostly still adhere to it, but their influence in practical politics is gone.

Needless to say this change has not been achieved by any process of intellectual conversion, but by a certain pressure of the logic of events. When Free Trade was adopted, England had visible need of it in order to secure cheap raw materials and cheap-fed labour that she might fill with her manufactures the world-market which her priority in the new manufacturing arts and her command of the sea had given her for a monopoly. She had the start and fairly kept it until recent years. Not until the last quarter of the nineteenth century did any other nation seriously contest her manufacturing and trading supremacy. Then other nations began to forge ahead, two making rapid advance, and, by their population and natural resources, threatening serious competition.

The commercial rise of the United States and Germany not merely has alarmed the practical business man. More than any other single fact it has shattered the confidence in Free Trade. For Free Trade was never adopted on grounds of abstract economic or political principle, but simply because at the time it was successfully presented by interested parties as an obviously paying policy. This powerful recommendation has disappeared. The prophets of Free Trade who represented its advantages as so large and permanent that prudence

and experience must shortly secure its general adoption, have been convicted of utter falsehood. Not only has no other great industrial nation followed in our footsteps, but the industrial power of our two most formidable competitors has been built up under a most rigorous system of Protection. To the practical business man and the politician it is idle to reply that the recent success of Germany and America has been not in consequence, but in spite, of her Protection. "At any rate," he is entitled to retort, "Protection cannot be the ruinous policy it was represented to be; even if it does not aid, it cannot greatly retard commercial development." This argument is quite unanswerable. Whatever else is thought about the theory and practice of Free Trade, the early Free Traders must be convicted of very grave exaggeration of its efficacy as a national policy. Nor is it a sufficient answer to dwell on the material fact that these two countries, the United States and Germany, are in themselves large Free Trade areas, and that the advance of the latter was almost entirely subsequent to the adoption of her inter-state Zollverein.

The fact remains that these two nations, relying systematically on Protective tariffs and bounties, are rapidly overhauling Free-Trade England in the commerce of the world. In both cases, it is true, a tone of exaggerated alarm, inducing a natural reaction, has been used; showy results based on rapidly mounting figures of infant growth have been exposed, and more sober-minded critics have proved that German progress has been neither so general nor so solid as was represented, while England amid all the competition has been making satisfactory advance in the volume and value of her trade. None the less it is admitted that we have reason to fear for the future, less perhaps from Germany, though her competition will be serious, than from America. For America has now clearly evinced a determination to contest with us the market of the world in those leading branches of manufacturing exports wherein has lain our chief past predominance. Still behind us, she is coming up with a pace which is really formidable, as the figures for her manufacturing exports of the last few years prove.

EXPORT TRADE OF U.S.A. IN MANUFACTURED GOODS.

1890	£31,425,000
1891	33,720,000
1892	30,479,000
1893	35,484,000
1894	35,557,000
1895	40,230,000
1896	50,738,000
1897	55,923,000
1898	61,585,000
1899	76,157,000
1900	88,281,000.

Though this last figure indicates that the United States is still far behind Great Britain—which in 1900 exported goods of her own manufacture to a value of about £232,000,000—the pace of growth exhibited during the last five years is such as, if maintained, will set her on a level with us in about seven years. America, indeed, makes no concealment of her intentions to dispute with Great Britain her economic supremacy.

"We hold now three of the winning cards in the game for commercial greatness, to wit: iron, steel, and coal. We have long been the granary of the world, we now aspire to be its workshop, then we want to be its Clearing House."¹

"This is mere wild Spread-Eagleism," the Free Trader may say; "Let them all come, for there is room for all."

Now this is just where the practical business man everywhere joins issue with the Free Trade theorist. He knows that there is not room for all in the present *régime* of competitive trade. The chief force behind the Imperialism to which all the most advanced industrial countries, including the United States, have committed themselves, is the growing pressure for new markets for surplus goods and surplus investments. Everywhere the power to turn out manufactured goods, and to produce capital for investment, appears to exceed the demand for such goods and capital in existing markets; every nation whose manufacturers and traders are fitted with modern machinery and transport appliances is ever on the strain to find new markets. Why it should be possible for anyone who has any goods to sell, or money to invest, to experience difficulty in selling or investing; why there should not be as many buyers equally eager to buy as there are sellers eager to sell—these are questions which the Free Trade economist may be invited to answer. But the facts are beyond dispute. In Great Britain, Germany, America, France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, the power of producing goods grows far faster than the needs of consumers as exhibited in effective demand, with the result of a continual tendency to over-production, which, occurring periodically, brings crises and depressions, during which there is general unemployment of large masses of capital and labour. The full efficacy of the Free Trade policy is really based upon a theory which is everywhere contradicted by current fact, viz., that all trade being a mere exchange of goods and services, there must always be as much willingness to buy as to sell, so that there can be no real collision of interests between trading individuals or nations. In point of fact, the trading classes in a nation find that markets which ought in theory to be unlimited are rigidly limited, that they cannot sell all they can produce and wish to sell, that, in a word, there are not enough markets to go all round. Everywhere these

(1) The President of the American Bankers' Association, 1896, at Denver.

classes are naturally using their organised political influence to get their Governments to use diplomatic, and, if necessary, military pressure to open up new markets or to secure for them as large a share as possible of markets that are opened up. This is the plainest of the many aspects of Imperialism. Now other nations, protectionist by habit, are in no doubt or difficulty as to how they should proceed. It never occurs to France in annexing Tunis or Madagascar, or Germany in seizing Kiao-Chow, or the United States in establishing her sway in Cuba, that they should give traders of other nations just the same trading facilities as they give to those of their own nation, and nobody expects it. Whether they annex, or simply obtain a sphere of influence, their first aim is to secure preference for the trade and the investments of their own merchants and capitalists. They do not trust to the quality of their goods and their price list, but place consuls and agents to "hustle" for trade, and aid their efforts by tariffs or other impediments placed in the path of foreign intruders.

England has in the past used brave words about "the open door," but even she has not wholly trusted to it; the very theory, feeble though it be in working, that trade follows the flag contradicts it by asserting a handicap in favour of the annexing Power. In China the confidence in an "open door" is still further shaken by clauses in treaties which, partly concealed by political motives, are designed to win a preference for British investors in Chinese railways and other business enterprises.

Indeed, if Free Trade has not collapsed before, the coming development of large tracts of China by European capital and for European trade will strain it to the breaking point. Does anyone seriously believe that England, which, till recently, had almost a monopoly of trade with the Far East, will tamely submit to have Manchuria and its trade assigned to Russia, Shantung and a large section of the Upper Yang-tse basin to Germany, Tonking and perhaps Yunnan to France, while she maintains at her own risk and expense an "open door" in her "sphere" of the Yang-tse for the very nations which exclude her to take their share of trade, and for the United States to cut her out by cheap manufactures poured in from the convenient Pacific coast?

The Political Economist and the belated Free Trade statesman may explain the advantages of "round-about" trade, and how it is better to rely upon improved and cheapened qualities of goods, till they are black in the face, their arguments will sound idle words to the traders who are standing with full warehouses and the investors who cannot find an outlet for their capital, because the Governments of other nations have "earmarked" for their subjects the new trade with the teeming populations of the East. Imperialism, driven by the pressure

of machine production and surplus capital, will more and more pursue the policy of earmarking trade areas for private national uses; England, however reluctant to return to her long-discarded policy, will be drawn into it by the political force of the commercial interests which must dominate her politics. Imperialism has always implied Protection in the past: our one-sided Free Trade Empire, like other abnormalities, tends, in the course of nature, to disappear.

The economic forces here in question are clearly discernible but they have not yet attained their full potency. All the competitors are not yet as well and as equally equipped for the fray as they will be when machine-industry has grown in Russia and Japan, and ductile China begins to turn on her invaders and pay them back in their own coin. When new Asiatic railways have marked out for the competing European and American nations all the more profitable areas of commerce, and the poverty of the vast bulk of African land for commercial enterprise is clearly recognised, the fight for the residue of the world market will be keener than ever, and so far as national trading policies are dominant the tendency will be towards an ever closer system of preserves.

It is unlikely that England will await these more extreme kinds of pressure. I have shown that the intellectual authority of Free Trade is a thing of the past, that by various secret side-paths Protection has been re-entering our national policy, and that the powerful organised trading and capitalist interests are plainly leading towards a general reversal of the fiscal policy of the last half-century.

The conservatism of England is, however, of such sort that an emergency is always needed to effect a change which has been long prepared. A combination of political and financial necessities has gathered in the last few years which will compel the abandonment of Free Trade. The name, of course, will be the last thing to go. It may be long before Great Britain admits herself to be a definitely Protectionist country. But the substance of Free Trade is doomed to an early extinction. The change will first take shape in an attempt to give body to the floating idea of Imperial Federation. Whether the endeavour to draw our colonies into closer formal political and financial relations with the Mother Country than at present exist in the case of the self-governing colonies is likely to succeed we need not here discuss. My point is that it seems certain to be attempted, and that the attempt will be utilised to conceal the reversal of our Free Trade policy under the guise of Free Trade within the Empire.

The proposal of an Imperial Zollverein was ventilated by Mr. Chamberlain in 1897, but found no cordial reception among practical politicians, who shrink from touching big financial business unless they are compelled. The compulsion has now arrived. I allude not

chiefly to the emergency demand for expenditure upon the war, though that has shaken, and will shake still further, recent financial traditions and so render any fiscal revolution easier of acceptance. But it is now clear that a very large increase of normal income will be needed to meet the military and naval expenditure of the future, for our competitors, advancing in wealth at a somewhat faster pace than we, and accustomed to heavy taxation, will force the pace by their military and, especially in the case of Germany, their naval expenditure. Allowing for a regular expenditure of not less than £61,000,000 upon the Army and Navy, and £25,000,000 for a considerable term of years in the occupation of South Africa, Sir Robert Giffen places the new standard of expenditure upon which this country will enter, if the African War is finished in 1902-3, at a sum of £156,000,000. That estimate may or may not be excessive, but it is certainly unsafe to assume that the security and internal government of our nation, exposed to so many hazards in so many parts of the Empire, can be maintained at a much lower cost.

How can this new scale of expenditure be provided for? That the nation is rich enough to bear it we make no doubt, for, as Sir Robert Giffen points out, our growth of wealth has been such that this enhanced expenditure represents no heavier burden than that borne in the 'sixties.

In theory the increased expenditure can be provided in several ways: by a high income tax, by Imperial taxation on land values, and by an import tariff, or by some blending of these three.

First take the income tax. If the whole of the increased expenditure were placed on this, the present rate of 1s. 2d. would not nearly suffice; allowing for an increased yield on all the new taxes imposed last year there would, according to Sir Robert Giffen, still remain a deficit of £10,000,000, or thereabouts. Does anyone seriously contemplate an income tax raised to 1s. 6d. and kept at this figure during a time of peace? It is quite certain that an income tax over 8d. is only good for a special patriotic emergency, and that in point of fact no higher tax will be maintained as a regular source of income. For the question is not an abstract one of sound or unsound finance. The classes which pay income tax possess, and are likely to retain, the real predominance in the politics of the country, and a class in this position never has paid and never will pay out of its own pocket what can be got out of the pockets of other people. The close of the war will bring a strong persistent pressure for a reduction of the income tax to or towards the 6d. which is recognised as a fair standing figure. Accepting Sir Robert Giffen's figures of £156,000,000 as a normal figure of expenditure, a reduction from 1s. 2d. to 6d. would involve, he says, a sacrifice of £20,000,000. To this must be added the £10,000,000 deficit upon the present basis,

making a sum of £30,000,000 to be provided from other sources of taxation. Other competent critics place this sum much higher, at some £44,000,000. But let us take the lower estimate of Sir Robert Giffen. Even if we suppose the income tax kept at 8d. there would be £25,000,000 to provide from other new sources. I name Imperial taxation of land values as a theoretically feasible source. But the actual play of current economic forces in politics is such as to render this course impossible in practice. The "agricultural interest," which has been sufficiently powerful to obtain relief in rates by suing *in forma pauperis*, has excellent arguments for showing its total inability to bear new taxation. Land values in towns which could bear considerable taxation will be able to defend themselves by playing municipal rates against Imperial taxes. The extension of the area of income tax to cover working-class incomes, or any sort of poll tax, however sound in theory, however feasible under oligarchic government, is impossible under any form of democracy.

In fact the whole weight of democratic forces is against direct taxation. Old customary direct taxes, as the income and the property taxes in Great Britain, the *contribution foncière* in France, the State property taxes in the United States, may be maintained, but governments are more and more compelled to rely upon indirect taxation for new revenue, while in the United States and in our self-governing colonies any extension of the direct taxation system is scouted by practical statesmen as impracticable.

In a word, the whole or the great bulk of the 25 or 30 millions required must be furnished by indirect taxation. In the case of Great Britain this must mean Customs. This is clearly the line of least resistance. There is always the strongest inclination to prefer import tariff as a source of income: where improving transport services and new sources of supply are factors, there is always a good chance that reduced costs may balance the new tax and the consumer may pay no more, there is always the concealment of actual incidence and the final doubt as to who really pays and how much. "Many remissions," Sir Robert Giffen rightly observes, "have been received with absolute coldness by the taxpayers," and many additions have not been followed by any apparent corresponding increase of price.

The ground has been thoroughly baited by suggestions and proposals, and it seems quite evident that a large scheme of import dues is imminent. It will not, of course, at once be admitted that a course such as Sir Robert Giffen advocates, of another threepence upon tea, another halfpenny on sugar, one penny on petroleum, one shilling on grain and on timber, involves the adoption of Protection. It is too slight a measure to be so dignified, and it is "tariff for revenue only." Now to this we may reply that the motive does not greatly concern us, but the result. Whatever does in fact protect is Protection. One shilling

per quarter on grain may not be much, but *pro tanto* it protects the British farmer; we do not produce tea in this country, but an enhanced price of tea will protect and improve coffee and cocoa; a penny a gallon on petroleum may protect gas and electric light companies. It is, in a word, impossible to put a tax, however small, on any import goods without affecting prejudicially or beneficially many home industries, some of which will be protected, others damaged. This is indeed a commonplace of finance.

Moreover, an import tax for revenue, even if it is not at first imposed in order to protect, is soon utilised for this end. Sir Robert Giffen's one shilling becomes two shillings in the advocacy of *The Times*, and would soon tend to rise to five shillings. When one trade is protected even to the least degree, other related trades obtain a specious claim, and every readjustment tends to bring more of them within the protected area. In theory it is possible to stop at tariff for revenue only; but when the demands for revenue are growing all the time, it is impossible to keep out the protective motive and the protective results.

When to the demand for increased revenue we add the project of the Imperial Zollverein, to which Mr. Chamberlain is manifestly driving the Government, the necessity of Protection is made quite manifest.

"Free Trade within the Empire," taken as a part of a recasting of Imperial organisation, is one of those blends of politics and economics which is so large and so attractive as easily to turn the edge of discredited Free Trade criticism, if only the scheme can be forced into actuality. The psychological moment for a bold experiment upon these lines has evidently arrived. The nation, deceived, however innocently, into a most expensive and protracted war, leaving dangerous sequelae, will evidently undergo a serious reaction of sentiment that will tell against the Government, unless there is some result big and conspicuous enough to pacify and divert it. Imperial Federation alone is big enough. It furnishes indeed the only chance. If the Government can go to the nation and say "It is true that this war has been costly and protracted beyond our calculations, but its cost and losses are more than compensated by the discovery and stimulation of patriotic forces throughout the Empire which are bringing about a solidarity of sentiments and interests so substantial that for the future we can present to the jealous nations the sight and reality of a British Empire bound by secure political and economic ties of an enduring character and furnishing a common defence," such a statement would restore the shaken confidence of the nation and secure a new lease of confidence.

Whether such a *coup*, and the recasting of political relations it would involve, can be achieved, we need not here discuss. Its political difficulties are many and obvious, but they are not of necessity in-

soluble. What is certain is that any steps in the direction of closer attachment of the colonies to the Mother Country will involve a radical readjustment of finance, in the shape of a discriminative tariff, giving preferential treatment to imports from our colonies on condition of receiving similar preferential treatment for their imports from us. We are well-acquainted with the main objections, and they are powerful ones, that can be raised against this policy. On the part of Great Britain it will be objected that it sacrifices the customers who take four-fifths of their trade for the benefit of those who take one-fifth; on the part of the colonies that the policy involves a precarious reversal of the main tendency of the external trade during recent years which has made towards a diminishing dependence alike in import and export trade upon the Mother Country. Each of our most important colonies, moreover, has special hopes and attachments to some foreign market which must be weakened or abandoned if an Imperial Zollverein were adopted.

To overbear these solid objections and induce the colonies to give us preferential treatment all along the line in return for similar preference may well tax the skill and audacity of the boldest statesman. But desperate diseases require desperate remedies; and if the continuance of our Imperial career involves large increase of military expenditure, the attempt to secure financial assistance from the colonies by a political reconstruction which shall shift on to the colonial finances some portion of the necessary military expenditure, while it shifts on to the British consumer (or, as the theoretical Protectionist maintains, on to the foreign producer) the rest of the new burden, must certainly be attempted. Now, if ever, is the time not only of greatest need, but of best opportunity. Federation is in the air, internal Federation has just been achieved in Australia, it is the next step in South Africa, the enthusiastic attachment to England displayed during this war is a sentimental asset which may be turned to practical purposes, why should not the "rally" round England bear its first fruit in a closer, more formal, more permanent union? This is the hope, the conviction of many; it will, if Mr. Chamberlain, the one Minister with an eye to the future, has his way, form the objective of politics for the coming years. It must not be forgotten that the Free Trade of other nations has proceeded almost entirely on lines analogous to these, the breakdown of local and inter-state tariffs and the substitution of national or Imperial tariffs. The great areas of internal Free Trade, which we term France, Germany and the United States, represent the rule in modern history, England's policy has been the exception. It has long been doubtful whether Great Britain could hold out in her solitary career; it is now tolerably certain that she will collapse to the inherent logic which binds Imperialism to Protection.

The Political Economist, confident in his Adam Smith, his Ricardo, his Mill, will find himself unheeded, his abstract reasoning will gain little attention, and his appeal to facts will be countered by other facts. Moreover, the "Necessities of Revenue" and the "Imperial Zollverein" advocates will refuse the arbitrament of pure economics, and will buttress their political economy by appeals to military and social exigencies of a wider kind. *Cedat toga armis*. Some of the arguments extraneous to finance will carry weight in influential quarters. The decay of Agriculture, directly attributable in large measure to the industrial specialisation of a Free Trade policy, has long been a matter of regret, not only among sentimental and artistic folk, but among the few thinkers who concern themselves with the roots of sound national life. The possibilities of war, and the need of thoughtful preparation for it, have brought the matter home to multitudes of practical common-sense people, in two urgent issues, the solution of both of which make directly for Protection in the shape of encouragement of domestic agriculture, indirectly by way of Imperial Federation. Great Britain at present draws more than two-thirds of her food supplies from foreign countries which may become her enemies, or intercourse with which by sea is liable to interruption in case of war with another sea-power. It is true, that the profitable character of this trade furnishes no small guarantee of peace with nations who are customers. But militarism is little alive to such considerations, and looks with growing alarm to the possibility of these islands being suddenly cut off from their foreign sources of food, and driven to starve upon their insufficient internal supplies. There are but two ways of remedy; one consists in a radical reform of the land system which shall bring capital, brains and science into agriculture; the other is shorter, simpler and far more plausible to the Imperial politicians of the day, Protection, and, if necessary, bounties upon wheat, cattle and other agricultural produce. What we cannot produce ourselves, our colonies should supply; this will furnish the much needed Imperial self subsistence and at the same time bind by closer commercial ties our colonies.

But we must grow not only our food but our soldiers in the land: Never in the course of history has there been a great military nation which is a nation of town-dwellers. The movement from the soil which has now placed 79 per cent. of our population under the conditions of town life, is rightly felt to make for a deterioration of the physique of the race. We must get back the "sturdy yeomen" stock of yore. These and many kindred considerations will supplement the main economic forces which drive fast and ever faster to Protection. The old Free Trade argument that the only certain considerable effect of protecting agriculture is to raise rents will be lightly brushed aside by politicians unversed either in theory or in history. It will be

felt and said that as Great Britain requires a strong army she must be prepared to pay for it, if necessary by sacrificing some of the "economies" of a Free Trade policy that has, in pursuance of the maximum of marketable wealth, sapped the conditions of sane, strong manhood which are the prime conditions of national safety and greatness.

These arguments must bite upon a nation committed to Imperialism and to the militarism that it involves.

There are of course in this as in every large movement cross currents of interest. In history, Protection develops many such. But their disturbance, even the radical antagonism between the agricultural and the town commercial interests, is not strong enough, either in France, in Germany or in the United States, to break the general policy of Protection. In Great Britain a system of Protection, once established, in which the revival of agriculture was flanked by a defence of strongly organised metal and textile trades, and other interests threatened by Germany and America, would hold together *prima facie* with no more friction than in any of the three countries named.

For, more than in Germany, more even than in France, the personnel of the land-owning aristocracy of England is merged with the commercial and financial classes of the towns. Moreover, to an extent unprecedented in the history of our party politics, this transfusion has taken shape in a political party which is virtually coterminous with the possessing classes. In France, still more in Germany, Protection, though not seriously endangered, is at least threatened by wealthy organised interests in the towns; in America the party which is, though hesitantly and without full heart, associated with Free Trade, while not comparable in wealth with the party which stands for Protection, is at any rate well furnished with the sinews of political warfare.

In England it will be different. Unless a new and unexpected rally be made for "Manchesterism" with the same ample forces which sustained the earlier struggle, the Free Trade Policy, once abandoned by the Imperialist politicians of either party who rule politics, will find itself in sorry plight for effective defence. There will be multitudes of Free Traders, either from conviction or from interest, but they will consist of the smaller unorganised, unprotected trades on the one hand, and the consumer on the other. The highly organised and strongly localised interests will be protected, and they will hold the fortress of politics against the scattered unorganised consumers whose policy is Free Trade.

J. A. HOBSON.

THE NAVY—IS ALL WELL?

"THESE quickly recurring mishaps . . . suggest, if they do not indicate, some failure of competence, some lack of co-ordinating intelligence, among those who are responsible for the structural perfection of our warships."

Thus *The Times*, in whose columns no one looks to find sensations, began its general inquiry into the state of the Navy; an inquiry still proceeding and primarily based on uneasiness. Here there was no wild charge, no hysterical assertion of failure, but a cold, formal suggestion that all was not well, and the very formality created distrust where more violent lamentations would have been passed by. And this *Times* utterance probably echoed and then emphasised a feeling that is now very general throughout the country, though *The Times* articles themselves have little of the alarmist in most of their paragraphs. But the nation at large is uneasy. The question of moment is, Is there justification for this uneasiness?

The causes for uneasiness may be tabulated under various heads. Boilers, buckling destroyers, breaking down big ships, grounding warships, "messages from the Mediterranean," and a few dozen other things as well, all told a desperate count enough. These I propose to consider here, taking, first the popular impression—whether created by sandwich men from the Navy League or by sensational newspapers matters not—then stating the facts as they appear to me after living with and in the Navy for some years, and coming into contact with many things that, for reasons hereinafter to be explained, do not find their way into print.

Let me take boilers to begin with. The boiler question dates from the nineties. Ten years ago—though the fact is now forgotten—boilers (cylindrical then) were giving trouble. Remedies were sought and found, in seeking them the Belleville was also found. It was adopted and there arose an agitation that has never ceased. From Mr. Allan, M.P., who objects to water-tubes root and branch, to naval experts with a kink against the Belleville, the war has gone on; and last year's interim report of the Boiler Committee produced by this war has been hailed as conclusive proof that the Belleville is a rank failure. The *Hyacinth-Minerva* race put nails into the coffin, and the net result is that the public is convinced that all our modern warships are fitted with boilers that cannot be trusted. It is the only deduction to be drawn from the mass of information published; and in all conscience it looks bad enough. But—is it absolutely certain that uneasiness is justified by an interim report and the fact

that a Belleville ship was beaten by a cylindrical-boilered one? Is an interim report necessarily akin to a final one—is it certain that the *Hyacinth* is a representative Belleville ship? Are bald facts alone necessarily proof of anything outside themselves? Who for instance has blamed Bellevilles? If we examine we find, first of all M.E.'s and newspapers, then the man-in-the-street, finally civilian engineers in an interim report. Only the man who lives with the boiler has not protested. That is a fact which anyone can ascertain. Why has he not? One explanation is that he dares not—that the Admiralty would make things too unpleasant for him, if he did. It is an easy explanation, but is it all sufficient? Does it account for the fact that not only do naval engineers express themselves satisfied with Bellevilles, but that having once served in Bellevilled ships they always apply to serve again in such? This is what they say and do. The case, therefore, is that the people who do not have to do with Belleville boilers condemn them, while those who have to live with them believe in them and are content. Is this situation one that need cause public anxiety as to boilers? It is paradoxical, of course, but so, as I shall presently show, is every single naval question before the public to-day.

Let us take a few further facts. Certain Belleville-boilered ships have broken down, in two cases hopelessly, but in others temporarily only. Against this there are Bellevilled ships like the *Ariadne*, *Vengeance*, new Royal yacht, and many others that have never known a mishap. The *Powerful*, *Argonaut*, and others associated with breakdowns, had their troubles with machinery not with boilers, and they give no trouble of any sort now. The *Highflyer*, which once "broke down utterly," was able to steam many thousand miles at full speed during the "disaster," and her people never knew of the "breakdown" till they read of it in the newspapers. Are all local reporters for sensational newspapers totally devoid of imagination? With the best will in the world is it impossible for the Press in London to be deceived? Is the destruction of the Peking legations the only case of manufactured sensation?

Not, however, that anyone (unless it be the Admiralty) is directly to blame—the worst mischief is due to the unintentional element. The facts are invariably the same. At every naval port there are local reporters who eke out a poor livelihood by acting as local correspondents to London dailies or agencies. The Admiralty professes to give them information; in practice it tells them nothing more exciting than a few facts of interest to no one outside strictly service circles.¹ General information they have to pick up as best they may. They are compelled to trust to dockyard gossip and the like, and often have

(1) "The *Hero* will in future be moored at No. 3 buoy instead of No. 2 buoy," is a sample of Admiralty confidences to the Press.

to pay for even that. It comes to them "edited." Brothers in misfortune, they help each other and send to London any news that seems reasonable and probable. They cannot test it if they wished to, as often as not. That is the whole simple history. There is no direct imposition anywhere, nothing but the natural exaggeration of rumour spreading from bluejackets to dockyardsmen and thence to the Press. "If the rumour concerns a breakdown it is marketable, if not, it has not value as "copy." Sometimes these rumours turn out true, but as often as not they are then "officially denied," and the correspondents get into trouble for "lying." When the rumours are incorrect "official denials" are as a rule deemed unnecessary. To trace out a rumoured breakdown and ascertain exact facts usually takes about a week's hard work, and this is utterly beyond the time that a "local" could afford, nor would the information a week stale be of any value as "news." The consequence is that practically no intelligence as to breakdowns is ever properly correct; but the wonder is, not that this is so, but that it ever approaches the shadow of accuracy.

The trouble comes when well-meaning people take the printed rumour as gospel and build edifices thereon. A recent example is the case of the *Implacable*. Rumour stated that her barbettes had sunk six inches and would be useless for months. On this the Navy League issued a famous manifesto. The facts—according to official explanation—were that some nuts were misplaced, and that everything was put right before the rumour even got about. The official explanation was "official," but it was not very far out. Yet neither "official explanation" nor rumour touched the real point. Rumour had got at the fringe of what had happened to *another ship at some other time at another port*. This real incident, needless to say, was never told—the Admiralty not being wont to talk of its failures; it being rare, indeed, for the real failures to get into print. For instance, in all the fuss about the *Powerful* some time ago, the real trouble was never clearly disclosed. Again, the newspapers never got hold of what recently happened to a certain destroyer sent to a distant station. To the *Glory* and the *Albion* things unknown to the newspaper reader have happened—the builders have been the scapegoats for what has been published about these ships. In fine, the real disasters are usually hidden, the ones people talk about are generally fictitious ones.¹

Now real disasters are not plentiful; they are, no more plentiful than railway or tram-car accidents. Excluding the *Cobra*, those mentioned above are the only really serious troubles of recent years, unless it be the rapid rate at which third-class cruisers of the *Pelorus*

(1) Quite recently there has been a story about the *Repulse's* cylinder cover blowing off. Actually all that happened to her was a defect in a slide valve, and this of old standing. She did full speed during the last manoeuvres with this defect.

class get worked out, their life being about two years. Once or twice a ship has gone aground, and a few destroyers, compelled to go slow to satisfy "regulations," and so unable to steer, have collided; but all told this covers about all that has seriously gone wrong since that day, some six or seven years ago, when the *Seagull*, coming up Portsmouth Harbour, had an explosion that blew a cylinder-cover through the deck—and yet never got into the newspapers. The *Seagull* for a long time had been used with orders that one engine was to be worked gently for fear of disaster, so the things that might have been said can be easily gauged. Previous to this incident was the *Victoria* disaster, the real history of which has never been fully disclosed, and is never likely to be. Somewhere about this epoch, too, is the incident of the *Sanspareil*, which experimented with her big guns firing right ahead. The concussion stove in the deck and killed a man sleeping in his hammock below, but no newspapers ever heard of it. And so on and so on—nearly always if anything has gone really wrong it has been kept quiet. It is false or imperfect information that people worry themselves about. It is no good worrying over such things, the facts necessary to form a conclusion are never presented; the Admiralty never has and never will disclose them. No good purpose would be served by doing so.

We have, therefore, two facts; one that published accounts of anything wrong are nearly always incorrect;¹ the other, that the Admiralty when it chooses can suppress information as to a breakdown. Very few people outside the Service are in a position to find out the truth, and the few that are, from the way they learn things, are bound in honour to say nothing at the time. Incidentally it may be observed that if they tried to sell their information they would have a difficulty in disposing of it even at one-and-ninepence the inch, so commercially there is no motive, even apart from the ethics of the thing. What is more, "locals" who eke out a precarious income by sending shillings' worth of information to town, never, so far as my investigations carry me, attempt to make use of information which their reason tells them is best kept quiet. "Patriotism" is a cheap word to-day; but the fact remains that local correspondents constantly throw away sensations from patriotic motives. They dress up general rumour gaudily enough, but—and I have come across a good many of them—they rarely if ever betray their trust. Their trust is—approximately—permission to pick up crumbs at the Admiralty table; if they find a thing that is not a mere crumb they leave it alone. And I think most of the newspapers they represent, if able to differentiate, would do exactly the same; the Press may have prying propensities, but it is far more judicious than people are

(1) I have a sense that this is dogma, but there are obvious difficulties in proving it more fully than as indicated by selected examples.

wont to believe. Scaremongers are those gentlemen who, on the strength of a small naval library, having heard of some incident, sit down and write "authoritative" articles stuffed with pure invention. These are they who set afloat the astounding lie (no other word is possible) about the officers of our destroyers being afraid to go to sea in their boats. So dogmatically were some of these statements made that even the Admiralty inclined to believe them, for they have recently sent a quite pathetic paper round to all destroyers intimating that any who cared to leave the boats might do so. No single man, of course, has, and a very fever of indignation exists at the charges. But if the Admiralty is to be thus deceived, what chance has the man-in-the-street?

The *Belleisle* experiment is an interesting illustration of the way in which real facts never get before the public. An army of naval experts from London witnessed that experiment from afar, and most of them drew every conclusion but the right one. No newspaper so much as hinted at the real object of that famous experiment, none were given the opportunity to guess it. The real experiment was with the *Majestic*, not with the *Belleisle* at all—at least that battered hull was the secondary thing. The main lesson learned was not on board that hulk. Now, to my certain knowledge, at least one "local" subsequently got hold of the actual facts of the case, and honourably abstained from making use of them. Had he done so, the presumption is that mischief would have resulted. How far his facts took him I cannot say, but he certainly discovered enough to have given the newspaper he belonged to headlines for two or three days. Now, facts officially noted at the *Belleisle* experiment have lately led to something very like a revolution in the internal efficiency of our warships, so the importance of the matter can be gauged. The secrecy that has shrouded it all is an instance of how really important facts never leak out. From the popular point of view the *Belleisle* experiment began and ended with the woodwork in that old ship.

This question of woodwork is one of which we heard a good deal recently. A pretty simile about tar barrels and old ironclads started it, and once started there was no lack of fuel to keep things going. Chinese ships at Yalu, Spanish ones at Santiago, were object lessons galore, while hundreds called on us to emulate Germany and substitute iron for wood. There were the obvious facts, plain to everyone except a sailor. But what were the true facts. *The Chinese ships had (for economy) paint put on paint for years, with kerosene instead of linseed oil as the vehicle! Structurally, too, they were so built that a splendid draught was created. Even so, till the crews became demoralised, no ships were burned. In the Japanese ships fires created no trouble at all, a quick bucket of water settled everything. At

Santiago it is now pretty well established that the Spanish ships were either set on fire by their own crews or steps taken to ensure that result.¹ Undoubtedly there is an unnecessary amount of woodwork in some of our ships, but, like the cry for perpetual "battle" paint, the whole thing was a storm in a teacup. Even the Germans are now reverting, to wood, and using some in their latest battleships, while the Japanese have never more than partially discarded it. A metal substitute is too often a cure worse than the disease. In the matter of decks, wood has certain structural advantages that metal can never give, and the ship suffers if wood is discarded; while in the matter of many fittings the absence of wood and the substitution of metal is directly responsible for pulmonary diseases owing to the excessive changes of temperature that metal induces. Fireproof wood may be all right at some future date; at present, for some reason or other, it fails to given satisfaction, while some kinds appear to be temporary only in their immunity from fire. Yet from what has been written on the subject, nine people out of ten must have inferred that the Admiralty was grossly indolent and criminal in using woodwork. As a matter of fact, it has acted with absolute sanity and promptitude in the question. Blame does the Admiralty good, and it needs it often enough, but blame where none is due certainly fails to do any good. False attacks on minor counts too often palliate grosser sins.

There is, for instance, the case of the *Implacable*, already referred to. The fiasco over that has stumped the Navy League for many a day. The Navy League is singularly unfortunate as a rule in its cries of "Wolf"; with the *Implacable's* barbettes as an object lesson the Admiralty can always trump the League's best card. This is a great pity, because eventually the well-meaning and patriotic gentlemen responsible for the policy of this association will see a real wolf, and as assuredly no one will heed their cry. The agitations against muzzle-loaders (which hardly exist in the Service), against obsolete ships (the "retention" or abolition of which is really nothing but a matter of words in nine cases out of ten), the fuss about woodwork, the wearisome statistical tables and so on and so forth have bored people. To the airing of fads in this direction the real uses of the League have been subservient, and in its real duty of interesting the nation in naval matters it has signally failed. The vast bulk of naval officers laugh at the Navy League, and have no part and parcel in it. And incorrect though it may be, the naval officer's view that the League's principal object is the adoration of Lord Charles Beresford is a deeply-rooted faith. It is a great pity, for in certain directions the Navy League has undoubtedly achieved good, but, if a

(1) The Spanish orders were that if escape were impossible (which seemed obvious to them), the ships were to be destroyed, not surrendered.

word of advice may be offered, it should try and have a little more navy and a little less Lord Charles Beresford and Captain Percy Scott.

The principal act of the League of late years has been the Mediterranean scare. It certainly made the man-in-the-street nervous about the Mediterranean, and—intentionally or not—created the impression that our fleet in those waters consisted of nothing but “crocka.” An idea prevailed that the ships were rotting or something like it! Actually the efficiency of this fleet is high; that is to say it can out torpedo boats, collision mats, anchors and so forth in less time than any other squadron. Anticipating orders, and having everything ready to drop the instant the signal is given is brought to the pitch of a fine art in Admiral Fisher’s fleet. Whether such “efficiency” is of real value is a difficult thing to answer. It is not done under war conditions, and getting out your anchor smartly is not so hurtful to the enemy as hitting him with your gun; but as a general rule smartness in one direction is complemented by smartness in others, and men who can act well together are better than men who cannot do so. It was ability to act together that led to the victory of British ships at Trafalgar. The allied fleet lost, primarily, because it was taken in detail. It is no good shooting individual guns better than an opponent if the opponent is smart enough to bring so many more guns to bear that his total hits are greater. Had Villeneuve’s fleet been able to act together so well as Nelson’s he could have done this, and it was his inability to do so rather than his bad shooting that lost him the battle.

Since Trafalgar, naval gunnery has improved rather on paper than in fact. That is to say that, immense as is the increase of range, the space occupied by a fleet has kept pace with the increase. In the old days two ships occupied the space filled by one modern one, the bowsprit of one touching the stern of her next ahead. Nowadays there is a gap of a quarter of a mile between ship and ship—the space filled by a given number of units has in fine increased something like six times. Effective range has increased no more—it has probably increased a good deal less. *Relative* destructive ability had, till high-explosive shell came in, actually decreased a good deal. Steam is the only real alteration, but, despite the blessings of steam, for a modern fleet to turn and come to the relief of a cut-off division takes a good deal of time—a very long time if efficiency in this respect is lacking. All told, things are more stationary than appears on paper, and the fleet that can act together best may triumph easily over one that shoots better but cannot act as a whole. Great as good gunnery must be, it is not necessarily everything.

In all the fuss about the Mediterranean Fleet no glimmering of any perception of this fact was apparent. But what value have

conclusions that ignore so salient a point? In all the agitation the prominent feature was a vague generalisation indicating imperfect knowledge of the subject.¹ Who of the agitators, for instance, ever mentioned that the *Renown*—a second-class vessel—is flagship of the Mediterranean Fleet because she is a cosy Admiral's residence and a nice ship for dances? Those are two of her principal qualifications. She may have others, but she is emphatically not the best ship for the post. Again, there is the very delicate question as to what chances of survival any battleships will have in such narrow seas infested with hostile torpedo craft. If any consideration governs the selection of Mediterranean ships this should do so. And so on, and so on. The man-in-the-street must trust the Admiralty in these matters. If the Admiralty is a bruised reed, other reeds are likely to be worse rather than better, simply on account of unknown side issues that affect everything. In all the agitation real sores were never touched, or, if that is going rather too far, only minor ones were indicated. Towards the great questions the public exhibited a blissful and lamb-like quietude. Did it ever dream that the French plan of campaign is—or was—to bolt from the Mediterranean and take us in our really weak spot, the Channel?

To guard the Channel we have the Reserve Fleet and—the pretty theory, that ships on a distant spot protect one far away. That theory, a sort of fungus growth on Mahan dicta, is three-parts undiluted drivel. The fate of the Empire can be “sealed in the Mediterranean” as per theory—subject to conditions. The prime condition is that our enemy elects to act there. If the enemy prefers elsewhere, the theory becomes moonshine at once.

The public is quite complacent about the Reserve fleet. No amount of attempted agitation on this head touches it. Yet here the Admiralty is almost deliberately criminal, and most deliberately hoodwinking. For years the Reserve fleet was an absolute disgrace to a naval Power. Save for the annual manœuvres its units spent all their time swinging round buoys in harbour. There was neither efficiency nor the pretence of it, and its name—the “gobbie fleet”—was a term of reproach. Admirals came to it intent on reforms, but one and all went down. At last came Sir Gerard Noel, who, by herculean efforts that no one has properly appreciated, managed to get quarterly cruises for his fleet. All that one human being could do he has done for that fleet, and its *personnel* is now efficient, thanks to him. Of all this the public has guessed nothing, heard nothing, cared nothing. It knows of Sir Gerard only as an admiral who once did:

(1) There was an outcry that the Mediterranean Fleet had no steel-pointed common shell. As a matter of fact they were served out to this fleet before any other. So were gyroscopes and telescopic sights. The standing rule is to supply the Mediterranean Fleet first of all with any new thing.

something or other in Crete and subsequently got defeated with disgrace in the last naval manoeuvres. It has a hazy, very hazy, idea that some of his ships are poor, and another hazy notion that the Admiralty is alive to that fact and replacing the worst Reserve ships by battleships of the *Royal Sovereign* class. It is—after a fashion. But how? Take the case of the *Resolution*, a worn-out ship of the Channel Fleet, where she was a danger to herself and her consorts, as any who have had the doubtful pleasure of being ahead or astern of her well know. We have heard something of the Channel Fleet being robbed of a battleship, and indignation has been trumpeted thereon by those who never dreamed how glad the Channel admiral must be to be rid of the *Resolution*. This worn-out ship has been put *unrepaired* into the Reserve fleet. Something of the same sort has been done with the *Empress of India*.¹ Years ago the same thing was done with the *Trafalgar*, which to-day embodies defects that were condemned four years ago, but are still unattended to, and will go on being unattended to till the ship falls to pieces. Her steering is defective, and both her big gun turrets have sunk. The *Nile* is little better. Does the man-in-the-street know this? Not a bit of it. The Admiralty tells him that it is replacing inefficient ships in the Reserve Fleet as quickly as possible, and his advisers—looking up the ships in naval annuals—tell him how much more “energy of fire” the new ship has than the old one and how many more feet the “energy of a single discharge” would lift a ton weight into the air. It is the old, old story—if a thing is really wrong most people are satisfied that it is all right.

Now let us turn to a case which plenty of people do trouble about. Nine men out of ten will tell you that in the British navy too much time is wasted on “spit-and-polish” instead of on gunnery. They want more drills and gunnery and less of the other thing. The desire is excellent, but the idea is all wrong. A modern ship is by no means clean, dirt and dust get everywhere, and “cleaning” cannot get much further than keeping it down. It is true that an honestly characteristic picture of a bluejacket would represent him with a paint-brush in his hand, but that paint rarely comes out of the country’s pocket, and the men must be doing something. Once men know their stations at general quarters, repetition serves no useful purpose. It is the same with any drill. The object of drill is twofold: (1) for each man to learn and know exactly what he has to do; (2) to keep him employed. Once the first is mastered thoroughly, the ship’s officers are surely as good judges as their critics as to the exercise of the second, while even the most fanatical

(1) This ship, as well as others of the class, is to have her unprotected upper deck 6-inch guns put into casemates, but this is a superficial “repair.” Like the *Trafalgar*, she needs six months in a dockyard to put her right.

critic must admit that polishing the metal fittings of guns is a necessity. The amount of bright metal-work that could be dispensed with is really relatively small. It was in the bad old days of masted ships that ammunition was thrown overboard because firing made the decks dirty, and the custom went with the masts and yards that created it. Even now we hear moans about the old "seaman"—this was the essence of the "seaman" whose ideal of life was to be proficient at everything except warfare. Unhappily some of his tenets yet live. He it was who, having carried essential neatness in coiling ropes and so forth to the utmost limit, invented the uniform mania, so that to this day one will see officers of a warship going about with measuring tapes to see if bluejackets' collars are the exact regulation size and so forth! Luckily most of the admirals who were badly bitten with the uniform idea are now dead or retired, but the evil harvest yet lives, and will take a long time dying.

It cannot, however, be said to interfere with gunnery. It is a stupid waste of time, a Gilbertian exercise, but there it ends. In these days of record-making every ship in the service is anxious to do well in gunnery. More facilities might be given maybe, but the officer who sacrifices gunnery for "spit-and-polish" is extinct as the dodo.

Gunnery is improving greatly. In part this is due to competition between ships of a squadron, in part to the "dotter"—the instrument by which Captain Percy Scott gained his shooting renown. The "dotter" is more or less "confidential," though most people know it by now. However, the less said of its workings, maybe, the better, beyond the fact that it is not a novel thing. Something of the same sort was in regular use ninety years ago, the principle—that of training hand and eye to act together—is the same. It is now served out to most sea-going ships and in constant use. But it is not a machine for making gunners. It will make a good shot a better shot; it will not make much of a bad one. Its effect is that of unlimited gun practice—so with its adoption the last shred of the accusation that we do not devote enough time to gunnery is blown away. This is a little fact that scarcely sorts with popular conception.

Then there is a prevailing idea that all our ships are under-gunned. Many naval officers now tend somewhat to this idea, but it is a very open question. Our guns are placed with an eye to tactical use; in many foreign ships I can trace no sign of such an idea. In peace time one must reckon gun-power by paper; in war, the ability to serve them properly will be greater than their mere numbers. It is no use having more guns than the ship can carry crew for; it is no use having guns that will, if fired, annihilate men at other guns; it is no use putting guns where their discharge will

upset the aim of other guns. All these things require consideration. Ignoring them, anyone can be critical; but when they are unrecognised the critic of the book type has almost unlimited opportunities to tumble into unsuspected pitfalls. On the other hand, our ships carry six months' stores. This is a relic of the Nelson days, when a ship had not got to come into harbour and coal. Now that she must coal once a month, at least, more than half these stores are useless dead weight. If a lot of this were abolished more guns might be possible on a given displacement, but even so it is not absolutely certain that the difference would be important. We go to 15,000 tons to do what other nations do on 12,000 or 13,000 tons. All through, everything is heavier, steadier, and stronger. In ordinary commercial life cheap and light tools are not an unmitigated success; the cheap imported every-day hammer, for instance, is anything but a joy for ever to the citizen who trusts in it, and neglects to use it gingerly. Like hammers, ships are difficult things to use gingerly; they have to stand very violent blows indeed. In the ordeal of battle a good many ships that now look so fine on paper will probably tumble to pieces. Conservative the authorities may be, but the subject is far too complicated for it to be worth while for the man-in-the-street to be uneasy because some shore-going critic is dissatisfied. Fifty to one, the discontented critic knows no more than the public does about essential facts. Paper statistics are not essential facts; they may mean anything.

The strategical and tactical ability of our officers is a subject often questioned. We are told that they spend too much time at sea over merely practical work (out collision mat, &c., &c., presumably), and do not do enough thinking. We are also told that they do not go to sea enough. There is some truth in both counts, but in my experience—which is by no means confined to the British Navy—the man who knows best what to do is rarely if ever the man best able to do it. The two things are antagonistic. The tendency in our Navy certainly runs in the latter direction, and if (as seems probable) we cannot have both, it is surely the better of the two to have. A man must be a Nelson to combine the two, and Nelsons are not common. The average foreign officer is a difficult thing to locate, one is so prone to take the best as a sample; so only very generally therefore—though owing to circumstances I have encountered many more than most other people—do I care to commit myself. But speaking thus generally, I think that the average foreigner, has an advantage in brain (so far as "brain" means knowing what to do), and has a corresponding lack of ability in the doing. He acts after reasoning, rather than by intuition; and it is just while he is reasoning that he is likely to be bad. Personally I cannot but fancy that both tactics and strategy may be over-rated things, and that the man who does

something at once, and who can stand most hammering, is the man who is most likely to win five times out of six. But even in a war-game some of this is to be perceived. I doubt if science ever has or ever will remove the absolute importance of the *ego* from naval warfare; and if any student can manage to render his mind a blank and then inspect past facts without any superstructure of fancied cause and effect, he will find that the mutual desire to fight is the root idea of all past naval warfare,¹ with victory for the man who is most active and can take most pounding. All other things seem accessories, some essential, some not, but always accessories. Probably, therefore, we get the best value out of our system of training by teaching men to *act*.

On the other hand it might well be improved. For instance, our officers are as a class deplorably ignorant of foreign warships and their construction. That fault lies at the door of the Admiralty, which for some extraordinary reason cannot send round a photograph cut out of an illustrated paper without labelling it "confidential" and making it too confidential for anyone to see without conforming to any amount of red tape. Yet I do not think any foreign Intelligence Department is much better served. The bulk of the work done by any Intelligence Department is with scissors and paste, and spies live mostly in the pages of fiction. When secret information is procured it is usually because an accommodating traitor comes along and offers it. The rest of the so-called "spying" is done by gentlemen whose patriotism or tastes induce them to "grub things up." At Portsmouth there are "spies," French, German, and Russian, but it is very questionable whether they ever discover anything of value, or whether they get much for what they do discover. Our usual spy is some enthusiast who takes the risk and gets a bare thanks for his reward. Spying is a dirty business, so dirty that financial compensation would exceed the value of the information very often, hence the use and economy of the patriot of the late Major Le Carron's type. This country can furnish such as well as any, and from what I have seen of its workings, our Naval Intelligence Department seems as well served as any other. No such Department anywhere is the mine of information that it is popularly supposed to be.

In conclusion the following axioms may be laid down:—

1. The public very rarely knows the truth about anything naval.
2. The Admiralty, good, bad or indifferent, must be trusted, because there alone can things be known. There is nothing else to trust to.

And here incidentally the case of Mr. Arnold Forster may be

(1) Histories of naval strategy always seem to me like Ruskin's interpretations of the "meaning" of Turner's pictures—very plausible, but always susceptible to some far more commonplace explanation.

mentioned. In the past Mr. Forster was the chief of agitators on things naval. Sometimes he was wise, sometimes not. Now that he is one of the Admiralty his moanings have ceased; and in consequence he is accused of being a turn-coat. It is extremely doubtful whether there is a shadow of foundation for this report. Mr. Forster in the past—from internal evidence of his complaints—knew little of behind the scenes. He was an honest critic the wrong side of the footlights. Now he is the other side, and knows more of the working of things, and undoubtedly sees how much better many things are than they appear, and how false many presumed "facts" were. As time goes on he is likely to grow more optimistic. The mention of this case may smack somewhat of the personal, but in view of the almost vituperative attacks that have been made on him for optimistic views, this opinion may be recorded.

On the whole, things are fairly well with the Navy, so far as I can glimpse its inside. None of the things that people worry over are worthy of worry, and of actual defects few are of a nature to create uneasiness. The force as a whole is efficient and, humanly speaking, reliable. We have still a few admirals that might be retired with advantage; there are captains too of the same sort. But all in all things are well, saving always the Reserve Fleet. That is the sole bad canker; and it is one of *materiel*. Our *personnel* inspires confidence, and has confidence in itself. I have known the inner workings of the Navy intimately for ten years now, and I unhesitatingly affirm that the mediocre men of to-day are better than the best men of ten years ago. In energy, thought, zeal, brain-power, resource, individuality, in all these and kindred things the Navy is on a decided up-grade, and the *personnel* of the Navy of the past is simply not to be compared with the Navy of to-day.

But, let not this be taken as an indictment of those who dread otherwise. The existence of the dread is a proof of their *bona fides*, of their realisation of the sterling fact that the Navy is the Empire. According to their lights they have reason for the dread. But their lights are wrong. In all the rot around us, the British Navy is the one thing healthy yet. The whole aim and object of modern naval warfare is to make the enemy lose his head. The officers and men of the British Navy will keep their heads longer than any—that is the object of all their training. In the Navy, if a man has distinguished himself, he is ashamed of it rather than otherwise, he feels no pride in it, and keeps quiet for fear of having the sneering epithet "'ero" applied to him. To "do his job" is the beginning and end of things with him. While that spirit prevails nothing can be vitally wrong with the Navy *personnel*, and given a reliable *personnel* ships must be bad indeed to bring out failure, for ships are very secondary to men. And the ships are bad mostly in fancy only.

FRED T. JANE.

IRELAND IN 1902.

It is just thirteen months since I described in this Review the Irish policy of Lord Salisbury's Government, and the condition of Ireland in 1901. I pointed out that the Ministry had let slip a great opportunity to deal with Irish questions, during the period of comparative repose in Ireland, between 1895 and 1898, and that they had made the greatest mistakes of omission and of commission. I showed how the wretched system of "killing Home Rule with kindness," which, like all political quackery of the kind, has ever conspicuously failed in Ireland, had not only aroused the indignation of loyal Irishmen, but had given the disaffected Irish an occasion they had seized; and how the United Irish League had been the baleful product. I indicated that, like the Land and the National Leagues, this was a conspiracy against our rule in Ireland, and for the annihilation of the Irish landed gentry; and I showed that it had five-sixths of the representation of Ireland in its power, and that it was prepared, politically and otherwise, to do infinite mischief. I commented on the contemptuous disregard exhibited by the men at the Castle, to the preservation of the rights of Irish landed property, and to the security and welfare of the law-abiding classes, not to speak of the indulgence, nay, the favour shown to those of a very different type; and I dwelt on the significant fact that, while this sinister conduct had alienated from the Government all that was best in Irish opinion, it had made Irish disloyalty only more truculent. Passing to the measures of the Ministry I made some remarks on the vices of their Irish Local Government Act, a slavish imitation of its English prototype, completely unsuited to the case of Ireland; and while I acknowledged that the experiment must have a trial, I proved that already it had caused many evils, and was pregnant with ominous effects in the future. I especially enlarged on the policy of the Government as regards the Irish land: how it had confiscated the property of the Irish landlords; how, though this had been conclusively proved, an inquiry on the subject had been refused; and how the agrarian legislation for Ireland, set on foot by Unionist statesmen—an expedient to stave off agitation and trouble, in defiance of political science—had been already seen to be worse than a failure. I noticed how the Ministry had declined to deal with the over-representation of Ireland in the House of Commons, and evidently wished to shirk the subject; how, after vainly endeavouring to answer the celebrated report of the Childers Commission, which declared that Ireland was immensely over-taxed, they had not

fulfilled their pledge to have an inquiry in this matter; and how they coolly announced that they were divided in mind on the great question of high Irish Education—almost the only real grievance of Catholic Ireland—and that they could not be expected to treat this most important subject. And I emphatically condemned the thoughtless optimistic fancies, and the lazy indifference to Irish affairs, which have been a characteristic of the Ministry, for years, in all that relates to Ireland.

More than a year has passed, and the state of Ireland has distinctly become worse within this short period. The United Irish League has greatly increased in strength; it has its ramifications over five-sixths of Ireland; its pernicious influence is growing day after day. The conspiracy, like its forerunners, has a double aspect; it seeks to destroy British rule in Ireland by defying Parliament and the executive Government: to promote these objects, and to ruin the Irish gentry, it appeals to the sordid greed of an ignorant peasantry, and makes them its instruments for this evil purpose. The first of these aims has been boldly announced in these significant words of Mr. John Redmond, the head of what is called the "Parliamentary Nationalist Party": "My own principle in public life is . . . to make every department of government in this country difficult and dangerous;" the second has been set forth by the same speaker thus: "If only all over Ireland to-day, we had as vigorous—and I won't mince words—as dangerous a movement as there exists in Connaught at this moment, we would make short work of the Land Question, and short work, as I believe, of the English government of our country."¹ Passing by the seditious and often criminal language repeatedly used by chiefs of the League at wild mob gatherings, we unfortunately know but too well what they accomplished last Session in the House of Commons, which they made a theatre of operations that would not have been permitted in any civilised State save long-suffering England. I shall not dwell on the disgraceful scene when police dragged many of these men out of the precincts of the House, and that august assembly resembled for a time a violent street riot. The followers of Mr. Redmond did much worse things; they prevented legislation of many kinds, and paralysed administration over and over again, by persistent obstruction never so mischievous before; they were only too successful in degrading Parliament and Government, and bringing both into contempt. As regards the achievements of the League in Ireland, especially in all that relates to the land, these also have been largely extended, and have been a series of triumphs within the last twelve months. Agrarian crime, indeed, has not much increased, but this is because this wicked force is kept in reserve; the League believes it can compass its ends

(1) Speech at Marybough, October 28th, 1901.

without the auxiliary found so effective by the Land and the National Leagues. But in parts of Ireland there has been an outbreak of incendiary fires, distinctly to be traced to agents of the League; there are signs of a revival of the Plan of Campaign, and of a movement against the payment of rent; the hideous practice of "boycotting," denounced by Mr. Gladstone himself as having "assassination as its ultimate sanction," has become prevalent in several counties; and in some districts the law of the land has been superseded by the law of the League, enforced by a Press of the Jacobin type, and by secret, or even open, tribunals, armed with enormous power. The results appear in numbers of derelict farms; in lands kept out of commerce; in a blight cast on industry; in hundreds of victims cowering under an infamous ban; in populations ruled by Terrorism, and all that the word implies.

What has been the attitude of the Government towards this conspiracy, formidable in its power and its purposes alike; having allowed it to grow up, how has it dealt with it? It is endeavouring to put down obstruction in the House of Commons, and to rescue Parliament from a disgraceful deadlock, by introducing new and stringent rules of Procedure; I trust this reform will have the much-needed effects. But the Ministry have been strangely remiss in this matter; they ought to have adopted this measure many months ago; here, like the clumsy boxer, they wait on the blows of the athlete; they have been punished before they could pull themselves together. With respect to the agrarian side of the League movement, the most difficult to deal with by many degrees, they still cling to a half-hearted and inefficient policy, wholly inadequate to the requirements of the case. Mr. Gerald Balfour, indeed, the philosophic *doctrinaire*, who let sedition and mischief loose in Ireland by giving their authors a free hand, has been gracefully sent about his business; Mr. Horace Plunkett, who imagines that an effusion of milk is a sovereign remedy for all Irish ills, has been relegated to his special department; "Balfourian amelioration" is not now heard of; Mr. Wyndham, the present Chief Secretary, is an able man—I am convinced he has it at heart to put down disorder and lawless deeds in Ireland. But he is committing, I fear, two palpable mistakes; he does not believe in the far-spreading tyranny of the League, because agrarian crime does not widely prevail in Ireland; and yet this comparative absence of agrarian crime, as Sir James Stephen has admirably shown, in letters to *The Times*, may be a conclusive proof of the authority of the League; where its mandates are obeyed, it need not enforce its punishments. Again, Mr. Wyndham has, in this province, drawn a distinction without justification in law or right; like a false light this may lead him woefully astray. The League, he insists, is "a political organisation" in the main; as long as it keeps to "political

methods," it is not to be visited with the penalties of the law. But are the incendiary speeches of many of the leading men of the League, often rank with sedition and even worse, and inciting to "boycotting" and other crimes, "political methods" in a true sense, and ought their authors to go scot free, and to escape from punishment? We have had a great deal too much of this kind of thing in Ireland; the murders in the Phoenix Park were soon called "political"; a "political" complexion was given to Land League atrocities: "it is dangerous to film over the ulcerous part. Mr. Wyndham's distinction has no support in reason, especially as he has not told us what are "political methods." Again, in dealing with plain offences committed by the League, or its agents, he has not risen to the level the situation requires. He has tried to suppress meetings distinctly unlawful; but his efforts have been to very little purpose. He has given "boycotted" persons police protection, and charged the expense on the adjoining districts, a good measure, as far as it goes; but at best it is a weak and imperfect measure. He has prosecuted persons who have denounced individuals by name, and directly attempted to do them grievous wrong; but these prosecutions have nearly all failed,¹ and were they successful would have no great results. He will find, I am convinced, that he will have to suppress the League in three or four counties; he can do this by a stroke of the pen; until this is done the Irish Government must be condemned, as unequal to its task, and not doing its duty.

The shadow of "killing Home Rule with kindness" still hangs, it is to be feared, over Dublin Castle; this obscuring influence still darkens wisdom, still prevents a firm and straightforward policy. The "closetings," indeed, to use the words of Swift, which, directly or indirectly, were held between more than one agitator, and several men in high place have, it is believed, ceased under the present régime; and Mr. Wyndham has not yielded to the behests of fine ladies, in sympathy with United Irish League champions. More regard, too, has been lately shown to the vindication of the rights of the landed gentry, than was the case two or three years ago; we do not hear, as we did, that the Irish Government neglects, or refuses to protect landlords in the assertion of their claims, and will not give them the support of the police in carrying out the process of the law, as the ablest of the Irish judges laid down was its duty. And the ominous slackness and remissness distinctly shown by the Irish Constabulary, on more than one occasion, in giving evidence in Courts of Justice and doing other things not pleasing to the United Irish League, conduct believed to have been inspired by superior officials, have not been apparent for some time; the Constabulary, as a rule,

(1) Some have succeeded since I wrote this, but against the emphatic dissent of Lord Chief Baron Fyler, perhaps the greatest lawyer in the three kingdoms.

have done their duty fearlessly of late; in this respect there has been a very marked improvement. But the disfavour, nay, the dislike shown to loyal Irishmen, and notably to the Irish gentry, by the bureaucracy at the Castle, have not changed; these classes, the real mainstay of our power in Ireland, are made to feel that they are on the shady side of the hedge; that they are discountenanced, if not contemned. It is remarkable, that during the last six years, not a word of sympathy has dropped from the lips of the rulers of Ireland for the cruel ruin that has befallen hundreds of Irish landlords, and for the sufferings all have undergone, owing to a system of confiscation and wrong; the same remark applies, in a less degree, to the Unionist Party throughout Ireland. There was a notable instance of this, only the other day; the owners of two considerable estates in Connaught were being despoiled and deprived of their rents, owing to what practically had been the act of the Government and the pernicious policy of so-styled "Land Purchase"; and Mr. Wyndham, at a kind of banquet at Belfast, did not even utter a word of regret. On the other hand, Mr. Wyndham's endearments with Mr. John Redmond will hardly commend themselves to plain and honest minds; a Chief Secretary of Wellington, of Grey, of Peel, who had acted in this way, would have been sharply rebuked. The most striking examples, however, of this coquetting with what was called the "Rebel Party" by John Bright, and of this want of a wise and just policy in Irish affairs, was shown in the recent attempt of Mr. Horace Plunkett to commend himself to the electors of Galway. Mr. Plunkett is a subordinate member of the Government; he received its support at the South Dublin Election, a memorable event in recent Irish history: the Irish Attorney-General on this occasion was a sturdy Sancho Panza to a hot-headed Don Quixote. Yet this professing Unionist declared himself to be a Nationalist; he did not utter a word against Home Rule, or against the terrorism of the United Irish League, and he was backed by the Government throughout the contest. It is needless to say that he was routed at the poll, but, as we dwell on this discreditable scene, we may say in the caustic words of Junius: "Is this the wisdom of a great Minister, or the ominous vibration of a pendulum? Had you no opinion of your own, my Lord?"

The evils of the system of Local Government, established in Ireland by this Ministry, have been more fully developed since I last wrote. In more than three-fourths of Ireland, property, and especially property in land, has no influence in the administration of counties and towns; the landed gentry have been banished from the local Councils; in a few months the shadow of representation, given them by the law, will finally and completely be lost. The Irish County, Borough, and District Councils have fallen, except in a part

of Ulster, into the hands of raw democracies, swayed by the United Irish League; and their conduct has been of a piece with their character. They have hitherto been prevented by law from plundering the Irish landlords, but attempts in this direction have not been wanting; in some counties there has been much maladministration and waste, not to speak of squabbles with the Local Government Board. The Councils, too, in numerous cases, have driven loyal men and women from positions they creditably filled, and have replaced them by creatures of their own, at a heavy cost to the ratepayers, whose interests they have betrayed. One of the most remarkable instances of this kind was seen in the summary, and absolutely unjust, dismissal of an eminent solicitor in the west of Ireland, simply because he discharged his duty to the Crown; his admirable services for years were ignored, but the compensation he is entitled to receive will amount to a very considerable sum, and this will be levied for the most part from peasants, in order to gratify mischievous spite. The worst feature of this vicious system, however, is this: these Councils, in by far the greatest part of Ireland, have become mere agencies of the United Irish League; they are centres of disloyalty and socialistic clamour. Two County Councils at least refused to vote an address of condolence after the death of the late Queen; speakers at many have given a free rein to seditious language; many are a mere propaganda of what Burke called the "Jacobin faith," conductors of an evil and dangerous influence. I have little doubt that the authors of this experiment view it with grave misgivings; but this they will not venture to admit, still less to attempt to make a reform in a Conservative sense. In the words of the great critic of the Revolution in France, the deepest of our political thinkers:—"These state-doctors do not pretend that any good whatever has been hitherto derived from their operations, or that the public have prospered in any one instance from their management. The nation is sick, very sick indeed. But the charlatan tells them that what is passed cannot be helped; they have taken the draught and they must wait the operation with patience; that the first effects, indeed, are unpleasant, but that the very sickness is a proof that the dose is of no sluggish operation; that sickness is inevitable in all constitutional revolutions; that the body must pass through pain to ease; that the prescriber is not an empiricist, who proceeds by vulgar experience, but one who grounds his practice on the pure rules of art, which cannot possibly fail."¹

The question of the Financial Relations between Great Britain and Ireland remains in the position it held in 1901. No real answer has been made to the Report of the Childers Commission—composed mainly, be it remembered, of English experts—which announced

(1) Letter to a member of the National Assembly, 1-478.

that Ireland was enormously overtaxed, and had been for nearly half a century; the Government has still set at nought its pledge to have another Inquiry on parts of the subject. The politicians, however, who have tried to answer the Report, have shifted the grounds of their puerile arguments; the fallacy, that, as between two communities, differing from each other in almost all respects, equality of taxation must be equity, has been blown to the winds and is now given up; and so has the ludicrous and offensive sophism, that Irishmen, in this matter, can have no grievance if they will cease to drink whisky and betake themselves to beer. It is now contended that Ireland gets more than her share of the expenditure of the State; that this creates a fair set-off against the undue taxation, and that, therefore, she has no just cause of complaint. But the expenditure of the State in Ireland is Imperial, not local, as is the expenditure in England and Scotland; were it otherwise Ireland would have an immense set-off for the expenditure to which she contributes in the other two kingdoms; and though there is a scintilla of truth in the argument, it is essentially a false and dangerous error. The case of Ireland stands on unassailable grounds; and it has truly been said that it is not becoming that the poorest country in Europe should be unfairly taxed by the richest. The question of Irish University Education is as it was; the Ministry continue to tell us that this must be an open question, because they cannot agree among themselves; as if the Catholic Question, from 1800 to 1829, which brought Ireland to the verge of a Revolution, was not a warning against open questions; and if they have appointed a Commission to inquire into, and to report on, the subject, this will almost certainly have no practical results; and the one grievance of Catholic Ireland will not be redressed. As to the over-representation of Ireland in the House of Commons, the Government has become alive to an unjust anomaly, which ought to have been removed many years ago, because it has been smarting from what it endured in the last Session; this excess, it has declared, is not to continue, probably it will be set right before the close of the existing Parliament. But why was not this done before; why has a security for the Union, of the very first importance, been treated as useless since 1895 at least; what is to be said for this optimistic negligence? In this matter I agree with Mr. Arthur Balfour, that Ireland ought to have a representation somewhat larger than her strict due in mere numbers; "Government," as Burke has said, "is not an affair of arithmetic." But the present representation is extravagantly large; and as to the plea that this was practically fixed by the Treaty of Union, the treaty did not save the Established Church of Ireland, though its maintenance was made an essential part of the compact; nor can the Union be perverted to effect gross injustice. It is characteristic of the disregard shown to

the claims of loyalist Ireland, that the strongest argument for a reform in this province has been hardly noticed. The present state of the Irish representation is unfair to the Irish Unionist party; it creates an utterly false index of Irish opinion; were it properly adjusted Ireland might have eighty seats in the House of Commons; thirty of these would be probably held by men who would support the Union; the "Nationalists" would probably have not more than fifty. This would be very different from things as they are now; the dice are now loaded against well-affected Irishmen.

A vivid light has been thrown within the last few months on the capital question of the Irish Land, and on the policy and the conduct of the Government with respect to it. I need not remind a reader how, in 1881, breaking the pledges he had given but eleven years before, Mr. Gladstone surrendered to Parnell and his creatures—a surrender akin to that of Majuba—and how, throwing the Irish landed gentry to the wolves, he established the mode of land tenure known as the Three F's, in an illegitimate and ill-conceived form. Under this system, rents were to be adjusted by the State—a proceeding unknown in civilised lands—by tribunals to which no parallel can be found; tenants' improvements were to be exempted from rent; the Land Commission and its sub-Commissions were let loose to make havoc of Irish estates. I need not refer to the fact that Unionist Ministries, having condemned this legislation in the severest language, have extended it and made it more harsh and oppressive in order to buy off agitators, and to weaken their power; nor need I write on the results that have followed. The landlords of Ireland have been cruelly wronged; their status has been degraded, and their rents cut down without the slightest regard to justice; the Irish tenant-farmers have obtained advantages to which they have no pretence by right; and while the land system of Ireland has been turned upside down, the landed classes have been set at war with each other; litigation of the very worst kind has been stimulated by law; and demoralisation, and the annihilation of contracts and of obligations of the most solemn kind, have been the evil and destructive consequences. Bad administration, too, has made bad laws worse; it has been conclusively shown that the Land Commission and its subordinate Courts have adopted false principles and pursued wrong methods in performing the duties devolved on them, with results in the highest degree disastrous. All this was dragged into light by the well-known Fry Commission, which, limited as the scope of its inquiry was, has demonstrated how pernicious this legislation has been, and especially pronounced such a censure on the Land Commission and its sub-Commissions as has never before been pronounced on judicial bodies. These facts are generally acknowledged now, even the organs of the Ministry do not deny them; nevertheless, when

the maltreated Irish landlords asked for a further inquiry upon the subject, this was denied them last Session by the Government on allegations puerile alike and untrue. The Irish landlords have announced that they will press for a Committee on this matter in the present Session; the Ministry may be compelled to accede to their request, but such a Committee would be of little use were the considerations it would entertain in any sense circumscribed. What is needed in this province is that a Commission, as important as the Devon Commission of sixty years ago, should be appointed to investigate the Irish Land Question as a whole; to examine the legislation of the last twenty years on the Irish land, and the administration especially of this; and, finally, to report what reforms can be made in Irish land tenure, consistently with facts now beyond recall. By these means, and by these only, will a wronged order of men have a chance of obtaining justice; will the mischiefs and dangers in Irish landed relations be lessened, and, to some extent, prevented; and will the eyes of the public be at last opened.

The Irish Land Question, however, since I last wrote, has been best illustrated from another, and a different, point of view. Perceiving the evils of the Gladstonian nostrum, Unionist Ministers invented a nostrum of their own, not less mischievous than the nostrum they sought to supplant. Absolutely wrong in the idea that Mr. Gladstone had "created a dual ownership in the Irish land"—he had no more created it than he had created the hills of Ireland, he had only developed it under the very worst conditions—they devised the system of so-called "Land Purchase" for Ireland, a word simply contrary to the truth. Under this system the State was empowered to advance to such landlords as wished to part with their estates, or rather with what remained of them, to the tenants in occupation, the moneys required; these tenants were then made owners in fee-simple, without laying down a shilling of their own and without making a single effort; and they were to hold their lands at terminable annuities, much lower than any rents, even than rents grotesquely bearing the name of "fair." This transaction, therefore, was not in any sense a "purchase," it was a gift in the nature of a mere bribe; and Parliament, in an evil hour for its renown, has voted sums of about £40,000,000 for this purpose, one of these Acts being unconstitutional in the very highest degree, for grants especially applicable to necessary Irish uses have been made answerable for the advances to Irish landlords whose tenants were to be transformed into owners of their farms. This bad measure became law, with little opposition, as the Irish Encumbered Estates Act of half a century ago—a sorry scheme of confiscation that proved a calamitous failure—became law with general acclaim; it was, indeed, ushered in as a generous boon, to the advantage of landlords and tenants alike. But a few

observers, who knew Ireland, and were not the slaves of party or of false theories, saw at once the mischief of this ill-conceived scheme, and predicted what would be the inevitable results. Apart from the profound immorality of legislation of this kind, the bribing a class wholesale to make it quiescent, and to obtain for Ireland an expected brief season of peace, they indicated its essential evils; on some of the most obvious of these I shall dwell afterwards. Here I shall notice, perhaps, the most important: this system of falsely-named "Land Purchase" has drawn an unjust and unfounded distinction between "purchasing" and rent-paying tenants; it separates them into an unfairly-favoured and an unfairly-disfavoured class; and, as a matter of course, rent-paying tenants become naturally discontented when they compared their position with that of "purchasing" tenants, and have a real and legitimate grievance. From the nature of the case, therefore, this system of "purchase," if "voluntary" in name—for landlords are not obliged to give up their estates—leads to the demand for the "compulsory purchase" of all the Irish land now being heard from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear; and it tends to produce a confiscation the most shameful of the confiscations which ever Ireland has known. It has, also, this further ruinous effect: rent-paying tenants on estates cannot be satisfied to pay sums much higher than "purchasers" on adjoining estates; as a necessary consequence they are tempted to refuse to pay their rents, and even to enter into strikes against payment; their landlords are thus handicapped and wronged should they make a demand for their just debts, and, especially, should they try to enforce them. "Land Purchase" is, in fact, a fatal menace to landlords who wish to keep their lands, and is a fertile source of agrarian disorders and troubles.

These unquestionable facts, and they cannot be gainsaid, have been made strikingly apparent since 1901. The conspirators against our rule in Ireland have always clamoured for the "compulsory purchase" of the Irish land, that is, for the expropriation by force of the landed gentry, and for placing their tenants in their stead as owners; this would give effect to a part of their evil policy; and the demand has the support of the Catholic Irish priesthood, and of the "Nationalist" Councils in three-fourths of Ireland. But the cry has extended to law-abiding Ulster; "voluntary purchase," in that province, has caused a movement having "compulsory purchase" as its object: like other human beings, Ulster peasants will not tolerate that, without a shadow of right, men on one side of a fence are to be excluded from benefits men on the other have secured; they will not be starvelings in one fold, a pampered flock in another. The movement, already strong, is gaining in strength; for the first time in history it has united the disaffected tenant class in the south and the well-affected tenant class in the north; it is backed, and

naturally, by a great weight of opinion; whatever may be the issue of the East Down election,¹ it will carry at the next General Election a number of seats. The other consequences of "Land Purchase," falsely so-called, have been made manifest with remarkable significance in the west of Ireland. The great estate of Lord Dillon, comprising many square miles, has been lately "purchased," through an act of the Government; hundreds of tenants have been bribed into the ownership of their farms, without contributing a farthing of the price; and in this, as in other instances, they have been made artificially proprietors in fee, at annual renders much less than any kind of rents. As the inevitable result, the tenants on two large adjoining estates not "purchased," resent being left out in the cold, while their fellows bask in the warmth, and, from their point of view, not without justice; and these men have made a determined strike against the payment of their rents, and have entered into a combination to withhold their just debts. The movement has hitherto been successful; judgments have been recorded against the defaulters in hundreds of cases, but the wronged landlords—wronged, be it observed, owing to an evil policy—have not received a hundredth part of their rents; the prospect that they will receive them is very remote, and they are being threatened with what may be their ruin. Nor is this all or even nearly all; when attempts shall be made to enforce the judgments that have been obtained, disorder and ill-will will certainly spread over an area of considerable extent, to be attended probably by outrage and crime; indeed these estates have already become centres of a squalid reign of terror. The movement will almost certainly become wider and larger; not impossibly the "Plan of Campaign," with its terrible work, will again be a reality in several parts of Ireland. And all this will have followed from so-called "Land Purchase"; this vicious system is ruinous to landlords—still the immense majority—who do not choose to abandon their homes and their estates; and it exposes the great body of Irish tenants—still nine-tenths of the class—to cruel temptation and fills them with discontent. "Land Purchase" in fact, is a pernicious, not a beneficent force; it operates like a mine applied to a fortress with respect to estates not within its scope; when the mine explodes it scatters havoc, confusion, and misery around.

It has fallen to the lot of Mr. Wyndham to attempt to defend this calamitous policy, as it has been illustrated by a most striking example, which, assuredly, will be largely repeated. But his arguments, if they can be called arguments, are what old lawyers would have called "confession without avoidance." He passes over the decisive objections to so-named "Land Purchase," apart from the

(1) An advocate of "Compulsory Purchase" has been returned by a very small majority.

evil distinctions it draws in Irish land tenure; this, indeed, was unavoidable, as he is about to extend the system. He has concealed the facts that numbers of the "purchasing" tenants, as Parnell foretold would certainly happen, are active emissaries of the United Irish League; that hundreds have become the prey of hungry local usurers; that thousands are slovenly and bad farmers; that many are sub-letting their lands, and becoming the worst class of landlords; that the whole class, as a rule, have cut down every tree on their holdings, and are utterly neglecting arterial drainage, conduct simply destructive in a rain-drenched country; above all, he has suppressed what is the unquestionable truth, that "voluntary" necessarily leads to "compulsory purchase." With charming self-confidence, revealed in airy nothings of talk, he assures us that "Land Purchase" "holds the field," and must, therefore, be a wise and successful policy. But for how many centuries did judicial torture "hold the field"; how long did the mercantile system "hold the field"; what thousands of victims were hanged for stealing more than five shillings; for what lengths of time have false theories triumphed over common-sense and reason? The simple truth is that "Land Purchase" is a quack remedy devised by *doctrinaires* and puzzled statesmen, to lessen, as they imagined, agrarian trouble in Ireland; it only "holds the field" because Unionist Governments have been in office; but it conflicts with the plainest axioms of economic science; it might raise Edmund Burke and Adam Smith from their graves. Mr. Wyndham, again aghast at what is occurring in the West of Ireland—and this is only the beginning of worse things—"protests" against charging on this policy its manifest results; he will not admit that the so-styled "purchase" of one huge estate has provoked an agrarian insurrection on the neighbouring estates; he might as well contend that an incline does not make water run down a hill, and that a spark will not set fire to a powder magazine. Here it is useless for him to kick against the pricks, the attempt only stirs up ridicule; two and two make four, despite peevish "protests"; if the "Plan of Campaign" is reproduced in Ireland, it will be caused by "Land Purchase," and, indirectly, through an act of the Government. But Mr. Wyndham persists in shutting his eyes to fact; "the opinions, however, of some men are too absurd to be easily renounced; there are proselytes from atheism, none from superstition." A brilliant career, I believe and hope, lies before Mr. Wyndham; I do not apply to him these words of Junius, but he would do well to lay them to heart: "An obstinate, ungovernable self-sufficiency plainly points out to us that state of imperfect maturity at which the graceful levity of youth is lost, and the solidity of experience not yet acquired."

The Government, however, has, through Mr. Wyndham, declared against what is called the "Compulsory Purchase" of the Irish land,

that is, the forcible banishment of the Irish landlords from their estates and the planting of their tenants as owners in their place. But here again Mr. Wyndham hardly makes use of the real arguments against this shameful policy; for they largely apply to the scheme of "Voluntary Purchase" falsely so called. He points out indeed, that "Compulsory Purchase" would impose an enormous charge on the taxpayers of the three kingdoms, which, in all probability they would never consent to bear; and this certainly is a most weighty objection. But he has not indicated that "Compulsory Purchase" would mean lumping together in one mass, and violently changing into owners in fee, petty cotters holding from one to five acres, and great graziers holding from a hundred to thousands, a scheme too monstrous even for Laputa: he has not shown that the configuration of the area of Ireland, her climate, and notably her petty towns, must prevent the success of such an experiment as "peasant proprietary," as the cant phrase is, either universally or on an extensive scale; above all, he has not dwelt on the self-evident fact, that "Compulsory Purchase" would mean, and would necessarily mean, the creation, over an immense and increasing surface of the Irish land, of a new and most oppressive race of landlords, who, holding at renders much less than any rents, would sub-let, sub-divide, and mortgage their lands wholesale, and become the harsh tyrants of rack-rented serfs; the revival of the detestable class of middlemen, rightly called the worst pests of Irish land tenure; and the bringing Ireland back, over whole counties, to what her condition was before the great famine, when indigent multitudes squatted on her soil in hopeless wretchedness and want. He has confined himself to such superficial pleas as that "Compulsory Purchase" would involve harassing litigation at enormous expense, and that no tribunals could rightly settle the value of estates, and adjust the rights and interests of all the persons concerned; as if all this was not merely matter of detail, and as if these very evils and mischiefs do not abound under the existing conditions of Irish land tenure. It is significant, too, in the highest degree, that Mr. Wyndham does not even allude to the ruin that would overtake the Irish landed gentry, were they forcibly expelled from their lands and their homes, not to speak of the cruel shock to the best feelings of human nature this revolution would cause. "Compulsory Purchase" would imply that estates in Ireland would be transferred at less than fifteen years' purchase; that nine-tenths of the Irish landlords would be made simply beggars, and, as a class, would be obliged to leave their country; and that a wholesale confiscation, the most infamous of the confiscations that even Ireland has known, would not only annihilate a deeply wronged order of men, but would torture them, and reduce them to despair. Mr. Wyndham's reticence and indifference clearly shows that this Ministry have no

objection, in principle, to this evil and cruel policy; but for the resistance the Treasury would certainly offer, and opportunist dread of the taxpayers' wrath, they would, in all probability, adopt it without a thought of its disgraceful results.

But while he avoids "Compulsory Purchase," with a significant "aside," the Chief Secretary is to introduce a Bill, in the present Session, for the "Voluntary Purchase" of the Irish land. The main features of this measure have not been concealed; in order to "facilitate Land Purchase," that falsely-called thing, landlords are to receive a bonus from the State to induce them to sell; the tenants are to get the land at the present market rate, that is from fifteen to eighteen years' purchase, not paying down, we must bear in mind, a shilling; and the Treasury is to make up the difference! Such a scheme is ridiculous and iniquitous alike; having "beared" for years the value of the Irish land, the Government is now, forsooth, to "bull it," at the expense of the community as a whole, for the fund set apart for "Land Purchase" is to be reduced, and must soon be increased should this policy prevail. The Bill has hardly a chance of becoming law this year; and I am convinced that the general taxpayer will never consent to lavish bribes on Irish landlords—he is looking askant at bribes lavished on Irish tenants. But this is the least of the objections to this new nostrum: were "Land Purchase" to be accelerated in this way, the unfair distinction between "purchasing" and rent-paying tenants, would be made more plainly marked and oppressive, with the inevitable and disastrous results; fresh centres of disturbance would be formed in Ireland; the demand for "Compulsory Purchase" would acquire great additional force. And how ludicrous under these conditions would be the position of the men who now rule Ireland! They would be tempting tenants more than ever to repudiate their just debts, and invoking the power of the law to coerce them; they would be pouring oil on a fire and squirting water against it in vain in the shape of petty prosecutions to hardly any purpose. Many Irish landlords, however, have lent an ear to this project, and are running at the bait that will be laid before them; but the enlightened and best members of this body of men are not flies to be meshed in the web of the spider. They know that such a Bill will not pass in its proposed shape; that a bonus will not be given to Irish landlords practically at the cost of the general taxpayer; that this dole must be abandoned if the measure is to become law, and that in this, as in many other instances, they will be cynically, if politely, betrayed. The objects of the Irish landed gentry ought to be wholly different; they should labour to obtain relief in another direction. They should insist on having a full inquiry into the agrarian legislation and administration of the last twenty years; they should demand a

change in their own, and even in their tenants', interests, in the existing system of land tenure, that is in the relations of landlord and tenant; they should press their claim for the compensation which is their due, which Mr. Gladstone practically declared would be their right, were it proved that they had suffered from wrong, and which can be afforded them without the cost of a pound to the State. But they will never receive the boon that is being dangled before their eyes; and if they do not wish to involve themselves in ruin, they will eschew the whole system of "Land Purchase," one main object of which is to cause their destruction.

The psanns that were sounding a few years ago about the "progress" of Ireland have not been heard of late; in view of grave and unquestionable facts they would be worse than mockery. The commerce of Ireland has slightly increased since 1879-81; deposit and savings and other banks have been largely augmented. But agriculture, the great industry of the country, has distinctly declined; the land is worse cultivated than it was twenty years ago; we see the results of the vicious legislation of the last two decades, and of incessant agitation and agrarian troubles, in the destruction of woodland over whole counties, in a ruinous neglect of main and other drainage, in deteriorated farms in thousands of cases, in the withdrawal of capital from the soil as if it were a quicksand, in the inevitable effects in landed relations of the annihilation of contracts and fatal shocks given to credit. Trustees and mortgagees will not lend money on Irish estates, which are thus kept in a kind of mortmain; those who were once their owners, but now are mere annuitants, have no interest to spend a shilling on them; the Income Tax returns under Schedule A prove how confiscation has done its work on the Irish land; pauperism and its sinister burdens have become greater, though the population has fallen off in numbers. Considerable sums, too, have been removed from Ireland in the best investments, an ominous and most significant symptom; and as to the accumulation in bank and other deposits, I entirely agree with Mr. Wyndham; this is rather a proof of unproductive hoarding, and of a general want of confidence, as was seen before the Revolution in France, than of growing prosperity and of successful industry. But if the material condition of Ireland is far from hopeful, her moral and social condition has not improved. The Reign of Terror of the Land and the National League has ceased; but notwithstanding immense and unjust concessions to buy off agitation at the expense of the law-abiding classes, disaffection under the surface of things has never been worse. Bad legislation and administration have strewn the land with ruins, and wrought havoc in Irish landed relations; but only an unsightly and tottering fabric has been raised in their places; a transformation has been effected, but a transfor-

mation for the worse. The aristocracy of Ireland has been all but destroyed; it has been deprived of the influence an aristocracy ought to possess; a mere bureaucracy reigns in its stead, formed of functionaries at the Castle and a dependent police; the change has in many respects been disastrous. A pillar that upheld society has been thrown down; that which stands in its stead, if imposing, is essentially weak, it is ill-adapted to maintain or to preserve the structure. A type of Government and social life has been broken up in Ireland, but nothing solid or enduring has been formed; things have been turned upside down and become well-nigh a chaos; disorder, confusion, and troubles have been the results; the rivers flow backwards and waste the country in their unnatural course. And at the same time the whole community is in a state of unrest; owners of property dread what may next happen; there is a loud cry for the wholesale confiscation of the land, and for the disgraceful spoliation of a class; a sense of insecurity is spreading far and near; the bonds that keep society together have been weakened or broken. Such have been the effects in Ireland of what has been justly called a reign of experiments, without wisdom or sound principle, persistently carried out for years; of the quackery of State doctors who, in the pregnant language of Swift, "send physic from a distance, ignorant of the constitution of the patient and the nature of the disease."

AN OLD WHIG OF THE SCHOOL OF GRATTAN.

PLEASURE MINING.

ANYONE who has seen something of quartz gold-mining will feel at once the picturesque significance of the term borrowed from the Spanish, to indicate that other more immediately arresting and satisfying sort of gold-seeking that goes by the name of Placer-Mining.

To those who know something of the huge difficulty and gigantic expense involved in shaft-sinking, erection of stamp mills and adoption of "processes," it will seem small wonder if the flowery mind of the early Californian (or of his fathers before ever they left old Spain) had christened this particular source of delight, this surface-mining in old water-courses, a pleasure or *placer*.

However, as in the case of other beckoning joys, its promise is kept only to folk of two kinds—the flagrantly lucky, from whom nothing can be deduced, nothing learned, and those industrious ones who find that this sort of delight, like another, involves for most men, much sweat of the brow and a deal of hard digging.

At the same time, and in spite of the march of Civilisation, the improvement of processes, and the reign of Trust and Syndicate, there lingers still about placer-mining a savour of the old pleasure that gave to it a name falling on the ear like swift water tinkling over pebbles and like the chinking of new gold.

In the first place, this kind of money-making is independent of the bugbear Capital. Rich men undertake it, but they are no surer of success than the veriest beggar who has a stout pair of arms. And let no one say that there is not for all time something of the very essence of delight in dealing, at first hand, with elements so beautiful as virgin gold and running water.

For water is your placer miner's chief ally and co-worker. Indeed, man is the new hand, joining in the game at a late hour in the geologic day; but water is old at it and accomplished beyond the telling. Water began long ages ago this process of selecting, testing, sorting, "holding-up," highwayman-fashion, the rich rocks travelling by, turning out their pockets, soundly beating the close-fisted ones, forcing their fingers open one by one, till they let fall every nugget and every grain of treasure, and went their way poverty-struck and broken—they that had started on their journey with pockets full of gold.

And all this treasure, the water, so long as it lived in that channel, never ceased from rolling about, washing clean of each lingering particle of quartz, beating with hammers of flint and granite on anvils

of obsidian and syenite, welding into odd shapes, hall-marking with strange stamps, and hoarding away as any miser might, in the off side of little runnels, or laid out neatly along river bars, or tucked securely inside the elbow of a winding stream, just out of reach of the stronger current—reckless spendthrift that would scatter the hoard broadcast again.

The men who, idling along a river course, found bright particles and nuggets in the sands, arrived very sensibly at the notion of taking a leaf out of the book of the river god, and bringing the old story up-to-date.

We know how the Greek version ran. The men of Lydia loitering along the stream that hurried down from Mount Tmolus; the barbarians, too, dwelling at the foot of the Caucasus, seeing that the mountain torrents brought down gold among their sands, bethought them of a device for holding fast by more than the unaided rivers could. These early placer-miners were, I must believe, shepherds first. No soldier, townsman or mere trader had both the leisure and the patient habit of observing, born of long, eventless hours in the open, that give the shepherd close acquaintance with the ways of nature. Such men had time to spy out Pactolus' secret; to see how it was that some of the precious metal was cunningly held back from the calling water, saved from the current that, uncircumvented, would carry the gold to the sea. Presently it occurred to someone how he might supplement the hoarding devices of the river, and the first placer-miner laid a sheepskin down in the pebbly bed, and when he came to take it out, behold, it was a Golden Fleece! Or did proud man have his first lesson in mining from a dead sheep?—some straggler from the flock lost in crossing the ford, swept away and tumbled about by the torrent, stranded at last, held fast by envious briars, until his woolly coat was richly gilded. In any case, by whatever steps, once on the right track, the early placer-miners did not stand still. They found they could make Pactolus give up yet more of his gold if they pierced troughs with holes, lined them with sheepskins, shovelled in the gold-bearing sands, and sent the river water running through that first "sluice-box" under the sun.

As a money-saving apparatus, this device left much for economy to desire; but the gold that in that fashion was fleeced out of Pactolus enriched generations of Lydian kings, filled with splendid treasure the temple of Delphi and kept the name of Croesus living on men's lips for over two thousand years. Such hold did the device and its success take upon the imagination of those early victims of the gold craze, that as even Strabo saw and said, these far away placer-miners gave to mythology its term for priceless treasure, fit gift for a Colchian king, fit object for Jason's quest, satisfying symbol of the aim of much adventuring.

While Herodotus has some rare tales to tell about gold-seeking, he says frankly "how it is produced I have no knowledge." It is amusing enough to find him quite clear, however, that the far-off northern regions are richest in gold. With no notion of how universal and how child-like the conviction is, the grave old historian tells you that it "seems as if the extreme regions of the earth were blessed by nature with the most excellent productions"—age-old illusion, that has sent so many travellers forth, and more than any wind of heaven carried Greek Argo to the Colchian port, and before that day, and down to this of ours, has launched a thousand ships and blown men up and down the world.

As to those Indians of Herodotus, who paid Darius a greater gold tribute than any other Satrapy, and who brought across the desert, along with bags of gold-bearing sand, tales of the terrible danger attending the gathering thereof, and of how the ants, who burrowed and threw up the precious sand in heaps, were as big as dogs and mightily ferocious—they, after all, were only doing what the Klondyker and the Nome miner did before the cat—the dog—the ant was out of the bag: exaggerating the danger and the difficulty, that they might keep a good thing to themselves.

The earliest modern version of the golden story is, I suppose, the less romantic one called Panning. The prospector takes a shovelful of sand out of the right place in a channel, and puts it in the handiest available vessel (whether shallow, round bread-pan, or even the camp frying-pan freed of grease), and he brims it with water and "washes the dirt clean," as they say. Then, with the pan in both hands, the miner gently agitates it with a circular motion, that little by little, at each turn of the wrist, expels a portion of the muddy water and some of the lighter particles. Continuing this action, he finds that the specific gravity of whatever metal had been in that shovelful of sand, ensures his being left, at the end of this simple process, with all the heaviest stuff, magnetic iron, pyrites, gold, collected together in the bottom of the pan. As gold is the heaviest of all these, that again would be separable from the baser metals by a continuation of the same process.

Or, if the gold is very fine, "scale" or "flake" or "flour," the final separation is facilitated by a few drops of quicksilver in the pan, which amalgamates with gold—with silver too—and turns a cold shoulder to everything else. It is easy enough afterwards to drive off the "quick" by heat, and leave the miner with a little cake of precious metal at the bottom of his retort. Failing a retort, the miner simply takes the "quick" that has been impregnated with gold, and squeezes it through a bit of thick drill, or blanket or buckskin, the last being the best and in general use in northern camps. When the liquid metal has been pressed out in a thousand globules

(and carefully saved for "next time"), there will be inside the buckskin a squeezed-up mass like soft silver. This emptied out on a shovel, and held over the camp fire, will soon "sort" itself—the remaining "quick" being expelled by the heat and going off in vapour—the tried gold steadfastly remaining.

But though a man in this fashion may get anything from one or two "colours" (gold specks) to fifty dollars a day, panning is looked upon chiefly as a means of prospecting. If the prospect is proved by this simple means to warrant a more thorough investigation, the placer-miner, taking, as we said, a leaf out of the book of the river, sets himself to revise and abridge the work done ages before he saw the light. Where he can best secure a good head of water, he roughly knocks together a line of sluice boxes. Each box averages one foot by twelve. On rude trestles they are set end to end, in a continuous line, inclined a little to give the water sufficient power to carry away sand and little stones and not too much of the gold. The box is simply a river-channel in miniature. By way of the sluice-gate at the head of the first box, the water pours merrily down the new course, not across fleeces now, but over "riffles"—slatted or cross-latticed wooden frames—fitting neatly along the bottom, and easily removable when they have served their purpose. Usually at the lower end of the sluice is one box fitted with an amalgam plate—a sheet of copper covered with quicksilver. The miner stands near the head of the sluice, and, as he shovels in the gold-shotted sand, he finds the water has lost no whit of its ancient cunning. Within the narrow confines of the new channel the tiny stream starts away on its ancient occupation with a jaunty up-to-date air; carrying through with concentration and despatch that leisurely old business of sending to the right-about all pauper stones and beggarly sand, while it caresses and keeps back the gold; cunningly hiding away the lighter particles between the slats of the riffles, just as it did in the old days in gully and by river bar; and making exactly the same joyful demonstrations of dancing eddies round the early arrested nuggets; wherein we see why the upper courses of gold-bearing streams are likely to be more "nuggetty," though not always richer on the whole, than the lower reaches, and why it is well to have an amalgam plate at the bottom of the sluice.

I was on terms of comparative intimacy with placer-mining when I was in my teens, having first watched that fashion of gold getting in the Rocky Mountains, not far from the source of the Rio Grande del Norte, whose water washes a deal of gold on its way down to Mexico. But this mode of mining is one of the things that exercises a persistent charm on the spirit of the wayfarer, as I discovered when I saw in such a different world, the same unchanged process going on, not far from the Arctic Circle. When a big fellow leaned on

his long-handled shovel, and told me how much hard cash was in each spadeful of the thawed-out "muck" that he had been throwing into the sluice-box, and how the frozen ground he was standing on was worth so many thousand dollars to the yard (not the cubic yard, but in just those few inches before bed rock was struck), I realised afresh the odd exciting charm there might be in such a manner of money-making.

How different this from the oppressed feeling with which one went over the famous Treadwell quartz mine on Douglas Island, yielding so much more gold in the long run than even a very good placer claim. It was indisputable that the whitey-grey stone, those endless gangs of whitey-grey men were getting out of the mountain at such pains and cost, was worth four dollars and some cents a ton. A chastened respect, perhaps, but no warmth of pleasure visits one in the midst of the deafening thunder of the biggest stamp-mill in the world; the whirr of an acre of machinery; the violent trembling of vast buildings in which one loses oneself, until out of a kind of industrial nightmare one is roused by some deadlier shock that seems to rock the anchored island and set it groaning.

"What was that?" Oh, the stubborn old mountain was being coerced, being "done for" by a dose of Giant Powder. And even when you came out again from the busy clangorous mills, you remembered that far below, in sunless places, ghouliah creatures were cracking up the bones of the majestic earth; and you met them coming above ground, haggard, blinking, bearing the broken fragments, putting one childishly in mind of the ogre's immemorial mode of life, how he "ground the bones to make him bread."

When one looks at the "hands" in such a place as Treadwell, when one comes to know something of the way such miners live, one has no wonder left to expend on a Klondyke Rush, nor even common pity for the awful average of quartz mine accidents, that, nearer home, will put an end to the long working day. The final crashing and quick doom of an explosion is the least awful thing the miner has found in the mine.

Remembering how even amid the rigours of the far north there may be always freedom, and very often pleasure, for the man whose business is getting gold out of the ground—one feels it an inadequate result that out of all the tons of Treadwell ore, out of all this life and death, out of all this stress and strain and steam, a company of vague people far away, who are not miners at all, should get some percentage of that four dollars a ton.

One has heard much, and one knows something, of the hardship of mining in the Klondyke. But the wild rush thither—when one has been there oneself—seems less wonderful than that in the quartz mines the round world over, there should be left a single able-bodied

hireling. Not that if you go placer-mining in the Arctic, you shall be denied all close acquaintanceship with the "bright face of danger." But even the man who is worst off there, is safer really than he is in places nearer home, where, year in and year out, the steady average of violent death among the workmen is a man a week—and this despite the fact that as one in authority in such a mine assured me, "the average of accident is marvellously low *considering*,—so low in point of fact, that only enemies or rivals ever talk about it."

Whether it be in Colorado, or along the Frazer River in British Columbia, in Alaska between parallels 64 and 66, or in the Klondyke, memory does not shrink from the pictures placer-mining conjures up—not even from those of eighteen months ago exhibited on the shores of the Behring Sea. And this is true, despite the fact that there, on the beach north of Cape Nome, men, for the first time in the world's story having got gold out of sea sand, could not prevent the rumour from spinning madly about the globe, gathering, as it sped, size and wonder and attractiveness. All in vain they followed it with the modern version of the tales told by Darius' Twentieth Satrapy. Of no avail to say, as did those gold-laden Indians of old, that the country whence they brought their treasure was a barren desert, and the treasure so guarded they had barely escaped with their lives.

As all the world knows, men of various trades, professions and every degree of prosperity and of poverty, rushed northward in tens of thousands—no terrible, beneficent White Pass between them and this new Klondyke, to shut out the weaklings and let pass only the well "outfitted" and the fit.

So it was, that among the few who were already, or had in them the making of miners, there came to Nome an army of the derelict, to work over the "tailings" left by the first discoverers, who by now had skimmed off the cream and gone their way rejoicing. Nevertheless at Nome, where 30,000 people between the frozen tundra and the sea were trying to get rich in a place that even yet, in its denuded state, could have generously repaid the work of a few hundreds—even there the men who were really miners, and who mined, played none of the striking parts in the summer-long tragedy I saw acted out upon the beach. The *cheechakos* (greenhorns) of all professions or none, who came with little save a touching faith that they would be able to make a pile out of the even greater necessity of others—or those who came with tons of costly machinery, and a fixed determination to drive the small miner off the beach and "sweep the coast," such men and the mere town speculator, went home with gruesome tales enough.

But the regular miner was able to get a living even out of the

well-worked tailings; and it may be remembered that to live in Nome is as costly as to live in New York at the Waldorf, or at Claridge's in London.

The world knew through no less an authority than the President of the Philadelphia Geographical Society, Professor Angelo Heilprin, that out of the Nome sands "in barely more than two months" had been taken over a million dollars, by the crude means of "rocking."

This method I had never seen in operation till I landed at Nome, but it is only "another way," as the cook-books say, of preparing that dish fit to set before a Lydian King. Instead of catching the gold in a fleece, they catch it in a bit of woolly blanket, upon this wise:

A common deal box or packing case (mounted on rude rockers) has been divided horizontally into two sections by a plate pierced through with quarter-inch holes. The lower section is covered for two feet of its outer end with an amalgam plate. Above this, and between it and the pierced bottom of the receiving "hopper," are secured diagonally two blanket or felt "aprons." When the sand is shovelled into the hopper, water is played upon it, and the box "rocked" back and forth. The heavier gold sinks down through the holes of the plate, and is caught in one or other of the aprons. When these golden fleeces are washed out, the yellow metal is left gathered at the bottom of the pail, and the miner learns to tell at a glance about how much of a Croesus he is. The amalgam plate is not cleaned so often, but the process is practically the same as if the miner had been panning, and had used a little "quick" to save the more impalpable or refractory particles.

There is often much reticence about the results obtained. I found this particularly the case in the Klondyke, where the extortionate tax levied by men too far from the scene of action to legislate wisely, hampered and seriously lamed enterprise, sending many a miner who owned valuable property there to try his luck 2,000 miles away at Nome.

But if in the creek diggings of Alaska men would talk of their "returns," certainly on the seashore miners were not given to that sort of babbling until they were ready to move on. For you cannot stake and hold a claim on the public beach; and after sundry frays it was found that there was no effectual way of keeping others at bay the moment it became known that you were "making more than wages"—the phrase used even among men who are their own employers to indicate returns of over \$15 a day.

I soon discovered that if I were walking the beach with a man (especially with a business man) we seldom got much satisfaction as to "returns." But the miners would sometimes tell the facts to an idle woman, and even show her shining proofs—in Alaska. In the

Klondyke, no. I had several experiences of this small difference between the British and American mining camps. I remember in particular the angry eyes of a rich Klondyker on Eldorado, when following, as he led the way down his line of sluice boxes, I said carelessly: "I suppose one mustn't ask how the pay is averaging?"—and the sudden right-about of the man with the sharp reply, "No! and if you've come to find that out, we can stop just where we are." I tried to calm him, saying that, as a matter of fact, I didn't care a button how well or ill the dirt was paying—that my question was prompted by a polite interest in his personal fortunes that I didn't really feel. But it was plain he looked on me with a suspicious eye as possibly a spy. For had I not come armed with a letter from the Gold Commissioner?

The first "clean-up" that I saw in the north from start to finish was in the camp about seven miles across the tundra from Nome, behind that hill standing out so definitely, that from a sense of its contrast with the leagues on leagues of frozen flat morass, men have called it a mountain, although in Dr. Johnson's phrase it is "merely a considerable protuberance" crowned by a rock, shaped by erosion and rough weather very like an anvil. Out of the little creek on the far side, also called Anvil, a handful of penniless prospectors had taken in a little over two months something like nine hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars.

No 9, above Discovery, is not the most valuable of the claims, but it has made half-a-dozen men very comfortably off.

In the summer of 1900, in "the rainiest place in the world" as we had been forewarned, there had been only two hours' light shower in forty days. As we know, running water is the indispensable ally in this kind of work, and for lack of it many valuable properties were lying idle, the owners losing thousands every day the drought lasted.

From far off across the tundra, as one looked into the shallow valley, one had the impression of its being not drought that made Anvil Creek so shrunken and dry, but the presence there, in the middle of the watercourse, of a huge white worm—a pestilent-looking mythologic sort of serpent, hundreds of feet long, grown fat and sluggish with draining the life of the precious little river.

You realised, coming nearer, that the huge white worm was a beneficent monster, gathering together all the spent forces of the shrunken stream in its white canvas body, and giving the water out on demand, as best aided and abetted the miner. Not only to our friends at No. 9 had it occurred to "pick up what was left of the water," as one said, and by damming and concentrating the stream in a great "duck" hose, get enough power to do a little sluicing.

They were going to "clean up," on this particular morning, and

we were there to see the result of two days' work—double shift, of course, four men shovelling in the "pay" all night, by the never failing light of the same steadfast sun that shone upon the three men who worked on the day shift. There were 28 feet of sluice, but the "clean-up," for some reason I have forgotten, was only from the contents of two boxes, two feet long.

We, of the visiting party, sat on drift-logs above the creek, and watched the initial preparations. Down below, out of sight now, was the little tent camp, at that portion of the Creek called "Discovery"—always the name given to the first claim staked. The others are numbered from this, 1, 2, and so on, Above or Below. One of our hosts was arranging with another (appointed "gate-man") what the code of signals was to be—a necessary readjustment because of the low state of the water. Then the gateman went up stream to the head of the line of graded sluice boxes, and in the first instance turned off the water altogether.

We were called to come down and look into the boxes, before the riffles were taken out, to see what we could find. We turned over two or three stones, and beheld a small blackened bit of something, the size of the end of my little finger. I thought at first it was pyrites, but it was gold, quite pure save for the surface iron stains. Just as the gateman turned on a full head of water my companion saying, "Yes, that's a little bit of all-right," recklessly threw the nugget back into the sluice. I said nothing, but was uneasily glad the owners had not seen the rash act. To my inexperience and from any but the miner's point of view, it was as though a collector had been showing his cabinet, and one of us, after looking at a curio and admitting its value, had thrown it out of the window.

They were extracting the big rusty nails, now, that held the riffles firm. Then there was a great signalling to get the water regulated, that it should be safe to take out those same riffles—the signalling supplemented by such a deal of shouting, you wondered why they did not abandon so impotent a code and trust entirely to lung power. But this was obviously not the view of the chief owner. He leapt into the sluice (every man wore rubber boots to the thigh), and standing there in the bright gravel and tumbling water, he shouted and beckoned, and spasmodically tossed his arms like a semaphore gone mad—until the water-power was not too much for the psychological moment approaching, and yet sufficient to admit of the riffles being effectively "dowsed," and washed more or less free of clinging particles of gold. I noticed, as they were lifted out dripping into the sunshine, water-worn and frayed at the edges, how they glittered with specks and points of light. "Oh yes," said one of the men, "you can't help the quite fine gold sticking to them. When they and the

boxes get too woolly it's always worth while to burn them and pan the gold out of the ashes."

The riffles out of the way, and the water playing down at about half power, one of the men walked up the sluice, and near the head of the line he began with a great iron sluice-fork to take up in its prongs, to dowse and throw out the bigger stones that the water had failed to carry away. Further down the line, another man, with a small short-handled shovel or scoop, was turning over the conglomeration that had been caught in the riffles, letting the water wash through it, and make the most of another chance to carry away everything lighter than gold.

When this had gone on for a while: "Look where the boxes join if you want to see 'the proper stuff.' Hold back the water with your hand."

We did as we were told; and behold wherever there was a corner or inequality in the box there lay ridges and heaps of yellow "stuff"—brightened by the water, blinking at the sunlight like aged prisoners unused to the day. Wherever there was a stone that sluice-fork or miner's fingers had not tossed out, there all round it, except on the upper side, was closely packed the coarse bright gold.

Suddenly I saw the oddest-looking thing in the water, and fished out a piece of rusty metal about an inch and a half long, beaten and chiselled, and cunningly fashioned by the river god's own hand into the likeness of an old Roman with mouth open, laughingly immoderately at some ancient jest, laughing so maliciously that all those gathered about my find laughed too, until turning the head over we were confronted by the same face reflecting fury and disgust on that side, mouth open, ready with a howl of pain and rage. I ran up to the head of the sluice to give the nugget to the owner, but instead of being grateful to me for rescuing his Roman from the water, he laughed at him for an "old-fellow making faces" and threw him back into the sluice.

"I wonder how many nuggets you lose that way," said I quite unconvinced that he would ever set eyes on the Roman again. But my miner friend seemed to be as sure of seeing that nugget at the end of the "clean-up" as though he had it in his pocket. No one pretends that much fine gold is not lost in sluicing, but the water is held to render faithful account of nuggets and coarse gold. However, no amount of familiarity with placer mining ever cured me of feeling that it was tempting Providence to throw a lump of gold back into the swift water to mix again with a mass of sand and gravel.

The man who had been wielding the great sluice fork having finished throwing out the bigger stones, now joined his companion lower down the line, and exchanged the fork for a scoop, and a small corn-broom or whisk. Standing not a yard apart, these men work

slowly up, from bottom to top of the boxes—brushing everything indiscriminately up stream for the water to lay fresh hold on and sift anew. Every moment now, there are fewer and fewer stones, less and less of “ruby sand,” and even the magnetic iron is bidding a lingering good-bye to the gold; while here, there and everywhere the proud little nuggets are lifting up their heads playing stars to long, comet-like tails of wedge-shaped gold dust. The nuggets were of every size and shape, from the biggest (on this occasion about 3 inches long by $1\frac{1}{2}$ wide) down to little rough-edged pellets or flattened bits, that looked as if they had been hammered and rolled. But nowhere did I see the Roman.

“Gather it up in your hands!” commanded one of the owners, “and when you’ve hefted it you won’t doubt there’s the right sort of stuff in the Nome district.” With sleeves tucked up, we leaned over the side of the sluice-box, dipped into the bright water and brought up double handfuls of gold, dripping and heavy and shining. Some one had a magnet, and trying it on what little remained of the black sand, showed it to us clung about thickly with particles and tiny splinters of iron, looking like black hoar frost.

When at last the water and the little brooms had done their work of winnowing, the coarser gold was scooped up and put into a rusty sheet-iron pan. There were still some tailings left to be washed out at leisure, and also the amalgam on the plate, at the end, to be cleaned off and fired. But we were concerned to-day only with the cream of the clean-up, the pan half full of gold and nuggets, which was taken up on the bank of the creek and set down in front of the miners’ tent. There in the open, a little drift-wood fire was made, and over it was propped the pan of wet gold. We all sat about on the ground, and watched the cook as, with an iron spoon, he turned over and stirred about the shining heap—mixed it and roasted it until sad to relate, all the beauty and the richness seemed to vanish. When at last the gold was thoroughly dried, it was also thoroughly tarnished, and as bare of beauty as a heap of old broken brass.

I am afraid something to the disparagement of the dish reached the ears of the cook. For he began to spoon up the fat and goodly nuggets, and having made a hillock of the rest of the gold, he disposed the best specimens about on top, where they sat with an obvious mission to be alluring and decorative, like cherries and angelica on a Buzzard cake. But it was no use. The finer glory had departed. The very nuggets abandoned the jaunty pretence, and looked out upon us from the top of the heap, dull and spiritless, seeming to confess “the fun’s over—now the trouble begins.”

But here all of a sudden is the Roman, lifting his wicked old head above the surface, and laughing still as he takes his place atop the heap, with that face of *Schadenfreude*, as though he knew for what

sort of work he and his companions had been summoned out of the dark, as though he gloried in the greed that they would waken, at the terrible things they could buy. His re-appearance was greeted with enthusiasm, and I saw from the pleased look of the miner that his cunning had kept this nugget dark till now.

While the gold is cooling, a rude table is hastily constructed out of boards laid on trestles. The gold scales are brought out of the tent and set in the middle of the table on an open newspaper. And the scales presently tell us that the little pile of tarnished metal in the rusty pan is worth over twenty-three hundred dollars; to which must be added, for the credit of that clean-up, the five hundred dollars or so which the tailings and the amalgam plate would yield; an average roughly of one thousand three hundred dollars to each box after two days' work. Such a result is modest even for Anvil, while for the more valuable claims in the Klondyke diggings, there are those who will tell you it is beggarly.

However, it was as interesting a "clean-up" to the wayfarer as though the returns had beaten the record. And every step of the way the gold had travelled in submitting to the age-old process, had been beautiful to look at so long as water helped in the work.

Some of the extraordinary vividness and richness of colour revealed by sluice boxes in the Nome district is due, no doubt, to the presence of that much talked of "ruby sand." Of course, to us, who knew the Nome beach so well, it was nothing of a novelty. We had seen it, day in day out, drifted along the upper side of rocks, left in a wayering line by the receding tide, hugging bits of wreck, or, where men were digging down for pay dirt, we had seen it darkly reddening the heavier stratum, which all the world knew would be the most likely to carry gold. But on the seashore these fragmented garnets (miscalled ruby), are ground fine. Up here behind the mountain in the famous creek they are not so broken up—indeed with a little sorting you may get a handful of the perfect crystals.

On one occasion, when I was with some other miners going over a different claim, one of them picked out half a dozen whole "rubies" for me—and then it occurred to him that they should be "set in gold." But I could not wait for the "clean-up," so he got an empty gunpowder tin and filled it to the neck with a rich compound not yet "washed," chiefly broken "rubies" and gold dust. This he said, with, as I thought, a pleasant touch of imagination for a man who all his life had been a miner, I was to empty into a clear glass bottle when I got home, and I was to get a glass-blower to seal it, and there I would have a paper-weight of gold and rubies to keep that day in mind.

Descriptions, even by the honest, I have found to be commonly

over-coloured. They spoil you for the actuality. Even Niagara has been so dwarfed, so obstructed and built about by high-sounding phrases, that I have thought the only people who ever really saw it, were the few who had not heard tell of it before they stumbled on it unaware. To compare small things with great, one of the few

blunted by familiarity is this sensation of seeing native gold among stones and sand brightened by running water. To look at piles of new minted sovereigns, or of \$20 gold pieces in the dull setting of bank or of cash-box, leaves the majority of us cold. We have all seen other people's gold lying about under such conditions, and we cannot recall the first time or the last. It made no enduring impression. But so long as you live, you shall not forget your incredulous surprise, or your æsthetic pleasure, in the revelations of the bottom of a sluice-box; the shimmering water glancing over bits of snow-white quartz, green-stone and jasper; over glinting mica and crystals of garnet; bringing out the keen colour of all the polished and far-travelled pebbles, the red of the "ruby" sand, and the heavy magnetic iron, coal-black, and sunk to bottom, where it lies striking sharp contrast against the yellow gold. To take "the stuff" up so, in your hands, dripping and shining and mixed with the elements, is to get the fine flavour of the richness of the King of metals.

I am sure that we have here the essence of the relish every one has in his heart—or has had—for tales of buried treasure. Spanish doubloons are more than money when they are found in some mysterious cave. To the imagination yet unseared by pound or dollar signs, unshackled, unperturbed, it needs no urging, that beyond the power of current coin in any kingdom under the sun, will pieces of eight enrich the finder who unearths them on some wild sea coast. Who as a child has not got usurious interest on some silver piece or bit of birthday gold by burying it for a few fearful minutes? Or by just dropping it on the ground and looking at it, lying there so beautifully set off by common clay?

Even to some of those who hold that they have put away childish things, gold in the ground, or out in the open, or anywhere except in purses or in banks, is purified of its tarnish of vulgarity, is beautiful again, and of the essence of Romance. And next to a Treasure Cave, commend me to a placer-mine, where I may do a little of the mining.

ELIZABETH ROBINS.

OUR PAST.

I.

OUR past stretches behind us in long perspective. It slumbers on the far horizon like a deserted city shrouded in mist. A few peaks mark its boundary, and soar predominant into the air; a few important acts stand out, like towers, some with the light still upon them, others half ruined, and slowly decaying beneath the weight of oblivion. The trees are bare, the walls crumble, and shadow slowly steals over all. Everything seems to be dead there, and rigid, save only when memory, slowly decomposing, lights it for an instant with an illusory gleam. But apart from this animation, derived only from our expiring recollections, all would appear to be definitely motionless, immutable for ever; divided from present and future by a river that shall not again be crossed.

In reality it is alive; and, for many of us, endowed with a profounder, more ardent life than either present or future. In reality this dead city is often the hotbed of our existence: and in accordance with the spirit in which men return to it, shall some find all their wealth there, and others lose what they have.

II.

Our conception of the past has much in common with our conception of love and happiness, destiny, justice, and most of the vague but therefore not less potent spiritual organisms that stand for the mighty forces we obey. Our ideas have been handed down to us ready-made by our predecessors; and even when our second consciousness wakes, and, proud in its conviction that henceforth nothing shall be accepted blindly, proceeds most carefully to investigate these ideas, it will squander its time questioning those that loudly protest their right to be heard, and pay no heed to the others close by, that as yet, perhaps, have said nothing. Nor have we, as a rule, far to go to discover these others. They are in us, and of us: they wait for us to address them. They are not idle, notwithstanding their silence. Amid the noise and babble of the crowd, they are tranquilly directing a portion of our real life; and as they are nearer the truth than their self-satisfied sisters, they will often be far more simple, and far more beautiful too.

III.

Among the most stubborn of these ready-made ideas are those that preside over our conception of the past, and render it a force as imposing and rigid as destiny; a force that indeed becomes destiny

working backwards, with its hand outstretched to the destiny that burrows ahead, to which it transmits the last link of our chains. The one thrusts us back, the other urges us forward, with a like irresistible violence. But the violence of the past is perhaps more terrible, and more alarming. One may disbelieve in destiny. It is a god whose onslaught many have never experienced. But no one would dream of denying the oppressiveness of the past. Sooner or later its effect must inevitably be felt. Those even who refuse to admit the intangible will credit the past, which their finger can touch, with all the mystery, the influence, the sovereign intervention, whereof they have stripped the powers that they have dethroned; thus rendering it the almost unique and therefore more dreadful god of their depopulated Olympus.

IV.

The force of the past is indeed one of the heaviest that weigh upon men and incline them to sadness. And yet there is none more docile, more eager to follow the direction we could so readily give, did we but know how best to avail ourselves of this docility. In reality, if we think of it, the past belongs to us quite as much as the present, and is far more malleable than the future. Like the past, and to a much greater extent than the future, its existence is all in our thoughts, and our hand controls it; nor is this only true of our material past, wherein there are ruins that we perhaps can restore; it is true also of the regions that are closed to our tardy desire for atonement, it is true above all of our moral past, and of what we consider to be most irreparable there.

V.

"The past is past," we say, and it is false: the past is always present. "We have to bear the burden of our past" we sigh; and it is false; the past bears our burden. "Nothing can wipe out the past": and it is false: the least effort of will sends present and future travelling over the past, to efface whatever we bid them efface. "The indestructible, irreparable, immutable past!" And that is no truer than the rest. In those who speak thus it is the present that is immutable, and knows not how to repair. "My past is wicked, it is sorrowful, empty," we say again: "As I look back I can see no moment of beauty, of happiness, or love: I see nothing but wretched ruins. . . ." And that is false; for you see precisely what you yourself place there at the moment your eyes rest upon it.

VI.

Our past depends entirely upon our present, and is constantly changing with it. Our past is contained in our memory, and this

memory of ours, that feeds on our heart and brain, and is incessantly swayed by them, is the most variable being in the world, the least independent, the most impressionable. Our chief concern with the past, that which truly remains and forms part of us, is not what we have done or the adventures that we have met with, but the moral reactions bygone events are producing within us at this very moment, the inward being that they have helped to form ; and these reactions, whence there arises our sovereign, intimate being, are wholly governed by the manner in which we regard past events, and vary as the moral substance varies that they encounter within us. But with every step in advance that our feelings or intellect take will come a change in this moral substance, and then, on the instant, the most immutable facts, that seemed to be graven for ever on the stone and bronze of the past, will assume an entirely different aspect, will return to life and leap into movement, bringing us vaster and more courageous counsels, dragging memory aloft with them in their ascent ; and what was once a mass of ruin, mouldering in the darkness, becomes a populous city whereon the sun shines again.

VII.

We have an arbitrary fashion of establishing a certain number of events behind us. We relegate them to the horizon of our memory, and having set them there we tell ourselves that they form part of a world in which the united efforts of all mankind could not wipe away a tear or cause a flower to raise its head. And yet, while admitting that these events have passed beyond our control, we still, with the most curious inconsistency, believe that they have full control over us. Whereas the truth is that they can only act upon us to the extent in which we have renounced our right to act upon them. The past asserts itself only in those whose moral growth has ceased ; then, and not till then, does it truly become redoubtable. From that moment we have indeed the irreparable behind us, and the weight of what we have done lies heavy upon our shoulders. But so long as the life of our mind and character flows uninterruptedly on, so long will the past remain in suspense above us ; and, as the glance may be that we send towards it, will it, complaisant as the clouds Hamlet showed to Polonius, adopt the shape of the hope or fear, the peace or disquiet, that we are perfecting within us.

VIII.

No sooner has our moral activity weakened than accomplished events rush forward and assail us ; and woe to him who opens the door and permits them to take possession of his hearth ! Each one will vie with the other in overwhelming him with the gifts

best calculated to shatter his courage. It matters not whether our past has been happy and noble, or lugubrious and criminal, the danger shall be no less if we permit it to enter, not as an invited guest, but like a parasite settling upon us. The result will be either sterile regret or impotent remorse, and remorse and regrets of this kind are equally disastrous. In order to draw from the past what is precious within it—and most of our wealth is there—we must go to it at the hour when we are strongest, most conscious of mastery; enter its domain and make choice there of what we require, discarding the rest, and commanding it never to cross our threshold without our order. Like all things that only can live at the cost of our spiritual strength, it will soon learn to obey. At first, perhaps, it will endeavour to resist. It will have recourse to artifice and prayer. It will try to tempt us, to cajole. It will drag forward frustrated hopes and joys that are gone for ever, broken affections, well-merited reproaches, expiring hatred and love that is dead, squandered faith and perished beauty; it will thrust before us all that once had been the marvellous essence of our ardour for life; it will point to the beckoning sorrows, decaying happiness, that now haunt the ruin. But we shall pass by without turning our head; our hand shall scatter the crowd of memories, even as the sage Ulysses, in the Cimmerian night, with his sword prevented the shades—even that of his mother, whom it was not his mission to question—from approaching the black blood that would for an instant have given them life and speech. We shall go straight to the joy, the regret or remorse, whose counsel we need; or to the act of injustice it behoves us scrupulously to examine, in order either to make reparation, if such still be possible, or that the sight of the wrong we did, whose victims have ceased to be, is required to give us the indispensable force that shall lift us above the injustice it still lies in us to commit.

IX.

Yes, even though our past contain crimes that now are beyond the reach of our best endeavours, even then, if we consider the circumstances of time and place and the vast plane of each human existence, these crimes fade out of our life the moment we feel that no temptation, no power on earth, could ever induce us to commit the like again. The world has not forgiven—there is but little that the external sphere will forget or forgive—and their material effects will continue, for the laws of cause and effect are different from those which govern our consciousness. At the tribunal of our personal justice, however—the only tribunal which has decisive action on our inaccessible life, as it is the only one whose decrees we cannot evade, whose concrete judgments stir us to our very

marrow—the evil action that we regard from a loftier plane than that at which it was committed, becomes an action that no longer exists for us save in so far as it may serve in the future to render our fall more difficult; nor has it the right to lift its head again except at the moment when we incline once more towards the abyss it guards.

Bitter, surely, must be the grief of him in whose past there are acts of injustice whereof every avenue now is closed, who is no longer able to seek out his victims, and raise them and comfort them. To have abused one's strength in order to despoil some feeble creature who has definitely succumbed beneath the blow, to have callously thrust suffering upon a loving heart, or merely misunderstood and passed by a touching affection that offered itself—these things must of necessity weigh heavily upon our life, and induce a sorrow within us that shall not readily be forgotten. But it depends on the actual point our consciousness has attained whether our entire moral destiny shall be depressed, or lifted, beneath this burden. Our actions rarely die; and many unjust deeds of ours will therefore inevitably return to life some day to claim their due and start legitimate reprisals. They will find our external life without defence; but before they can reach the inward being at the centre of that life they must first listen to the judgment we have already passed on ourselves; and in accordance with the nature of that judgment will the attitude be of these mysterious envoys, who have come from the depths where cause and effect are established in eternal equilibrium. If it has indeed been from the heights of our newly acquired consciousness that we have questioned ourselves, and condemned, they will not be menacing justiciaries whom we shall suddenly see surging in from all sides, but benevolent visitors, friends we have almost expected; and they will draw near us in silence. They know in advance that the man before them is no longer the guilty creature they sought; and instead of coming to us charged with ideas of hatred, revolt, and despair, with punishments that degrade and kill, they will flood our heart with thought and contrition that ennoble, purify, and console.

X.

The manner in which we are able to recall what we have done or suffered is far more important than our actual sufferings or deeds. This is one of the many features—all governed by the amount of confidence and zeal we possess—that distinguish the man who is happy and strong from him who weeps and will not be comforted. No past, viewed by itself, can seem happy; and the privileged of fate, who reflect on what remains of the happy years that have flown, have perhaps more reason for sorrow than the unfortunate ones who brood over the dregs of a life of wretchedness. Whatever was one day, and now is no longer, makes for sadness; above all, whatever was

very happy and very beautiful. The object of our regrets—whether these revolve around what has been or what might have been—is therefore more or less the same for all men, and their sorrow should be the same. It is not, however; in one case it will reign uninterruptedly, whereas in another it will only appear at very long intervals. It must, therefore depend on things other than accomplished facts. It depends on the manner in which men will act on these facts. The conquerors in this world—those who waste no time setting up an imaginary irreparable and immutable athwart their horizon, those who seem to be born afresh every morning in a world that forever awakes anew to the future—these know instinctively that what appears to exist no longer is still existing intact, that what appeared to be ended is only completing itself. They know that the years time has taken from them are still in travail; still, under their new master, obeying the old. They know that their past is forever in movement; that the yesterday which was despondent, decrepit and criminal, will return full of joyousness, innocence, youth, in the track of to-morrow. They know that their image is not yet stamped on the days that are gone: that a decisive deed, or thought, will suffice to break down the whole edifice; that however remote or vast the shadow may be that stretches behind them, they have only to put forth a gesture of gladness or hope for the shadow at once to copy this gesture, and, flashing it back to the remotest, tiniest ruins of early childhood even, to extract unexpected treasure from all this wreckage. They know that they have retrospective action on all bygone deeds; and that the dead themselves will annul their verdicts in order to judge afresh a past that to-day has transfigured and endowed with new life.

They are fortunate who find this instinct in the folds of their cradle. But may the others not imitate it who have it not; and is not human wisdom charged to teach us how we may acquire the salutary instincts that nature has withheld?

XI.

Let us not lull ourselves to sleep in our past: and if we find that it tends to spread like a vault over our life, instead of incessantly changing beneath our eye: if the present grow into the habit of visiting it, not like a good workmen repairing thither to execute the labours imposed upon him by the commands of to-day, but as a too passive, too credulous pilgrim content idly to contemplate beautiful, motionless ruins—then, the more glorious, the happier, that our past may have been, with all the more suspicion should it be regarded by us.

Nor should we yield to the instinct that bids us accord it profound respect, if this respect induce the fear in us that we may disturb its nice equilibrium. Better the ordinary past, content with its befitting

place in the shadow, than the sumptuous past which claims to govern what has travelled out of its reach. Better a mediocre, but living, present, which acts as though it were alone in the world, than a present which proudly expires in the chains of a marvellous long ago. A single step that we take at this hour towards an uncertain goal is far more important to us than the thousand leagues we covered in our march towards a dazzling triumph in the days that were. Our past had no other mission than to lift us to the moment at which we are, and there equip us with the needful experience and weapons, the needful thought and gladness. If, at this precise moment, it take from us and divert to itself one particle of our energy, then, however glorious it may have been, it still was useless, and had better never have been. If we allow it to arrest a gesture that we were about to make, then is our death beginning; and the edifices of the future will suddenly take the semblance of tombs.

More dangerous still than the past of happiness and glory is the one inhabited by overpowering and too dearly cherished phantoms. Many an existence perishes in the coils of a fond recollection. And yet, were the dead to return to this earth, they would say, I fancy, with the wisdom that must be theirs who have seen what the ephemeral light still hides from us: "Dry your eyes. There comes to us no comfort from your tears; exhausting you, they exhaust us also. Detach yourself from us, banish us from your thoughts, until such time as you can think of us without strewing tears on the life we still live in you. We endure only in your recollection; but you err in believing that your regrets alone can touch us. It is the things you do that prove to us we are not forgotten and rejoice our manes: and this without your knowing it, without any necessity that you should turn towards us. Each time that our pale image saddens your ardour, we feel ourselves die anew, and it is a more perceptible, irrevocable death than was our other; bending too often over our tombs, you rob us of the life, the courage and love, that you imagine you restore.

"It is in you that we are: it is in all your life that our life resides; and as you become greater, even while forgetting us, so do we become greater too, and our shades draw the deep breath of prisoners whose prison door is flung open.

"If there be anything new we have learned in the world where we are, it is, first of all, that the good we did to you when we were, like yourselves, on the earth, does not balance the evil wrought by a memory which saps the force and the confidence of life."

XII.

Above all, let us envy the past of no man. Our own past was created by ourselves, and for ourselves alone. No other could have

suited us, no other could have taught us the truth that it alone can teach, or given the strength that it alone can give. And whether it be good or bad, sombre or radiant, it still remains a collection of unique masterpieces the value of which is known to none but ourselves; and no foreign masterpiece could equal the action we have accomplished, the kiss we received, the thing of beauty that moved us so deeply, the suffering we underwent, the anguish that held us enchained, the love that wreathed us in smiles or in tears. Our past is ourselves, what we are and shall be; and upon this unknown sphere there moves no creature, from the happiest down to the most unfortunate, who could foretell how great a loss would be his could he substitute the trace of another for the trace which he himself must leave in life. Our past is our secret promulgated by the voice of years: it is the most mysterious image of our being, over which Time keeps watch. The image is not dead: a mere nothing degrades or adorns it: it can still grow bright or sombre, can still smile or weep, express love or hatred; and yet it remains recognisable for ever in the midst of the myriad images that surround it. It stands for what we once were, as our aspirations and hopes stand for what we shall be; and the two faces blend that they may teach us what we are.

Let us not envy the facts of the past, but rather the spiritual garment that the recollection of days long gone will weave around the sage. And though this garment be woven of joy or of sorrow, though it be drawn from the dearth of events or from their abundance, it shall still be equally precious; and those who may see it shining over a life shall not be able to tell whether its quickening jewels and stars were found amid the grudging cinders of a cabin or upon the steps of a palace.

No past can be empty or squalid, no ovents can be wretched; the wretchedness lies in our manner of welcoming them. And if it were true that nothing had happened to you, that would be the most astounding adventure that any man ever had met with; and no less remarkable would be the light it would shed upon you. In reality the facts, the opportunities and possibilities, the passions, that await and invite the majority of men, are all more or less the same. Some may be more dazzling than others; their attendant circumstances may differ, but they differ far less than the inward reactions that follow; and the insignificant, incomplete event that falls on a fertile heart and brain will readily attain the moral proportions and grandeur of an analogous incident which, on another plane, will convulse a whole people.

He who should see, spread out before him, the past lives of a multitude of men, could not easily decide which past he himself would wish to have lived, were he not able at the same

time to witness the moral results of these dissimilar and unsymmetrical facts. He might not impossibly make a fatal blunder: he might choose an existence overflowing with incomparable happiness and victory, that sparkle like wonderful jewels; while his glance might travel indifferently over a life that appeared to be empty, whereas it was truly steeped to the brim in serene emotions and lofty, redeeming thoughts, whereby, though the eye saw nothing, that life was yet rendered happy among all. For we are well aware that what destiny has given and what destiny holds in reserve can be revolutionised as utterly by thought as by great victory or great defeat. Thought is silent: it disturbs not a pebble on the illusory road we see; but at the crossway of the more actual road that our secret life follows will it tranquilly erect an indestructible pyramid; and thereupon, suddenly, every event, to the very phenomena of Earth and Heaven, will assume a new direction.

In Siegfried's life it is not the moment when he forges the prodigious sword that he is most important, or when he kills the dragon and compels the gods from his path, or even the dazzling second when he encounters love on the flaming mountain; but indeed the brief instant wrested from eternal decrees, the little childish gesture when one of his hands, red with the blood of his mysterious victim, having chanced to draw near his lips, his eyes and ears are suddenly opened: he understands the hidden language of all that surrounds him, detects the treachery of the dwarf who represents the powers of evil, and learns in a flash to do that which had to be done.

MATRICE MAETERLINCK.

(Translated by ALFRED SUTRO.)

FATE.

Μοῖρα κραταίῃ.—HOM.

HIGH in the spaces of sky
Reigns inaccessible Fate :
Yields she to prayer or to cry ?
Answers she early or late ?

Change and re-birth and decay,
Dawning and darkness and light—
Creatures they are of a day,
Lost in a pitiless night.

Men are like children who play
Unknown by an unknown sea :
Centuries vanish away ;
She waits—the eternal She.

Nay, but the Gods are afraid.
Of the hoary Mother's nod ;
They are of things that are made,
She the original God.

They have seen dynasties fall
In ruin of what has been :
Her no upheavals appal—
Silent, unmoved and serene.

Silent, unmoved, and serene
Reigns in a world uncreate,
Eldest of Gods and their Queen,
Featureless, passionless Fate.

W. L. C.

ENGLAND'S EDUCATIONAL PERIL.

AN eminent educational authority, a scholar of high culture and attainments, and a man well versed in all the details of our educational systems, inasmuch as he has access to all the available sources of information, which he has studied with rare devotion and impartiality, has stigmatised our whole educational system with the name of "Chaos," and the work of our public Elementary Schools with that of "Shoddy Education." It fills thinking men with sorrow and amazement that such damaging charges, publicly made, have remained unrefuted, nay unchallenged, and that the public, whom it so nearly concerns, are indifferent and apathetic. If Englishmen flatter themselves that these charges are untrue, or, at least, greatly exaggerated, then they are the victims of dangerous self-delusions. It is the object of the present writer to prove the truth of the denunciation of the work done by our public Elementary Schools, and he hopes that some other, and more competent pen than his, will deal with the work of our higher Educational Institutions. At the same time he feels that his task, though by far the easier of the two, is much the more important, because the elementary studies concern the whole people and not merely a chosen few, and form the foundation of all subsequent intellectual pursuits. ON A BAD FOUNDATION NO SOLID EDIFICE CAN BE REARED. If England is to retain her high position among nations, if London is not to share the fate of Venice, Genoa, Antwerp, Augsburg, and other commercial communities, then she must keep all her physical, intellectual, and moral forces up to their highest pitch of tension, and among these forces education holds a foremost rank.

It is now incumbent on us:—

- I. To show that the adverse criticism of our public Elementary Schools is justified;
- II. To trace the causes that led to our deplorable shortcomings;
- III. To suggest some necessary and possible palliatives and remedies.

I.

The first point can be best brought home to the reader by some typical instances, for the truth of which the present writer can vouch:—

1. A gentleman in the west of England advertised for an assistant gardener at good wages, and received some forty written applications, of which "not a single one was decently written, or correctly spelt,

or intelligibly expressed," and he said to the Chairman of the School Board of a large city in his neighbourhood, "Such is the result of your thirty years' teaching." The Chairman visibly winced under the reproof, but held his peace.

2. An arithmetician of some standing was asked to look into the arithmetic teaching of a leading Elementary School in one of our University towns. He was shown into a room of between forty and fifty boys "of the Vth and VIth Standards," and he was told that they were working decimals, interest, and other advanced rules. He wrote up on the black-board a very easy question on vulgar fractions, and at once all hands were up and gave the solution correctly.

Visitor: Quite right; how do you do it?

Pupils: Please, Sir, multiply by, &c., &c.

Visitor: Yes, but why?

Pupils: Please, Sir, that's the rule.

Visitor: The rule? And pray, who made the rule?

Pupils: (Are silent).

Visitor: Is it in the Bible? Did the Queen make it?

(After a short spell of silence, one boy holds up his hand).

Visitor: Well, what do you say? Who made the rule?

Pupil: Please, Sir, the inspector made it.

3. A tradesman in the writer's neighbourhood complained to him that he finds it impossible to get a boy from the board schools who could take down a simple order, and he has to dismiss one after another. His present errand-boy, who was in the VIth Standard, cannot write down any orders of his customers, and he added: "I don't know what they spend their time in at these schools, for which we pay such heavy rates."

4. Another small shopkeeper's complaint is that his son, fourteen years old, "learns what he never will want, and learns nothing of what he would stand in daily need of." On further inquiry it turned out that the lad cannot make out a small bill or write a simple note, but fills pages with long sums of which the father could not "make head or tail." Can we wonder that the parents are reluctant to waste their children's time by sending them to such schools? Such instances can be multiplied indefinitely, and indeed complaints of this kind are made almost daily and from many quarters, *e.g.*:

5. On the 11th of September, 1901, "A Northerner" wrote to the *Daily Mail* a letter containing the following passages: "Being connected with a large firm in the City where we are continually starting fresh boys in business life, one cannot help being struck with their terrible deficiency in the most elementary studies, such as writing, arithmetic, grammar, and particularly a knowledge of the English language. Ex-VIth Standard boys of a London Board School are ill prepared, etc." That on repeated inquiry

he found that they spend their time in "studying such things as magnetism and electricity, chemistry, etc.," to the neglect of the practical homely subjects. "One boy said that he had not received more than three lessons in grammar during the whole time he attended a London Board School," &c., &c.

Indeed the School Board themselves confess their gross inefficiency by telling us that, among those who join their evening continuation classes, there are youths and girls who are ignorant of reading and writing. How have these young people spent their valuable school years? The plea that they have already forgotten what they had learnt at school is the severest condemnation of their system. What is learnt intelligently, rationally, is rarely forgotten, and, if forgotten, can be readily recovered by the student's unaided efforts, whilst mere cram memory work enters but skin deep, and is speedily forgotten beyond recovery. In fact, the School Boards have yet to learn THAT THE WHOLE EDUCATION QUESTION TURNS MAINLY ON METHODS OF TEACHING, and very slightly indeed on legislation and regulations. If the lessons are stimulating, if they convey to the children the exhilarating sense of progress made and of power gained, then the necessity of compulsory school-attendance will practically disappear, and parents and ratepayers will not be likely to grudge their money-contributions, if they feel that they get a full *quid pro quo* for their sacrifices. And yet amongst the numerous acts of negligence that the Boards are guilty of, that of ignoring the problem of methods of teaching is as conspicuous as it is fatal.

INDICTMENT AGAINST SCHOOL BOARDS.

I. Some sins of commission of the past.

1. In the matter of school buildings. They refused the urgent advice of experts, and at enormous expense built school-rooms unsuitable in shape, being long and shallow so that the teacher cannot easily dominate his class, and injurious to the eyesight of pupils and teachers, the windows being at the back of the children, so that in reading, writing and needlework the shadow of the body falls on the book, &c., whilst the teacher is dazzled by the full blaze of light facing him; moreover, the children, anxious to catch the light, not infrequently sit sideways and twist their bodies to the danger of their still soft and flexible spines. Taught by costly experience they now see the error of their ways, and endeavour by blocking up the windows in one wall and making new windows elsewhere to remedy the evil, but this is at best a mere make-shift, and does not alter the still unsuitable shape of the rooms. In connection with this part of the subject I may be allowed to record two characteristic scenes.

(a.) The first School Board elected in one of our largest midland

towns counted among its members a local M.P. and a very popular dissenting minister, who was also a witty lecturer with a considerable dash of the charlatan in him. When the matter of school-buildings was first discussed, the M.P. very wisely proposed that they should send their clerk to Germany and other countries to study school-buildings on the spot and report thereon. The dissenting minister immediately opposed the proposal with stinging sarcasm, of which he was past-master, and with appeals to the national vanity of his colleagues on the board, with the result that the proposal was rejected by a large majority. Well, the charlatan had the victory, and the rate-payers and the children had to pay and suffer for it.

(b.) In the south of London a Board School was about to be built, the children meanwhile assembling in temporary premises. The Local Managers wrote to the School Board requesting that the architect's plans might be shown to them. The Board replied that it was against their rule to show the plans to the Local Managers, but that they would make an exception in this case and forward the plans. On inspection the Local Managers at once saw the grave defects above named and remonstrated. The Board invited them to send a deputation to explain their objections. The spokesman of the deputation, a Mr. Blank, dwelt on the injury to the children's eye-sight threatened by the position of the windows. A lady member of the Board smilingly asked, "Pray, Mr. Blank, how long does it take for a boy's eyes to be ruined?" and as the unhappy Mr. Blank was unable, on the spur of the moment, to answer that wise woman according to her wisdom, the assembled members greeted him with derisive laughter, and finally decided that, as the drawing of new plans would cost £5, they preferred to adhere to the plan they had already approved of. This was done and there that structure stands as a lasting monument of official obstinacy and incapacity. In connection with this may be quoted a passage from Circular 456 issued by the present more enlightened Board of Education on October 1st, 1901.

"The lighting of the schools is a matter of great importance. . . . Light falling directly upon the eyes should be particularly avoided, as should also light coming from behind, or, in a less degree, light coming from the right hand only, in which cases the scholars can only do their work with strain and discomfort."

The Chairman of the School Board for London is reported in the *Standard* of the 4th of October, 1901, to have said, "A heavy responsibility was incurred by those who left the country without guidance," &c. This rebuke is largely justified if administered to the former Education Department, but not to the more enlightened Board of Education of our day; however, it does not lie in the mouths of members of School Boards to urge this reproof, seeing that they have

steadily rejected all advice given them. In London alone there have been built about 500 such schools, costing at the lowest estimate £5,000,000, the bulk of which sum has been spent, to state the case mildly, not to the best purpose. Now add the schools all over the country, and we stand aghast at the frightful waste of public money incurred by the presumptuous incapacity of these amateurs and *dilettanti*, who cannot be actuated by the "courage of their convictions," because they have only plausible opinions and no convictions whatever.

2. And what is to be said about their wasteful extravagance in other directions? At an outlay of some £15,000 the London Board Schools have been supplied with pianos, which require tuning, occasional repairs, and ultimately replacement when worn out. In Germany every elementary teacher is taught the violin in his training college, and is bound, on entering on his duties, to provide himself with his instrument: this answers every purpose, and costs the country nothing.

At the last School Board election Dr. Macnamara said in hearing of the present writer, "We are accused of having misspent £30,000; well, what is £30,000?" meaning that this sum adds very little to the contribution demanded of each individual ratepayer. Probably so, but still waste is waste, and a waste of £30,000 is no trifle; for, if this sum were invested at 4 per cent. it would yield perpetual scholarships of £30 a year to each of forty gifted children of the working classes, an object on the whole more desirable than teaching adult Russians and Italians their mother-tongue, or German clerks English literature at the cost of the country. Let it be remembered that these clerks draw good salaries, and can well afford to pay the nominal sum of 2½d. a lesson charged by such noble institutions as the Working Men's College of Great Ormond Street, and others. But the School Board attract these men that they might earn their grant. Again Dr. Macnamara urged the plea that the increase in the rates is due to the greater number of scholars sent them. "If they send us more children," he exclaimed, "what are we to do?" But he ignored the fact that a larger number of pupils represents a larger rateable area, and consequently the rate need not be greatly increased.

3. The Board School teachers justly complain of the unmanageable size of their classes. The task set to some of them is practically an impossible one. Who can rivet the attention of fifty to sixty feeble minds, when their little bodies are distributed over a large room at some distance from the teacher? Here the School Boards have a legitimate field for their love of expenditure; here their open-handedness would confer incalculable benefit on those who are specially entrusted to their care; and as for the needful money, part

of it, at least, can be obtained through the exercise of wise thrift in other directions.

II.—The sins of omission in the past and in the present.

The School Boards have unrivalled opportunities for making extensive and instructive experiments in teaching. We may take two subjects as illustrations :—

(a) *Reading*.—In 1877 the School Board for London felt the importance of teaching reading on sound and scientific methods, and they appointed a committee from members of their body to take evidence from teachers, inspectors, and experts. Unfortunately the members of this committee lacked skill in eliciting the right sort of information from the witnesses, and were still more incompetent to sift the voluminous evidence collected; consequently they arrived at the lame conclusion that each teacher should adopt whatever method he liked. This want of guidance led to two great evils: *first*, that reading, which it has been proved to the hilt can be taught well in from six to twelve months, is taught imperfectly in the board schools in from three to five years; *second*, that if a child is moved from one school to another (it may be only a few streets off), he finds a different system in vogue, and has to begin *de capo*. In Germany, Switzerland, Austria, &c., a child may be moved from one end of the country to the other, and yet his studies will suffer next to no interruption. Moreover, the arrangements made for enabling the teacher to exercise his choice reach the acme of absurdity. The School Board publishes so-called "Requisition Lists," in which are entered the titles of multitudes of school books on every subject of study, from which the teacher may select his books, specimens of which are open to his inspection at the School Board offices on the Embankment. Now on "*elementary*" reading alone (independent of History and other Readers), he has to examine and select from about 600 volumes, evidently an impossible task, and the consequence is that he is often guided by the blandishments of commercial travellers who wait upon him very obsequiously, and as the interested advice of these commercial men is not always the best, the teacher frequently changes his books at the cost of the ratepayers. And yet the solution of the problem of teaching to read is simplicity itself. There is really only a very small number of methods possible. Why do not the School Board start extensive experiments, by asking leading teachers to do the best they can on the method of their own choice within a given time, say two years, and then enforce the universal adoption of that method or principle which has carried off the palm? A lady member of the present Board was heard to say that she had years ago seen a certain system at work in the north, which yielded the astonishing result that the children all learnt to read fluently in a year or so. When she inquired how it was that the

method was not universally adopted, she was told that the inspectors disapproved of it. On the lady being asked, in her turn, if she had brought the matter before the School Board, she answered, "Well, no, I never thought of it." So feeble is the sense of duty in some members.

(*h*) *Arithmetic*.—The value of Arithmetic in Elementary Schools can hardly be over-rated, because this is the only elementary subject that confers the discipline peculiar to mathematics, and yet from the examples adduced above and from many more instances, which cannot be quoted from want of space, it is obvious that the teaching given is mere routine and cram, conferring neither intellectual nor moral benefit on the child. If the early studies in the three Rs have not led to the formation of correct tastes and habits of thought, it is vain to expect these benefits from more advanced studies, especially if they are pursued by the so-called "expeditionary," irrational methods of the crammer. The intelligent study of the three Rs, of the mother tongue and of a moderate amount of its literature are the *primo requisites*, the *pièces de résistance* of the Elementary School, and all other branches, such as sciences and some foreign language, &c., must be kept in abeyance till such a mastery of these subjects has been acquired that the fear of their being forgotten may be dismissed as idle. But if a lad can neither read fluently nor with pleasure to himself, and no taste for reading has been formed, if he cannot write decently well, nor express himself intelligently, if his arithmetic is feeble and faulty, who is the better for his having a smattering of a number of "graphies" and "ologies" which he will never want? This unfortunately is the state at which we have arrived.

II.

We now propose to examine the causes and the history that led to the present distressing state of things.

In the early fifties of the nineteenth century our elementary education seemed in a very fair way of good promise. The training colleges directed their exclusive attention to methods of teaching, and the leading elementary teachers of those days were men of rare ability and enthusiasm. Amongst them may be mentioned Jackson, Tate, McLeod, and in William Ellis's Birkbeck Schools Shields and Rüntz, and pre-eminently in the Home and Colonial Schools two of Pestalozzi's own pupils, Krüsi and Reiner. The lessons given by this latter gentleman were not only up to date in the matter taught, but the manner of his teaching was ideally perfect. The Prince Consort heard him, and forthwith engaged him for his own children. His Majesty, King Edward, no doubt remembers him well. In our leading training colleges Pestalozzi's methods were adopted, and his

appliances were used intelligently and effectively. The teachers were inspired by a similar enthusiasm, as was evidenced by the earnestness and intelligence displayed in their work, by the subjects discussed at their meetings, and by the spirit in which these discussions were carried on. In a pamphlet by the late Rev. Edward Thring, Head Master of Uppingham, this part of the subject is brought out with all his native eloquence. Suddenly the scene changed, and the bright morning sky was shrouded by heavy, impenetrable clouds, which cast a deep gloom over the prospects of Education. In the training colleges Pestalozzi's methods and appliances were discarded as so much cumbrous lumber, and teachers were taught to substitute rule of thumb for rational work. Who, and what was it, that wrought this disastrous change? asks the reader. Well, two causes have co-operated.

First and foremost was Mr. Lowe's notorious Code of 1862, which introduced the unique and baleful provision known as *Payment by Results*, and which made us the laughing stock of Educational Europe.

Robert Lowe, that Arch-Philistine, undertook to gauge spiritual things by his vulgar two-foot rule. His very talk smacked of the shop and the counter. "No boots," he exclaimed, "no payment; similarly I say, no examination results, no payment." A teacher examining his own class he compared to a "tradesman branding his own herrings," and one of his chief inspectors, catching this phraseology, compared, in a lecture of his at the College of Preceptors, our pupil teacher system to "teachers manufactured on the premises." Mr. Lowe cast aside enthusiasm, ardour, a high sense of duty, and love of children, as if they were things of naught, and in their place he appealed to the teachers' cupidity. Unfortunately the teachers were but ordinary human beings, and their smoking flax was readily quenched. Easily and only too quickly they learnt their new lesson. "Expeditious" cramming of mere results took the place of the slow processes of investigation, and at the teachers' meetings, grant earnings, ample grant earnings, formed the staple subject of discussion. The one problem placed before the teacher was, how to pass through the examination mill the maximum number of pupils on a minimum amount of teaching. And, indeed, how could they do otherwise? School Boards, Local Managers, and still more the Managers of voluntary schools were forced to judge of teachers by their grant-earning capacity. When teachers applied for a post, that man was appointed who could show the highest percentages of passes. Many teachers were well aware of the gross falseness of the system, but they were placed between the dreadful alternative of "immoral" teaching and starvation. Some of the most gifted and most conscientious teachers actually left the profession in disgust. And yet 'My Lords' had been forewarned of the danger by men of such

eminence as Dr. Temple, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, the late Professor Thorold Rogers, and indeed by their own leading inspector, the late Mr. Matthew Arnold, who said : "Payment by results leads to a minimum of teaching." But all these warning voices were addressed to deaf ears. The resolution taken was unflinchingly adhered to, and publicly supported and defended by Mr. Lowe's henchmen. For about thirty years this dreadful code ruled the land, and some ten or fifteen generations of teachers, each counted by thousands, were poured over the country as mere crammers. And some five generations of children, each counted by millions, were taught, or rather mistaught, on that system. And such an evil tends to perpetuate itself. Had these children been well taught, the present legislators and administrators would have had an educated nation to appeal to. The present Board of Education wisely has abolished payment by results, but it is, of course, beyond its power to supply at once upwards of 40,000 well-trained teachers to replace the present cram-taught men and women. These are urged to study methods of teaching, and to give rational instruction in lieu of the rule of thumb imparted to them at their several colleges. This is a very large order; teachers who have taught for many years on a certain system, and who are engaged the whole day in the exhausting work of teaching large classes, and have also multifarious extra duties imposed on them, such as clerk-work, making returns of penny banks, or swimming classes, &c., cannot possibly find the needful time, strength of body and elasticity of mind to pursue such studies. The wonder is, and it speaks volumes in their favour, that so many actually do engage in that work. But a long time must elapse ere this huge mass will be leavened, and ere the noble spirit of the early fifties is re-infused into their body.

Second.—The spirit that animated the then¹ Education Department. They were intolerant of all outside interference, and scornfully rejected external suggestions and offers of every kind. In 1870 an offer was made them by an ardent teacher to teach reading free of charge to a class supplied him, and he bound himself to prove that with rational teaching the pupils would read fluently in less than a year. The Vice-President, Mr. W. E. Forster, was willing enough to allow the experiment to be made, but Mr. Lingen dismissed the intruder with an insulting snub. The presumption of an outsider to meddle, to believe that he knows better than we² do! It is the old story of Mr. Doyce and the Circumlocution Office of "Little Dorritt" over again. Nevertheless, it is now admitted that during the thirty intervening years the children's time was wasted in

(1) The reader is requested to distinguish clearly between the Education Department of former days and the Board of Education of our day.

spending from three to five years on an attainment that can be gained in one year.

Or, take the preposterous "Standards" of those days, where the difficult had to be taught before the easy, and the effect before its cause. For example, in geography, the tides had to be taught before the phases of the moon; in arithmetic, long division before addition of £ s. d., and proportion before fractions. In reading, the "First Standard" demanded of the child a knowledge of the monosyllabic words, in which the chief difficulties of the language are to be met with; and which led, moreover, to the most grotesque absurdities; thus the child might read "horse" and "shoe," but not "hórseshoe;" "ram" and "rod," but not "ramrod," and so on; but he was expected to read "plough," "rough," "wright," "wheel" (but not "wheelwright"). This was sternly insisted on in spite of earnest remonstrances made by teachers, experts, and writers of school-books.

To those crying evils was super-added a new difficulty created by Mr. Lowe's appeal to the teachers' self-interest; they have now formed a powerful Trades Union with three able representatives in the House of Commons. Many thousand votes, with influence in the constituencies, are scattered broadcast over the country. Is it a wonder that Government has its misgivings in backing up Sir John Gorst in his attempts at reform?

This is, roughly speaking, the bottomless quagmire into which our educational car has been driven; there it sticks axle-deep, and threatens to sink still deeper. To Sir John Gorst and the Board of Education has fallen the thankless and unenviable task of extricating it, and the least that a patriotic public can do is to sympathise with them, to support them, and to urge the Government to aid and uphold them more heartily than they have done hitherto.

III.

The reader has, no doubt, observed that the symptoms only of our educational discomfort have been discussed, and that the deep-lying causes have not even been referred to. This was done intentionally, for a full consideration of these causes would have led to an impractical counsel of perfection, interwoven as these causes are with our national life and habits, and to a great extent even with the British constitution. All that can be done is to work slowly and patiently at effecting a radical cure, and meanwhile to propose some palliatives to tide us over the long and weary curative process. Such are:

1.—IT IS INDISPENSABLY NECESSARY TO DRAW IN SHARP AND DISTINCT OUTLINES THE LIMITS OF ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.¹ At

(1) We may take a leaf out of the instructive code of Ontario. "Ontario may claim to have some features of her system that are largely her own. Among them may be

present we have three stages of so-called Elementary Education, viz., Board School Education, Higher Elementary Education, and Higher Grade Schools, and nobody can tell where any one of them terminates and the other begins; nor is it clear that members of the School Board themselves know where the Higher Grade School terminates or ought to terminate. Lord Reay is reported to have said on the 3rd of October, 1901: "A higher elementary and a higher grade school were not secondary schools; they were the final stage of elementary education." This is a definition to which no one can demur, if only the facts correspond with it. But what are those facts?

In the list of successful candidates in the London University Matriculation Examination held in June, 1901, the names are given of twenty-five candidates who passed direct from Higher Grade Board Schools in different parts of the country. Now, London Matriculation Examination demands: (1) A competent knowledge of Latin, tested by two examinations of three hours each; (2) One other foreign language, Greek, French, or German, &c., whichever the student may select, one examination, three hours; (3) English grammar and composition and history of the language and literature, one examination, three hours; (4) History of England to the end of the seventeenth century, with the geography relating thereto, one examination, three hours; (5) Mathematics, viz., arithmetic to extraction of square root, algebra to quadratic equations with one unknown, and four books of Euclid with riders, two examinations of three hours each; (6) Two sciences, one obligatory and the other to be selected by the candidate, two examinations of three hours each; in all, then, nine advanced subjects studied in the Higher Grade Schools, and the present writer has come across higher grade students who have gone even beyond that, into "Permutations and Combinations," which is a good way on to the Intermediate Bachelor of Arts examination of the London University. Does his Lordship seriously contend that studies which lead to the threshold of our Universities are part of elementary education? If so, what field is left to secondary education? And how can it be maintained that faith is kept in the bargain made with the ratepayers in 1870? The idea of teaching these subjects was certainly never entertained by Mr. W. E. Forster, nor yet by the rate-paying public generally. It is clear that these limits must be drawn, and when drawn the School Boards should be told in unmistakable terms: "*Ne, auctor, supra crepidam.*" The proposal that both the primary and the secondary education should

mentioned: Clear lines separating the function of the university from that of the high schools, and the function of the high schools from that of the public or elementary schools; a uniform course of study a uniform series of text-books for the whole Province &c."

be entrusted to one and the same authority should not be entertained. It is to the advantage of the cause of education that these two authorities should control each other; if, for example, students from the lower schools enter the higher classes merely crammed, or ill-grounded, the teachers of those advanced classes would naturally remonstrate, and the *lâches* committed below could not be hushed up; on the other hand, if the higher schools, from whatever motive, were to encroach on the work of the schools below, the authorities of the primary schools would know how to protect themselves, whilst the friendly co-operation of the two sets of schools would be productive of much good.

2.—Every School Board should have a certain proportion of *ex-officio* members appointed by the Board of Education. These should be experts in educational matters, able to advise the Board on technical points which are not always, nor necessarily, understood by popularly elected members, and these officials would also establish a closer and more intimate and harmonious understanding with the central authority.

3.—Our present "Standards," although much better than those of the former Education Department, are still very far from perfect, or scientifically correct; but it is exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to teach well on a faulty sequence of lessons. It would therefore be very desirable to appoint, under Sir John Gorst's presidency, COMMITTEES OF TEACHERS, SCHOLARS, AND EXPERTS TO DRAW UP SCHEMES OF LESSONS ON THE SEVERAL SUBJECTS OF STUDY.¹

4.—When these are drawn up then it will be possible to deal with the all-important question of School Books. No branch of our educational system is in a more chaotic state than are the plans we follow in our selection of school books. Good school books furnish the teacher with the indispensable clue which leads him safely through his perplexing labyrinth, and their importance cannot possibly be overrated. Different Governments adopt different methods, but it would lead us too far to describe them all. Our purpose will best be served if we contrast Austria, whose system we should call over-organisation, with England, which has chaos, *i.e.*, no organisation at all. For instance, the present writer has before him seventeen Austrian elementary school books on various stages of reading, arithmetic, and grammar, which are printed and circulated by the Government; these text-books, written by eminent scholars, are marvels of sound method, production, and cheapness; paper, printing and binding leave nothing to be desired. The prices range

(1) It is astonishing, and not a little humiliating, to notice how much we have to learn from our colonies. Many of their standards, or "Programmes of Study," notably of Ontario, Western Australia, South Australia, and Victoria, are, beyond all comparison, superior to any courses of study that have been proposed in this country.

from 1½d. to 8d. each, and off these prices the retail trade has a discount of eighteen per cent. to twenty-five per cent. allowed. On these low prices Government still makes a profit, which at the end of the year is distributed amongst the several School Boards of the country, *pro rata* of their purchases; and these sums are devoted solely to educational purposes.

Our wasteful English system has already been described above. Any attempt to follow in the footsteps of Austria would be fiercely resented by the trade, and no Government would care to provoke such a clamorous outcry. But at least we might afford some guidance to Training Colleges, School Boards, managers, and teachers by some useful method such as the following:—

Let Committees of scholars, experts, and teachers be appointed to look into text books on the different subjects of study; let them be authorised to invite authors to appear before them to explain their aims, and their means for attaining them. The Committee would publish the titles of books they approve of, and pass over in silence those works which they consider unsuitable. This imprimatur would afford guidance to all whom it concerns, and commercial travellers, being now quite unnecessary, should be forbidden to visit the schools. The objection that such interference with trade is un-English and would not be tolerated will not bear investigation. Several of our Colonies have systems which differ but slightly from that of Austria, and yet the public, far from resenting it, is grateful for it.¹ Indeed our own Education Department in its palmy days did not hesitate to recommend Professor De Morgan's Arithmetic, the most classical book in the English language on the subject.

5. Teachers should be encouraged to study methods of teaching by granting to them travelling stipends to enable them to visit foreign schools, on the following conditions: (a) Their inspectors must have reported favourably on their zeal, and openness to receive suggestions and new ideas; (b) They must prove that they have adequately mastered the language of the country they propose to visit, and have also studied some classical educational work in that language; (c) They must engage to send in to the Board of Education an exhaustive report of at least one of the schools they have visited.

If that report gives proof of the teacher's ability, then he ought to be eligible for admission into the inspectorate, and when once his foot is placed on the lowest rung of this ladder, promotion to the highest posts should be open to him.

6. The importance of enlisting the sympathy and co-operation of the parents in the work of our schools is too obvious to need urging. Two quotations from South Australia, the leading country educationally of the Empire, will not be out of place here.

(1) It would be very instructive if some of the excellent text-books circulated by colonial education offices were examined by the committees above suggested.

Page 473. "Particular care has been exercised in the grading of the arithmetic and drawing to make these subjects meet the demands and requirements of our Colonial life and its surroundings. Children in Class IV. (the compulsory standard class), from eleven to thirteen years of age can not only make out their parents' accounts, measure their farm lands, fences, crops, tanks, wells and dams of varying shapes, but they can draw to scale plans of simple farm buildings, gates and ordinary tools."

In a word the studies of the Colony are wedded to, and our courses of study are divorced from, the requirements of practical life.

Page 474. "The schools are open to the public during ordinary school hours, but no interference with the time-table work is allowed. One day a year is now set apart as 'visiting day,' when all the work of the children is open to the inspection of their parents and friends."

These school-festivals are the rule on the Continent, and the parents take pride in hearing their children recite, and they examine eagerly the corrected, but not transcribed, exercise and ciphering books open to their inspection.

If the children are made to love their lessons, and the parents have brought home to them the advantages accruing from a good education, the bugbear of compulsory attendance will practically disappear.

VIGILANS.*

AMERICAN MILLIONAIRES AND BRITISH SHIPPING.

THERE are unmistakable signs that British shipping is about to pass through a severe crisis, and whether it will emerge from the struggle in triumph, to enjoy another period of prosperity, with the mercantile supremacy of the United Kingdom indisputably established, or in a shattered and ruined condition, with the supremacy of the ocean in other hands, is a problem that the most experienced shipowners discuss with perplexity. Judging from the past and without looking under the surface of the present, one may conclude that what has happened before will happen again. Keen competition in the shipping trade is no new thing. The ocean is open to the whole world, and the shipowners of any nation may enter into competition with British shipowners whenever and wherever they please. They have done so in the past and will do so in the future; and as British shipping, with alternations of prosperity and adversity, has steadily advanced in the past, it may with confidence be assumed that it will continue to advance in the future. That this would be so might be confidently anticipated if there were no change in the conditions of the struggle, but unfortunately the conditions are entirely changed, and it is this circumstance that, in the minds of shipowners, merchants, and all who are directly or indirectly concerned in the trade of the country, creates doubt and perplexity.

Until now Americans can scarcely be said to have taken any part in the competition for over-sea commerce. They have certainly taken no distinctive part. The Germans and the French—the former with steamers and the latter with sailing ships, and both with subsidies—have been more aggressive than Americans. The energies of the United States have been mainly directed to the building up of home industries and to the exclusion by high tariffs of foreign manufactures from the American market. That work has been accomplished. American manufacturers can now do more than supply their home market. With them commercial expansion has become a necessity, and they therefore are turning their attention to the over-sea trade as they never have done before. President McKinley bequeathed to his fellow countrymen an economic policy that they are resolved to follow, and defined the conditions under which it must be pursued. The protectionist system will be relaxed whenever a high tariff is found to be no longer required for the protection of nascent industries, and the whole power of the State will be used to promote the building up of direct lines of ocean steamers between American ports and external markets. This is one of the new features in the situation.

Another is the intervention of a combination of American millionaires in American and in international trade. Lord Rosebery sounded the first note of warning as to the results upon British trade that might follow the concentration of the principal industries of the United States in the hands of a few men having unlimited capital at their command. No sooner was the last presidential campaign in the United States completed, and President McKinley safely installed for a second term, than the work of commercial concentration on an unprecedented scale began. His death might have been a severe blow to the organisers of colossal combinations if President Roosevelt had not immediately pledged himself to the policy of his predecessor. Mr. Roosevelt is believed to have no liking for either millionaires or trusts, but he has high regard for American interests, and is as strongly in favour of using the power of the State to build up American industries and American shipping as Mr. McKinley was.

We have then this position: The United States Government, inspired by patriotism, and American tradition, and economic conviction, will use the power of the State to promote the formation of direct lines of steamers between United States ports and external markets; and combinations of millionaires are gathering into their hands control over the great industries of the States and over the internal means of transport, and are laying their plans for acquiring command of the ocean trade, knowing that, in addition to their own immense capital, they have the State at their back. These are conditions against which British shipowners have never before had to contend.

Heretofore American competition at sea has proceeded on ordinary lines. Years ago the Guion line of steamers—practically an American line—was established in Liverpool, but it succumbed to British competition. More recently the Inman line passed into American hands and is now the American line. Still more recently the Atlantic Transport Company—an American organisation—acquired control over the National line of steamers—a Liverpool line—and the National boats are now run in connection with the Atlantic Transport Company's service. These changes of ownership brought nothing novel into ocean competition. The change of flag in the case of the Inman Company was regretted, but the whole matter was merely one of commercial enterprise and mercantile capacity, and the conditions of competition remained practically as they were before. Mr. Pierpont Morgan's purchase of the Leyland line introduces entirely different conditions. It is not a transfer of steamers from one shipping company to another. Mr. Morgan was not a shipowner, and was not in the shipping trade. He was a banker. He was the representative of a body of capitalists who had acquired control over great trunk lines of railway in the United States. He was representative of the Billion Dollar Trust and of its

control over the iron and steel industries of the United States. The precise extent to which his influence reaches over the internal trade of the United States, and over the railway systems of America, is not known, but it is enormous. His "shipping deal" has been entered into as part of a great and ambitious movement to gain control over both the internal and the external trade of the United States and to overbear all foreign competition. He will pursue that object in the American fashion. As to what fashion that is there is no mystery. Only the other day it was reported that Mr. Cassatt, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, had demanded of Mr. George Gould the surrender of the Wabash railroad system and of the Wheeling and Lake Erie Railway at a price that would give a net profit to the Goulds, under threat of cutting off the whole of the Western Union telegraph lines from the Pennsylvanian system as well as from the Vanderbilt lines which had agreed to the deal. This is the American method of competition, and it can be applied to shipping.

Mr. Morgan's object is to gain a commanding position on the ocean. He has bought the Leyland line at a very high price—a price upon which, under ordinary conditions, he cannot hope to earn a reasonable return. But it gives him a standing amongst great shipping companies. If he desires to purchase other British shipping companies' businesses he can present them with the alternative of ruinous competition or of purchase on terms that will give them a handsome profit. British lines of steamers run between the Atlantic ports of the United States and the Mediterranean. If Mr. Morgan desires to establish direct American lines between New York and Boston and Mediterranean ports, he has a fleet at hand with which to coerce British lines into selling or into entering upon a disastrous competition. British steamers cross the Pacific from San Francisco. He may pursue the same policy there. Of course, British shipowners would not accept defeat without a struggle, but if the shareholders in a British shipping company had before them, on the one hand, a chance of selling their business at a profit, and on the other the certainty of having to pass through an indefinite period of ruinous competition, during which their shares would inevitably fall to from 30 to 60 per cent. discount, there cannot be much doubt as to the decision they would arrive at. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that Mr. Morgan can buy any British shipping line he pleases if only he be willing to make a sufficiently tempting offer, and it would pay him better to buy at a high price, and British shipowners to sell at a high price, than to enter upon, it might be, years of ruinous rate-cutting.

It may be argued that to sell British ships at prices far above their market value would be very good business. It would add to the wealth of the country, and though it might not all be re-invested in

shipping, those who had made large profits in shipping would not entirely quit the business. A good deal of their capital would be devoted to building new and improved steamers, and this would give a stimulus to the shipbuilding and iron and steel trades and to the general business of the country. The new British steamers would compete advantageously against Mr. Morgan's vessels, many of which are comparatively old. If the Americans, in their efforts to sweep aside British maritime competition, should carry food and produce at abnormally low rates, British home industries would reap the benefit in a lowered cost of living and in cheap raw material, and American industries would be the less able to compete with British manufacturers in the markets of the world. If, on the other hand, Americans sought to push their export business by means of low prices industrial profits would disappear, and they could not recoup themselves by making profits upon shipping without giving British shipowners fresh opportunities to compete against them on the ocean. Economic forces would, in fact, prove to be too strong for them, and British shipowners with the cheapest ship, the best ship, and the most economically managed ship, would hold their own. Every principle of Free Trade, in fact, cries aloud against the assumption that Mr. Pierpont Morgan, no matter what combination he may have at his back, can permanently override economic laws and defeat British shipowners in an enterprise that is peculiarly their own.

The transfer of British shipping to the American flag does not increase the number or the tonnage of steamers on the ocean. In the past Great Britain has built vessels for the whole world, and old British steamers have been sold to foreigners without any hesitation. The only results have been to give increased employment to British shipbuilders and to enable British shipowners to supply themselves with more modern vessels, and therefore more profitable dividend-earners, than are in the possession of foreign competitors. As to freights being run down to a ruinously low level it does not unfortunately require American competition to bring about that situation. It exists already. Great Atlantic liners are being run with water in space that should be occupied with cargo because sufficient cargo is not to be had, and any cargo that is secured is taken at a merely nominal charge. The cargo from this side to the States is a mere bagatelle, and outward trade from the States has been scarce because of the backwardness in shipping grain and cotton. The passenger traffic with America every season is enormous, but in winter it falls away, and a good many steamers must then either run at a loss or retire into winter quarters. At best this represents a dead loss upon the capital invested in them. At worst it means more rapid deterioration through disuse and rust than if they were in active service. When the tonnage now employed by the Government in consequence of the

war again comes into mercantile service the existing excess of tonnage above the present and prospective requirements of trade will be largely augmented, and the prospect of any recovery in freights will become correspondingly remote.

All these considerations are before the minds of British shipowners, who smile at the thought that American competition can further reduce freights, and calmly look forward to some years of very bad trade. To them the prospect does not present even the charm of novelty. They have passed through such periods before and know they must do so again, and they look forward, if not with cheerfulness, at least with confidence, believing that in the future, as in the past, circumstances will sooner or later come to their relief. Meanwhile there is the hard fact that Mr. Pierpont Morgan has bought the Leyland line at a premium upon even the topmost price of a time of almost unexampled inflation. Not only so; his whole gigantic industrial combination rests upon enormously inflated values. So, too, does his railroad combination. The Billion Dollar Trust does not represent a billion dollars of hard cash but a billion dollars in book entries. The combination may be strong enough to keep up nominal values, just as the nominal values of South African mines have been kept up during the whole of the Boer War. But amid the innumerable uncertainties that cluster round Mr. Morgan's actions and intentions, one thing that may with reasonable confidence be assumed is that he does not mean to make a loss. His object is to make a profit and to give the United States dominion over the sea. Can he do it? It has been shown that so far as British opinion is concerned there is no prospect of profit upon shipping for years to come, much less for shipping bought at an inflated price. But depreciation will go on. What this means may be seen by the accounts of British shipping companies. Take the Cunard Company for an example. Its paid up capital is £1,600,000 and in ten years it has carried £1,600,000 to ships' depreciation account. Its fleet has been almost entirely renewed in ten years, and shipbuilding has not reached finality. Steamers are machines that rapidly become obsolete. Within ten years Mr. Morgan will have to replace the tonnage he has now acquired, and the steamers he has bought at so high a figure will be sold at the price of old iron. The capital he has invested will in the meantime earn little or no dividend, and he has no reserve funds to fall back upon. These are all to create. Instead of reserve funds he has an inflated capital account that will clamour for dividends, while it shrivels up for lack of them. In the last few prosperous years British shipowners have paid good dividends and fed up their reserve funds in anticipation of hard times; and these capital accounts do not as a rule represent more than the market value of their property. Note must be taken, too, of the fact that Americans do not bear losses long. They

enter into a new enterprise full of hope and full of enthusiasm, and in the confident belief that though others may fail they will ever present to the world an example of unprecedented success. But when instead of realising these bright anticipations they are confronted with a loss, and see nothing in front of them but a continuance of it, their staying power vanishes. They cut the loss and turn to more profitable enterprises. If then Mr. Morgan cannot make his new shipping venture succeed within a reasonable time, further "shipping deals" will be postponed until a more favourable season, and the struggle for mercantile supremacy will be reserved for the future.

It would seem, then, that on the whole the British shipowner is better prepared than Mr. Morgan and his *confrères* to pass through years of unprofitable trade and ruinous competition. He has more personal staying power, strong reserve funds, a capital account that is not inflated, and he knows his business better than any other shipowners in the world. The economic conditions are apparently all in his favour. But some of the soothing reflections that are advanced on his side are of questionable worth. It is true that we have built ships and sold ships to foreigners, and that the result has been beneficial to ourselves, though some people qualify this conclusion by pointing to the keenness of the competition that the buyers of second-hand ships at very low prices have set up against British owners. There is, however, an obvious and very significant difference between supplying single ships to scattered individuals in foreign countries, and selling an established line of steamers and all its business connections to a great foreign combination of capitalists who immediately enter into competition, not as little shipowners who can be ignored, and not even as mere shipowners at all, but as powerful financiers who control the most important industries within the United States, and by their command of great trunk railway lines can turn a vast current of American commerce into whatever channel they please. How competition of this kind operates against British trade and British shipping was illustrated in the comments of a correspondent of *The Times* on October 8, in discussing a recent report by Mr. Longford, "one of our oldest and most experienced Consuls in Japan." Note is taken of the standing accusation against British manufacturers of failing to conform to the wishes and wants of foreign customers, but Mr. Longford adds another reason for the loss of British trade. "German and United States manufacturers," the correspondent writes, "not only enjoy the benefits of cheap freights by subsidised steamship lines, but are able to send their goods by rail at preferential rates to the port of shipment and thence by steamer on through bills of lading at inclusive charges. In Great Britain the case is in all respects the reverse. Nothing is done to make easy the way of the manufacturer or merchant. There is no

subsidised line of steamers from England to Japan. Goods have to be conveyed by rail at heavy rates from the seat of manufacture to the port of shipment, shippers to incur all the cost and risk of transfer from rail to steamer, and then finally to pay a higher rate of freight by unsubsidised steamers to the destination in Japan than their rivals at Continental ports."

Mr. Morgan and the Billion Dollar Trust, with American Trunk lines of communication under their control, with the iron and steel and engineering and other industries in their hands, and with direct lines of ocean steamers at their command, can manipulate American trade and American shipping in a way that is impossible to any British competitor, and that must put British manufacturers and British shipowners at an immense disadvantage. Between such a situation as this and the one created by the sale of single ships, or the transfer of whole lines of steamers to enterprising foreign shipowners, who are shipowners and nothing more, there is no ground of comparison whatever. It may be contended that if the Billion Dollar Trust should inaugurate this method of competition it would be possible to organise a combination here that would be quite capable of meeting Mr. Morgan on his own ground, and undoubtedly the leading English railway companies and the leading English shipping lines are sufficiently powerful to form such a combination without putting any appreciable strain or burden upon their financial resources. But does anyone imagine that such a combination is practicable? And if it came into existence what could it do? The trade to be controlled does not originate here. It is in the United States, where Mr. Morgan and the Billion Dollar Trust can have it in their grasp. No combination here could alter that fact. A combination of British railways and ocean lines might formulate discriminating rates against the American combination, in retaliation against discriminating rates in the States against British shipping; but it is not to be imagined for a moment that public opinion here would allow British railway managers to exclude American produce from inland English towns because it had been conveyed to a British port at rates that British shipowners could not or would not accept. To meet the sort of competition that is in contemplation by setting a British against the American combination of capitalists is impossible, first, because in matters of this kind, Englishmen have never shown that they know how to combine, and next because any combination they could form would be powerless to control trade originating in America. If, then, this conflict should come, the crucial question is, Who could bear the loss long enough to come out the victor?

So long as ordinary economic conditions were allowed to operate there could be no doubt about the ultimate result. Mr. Morgan would cut his loss long before the British shipowners were ready to

retire from the ocean. But Mr. Morgan and his Trust do not stand alone. They are the instruments by which the American Government is to work out its policy of creating direct ocean lines between American ports and external markets, and whatever loss that operation involves will be borne not by the Billion Dollar Trust but by the Government of the United States. In one word, what the mercantile marine of this country has to fight against is not Mr. Morgan, but subsidies. President Roosevelt has declared himself in their favour. The Ship Subsidies Bill, twice rejected, will now be passed, and though the present measure may not give bounties to foreign-built but American-owned steamers, the inclusion of such vessels can only be a question of time. At Mr. Morgan and his Billion Dollars standing alone British shipowners might snap their fingers, despite his control of American railways and industries, but with the United States Government and Treasury against them they cannot hope for ultimate victory.

Look at what has happened already. The fastest steamers on the Atlantic are owned by German lines. Why? Not because the German shipbuilders surpass British in the building of fast steamships. Not because Germans manage shipping more successfully. Not because, under the ordinary conditions of trade, Germans can afford to run steamers at a higher speed than is remunerative in the case of English competitors. Not even because of direct subsidies, for the German steamers on the Atlantic only receive from the State financial aid in the same form as British steamers that carry mails. The chief advantage enjoyed by the German Atlantic lines arises from the enormous emigration from Northern Europe to America, which gives them a volume of passenger traffic that British companies cannot hope for. But German competitors on the Atlantic also benefit from the subsidies given them on their services to East Africa and Australia, and the advantageous position they occupy because of their large passenger traffic is thus further strengthened. The encouragement of the mercantile marine is part of the policy of the German State just as it is about to be made part of the policy of the United States. The German Empire, the State railways in Germany, the whole official machinery of the German Government at home and abroad, pursue the same object of building up German commerce and a German mercantile marine. Germany has not produced a Pierpont Morgan or a combination of millionaires, but without these German shipowners have snatched from Great Britain the supremacy of the North Atlantic, and have cut into British trade in East Africa, in the Straits, and elsewhere.

The British Government were told long ago that in presence of German competition fostered by the State, British shipowners could not compete in speed with Germans, and that the fastest steamers on

the Atlantic must soon be those under a foreign flag. Now the Billion Dollar Trust comes in to improve upon the German plan, and to supplement State policy by an immense combination of capitalists whose operations threaten German and British shipowners alike, but which must press the more heavily upon British shipowners because they have not the Government behind them, and are in no sense the exponents of a recognised national policy. In that event the loss of the fastest ships on the ocean to Germany must be followed by the disappearance of British steamers before the subsidised mercantile marine of the United States, and we shall revert to the position of the middle of last century, when the Atlantic trade was in American hands. That this would be but the prelude to the defeat of British shipowners in other parts of the world need scarcely be dwelt upon. America would have established her maritime supremacy—resting on State aid, no doubt, but still supremacy.

Can one regard this result philosophically? Is it not a fact that if we can get others to do our ocean carriage for us more cheaply than we can do it ourselves, the service will add to the wealth of the nation and enable us to put British capital into some industry that will be more remunerative than shipping? The country has had an example of the way in which the success of foreign nations, bought by bounties, works. For a long series of years Continental nations have insisted upon taxing themselves in order that they might sell sugar in the United Kingdom below cost price. They succeeded in almost killing the British sugar-refining industry, and in doing great damage to, if not in bringing bankruptcy upon, cane-sugar producing British colonies. But by abnormally cheapening sugar in England, they encouraged and made profitable many trades that could not otherwise have existed, and, on balance, added to the wealth of the United Kingdom. The ruin of the cane-sugar producers and of sugar-refiners fell heavily upon individuals, but the nation profited. Similarly the ruin of shipowners by bounty-fed foreign competition would be painful to individuals, but cheap ocean carriage of food and raw material would give an immense impetus to British manufacturing industries, and would give British products a decisive advantage in the markets of the world. It matters not to a British manufacturer whether his merchandise is carried across the ocean under the British or the German or the American flag, as long as it is carried safely, regularly and cheaply; and he may be excused if he says that it is infinitely better for him and for the country that he should have merchandise to import or export, than that, because of high rates of ocean freight, he should be put out of international competition altogether. And, after all, one has to recognise that shipowners are not, relatively to the total population, a numerous class, and that the number of native-born British seamen in the mercantile marine is not very

large. As, in the case of sugar bounties, it is quite possible that, from a purely economic point of view, the destruction of British shipping by bounty-fed German and American competition might be attended with compensating advantages to British industries that would add to the wealth of the nation, however hardly the collapse of shipping might pass upon individuals.

The only question remaining to be considered, then, is whether the advantages to be gained are worth the price.

In considering this problem the mind instinctively turns to the situation that would arise in the event of war if the British mercantile marine were no longer in existence or were reduced to insignificant dimensions. The most conspicuous success of the Government in connection with the South African war is that they were able to land in Cape Colony and Natal, six thousand miles away, a quarter of a million of men, with horses, mules, guns, ammunition, food, and all other war equipment, without hiring any foreign steamers and without dislocating in any way the ordinary course of British commerce upon the sea. Wipe out the British mercantile marine and, in any future war, instead of being able to land a quarter of a million men six thousand miles away the country would not be able to send a single army corps abroad or to keep up a supply of reinforcements in India or in any other part of the Empire. A fleet of transports would have to be built and owned and maintained by the State in time of peace in order that they might be ready in the event of war. But in a war with a naval Power possessing fast merchant steamers equipped as armed cruisers, the food supply of the United Kingdom would become a matter of urgent importance. The stock of food in the country does not as a rule exceed about six weeks' supply. A continuous stream of steamers would be needed to prevent a famine. No doubt venturesome merchantmen under foreign flags might be tempted to run with food for British ports, but the country could scarcely adopt as a policy a line of action that would leave it, in the event of war, at the mercy of the enemy's armed cruisers and the enterprise of foreign blockade runners.

It may of course be contended that in the event of war with a great naval Power we should lose our mercantile marine in any case by its immediate transfer to a foreign flag. That this would be a possible contingency of war is not to be denied, but it is a risk that is unavoidable, and the vessels so transferred would at least remain under British ownership and be manned by British crews. Neither of these advantages would be left to us if British shipping disappeared through stress of subsidised foreign competition.

Apart from war, which, though it might never come, would have to be provided against, it is not certain that British trade, if once British mercantile supremacy were overthrown, would be allowed to enjoy all the advantages that it has been assumed would accrue to

it through the cheapening of ocean transit. Let foreigners, whether Americans or Germans, once feel themselves in secure possession of main lines of ocean communication, and there would be little security against the imposition of discriminating rates of freight upon British trade. There may be some British traders who will say that in this respect matters could not be much worse than at present. Bitter complaints are made against the British "ring" of shipowners trading to the Straits, who are accused, in many cases it is to be feared with good reason, of levying higher freights upon British than upon Continental and upon American traders, much to the prejudice of British trade. Shipowners plead that they must regulate their charges according to the necessities of trade, and that they must either differentiate against the British trade or lose the foreign freight altogether. If direct steam lines were established between New York and other American ports and the neutral markets of the world, freights on American trade *via* Great Britain would have to be still further reduced or the trade would have to be surrendered, and the latter alternative is far the more probable. Then would come a contest between British and American manufacturers in African, South American, and Eastern markets, in which many advantages would be on the side of the American, and not the least would be the pursuit by the American Government of the policy of building up direct American shipping lines and external trade by State aid. It is not only the mercantile marine but the whole external trade of the country that is involved in the struggle, the commencement of which is marked by the entrance of the Billion Dollar Trust into the North Atlantic trade.

Of course the dangers that may result from the subsidising of foreign shipping, from the control of American industries and American railways by great financiers, who also own and administer direct ocean steamship lines, and from the decay of the British mercantile marine, are not going to come upon the country next week, or next month, or next year, nor are they going to approach in a cataclysmic dramatic form that would rouse the whole Empire to a sense of approaching peril. The danger advances more insidiously, but is not the less real on that account. Already British steamship owners are beaten in speed on the Atlantic, and are at least equalled in the comfort and luxury of travel. In the East, little "feeder" lines of British steamers have been taken over by Germans. In the Atlantic a great shipping enterprise has been acquired by Americans. A little American coasting line, established and run for years by a British company, has been bought by Americans. And now a combination of millionaires with American trade in their grip, with railways under their control, a great ocean line of steamers in their possession, and State aid soon to be behind them, are bent upon acquiring domination over the ocean trade of the world. We have

to meet and overcome this new combination somehow, or succumb to it; and we cannot afford to be beaten.

The wars of this twentieth century—its early wars at all events—are to be economic wars, and Great Britain, occupying the widest field, is most open to attack. Our principal competitors, Germany and the United States, each have a national commercial policy. We have none. Nominally the British commercial policy is to leave trade to take care of itself, but shipowners protest that this is not the policy of Parliament, which only interferes with trade to put shackles upon it. Mr. Chamberlain has been groping after a new commercial policy so far as the Colonies are concerned. He has subsidised a line of steamers between Bristol and Jamaica, with questionable success, and has entered into speculative railway construction with State aid in West Africa. The railway-construction policy is not sufficiently developed yet to judge of its results, but the subsidised shipping line does not promise to bring much relief to sugar-cane growers in the West Indies, and it is directly prejudicial to the interests of unsubsidised British lines of steamers in the West India trade. These little experimental operations do not assist towards the evolution of a national commercial policy. Yet of the two men to whom the country may look for such a policy, Mr. Chamberlain, though toying with Protection, is one. The other is Lord Rosebery, the great expounder and leader of sane Imperialism, and an avowed Free Trader.

If it be conceded that British shipowners cannot maintain their position against State-aided American and German competition, and that this country cannot permit its mercantile marine to be reduced to a second or third-rate position, what does policy require of the State? The Empire needs in time of war the fastest steamers on the ocean; a sufficient number of transports to convey men, animals, and all war material and equipment that might have to be sent overseas; and a merchant fleet to keep up the nation's food supply. The duty of the State is to see that these three requirements are not jeopardised in time of peace. They are, each of them, almost as essential in national defence as the Royal Navy itself. The country recognises now that it costs more to build a first-class steamer that is to be an armed cruiser than to build an ordinary merchant steamer, and it pays a subsidy to have such steamers built and at call. It may be necessary to develop this system further, and to make it cover the supply of transports also. The supply of food for the nation may be regarded as the business of the shipowner more than of the State, but it should be the policy of the State to make the shipowners' business as easy as possible and to remove all imposts that press upon his enterprise. Life-saving regulations cannot be repealed, but it may well be that rules that were necessary twenty or thirty years ago are now capable of modifications that would bring the laws affecting British shipping

into closer approximation to those under which trade is carried on under foreign flags. British policy in the past, too, has, however, imposed upon the shipping trade the cost of maintaining lighthouses round the coasts of the United Kingdom, and by taxing foreign shipping for the maintenance of British lights brings upon British shipping in American ports a charge from which the shipping of nations that do not impose light duties is exempt. We have abolished toll-bars on highways throughout the country. It is time to abolish toll-bars in the form of light dues on the highways of the ocean, and thereby to place British shipping in foreign ports in as favourable a position as the shipping of competing nations.

Closely connected with the maintenance of the British mercantile marine is the vexed question of the manning of the navy. The labour market from which shipowners can draw their supply of seamen is world-wide, and they are entitled to secure crews on the best commercial terms possible, irrespective of nationality. But it is not good British policy to have British ships manned by foreigners, and the reduction in the number of British seamen and the decline in popularity of seamanship as a profession narrows the area from which engineers, firemen, and bluejackets for the navy may be drawn. Ships on the list of armed cruisers are required to enrol in their crew men of the Royal Naval Reserve, and an extension of the system would add to the strength of the reserve. But behind this problem is the other and more difficult one of rearing seamen to recruit the ranks of the mercantile marine. In an age of technical schools the shipping trade may reasonably ask that in the great ports of the country floating schools should be established for the training of boys for a seafaring life, whether in the Royal Navy or in the merchant service.

Whether these obviously necessary and certainly not heroic measures would secure the double object of providing the nation with cruisers, transports, a merchant fleet, and a reserve of men in time of war, and at the same time enabling British shipowners to hold their position against foreign competition in whatever form and from whatever quarter it might come, may be left for consideration. The essential thing is that the nation should realise that in the great struggle for commercial pre-eminence upon which the United States is entering, the conditions of the contest will place British private enterprise at a disadvantage, and that a commercial system that sufficed in other circumstances can no longer be depended upon. If the British mercantile marine is to continue to hold the first and most commanding position on the ocean, the national policy must be so framed as to prevent it being pushed from that position by foreign subsidies.

W. WETHERILL.

TWENTY YEARS SINCE.

It is often complained that the world of ideas and of art has been for many years a rather dull place. The complaint may be well or ill founded. If the accepted view of the relations of art and ideas to national life and events be right, the complaint is odd, for no one can deny that national and political events have been stirring and that the signs of more stirring events to come can be read by the naked eye. In England, at least, the national stress and national emotion which are held to inspire poets and philosophers have not been lacking. We have had to pull ourselves together, and we have had a grim proof that we may not relax again speedily. We have had much to hearten us. South Africa has proved that our manhood is as spirited and enduring as ever. It has proved, too, that our boasted civilisation in tenderness for the weak and conquered is not a sham, that, on the contrary, we are ready to prolong our own suffering and loss for its sake. On the other hand, we have been fairly and squarely warned that the world, as it goes now, calls for mental as well as moral qualities in the nation that is to win. We cannot afford our cherished stupidity; we must seek for and use our brains. And in the future it is plain we shall have to act strongly and together, that our indifferentism and individualism must go by the board. We have to see to it that the ties of sentiment which bind our colonies to us shall be strengthened by ties of common interest, and not loosened by any folly of theorists, and we shall have to hold this great Empire well together, against the attacks, in one way or another, of the rest of the world. In fact, we have been, and shall have to be in infinitely greater degree, on our mettle. All this, surely, ought to have something to say to ideas and to arts. Will it? It remains a question; so far the response, if in one or two quarters brilliant, has been slight. But we must remember that the national consciousness of all this has existed, if it yet exists, but a short while, and it is the national consciousness and not the beliefs of one here and one there, which calls to art to express it when the theme is a great one. The right appealing idea and the perfect form are still to seek; let us pray they may be found.

Meanwhile, if in our art or our ideas we have been dull, we have been dull with differences. I was reminded very strongly of such differences the other day in reading again Mr. Mallock's "New Republic." Certainly those of us who talk about art and philosophy and society, talk differently now from Mr. Mallock's talkers. In fact, the change at first sight is almost amazing. Every one admits that

this book is a very accurate statement of the ideas of Mr. Matthew Arnold, Dr. Jowett, and Mr. Pater, and so forth: everybody admitted it at the time the book was published. It was said that the people were all portraits, but the truth is that they represent the writings and not the conversation of their prototypes. One or two, I know from credible evidence, were not in the least like their supposed originals, and Mr. Mallock was, of course, aware of this. He simply took certain distinguished people and made them talk like their books. He did not design to be realistic, nor, I fancy, dramatic either. The affair gives one no illusion of real conversation; no one out of a pulpit or off a lecture platform could talk like these eloquent theorists. But the point is that the conversation does represent, and very accurately—given a trifle of satire and caricature—the ideas which were in the air and influenced the talk of cultivated people at the time, and was taken, and rightly taken, to express the particular ideas and deductions from the ideas of the celebrated men in question. For my part, when I first read it some fifteen years ago, being young, I hailed it as a gospel, or rather as several gospels, to enliven by turns. And how old-fashioned it all seemed the other day! Not that it was stale, withered, and of intolerable entrails; it is far too well done for that, and far too sympathetic, as belonging to one's youth. But with what pleasant smack of the past it returned. Old ideas, old enthusiasms! I protest it smelt sweetly of lavender.

It is worth while—since at least it is agreeable to the writer—to consider the matter more particularly. The general setting need not detain one; people still have house parties and lunch and dine. Nor need the supernumerary characters. The host, the young man whom his friends think ought to do something great because in spite of being very rich he liked to talk about books, and who never does, is a constant type in real life. Leslie, the young man who conceals a breaking heart by rather violently cynical remarks, is perhaps a trifle more of books than of life, and we do not take him quite so seriously as they did in the 'eighties; he dated, even then, from a misunderstanding of Byron. Lady Ambrose, the rich woman whose delight is in duchesses, would nowadays be less rigid in her judgment about people's "infidelity" and all that, but—some of us would say—decidedly more vulgar. Miss Merton is merely the hint of a character which might or might not have been interesting if it were worked out.

But Dr. Jenkinson and Mr. Herbert and Mr. Saunders and Mr. Luke and Mr. Rose—one might write a volume about the most superficial delivery of any one of them, to explain what changes in tone and thought and feeling it records for us. Of course, they are sometimes caricature. Mr. Saunders, for example, who was always denying anything except progress "which could be verified by statistics," and who had "disproved the existence of God," is a bit more powerful than the

militant atheist of the period could really have been. But the militant atheist was—that is the point—and is no more. How many years is it since he was heard in the land? There are many men, no doubt, who agree with Mr. Saunders about God; though few intelligent men may agree with him about progress; there are many, that is to say, who are not merely agnostic, but repudiate the possibility of anything approaching to any notion of theism, and believe all “faith” to be not only foolish but noxious. But even they do not trouble themselves to contradict or hold forth; they do not think it worth while. Twenty years ago they did; they wanted to convert the rest of the community. It seems, indeed, to pass from extreme instances, as though the whole war between faith and philosophy had collapsed. The armies march their own ways, through different countries, and if haply the soldiers of either meet, they bivouac together in peace. The quarrel between statesmen and ecclesiastics, from time to time acute in France and Italy, is social and political, not one of belief and disbelief. In England the national genius for compromise produced the Broad Church—and Dr. Jenkinson. But the compromise was found to be unnecessary, or impracticable, and the Broad Church is defunct. I wonder if any dignitary of the Church or eminent philosopher is engaged on a work to reconcile Christianity and Science. I imagine not. It is all as dead as Robert Boyle, who began it two centuries and a-half ago. We have agreed that there are different sorts of intellect, and they have given up, almost with mutual respect, the attempt to convert each other. Mr. Mallock’s Dr. Seydon, whose zeal was all for coalescing the Anglican and Eastern communities, is a more modern figure than Dr. Jenkinson, who thought that Christianity “really embraces all religions, even any honest denial of itself.” But it is rather a large change for twenty years, and was not, I believe, anticipated then. I doubt if there is a single man in England now at all entitled to be called a philosopher or a man of science, who cares what dogmas the mass of people believe, or a single churchman of repute who would try hopefully to convert him.

But were this militant spirit to revive it would find its objective very much changed. The anxious reconciler of Christianity and Science would find no longer stubborn and rude opposition in the enemy’s camp, but he would find what he would like far less. He would find himself treated like a child, his arguments listened to, and the briefest reply consistent with courtesy. His listeners would be of opinion that his mind, however equipped with learning and accomplishment, lacked a certain faculty, and would try to change the conversation. This is not to speak offensively: I write as an observer only—but I am sure that thus, and not otherwise, would the men of science conduct themselves. A complete rejection of the old dogmas is none the less real because it is not vociferated. But the militant

atheist, could he be born again, would be just as much annoyed as Dr. Jenkinson. For while the philosophers and a very large proportion of all educated men would tell him that his attacks on religion were not worth while, he would find also that among the general there was far more profession of dogma, far more mysticism and delight in symbols of faith, than in his day. He would say that a wave of obscurantism had passed over the country. Reason and logic he would find, however unobtrusively potent with the educated, were certainly not, as he had thought they would be, ruling in the market place. So it is. The philosopher's attitude to Christianity, as to one of many religions historically interesting or socially important, but without relation to fact or probability, is that of many who, when *The New Republic* was published, would have been struggling with reason and tradition: but also faith, Catholicism, mysticism—call it what you will—is stronger numerically now than then. Between the two, the Broad Church and Dr. Jenkinson have fallen. It is astonishing now to the unhistorically minded to read of the famous struggles and heart searchings of an earlier generation. Pathetic, if we understand them rightly, but difficult so to be understood.

Then Matthew Arnold, who on his culture and "sweetness and light" side is very fairly expressed in the book, is not he, too, fallen? On that side only, I think. The classical poet of the *Scholar Gipsy* lives, and even his biblical criticisms, his *Literature and Dogma*, remain as a stage, at least, of an intellectual procession, a work which in its time had a large effect. But was ever "movement" more futile than Matthew Arnold's crusade of "culture"? It was, in fact, foredoomed to futility. To enlarge the culture of the cultivated, to lead them where they shall find useful food and widening of vision, is an attempt of which the success is according to the power of him who attempts it. To show those who crave culture where they may find its beginnings, is the successful endeavour of him who has the teaching genius. But to rail at the uncultivated, to preach the advantages of culture with a view of enticing those who do not even understand the preacher's language—that is a proceeding on which no success awaits. If you explain to those who have an instinct and a desire for culture how beautiful a thing it is, you are superfluous; if you explain it to those who have no such instinct or desire they will not understand you. First it is necessary to wake the instinct or implant the desire. There may be more than one way of doing this. Every way must be difficult and can be found only by inspiration or by infinite pains. But the way of bullying is most certainly a hopeless way. It implies, too, the fault it seeks to correct. If you wish to improve the manners of an ill-mannered man, and by way of doing so first call him opprobrious names and then draw his attention to your own superiority, he can

make a tolerably obvious retort, and whether he makes it or not, he is hardy likely to be impressed, to tremble and turn and be changed. To express a plain disgust for the mass of your fellow-countrymen and claim for an infinitesimal minority a monopoly of social merits, is not likely either to convert the former or to improve the latter. And, in fact, the effect has been nothing. The really cultivated gained nothing. The uncultivated—those of them who heard anything of the matter—were merely annoyed. The sham cultivated were confirmed in their own conceit, and certain misleading phrases—Barbarians, Philistine, and so forth—remain for the misuse of journalists. And that is all. But twenty years ago many people thought that this crusade of Matthew Arnold was to work such miracles in social life as he declined to accept in theology.

Matthew Arnold is very fairly represented in *The New Republic*, given, of course, the touch of satire which came, and comes still, naturally to the author. I imagine that Mr. Mallock did not intend to give us Mr. Pater with the same verisimilitude. Mr. Rose's complacent and languid eulogies of life for art's sake are not to be fairly paralleled in his writings. I often think that even his admirers do Mr. Pater an injustice, from the inveterate habit of giving every man a label and never more than one. Mr. Pater was labelled a master of style, and so hardly any one was able to see that this style clothed a coherent, and by no means an unmanly, philosophy. This philosophy assuredly did not recommend its disciples to sever themselves from the common life of their country: Mr. Pater was too really Greek for that heresy. Nor, apart from that, would the charming folly of Mr. Rose's ideas be fair, in point of intellect and imagination, to the artist who did in very truth widen the culture of his time, by showing it a mode of reconstructing, valuing, and living in the past in its way unique. Nor, again, have I gathered from his friends that Mr. Pater talked like Mr. Rose. But Mr. Rose is a very fair caricature, sometimes a very fair portrait of a school, of a "movement," which found its best inspiration in Mr. Pater—and this, probably, was Mr. Mallock's intention. Well, that movement also is gone from among us. For my part, I regret it a good deal. At its best it made a genuine appeal to detachment of appreciation in the arts, and even in its popular effect it produced something better than preceding ugliness. In some of its professions it was false, no doubt. It was not "Greek" nor even like the Italian or French Renaissance—not in the least. Plato and Aristotle alike would have regarded its ideal of a life apart from the State, solely devoted to artistic enjoyment, as something monstrous and horrible, and in the Italy of the Renaissance artists were active artists, and their patrons statesmen. In this remoteness and exclusiveness it shared the fault of Matthew Arnold's movement, a fault fatal to vitality. But beside its advantages of being both

charming in some respects and amusing in others, it had the indirect advantage of varying the monotony of English life and ideals. From being notoriously a nation of humours and eccentricities, we English seem to be becoming all exactly like one another, and the man whom we all try to be, and many of us are, is a man incessantly talking about sports and games and devoting the chief energies of his body and mind to their pursuit. I do not depreciate their value. All men need exercise, and some men need violent exercise. But the monotony is tedious, and moreover it is a handicap to us as a nation. The fanatical eulogists of "athletics" have persuaded themselves, heaven knows how, that our Empire was won by sports and games. If they will kindly go over in their minds the list of our greatest statesmen, soldiers, sailors—to say nothing of our poets and philosophers—and observe how many conformed to their own idea of the perfect Englishman, they may conceivably observe their mistake. The fact is that our greatest men have been as unlike that boasted hero, "the average athletic Englishman," as it is possible to imagine. This by the way. The "æsthetic" movement, an extreme on the other side, was a useful counterpoise and variety, and as I read of its beginnings in *The New Republic* I sighed for its passing.

Out of all this change—slight in itself, perhaps, but remarkable for the brevity of the time—I find persons in the book whose ideas have sustained or increased their potency. The first is the old uncle, in whose classical villa the scene is laid. He, or his memory—for you remember he is dead,—would be merely part of the background if it were not for the pages his nephew reads from his memoirs. One set of pages is an ironical recommendation of Christianity on the ground that its prohibitions have added to our humour, and made our vices the more enjoyable. The other set form a vigorous satire, brilliantly imitated from Aristotle's *Ethics*, against British snobbishness (I trust an apology is needed for refreshing your memory). The partial and wicked truth of such a recommendation of course continues to be true, and so—alas!—does the truth of the satire. If old Mr. Lawrence had lived another twenty years he would have noticed, to be sure, that there are differences in our snobbishness, as for example that we value titles less and money more, and he might have observed also that a larger number of people—in the greater uncertainty of our social hierarchy—are content to take out the national characteristic in contempt of sets and coteries not their own. But these are trifles. Otherwise the deceased Mr. Lawrence remains truer for our time than most of the advanced folk who stayed in his house. The value of him, however, is literary and not historical.

The other person in the book whose doctrine, as then presented, has not lost its force, but, on the contrary, makes a warmer appeal to

us is—some of my readers may be surprised to learn—Mr. Herbert, who stands for Mr. Ruskin. We are not concerned with his criticism of art, which has now been rejected by the experts. Though (by the experts' leave) his criterion of morality for the judgment of art was not so much radically false as narrow in his own connotation of it—for that the greatest art has been concerned with the genius of races and ages, and is, therefore, not a mere affair of arrangement of lines and colours, is surely a tenable view—still his criticism was narrow and inadequate, and it has passed away. It does not come into *The New Republic*. There we have Mr. Ruskin in two aspects—in his fierce denunciation of certain features of contemporary civilisation, and in his sympathy with the unequal lot of the poor. I think that in both these aspects he would meet with a far better understanding and a far more extensive agreement than he met with when *The New Republic* was written. He would have to rise from the grave to meet with it, because we do not read the books of his period. But if he could do that, and talk to us in lecture rooms, and write to us in our Reviews, I am sure we should know what he meant far better than his contemporaries.

When Mr. Mallock wrote his first book modern civilisation was still cock-sure of its virtues. Its critics were, one and all, regarded as eccentrics and dealers in paradox. Hardly any one doubted that swiftness of communication, extension of commerce and all that were of the essence of civilisation, even if they were not the whole of it. The great leaders of commerce gazed upon their new hideous houses, patted their capacious stomachs, and were convinced that they were the flower of all the ages. Thackeray had laughed at soldiers as an ornamental anachronism. The men of science crowded over discovery as though it were the same thing as understanding. The quality of towns did not matter; the great thing was that you could get from one to another ten times as quickly as your ancestors. You might have nothing better in your head than the latest price of corn, but being able to communicate this fact to a man thousands of miles away in a few minutes, you were a finer example of civilisation than Plato. In England, twenty years ago, we were hardly beginning to come to the end of our national monopoly of commercial prosperity; naturally we thought a merely material civilisation the best possible. The corresponding virtues, repression of violence, free scope for enterprise and also for cunning, and "respectability," which is the universal cloak of cunning, had it all their own way. Mr. Ruskin laid his finger on the weak spots in all this. But we did not wince, we merely grinned at him. Then he waxed angry, and accused our civilisation of ruining all that was fair and wholesome; he pointed to our factory chimneys shutting out the sun, and the pale faces of our factory hands. There was a murmur of surprise, because our manufacturers had been taught by Messrs. Bright and Cobden that *they*

were the people, and that it was only wicked aristocrats and land-owners who were oppressors. But few cared. . . . Now it is different. Seeing the results of our material civilisation for ourselves, its monotony and dreariness, the insipidity and vulgarity of the men it makes wealthy, and the excessive toil and emptiness in the lives of the men whose labour is the means, we begin to have our doubts. We find that the promised blessings of peace and universal goodness have not been secured, and that the incidental evils which were to pass away have grown and grown. Are we, after all, on the wrong lines? Many of us think so; many more now than twenty years ago agree with Mr. Ruskin.

We have a stronger social reason than we had then for feeling that the lot of the poor—the labour which leaves no time nor energy for civilised recreation, and the pay which only just supports a tasteless life—is grievously unequal. The process which in this country is substituting, in the position of the main holders of wealth, for a class which had traditions of its own and had been there, so to speak, since our national memory, a class which has risen in the immediate past by the exploitation of labour or by successful cunning—this process had, of course, been going on for a very long time when *The New Republic* was written. But the last twenty years have seen a rapid acceleration of it. The philosophical difference may not be great. It may not, philosophically, matter to the unlucky man whether the lucky one is “the tenth transmitter of a foolish face,” or the first transmitter of a bulging pocket. Imaginatively it does matter to him, and we who, perhaps, are in neither category are more apt than twenty years ago to sympathise with him. So when we read Mr. Herbert’s strictures on his cultured audience for thinking only of themselves, for taking no thought of the poor in their “new republic,” and for calmly accepting the results of others’ labour, we find ourselves less surprised than they were. We feel that there is even less essential difference between poor and rich than there was, and understand better the former’s discontent. Mr. Herbert’s exhortations to preserve the belief in a future life in order to keep up the spirits of the poor in this one, has a keener ring in its sardonic irony than it had then.

I have written a dull essay on a lively book. But that is the way of comment. We go to the dull books when we want to make fun. I have simply written down these notes of differences, of decay, and growth, as they struck me. I will leave them as they stand, their connection unexplained, their central idea undeveloped. It is not worth while to do more, for all these “movements” and phases are but tag ends of a national principle which has well-nigh exhausted itself. If the race is taking a fresh start there will be movements of better worth. If it is not, heaven help us.

G. S. STREET.

LUCAS MALET'S NOVELS.

SINCE Mrs. Humphry Ward published *Robert Elsmere*, and Mr. Gladstone deemed it worthy of a serious refutation, probably no novel has roused such general interest as *The History of Sir Richard Calmady*. Certainly it has not yet been reviewed by a Prime Minister—possibly for that it will have to wait for a Liberal, or shall we say Liberal Imperial, Administration—but lesser folk have discussed it with a fulness and frequency which may be thought to make further comment superfluous. For the most part, however, it has been treated as though it stood alone, regardless of the fact that it is the seventh in a series of novels, all remarkable and all illustrating certain clearly-defined tendencies. Lucas Malet may fairly claim to be judged by her work as a whole. She might even urge that before she startled the world with the problem of a Sir Richard Calmady she had been at pains to lead up to this extreme case by previous studies of types more or less exceptional. Indeed, a comprehensive view of her work affords so curious a natural history of the birth and growth of a taste for the abnormal, that it is, perhaps, worth while to trace its development in some detail.

It is now eighteen years ago since she published her first novel, *Mrs. Lorimer*. That was closely followed by *Colonel Enderby's Wife*. A year or two later came *A Counsel of Perfection*, and, in 1891, after an interval, *The Wages of Sin*. Then a gap of five years, followed by *The Carissima*, and four years later by *The Gates Barrier*. Finally, in 1901, comes *The History of Sir Richard Calmady*. Clearly she does not work quickly, or she may not choose to give the world anything immature or unfinished, for the books afford conclusive evidence that they have not been published in order of conception. Some of the personages of *Sir Richard Calmady* are incidentally alluded to both in *A Counsel of Perfection* and in *The Wages of Sin*, and in such a way as to leave no doubt that the latest novel was then in substance complete. Yet *A Counsel of Perfection* was published as long ago as 1888. Even without such an indication one might have divined that the mind which could conceive *Sir Richard Calmady* was not making its first tentative entrance into the sphere of the abnormal. Indeed, both the preceding books had dealt definitely with the supernatural, and *The Carissima* explicitly announced itself as "a modern grotesque." But the beginnings lie further back still, and explain both the trend of Lucas Malet's work and the high degree in which it has come to exhibit the defects of its qualities.

Without bandying about terms like "realist" and "idealist," which have been so persistently and so perversely misused as almost to have lost their meaning, one may recognise in her at once a strong belief in the power of spiritual influences, and a habit of mind, concrete, material, minutely observant. What she conceives she sees very solid and actual; she can tell you how it looks all round, where the light falls on it, its colour, its taste, and its smell; in a word, her world is all so vividly imagined as to leave very little to the imagination of her readers. Even the ghosts have not much that is elusive or insubstantial about them, and we are far more ready to believe that the fairy lady of *The Gateless Barrier* left the trace of her footprints over the dewy turf than that she faded away from her lover at the crowing of the cock. But to have so material a vision of the immaterial, to concentrate all the powers of a singularly observant mind upon the actual form and colour of the airy fabric of a vision, is to develop a faculty of actualising, which has its attendant dangers.

Take the same faculty on the subjective side. No one realises with greater intensity than Lucas Malet the peculiar states of mind induced in the sensitive by influences of time and place, environment and atmosphere. When Mrs. Lorimer is held back from a second marriage by the sudden rattling down upon the floor of a wooden rosary, or again when in the Midlandshire garden she wakes up suddenly to see that thin white veil creeping over the sky, which in eastern England so often blots out all colour and wakes a little shuddering desolate wind, we feel that these things are symbolic in the best and truest sense. But little by little the constant connection of symbol and spiritual signification tends to substitute the sign for the thing signified, and, given also on the writer's side a certain preoccupation with physical detail, it easily degenerates into a mannerism and produces an effect anything but spiritual.

This is the more serious as Lucas Malet starts with a very high conception of the value of symbolism, and a very definite and conscious intention to make it serve as an expression of spiritual truth. Indeed, if the phrase may be forgiven, she takes almost a sacramental view of life. Her careful choice of just those details which shall best convey the sense of spiritual conflict, seems to combine the ethical aim of the preacher with the selective instinct of the literary artist. In more senses than one she is a true daughter of Charles Kingsley. Moreover, in the earlier books she succeeds to an extraordinary degree in giving the inward and spiritual signification its proper value. And she started at a very high level. For what is the theme of *Mrs. Lorimer*? Nothing less than that hunger and thirst after righteousness, that passion for spiritual perfection which possesses only those elect souls who, if the gods indeed love

them, must surely die young. Going back to the book again after eighteen years, one is struck afresh, not only with the beauty of the conception and the concentrated force which goes to its realisation, but with the extraordinarily finished execution in what must have been the work of a mere girl. Lucas Malet has done many things since, bigger things, perhaps, more daring and more complicated, but she has done nothing so perfect in its way, so touched to finer issues, as this curiously moving little "sketch in black and white." Listen to its close:—

"The wind—which had risen considerably in the course of the last hour, and promised to clear the sky of clouds by mid-day—rushed through the swaying tree-tops, dashed the drops from the glistening laurels on either side the carriage drive, and cried and called plaintively round the gables of the old sandstone house. There was a little space of silence between the two men who, each in his own way, had so truly loved one woman. Then Mr. Mainwaring raised his hat, and standing there, uncovered, in the driving rain, said very calmly and reverently—

" 'Ah, my dear little Lizzie! God rest her sweet soul! ' "

The girl who could write like that at two or three and twenty, certainly deserved the serious recognition of contemporary criticism.

Turn next to *Colonel Enderby's Wife*. Here Lucas Malet is working out an idea already suggested in the earlier book. When Elizabeth Lorimer, still a girl and with the honeymoon but a few months behind her, is watching her husband's sufferings, we are told that they seemed to her "strange, unnatural, hideous. In shrinking from the sight of suffering, she shrank a little from the sufferer too." This confused sense of fear and dumb rebellion, which in her was but the quickening to spiritual growth, is in Colonel Enderby's young wife the indication of an utter absence of soul at all. Jessie Enderby is an entirely modern and most vividly imagined variant of Fouqué's Undine. Brilliant, fascinating, delightful, and clingingly affectionate as long as the sun shines, she draws out all that is tender and also all that is heroic in the middle-aged soldier who has given her his heart. But when suffering comes to him and the shadow threatens to fall on her, she shrinks back in selfish terror, and leaves him to die alone. For her the whole world and the glory of it, for Colonel Enderby the great opportunity of his life; and, as Bertie Ames says, roused for once out of his half-mocking cynicism, "he had the wit to take it." A very ordinary, prejudiced, stiff-necked English soldier and gentleman became something of a hero, and a very good imitation of a saint.

It is in this book, perhaps, and in the *Counsel of Perfection* which followed it, that Lucas Malet comes nearest to realising a more or less conscious aim, which I seem to trace in most of her early work. She is greatly preoccupied with the nature of holiness,

she desires above all things to picture a saint. In a beautiful article¹ which she contributed to this Review on the appearance of the *Life of General Gordon*, she enumerated the various marks, the moral "stigmata," which distinguish the saints. Fanaticism, fatalism, asceticism, these stand first; but the saint is also a man of war, a person of simple views and impatient of opposition, self-reliant in his judgments, with a grasp of abstract ideas and a tendency to apply them literally and logically to facts, which not infrequently leads others to call him mad. Just "this power of bridging the gulf between principles and facts, things of the spirit and things of the flesh, things temporal and things eternal," is the very key-note of the saintly character. The true saint may be a celibate warring against the body; he is also a sacramentalist very deeply concerned in that body's redemption.

Opinions may differ as to this definition of saintliness, but that sacramental symbolism tends very definitely towards materialism the history of the Catholic Church throughout the ages testifies only too plainly. Moreover, Kingsley's daughter, quite apart from her own idiosyncrasies of temperament, must almost have been born an adherent of the flesh-and-blood school of robust religious thinking. She ought also to have been born a Protestant, but perhaps muscular Christianity, when it takes feminine shape and indulges in less open-air exercise and combativeness, is apt to seek satisfaction in a religion which makes other appeals to the senses. Anyway, it is not given to a mind like hers to picture the pure, passionless type of unworldliness which, for instance, George Eliot has drawn for us in Dinah Morris. There is a real saint, of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, intent upon one single purpose, the saving of souls. To such, as to the nun of the Holy Grail in Tennyson's poem, it is alone given to see heaven opened and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the sons of men.

Whether from inability to realise the type or a growing disinclination for it, Lucas Malet certainly seems to have decided that sinners were more interesting. She by no means ceases to be a moralist; in *The Wages of Sin* she preaches her most striking sermon. But she does it by portraying the sins and sufferings of struggling and repentant humanity, and leaves spiritual perfection for disembodied ghosts. *The Wages of Sin* marks an important step forward in her work, an advance upon lines already suggested in *Colonel Enderby's Wife*. *The Counsel of Perfection*, which intervened, had less of the flesh-and-blood element. In some ways it is the most spiritually-minded of all her books, but, except *The Carissima*, which is a failure altogether, it is also the least interesting. Not that there is not something very touching in the pathetic figure of the gentle

[1] "The Youngest of the Saints," *FOURTHLY REVIEW*, September, 1885.

middle-aged lady, who makes almost her first acquaintance with life and gains absolutely her first knowledge of love when thirty-odd years of daughterly devotion have faded her delicate prettiness. Lydia Casteen is rather like the New England nuns of Miss Mary Wilkins' stories; there is something transatlantic about her, and she is the only Puritan type which I can recall in Lucas Malet's work; but though she is well realised, Dr. Casteen is too like the Dr. Casaubon of *Middlemarch*, and he suffers by the comparison.

The Wages of Sin is on a different plane altogether, and it challenges attention from the outset by the boldness of its portraiture and the outspokenness of its canons of art. It is never very easy to decide when a writer is, or is not, speaking in her own proper person; but this description of the hero is, to say the least of it, significant:—

"Colthurst revelled in incongruities. There was unquestionably a sinister vein in him, a rather morbid enjoyment of all that is strange, jarring, unexpected, abnormal. Some persons indeed have gone so far as to accuse him of a love of actual physical deformity and a relish of horror for mere horror's sake. No doubt his power of appreciation was widely catholic, his view of beauty an original one. Yet he invariably, as far as I could see, rejected that which was unnatural or unsavoury, unless the presentation of it formed so essential a part of his subject that to omit it was to spoil the point of the story. If it was a necessary part of the drama, he portrayed it with an honest and fearless hand. And that he probably enjoyed doing so I am not prepared to deny. In truth, the number of artists—in any department—who have the gift of calling spades spades, rather than agricultural implements, is a very small one. To ask them not to exercise this distinguishing gift, when they do possess it, is a trifle hard. A trifle useless, too, perhaps; for unless they are contemptibly false to the demands of their own talent they certainly will not listen to you."

Is this to be taken merely as a bit of psychological analysis, as an elucidation of Colthurst's character, or is there a hint of apology, a forestalling of probable criticism upon a later work? Listen again to Antony Hammond at the end of *The Carissima*:—

"For there is no denying, Art does fix the mind, unwholesomely, unscientifically, upon extremes, upon all that which lies outside ordinary experience. It runs alternately to the Golden Houses of the Gods and the Newgate Calendar. . . . It persistently exalts the abnormal as against the normal, the individual as against the race, the variation as against the type."

We are the more inclined to credit Lucas Malet with having been preoccupied, from the first, with the place of the abnormal in art, because indications of such a tendency are not wanting in the earlier novels. There is first the insistent dwelling upon physical pain. As we have seen, this plays a large part in *Mrs. Lorimer*, and is the central motive of *Colonel Enderby's Wife*. In the first case it is the woman who suffers, and she finds safety at last in accepting the suffering. In the second it is the man, whilst the woman shows her soullessness by an unnatural shrinking. In both cases the writer

makes so fine a use of her motive that one hesitates to cavil at her choice; but if it is unnatural to refuse suffering altogether, it is not the mark of a sane and healthy mind to dwell shudderingly upon its details. Nevertheless, it is a very common feminine characteristic. It is not only that women will accept pain; they insist upon cherishing and embracing it. Given a mystical mind, this may raise the soul to the heights of religious ecstasy; given a mind of the other type, you will probably get something very like the almost brutal realism of mediæval books of devotion. Lucas Malet certainly does not err on the side of the mystics.

Again, there is her symbolical vein. She can make the invisible present with a terrible reality. Take this account of old Matthew Enderby's death:—

"But a rapid change came over Matthew Enderby. He stretched out both arms with a sudden convulsive gesture, as though he was pushing away from him an actual and viable presence.

"Ah," he cried hoarsely. 'Good God! what—what's this!'

"Then he fell back heavily against the pillows. The old terrier awoke with a start, and uttering a low whimpering howl, its hair bristling, and its tail between its legs, crouched shivering up against the high footboard of the bedstead."

It is extraordinarily vivid. Maeterlinck never made an unseen presence more strongly felt; but if you compare the two writers, it is not Lucas Malet who comes first in spirituality. Maeterlinck's is the subtler appeal; the one thrills the senses, where the other moves the soul.

The symbolic part which the monkey plays in emphasising Jessie Enderby's lack of soul, the use of material accessories to indicate states of mind, and last, but not least, the marked tendency to dwell upon physical peculiarities, are all indications of the same spirit. Indeed, though the last is a minor matter, it degenerates into a mannerism, which, in the later books, becomes positively tiresome. Mr. Mainwaring, in *Mrs. Lorimer*, sticks out his underlip, but he only does it three times. In *The Wages of Sin* Kent Crookenden protrudes his under-jaw almost every time that he takes the stage, and one can only devoutly wish that James Colthurst would occasionally forbear to stammer, and now and again leave his collar alone. Mr. Denison, in *A Counsel of Perfection*, must have spent pretty nearly his whole time running into people. As to the heroine of *The Carissima*, her lips frame themselves into the suggestion of a kiss with the frequency and regularity of an animated waxwork, whilst Percy Gerrard is as invariably heralded by his grunt as is the hero of a Wagnerian opera by his own peculiar *leit-motiv*.

Moreover, one cannot acquit Lucas Malet of a certain predilection for ugliness. All these little personal peculiarities are just the

awkward, unsightly tricks which have an unhealthy fascination for us when our nerves are out of order. Sensitive folk in health are as a rule only too glad to forget them; but for a certain type of observant mind they undoubtedly have their attraction. Sometimes, too, she is really unkind to her characters, and those the best of them. Why should poor Cecilia Farrell, her husband's early love, be ushered into Jessie Enderby's drawing-room in a flapping wet waterproof, and at last struggle out of it only to disclose a long lean person adorned with an uncompromising woollen cross-over? I have never quite forgiven Lucas Malet for making the saintly Cecilia so unforgettably ridiculous. It is really almost an abuse of strength. If you draw with indelible ink, you should not put pen to paper so lightly.

Yet how excellent they are, these little thumb-nail sketches of society types, which are strewn through all the novels. There is the little American wife in *The Gateless Barrier*, with her social ambitions and her serene self-satisfaction. Could anything be more delightfully characteristic than her complacent remark that the mourning for Lawrence's uncle and the necessary retirement afforded her the opportunity of giving her family a "lovely" summer? "It might have been a catastrophe; I have made it into an occasion. They appreciate that." Or there is Mrs. Crookenden, in *The Wages of Sin*, whose appearances are so few, but whose pettinesses are so individual. And Lord Shotover, Lady Louisa Barking, Lord Fallowfield, Ludovic Quayle, all drawn to the life, with something of Thackeray's incisiveness of satire, and not a little of Thackeray's skill of compelling instant recognition.

So close and conscientious an observer of human nature must needs be greatly occupied with the workings of passion. Lucas Malet desires, and rightly desires, to see life whole. Like her father, she goes back to nature, but unlike him she belongs to an age of problem novels and problem plays. Moreover, the possibility of observing humanity at first hand is limited by social conventions. Does that, perhaps, explain a certain want of proportion, rather frequently noticeable in feminine fiction? Either passion fills too large a place or it is scarcely allowed for at all. I do not mean to include Lucas Malet's novels amongst "feminine fiction." They are altogether too virile, and yet there is a touch of exaggeration, which does not suggest masculine authorship. Compare, for instance, her handling of the scenes between Sir Richard and Helen de Vallorbes with George Meredith's treatment of a similar incident in *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*. Perhaps she ought to be placed in a class apart, but it is certainly not a class which turns its back upon the relations of the sexes. Art is not always in the Golden Houses of the Gods, and a cultivated taste for the abnormal is apt to sicken at ordinary fare.

For this weakening of the mental palate, as for any failure of bodily function, there are two kinds of remedies, change of subject or increase of stimulus. Lucas Malet has tried them both, whether simultaneously or in succession it is difficult to judge. With Jessie Enderby she had come near the abnormal, in Lydia Casteen she had tried to exalt the spiritual. It was open to her to turn her back upon exceptions, to concentrate her attention upon the doings of flesh-and-blood mortals, and to give full play to her power of vivid and dramatic presentation. She did this in *The Wages of Sin*, and she produced her finest novel. Or she might carry her love of the abnormal a step further, and seek in alien soil inspiration not lightly to be come by in the well-trodden ways of English life or English fiction. The result in *The Carissima* was farce, in *The Gateless Barrier* a spiritual romance, of which the spirituality was not the most striking characteristic.

It is not given to many writers to deal successfully with the supernatural; certainly it is given to very few to combine the two worlds without producing an effect more incongruous than convincing. Yet it was just this which, following her Eastern models, Lucas Malet attempted. The Oriental, with something of the mind of a child, has a curious matter-of-factness about introducing his ghosts. For him the supernatural can enter the mortal sphere with no shock of the unexpected, whilst we unbelieving Westerners need a special atmosphere, a sacred aura breathing round us, or at least some initiatory ceremonies such as preceded the mysteries. When Rudyard Kipling tells his tale, "At the End of the Passage," the exotic character of the surroundings goes to help the illusion. But when the unearthly visitant turns up in the hall of a Swiss hotel, the emotion it excites is apt to be something less dignified than terror. Yet the hero of *The Carissima*, "who has been to the end of the world and looked over the wall," who "has seen the Thing-too-Much," irresistibly recalls some of those Indian stories. Certainly *The Carissima* contains every one of Lucas Malet's faults intensified, balanced by very few of her merits. Even the social satire has degenerated into caricature. There is repetition, there is over-emphasis, there is a constant straining after the expression of the inexpressible, and in place of a shadowy and insubstantial horror there is only the very fully materialised and grotesque image of a dog. It is all very well for Hamlet to say of poor Yorick's skull, "And smelt so? Pah!"; but a skull is a material object, and we utterly refuse to believe in a ghost which leaves so strong a scent behind it.

The Gateless Barrier avowedly takes its inspiration from Japan. For its artistic effect it must depend upon the contrast between its ghostly and its corporeal heroines, and upon the degree in which the reader's imagination can realise the double life of the hero, who is

both the re-incarnation of the spiritual lady's lover, and the husband of the very matter-of-fact and entirely modern American wife. Delicate as is the workmanship, it must be confessed that it is only when Lucas Malet treads on solid ground that she is absolutely convincing. The house with its suggestiveness, the old man dying upstairs, the tapestry curtain symbolising the lusts of the flesh, all that is of the earth earthy, has almost the actuality of an experience. But the fairy lady is neither insubstantial ghost nor human love. She gives us no thrill, she awakens in us no obstinate questionings, and however many East-Indiamen Lawrence may see sailing down Channel, we refuse to believe that he is a re-incarnated spirit moving about in worlds half realised. He is far more himself when he stands in Virginia's American drawing-room, and tells her with brutal British directness that life is very frequently indelicate.

And what of *Sir Richard Calmady*? Does it not show every one of the tendencies traced in this article carried to their extremest point? The artist has, indeed, asserted both her right and her capacity to call a spade a spade. There are pages which, if read at all, can only be read through the eyelashes. They hurt like the sudden view of a street accident, they are as intolerable as the sight of a surgical operation. But side by side with them there are pages, and those the majority, quite as beautiful, perhaps more beautiful, than anything to be found in the earlier novels. It is almost impossible to acquit Lucas Malet of a deliberate wish to shock average susceptibilities by the choice of a theme, essentially cruel and running counter not only to the artistic tradition, which is as old as the Greeks, but also, as she herself suggests in not a few passages in the novel, to the healthy instincts of the higher types of humanity. Yet she might argue that only thus could she have brought into fullest relief the beautiful figure of Katherine, tragic in her love and suffering, sublime in the unselfish devotion of her perfect motherhood.

She might use this argument, and yet leave us unconvinced. No doubt it is a question of balance of effects, but surely the abnormal, the grotesque, whatever may be its proper position in art, should at least be used sparingly. Was it necessary to write scene after scene, each bringing home only the same truth, the cruelty of Richard's deformity? Does even the desire to see life whole quite justify "The Rake's Progress"? Indeed, is that a drawing from life, or a distorted reflection, seen through the prism of French fiction? And would a judgment, not a trifle warped by prolonged study of exceptions, have created so inhuman a temptress as Helen de Vallorbes? But if these questions have answers, it is for the authoress, not for the critic, to make them.

JANET F. HOGARTH.

THE RECENT DECLINE OF NATALITY IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Six years ago I read before the Economic and Statistical Section of the British Association, and subsequently published in the *Economic Journal*, a paper on the probability of a cessation of the growth of the population of England in the course of the present century. I drew attention to the fact that for some years the number of births in England had been nearly stationary, in spite of the increase of population, and showed how, if that continued, and mortality and migration remained as they were in 1881-91, the increase of population would gradually grow smaller and smaller, till it became trifling by the middle, and non-existent by the end, of the century.

The three conditions have not been fulfilled. The births, instead of remaining quite stationary, have slightly increased, mortality has somewhat decreased, and the large net loss by migration has been almost completely swept away. Consequently the increase of population in the last decade of the nineteenth century was larger than that of the decade 1881-91.

It would be rash indeed, however, to conclude from this that the probability of a cessation of growth within the twentieth century has diminished. The decrease of mortality we may hope will be continuous, but no very great augmentation of population can be expected from this cause. A diminution of mortality which raised the average duration of life from forty-five to fifty years would be enormous, but it would only increase by one-ninth the population which could be kept up by a given number of births. The loss by migration cannot disappear more than once, and I suppose few will contend that Great Britain is likely to go still further, and become a country which gains considerably by migration. The one factor of great and permanent importance is clearly the natality—the chance that persons reaching maturity will have children—and this has been steadily diminishing since about 1884.

What is called the “birth-rate” fell from nearly 36 per thousand to not much over 29 per thousand in the last quarter of the nineteenth century; but this rate, being merely the ratio of births in the year to the total population of the middle of the year, including children, does not show either accurately or fully the diminution of natality. Natality must be reckoned in relation to the number of persons of suitable age, if we are to avoid the absurdity of supposing it has increased when, for example, the population has been reduced by the deaths of old women or the emigration of children.

To get a perfectly accurate measure of natality in a country we ought to know exactly how many people there are of certain ages, and weight these ages carefully according to the normal distribution of births. But this is impossible, even in census years, and so we must fall back on rougher methods. A rough measure of changes in natality may be obtained by comparing the number of births in each year with the number of persons reaching something like the average age of marriage in that year. We do not, of course, know the number of persons reaching this age in each year exactly, but we know that if mortality and migration remain the same, it is exactly proportionate to the number of persons born a certain number of years before. We may begin, therefore, by comparing the number of persons born in each year with the number born, say, twenty-six years before, remembering to allow for changes in mortality and migration before we deduce conclusions.

The following table shows the number of births which took place in each of the years 1877-1900 in proportion to every hundred which were registered twenty-six years earlier.

Year.	Births.	Year.	Births.
1877 . . .	144	1889 . . .	122
1878 . . .	143	1890 . . .	117
1879 . . .	144	1891 . . .	123
1880 . . .	139	1892 . . .	119
1881 . . .	139	1893 . . .	119
1882 . . .	135	1894 . . .	113
1883 . . .	134	1895 . . .	119
1884 . . .	138	1896 . . .	115
1885 . . .	130	1897 . . .	116
1886 . . .	132	1898 . . .	112
1887 . . .	127	1899 . . .	112
1888 . . .	123	1900 . . .	108

It will be seen that, allowing for chance ups and downs, there has been a very steady fall in the ratio. Defective but gradually improving registration from 1851 to 1874 doubtless accounts for some small portion of the fall, but against this we have to set the necessary allowances for alteration in mortality and migration, both of which go to strengthen the table as an indication of a fall in natality. It is certain that of a hundred persons born in 1874 more reached the age of twenty-six than of a hundred persons born in 1851, so that if we could have the ratio of the births of each year to the survivors only, instead of to the whole number of those born twenty-six years earlier, we should have a table showing a larger fall.

It is more difficult to gauge the effect of changes in migration. Emigration was much larger in the eighties than in the seventies, and remained considerable till 1893, after which it disappeared: people emigrate most largely between the ages of fifteen and twenty-

fivo. From these facts we may conjecture that a smaller proportion of the survivors of the persons born twenty-six years earlier remained in the country from some time after 1880 till about 1895, than in the earlier and later years of the period, so that if migration were properly allowed for we should probably get a more moderate fall down to about 1895, but a steeper one afterwards. Neither mortality nor migration, therefore, appears to require us to weaken in any way the effect of the table.

A decline of natality may be due to a decline of illegitimacy, a decline in nuptiality (the chances of being married), or a decline in the number of births per marriage. The present decline is partly caused by the decline of illegitimacy, but this is a small matter, with no large influence. Nuptiality possibly declined somewhat in the middle of the period but revived towards the end. The really important cause of the decline seems to have been a diminution in the number of children born to each marriage or, to be more accurate, born within a limited period to each marriage, since we have not before us a long enough period to make it certain that there has not been a postponement of births rather than an absolute reduction.

To guess at the number of children per marriage by comparing the births of a particular year with the marriages of that year is obviously useless, since the births of one year do not depend much upon the marriages of that year and do depend very much on those of the year before, a good deal on those of the year before that, a little less on those of the year before that, and so on. In order to allow for the marriages of earlier years I have calculated for each year what may be called a weighted marriage figure, consisting of the sum of 2·5 per cent. for the marriages of that year, 20 per cent. of those of the first year before that, 17·5 per cent. of those of the second year before, and so on, the percentages for the earlier years being 15, 12·5, 10, 7·5, 5, 3·75, 2·5, 1·75, 1·25 and 0·75. If this is a tolerably correct representation of the average distribution of births over the years of married life—and a good deal of variation in it will be found to make little difference—then the ratio between the number of legitimate births in each year and the weighted marriage figure will indicate the natality per marriage. In the following table this ratio is given for the past half-century:—

Year.	Ratio.	Year.	Ratio.	Year.	Ratio.	Year.	Ratio.
1851	3·92	1857	3·97	1863	4·16	1869	4·69
1852	4·01	1858	3·90	1864	4·17	1870	4·19
1853	3·87	1859	4·10	1865	4·14	1871	4·19
1854	3·90	1860	4·01	1866	4·09	1872	4·29
1855	3·85	1861	4·03	1867	4·10	1873	4·22
1856	3·97	1862	4·15	1868	4·16	1874	4·26

Year.	Ratio.	Year.	Ratio.	Year.	Ratio.	Year.	Ratio.
1875	4.18	1882	4.36	1889	4.21	1895	4.01
1876	4.31	1883	4.35	1890	4.08	1896	3.94
1877	4.30	1884	4.36	1891	4.21	1897	3.88
1878	4.30	1885	4.27	1892	4.05	1898	3.80
1879	4.28	1886	4.32	1893	4.05	1899	3.74
1880	4.34	1887	4.24	1894	3.90	1900	3.63
1881	4.36	1888	4.20				

It will be seen that at the beginning of the period the ratio was a little below 4, that it rose to about $4\frac{1}{3}$ in the early eighties and has since declined to about $3\frac{2}{3}$.¹ The rise in the first period is to be accounted for in part by the deficient but gradually improving registration of births. The decline of the last sixteen years is also observable in Scotland, so that the inclusion of that country would not much alter the ratios, and I therefore entitle this article "The Decline of Natality in Great Britain," though I have not got out the Scotch figures in the same detail as the English.

It would be extremely difficult to answer exactly the obvious question, What must the ratio be in order that a stationary population may be permanently maintained? The simple answer, "Two, one to replace the father and one the mother" is clearly insufficient, because mature bachelors and spinsters must be replaced as well as married people, and when we have added something for this requirement we must increase the whole by at least forty per cent. to replace those who die before they attain the parental age, and decrease it by only about ten per cent. for second marriages. The necessary ratio is therefore probably a little above 3. We may conclude that another sixteen years decline of natality per marriage at the same rate as that of the last sixteen years would dry up the source of the natural increase of population. The increase would of course actually continue some time longer, but at a decreasing rate as the mortality increased with the increasing average age of the people.

The decline of natality has been attributed to a very great number of different causes, but I do not remember ever having seen it attributed to a cause which is likely to exercise less influence in the immediate future than in the immediate past. We ought therefore to admit frankly that there is at any rate a considerable probability of the disappearance of the natural increase of population—the excess of births over deaths—in Great Britain within the present century. So far as Great Britain alone is concerned I cannot see that there is much reason for lamenting the fact. The island is already tolerably

(1) The births of 1900 have not yet been distinguished into legitimate and illegitimate. The figure in the table is based on the assumption that the proportions remained as in 1899.

full. With another ten millions or so it would be as full as any reasonable person can desire to see it.

But what of the British Empire beyond the seas, and the whole British race? It has been the fashion for so many years to talk of our over-populated island, and the necessary overflow to other lands, that politicians (who are always ten years behind) are still doing it; but what are the most recent facts? That in the last ten years Great Britain has had no civil overflow whatever. The whole net emigration, according to the figures provided by the censuses and the registration of births and deaths, only amounted to 123,461, which is considerably less than what may be called the military net emigration—the number of soldiers who had been sent out and who had not returned at the date of the census, because still buried—alive or dead—in South Africa. The conditions of trade at home and across the Atlantic will probably, before long, be more favourable to emigration, and emigration may revive, but the decline of natality, if it continues, must make that revival temporary and unimportant. The waste places of the Empire must not look to Great Britain to send them more people than she receives from Europe. The great stream of Irish emigration, which has added more millions to the population of the United States than ever lived in Ireland, is not likely to be diverted to the British colonies, and so the British dominions beyond the seas will have to rely on their own natural increase and the immigration of foreigners.

As to the natality in the colonies and dependencies, statistics are lamentably deficient, but there seems to be little doubt that while the natality of some non-European elements and some non-British European elements, such as the French-Canadians and Cape Dutch, is considerable, that of the people of British extraction is small and decreasing. The whole European population of the British colonies and dependencies scarcely amounts to twelve millions, and ten of these are in the Canadian Dominion and Australasia. About Canadian natality and mortality there seems to be little direct information, but we know that the total increase of population in the enormous area covered by the Dominion was 839,000 in 1871-80, 508,000 in 1881-91, and only 506,000 in 1891-1901. When we reflect that this 506,000 includes gain by migration as well as natural increase, and remember that Scotland, with a population 800,000 less to start with, had a natural increase of 500,000 in the same decade, we cannot fail to admit that the natality of the Canadian population must be low. If the natality of the French portion is high, as is often alleged, the natality of the British portion must be that much the lower.

In regard to Australasia, we have more direct information, which indicates that the natality is both low and decreasing. In 1891 the

six colonies of New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Queensland, Tasmania, and New Zealand, with a total population of three and three-quarter millions, had 126,059 births, a low figure if we take into account the immigration, which reduces the average age of the population. But in 1898 the number had sunk to 112,805, and in 1899 it only got up again to 114,274. The figures for Western Australia are not forthcoming, but we need not look to mining camps for high natality. Thus there seems to be little hope of the colonies peopling themselves, and unless the British race within the Empire can succeed, as it has done outside the Empire, in engrafting into itself foreign elements, a continuance of the decline of natality at home will cause it to become one of the little nations, or at any rate to fall with the French into the second class. It is already immensely outnumbered by the Russians in the dominions of the Tsar and by the white citizens of the United States. It is very considerably outnumbered by the Germans in the German Empire. It will soon be much more outnumbered. I have never heard any suggestion that Russian natality is declining—and there is great room for reduction in Russian mortality—so that the Russian population may be expected to increase enormously. German natality does appear to be falling, but not so rapidly as British, and it is still much higher. The natality of the old English element in the United States is believed to be falling, but immigration and the higher natality of the non-English elements will probably long suffice to increase the population of the United States at a rapid rate.

EDWIN CANNAN.

ORGANISING THE THEATRE.

A witty friend of mine has been comparing the National Theatre question to the Three Blue Balls of Charles Lamb's quondam schoolfellow, Bob Allen. Bob is immortalised in that one of the last Essays of Elia which discusses the newspapers of the late eighteenth century. It was easy to detect the columns in which his pen had been at work. "When wit failed or topics ran low there constantly appeared the following: 'It is not generally known that the three blue balls at the pawnbrokers' shops are the ancient arms of Lombardy. The Lombards were the first money-brokers in Europe.' Bob has done more to set the public right on this important point of blazonry than the whole College of Heraldry." By the same token, nowadays, we can each of us make a shrewd guess at the authorship of newspaper articles and criticisms. The hand of my witty friend himself may be traced with certitude, for example, by the fine classical flavour of his allusions. What King Charles's head was to Mr. Dick, so to him are the Poetics of Aristotle. His readers may remind him that "*il s'agit d'une comédie nouvelle et non pas d'Aristote et de sa Poétique*," but to no purpose. His learning will out in his articles as surely as the names of titled acquaintances would find a way into the conversation of Major Pendennis. However, to return to his comparison, the point of it lies here. A plea for theatrical reform serves, according to him, the same purpose as Bob Allen's three blue balls. It makes its appearance at regular intervals "when wit fails or topics run low." Now such a comparison is "no doubt entertaining and highly agreeable in its way," as Mr. Britton, according to Hazlitt, said of Jack Taylor's anecdotes, but it is not otherwise to the point. It is only during quite recent years that the demand for a National Theatre has become persistent. The idea had been vaguely talked of now and again by a few persons specially interested in the Drama, who foresaw the state of things to which the theatrical development of the last half-century must inevitably lead. Only for a few years past has it attracted general notice, and been made the subject of general discussion. It is not a sporadic growth, showing now here, now there, and dying ere it had time to be alive. "It has taken root in the public mind and has made steady progress, until from grains of scattered seed there bids fair to spring up a noble tree.

When I wrote two years ago in these pages in favour of a National Shakespearesan Theatre (moved thereto at that moment by the performances of Mr. Benson's company at the Lyceum), I scarcely dared to hope for any immediate result. I certainly did not suppose that

within twelve months the establishment of such a playhouse would have become, as the saying goes, a question of practical politics. Even now I am doubtful whether we are not moving too fast, whether we do not run the risk of building upon sand instead of waiting till we can lay foundations in the solid rock of popular approval. * A long stride forward has been made since this year began. Various articles had disposed a number of thoughtful minds to the consideration of the matter, but there needed something more to bring it prominently before the public at large. When I was invited to tell the members of the O. P. Club exactly why a National Theatre was wanted and what it might do, I had no expectation that my words would attract any notice. The subject did, however, attract wide notice. A lecture is an event, and in our businesslike community an event, something that has happened, is far more important than something that has merely been written. If a Cabinet Minister makes a speech of an hour, he gets three columns in the newspapers next day, each column representing twenty minutes' talk. If he publishes a book, it is reviewed at most in a column and a half. Yet the book may be the fruit of many years' research or reflection, while the speech may have been made up in the train on the way to the place of meeting. Thus it is, I suppose, that "A National Theatre" has lately become a heading familiar to newspaper readers. For the one "event" was soon followed by others. Even an actor-manager made a speech, taking up the plea that had been urged. Even so serious a body as the London Trades Council made formal petition to the London County Council for the establishment under municipal control of "a playhouse at which first-class performances could be witnessed at popular prices, as was the case in many cities on the Continent." Even the author of Drury Lane melodramas came forward with a cut-and-dried scheme, suggesting certain lines, artistic and financial, upon which a National Theatre might be called into being.

It is hardly worth while, I am afraid, to examine very closely into the proposals of Mr. Cecil Raleigh. They were, as one would expect from a clever man, closely reasoned, clearly explained, well within the boundaries of the possible, drawn up with a wide knowledge of the working of theatres. Mr. Raleigh, too, was undoubtedly right when he said that nothing could be expected at present from the Government, and very little more than benevolent neutrality from the County Council. Mr. John Burns is all for an immediate appeal to the authorities. He pointed out that over 300,000 people nightly attended the places of entertainment in and about London. But what are these amongst so many? And how many amongst these are as yet persuaded of the advantages that a National Theatre would bring in its train? Mr. Burns cited as well the example of the

carpenters and stone-masons. When the apprenticeship system disappeared, no machinery existed for teaching the young carpenter and the young stone-mason their trades, so the demand was made for Polytechnic Institutes and schools of craft, and both came into existence, some supported by private benevolence, many others by the ratepayer. Let actors and actresses, said Mr. Burns, combine after the fashion of the craftsmen. Let them say to the municipality, "Give us the means of learning our business: set up a municipal theatre and training-school." The analogy might pass, if it were not a notorious fact that actors never have combined for any purpose, and do not seem in the least likely to make any united effort to this end. It is not from the theatrical profession that the cry for theatrical reform goes up. The demand is put forward by playgoers kept away from the theatre by the lack of plays worth seeing. Mr. Fred Kerr is an actor of education and intelligence, but he admitted at the O. P. Club's discussion that he did not know why anyone wanted a theatre on different lines from the theatres of to-day. That is the frame of mind in which the bulk of the theatrical profession approaches the subject. If we could only hope to reach our end by the road of a combined demand on the part of stage-players, we might as well abandon our agitation at once.

Mr. Raleigh spoke sound sense, then, when he said that private enterprise must make the first move. If any help is to be obtained from the State, it can only be expected when private persons have proved that a Repertory Theatre, representing the British Drama from the days of Elizabeth down to the days of King Edward VII., is something more than a vague idea. The modern State is not given to making experiments in the domain of Art. Whenever the artist has found his way into the charmed circle of State patronage, it has been with the personal aid of the Sovereign rather than by favour of royal councillors. The nucleus of the national art collections lay originally either in the Sovereign's palaces or in the gallery of a private individual. When collections or institutions are offered to the State ready-made, the State accepts them, if they are worth having. But it will not set about collecting or establishing for itself at first. It is useless to ask the State to evolve order out of chaos and give us a National Theatre off-hand. Even if "Barkis were willin'," in the person of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Government has no machinery that could be turned to such purpose. A Repertory Theatre, concerning itself with the presentation in an artistic manner of a drama that could fairly be called national, would, however, be in a position, as soon as it had established itself upon a firm basis, to ask at any rate for some subvention. Perhaps by that time we should have created a Ministry of Fine Arts, or appointed, at any rate, that Fine Arts Commission for which Lord Stanmore

thousands. Every sudden increase in the number of persons who may be reckoned as patrons of art must be bad at first for the artist. He will do his best work when he knows that his effort will be judged by an audience "fit, though few." The difference in this matter between ourselves and the French and Germans is that in France and Germany there does exist a body of critical opinion—not, of necessity, the opinion of professional critics—which has its influence upon the artist and checks any tendency he might display to appeal solely to the uninstructed mass. He has to make a choice between two lots. He may write for the mass and be excluded from the ranks of those who combat for the laurel-wreath of literary fame. Or he may set himself to win the applause of the judicious, and take his chance of becoming, in addition, an idol of the market-place. He cannot serve both God and Mammon. Here in England, the House of Rimmon excuse is openly pleaded. We have no accepted standards of criticism, and the body of instructed opinion is so scattered and so small as to be powerless for good. The attitude towards plays of a great many critics of the theatre, for example, is that whatever pays handsomely they must praise handsomely. Why should anyone advertise himself an eccentric by crying down a piece that attracts large numbers of his fellow-creatures? The business of criticism, however, is not quite such a simple matter as this. It ought, in Matthew Arnold's words, "to know the best that is known and thought in the world, and by, in its turn, making this known, to create a current of true and fresh ideas. Its business is to do this with inflexible honesty, with due ability; but its business is to do no more, and to leave alone all questions of practical consequences and applications, questions which will never fail to have due prominence given to them." Due prominence will certainly not fail to be given to the popularity and paying qualities of such plays as do pay and are popular in England. Theatrical managers are sufficiently adept in the matter of advertising their wares. At present the "practical application" is not only the chief concern of the manager, it is also a very prominent factor in determining criticism. So long as this continues to be the case, it will be hard for new authors to bring their efforts before the public. The greater number of critics would speak slightly of them because they were new, and would not therefore be likely to achieve a great financial success. And a National Theatre could not afford at the outset to run the risk of being misunderstood. It will never do to let people imagine that it would devote itself mainly to producing pieces that the commercial managers will have none of.

The effect of the frankly commercial system has been, then, threefold. It has deprived playgoers of the opportunity of seeing constantly acted the finest plays of the past along with the most interesting of the works of modern authors. It has made the

dramatic author merely a component part in a complicated piece of money-getting machinery. It has placed the greatest obstacles in the way of the actor and actress who want to become efficient in their art by means of constant practice in fresh parts. The most remarkable point that strikes anyone who studies this system is that, even in spite of its effects, the British theatre has in recent years made progress. It is wonderful that after sixty years of it (if we date its rise from the abolition of the patent theatres in 1843), it has not extinguished dramatic art altogether. Clearly there is in the British drama a strenuous vitality which has given it the power to struggle bravely against adverse influences. The struggle is now approaching its crisis. The separate efforts that have been put forth to reach a more healthy atmosphere are culminating at last in a combined plan. Here and there, on different lines, many people have been doing what in them lay to foster the germs of living activity that still remained. Their endeavours are coming together, their divided aims bid fair to unite in one general aim. Experience has lighted the way to the only sure path of rational progress—our own experience in the past, the experience of other nations at this present day; and that path is the path which leads to theatres established not for the purpose of making as much money as possible by whatever means money can be made, but with the object of giving pleasure and providing recreation in the sanest, noblest manner, with a regard for the dignity of dramatic art and with a view to upholding the best traditions of the British stage. We have begun as a nation to realise (if I may quote a stirring sentence from a speech by Mr. William Archer, which lifted the whole discussion to a higher plane), to realise “that the Theatre, quite as much as the Cathedral, the University or the Parliament House, and more perhaps than the Stock Exchange or the Betting Ring, is an inevitable, indispensable part of the national organism, and that while it remains warped, stunted, or atrophied, England is, in so far, not only less beautiful to the æsthetic sense, but less efficient morally and intellectually, than it is our duty to make her.”

But although many feet that have hitherto trod different roads are now converging upon the same goal, there are yet many differences of opinion to be thrashed out as to the best way of reaching that goal. Mr. Raleigh's offer to put down £100 if 999 other people will do the same is, I think, hardly likely to be taken up. It is too much in the nature of a confidence trick. “You send your money and I do the rest,” says Mr. Raleigh. But, in any case, I doubt whether he expected it to be taken up. His idea, I fancy, was rather to show that there are not 999 people in the country who could or would back their fancy for a National Theatre to the extent of £100. This, after all, does not prove much, one way or the other.

Could 999 people be induced at this moment to subscribe £100 each, at the bidding of an individual, for any artistic end whatever? Then there is the proposal that National Drama and National Opera should be housed together in one building. This is impracticable for many reasons, unless the one building contained two distinct theatres. Some look to a manager with enterprise and artistic ambition to open a Repertory Theatre. Others are seeking eagerly for a millionaire to put down a lump sum as an endowment fund. One party would start by confining the experiment to London, and let the country copy it at will. Another party proposes to spread the light through the great cities of the provinces without delay. A third is for beginning, not in London at all, but in Manchester or Liverpool. The more proposals there are the better. Only by full discussion of details shall we arrive at the best method of putting into practice our general principle. The wisest word in recent debate was spoken by Mr. Comyns Carr, who advised organisation among all who are seriously in favour of the idea. Something of the kind is already in existence, but we require an organisation upon a wider basis, upon national lines. This is the immediate need of the moment. When a really representative body advances a scheme and makes an appeal for funds to carry it out, the money will not be lacking. "Organise the theatre," cried Matthew Arnold. But, before we can do that, we must introduce some organisation amongst all the scattered holders of Arnold's view that "every one of us is concerned to find a remedy for the melancholy state of things," which has resulted from leaving the English Theatre to "take its chance."

H. HAMILTON FYFE.

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AMERICA AND THE ALLIANCE.

IMPLICIT in the reception given by the people of this country to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, there has lain the assumption that the United States is, in some sort, a third party to it. In the first few sky-rocket moments of approval, more than one of our leading journals ventured as much; and the popular mind which in its kindliness is stirred, sometimes, perhaps, to the point of unhingement, by any prospect of Anglo-American co-operation, has enlarged on the hint with some eagerness. In Parliament, too, there was a noteworthy waste of breath on the matter of "the American attitude." Washington, it appeared, had, like Berlin, been honoured with a *précis* of the new agreement before it was published here. Mr. Norman remarked that "the interests of the United States in this matter were identical with our own." Viscount Cranborne had no doubt that "in this agreement we shall command the full approval of the Government of the United States." Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had a word on the "similarity of peaceable commercial interests and other material interests," between England, Japan and the United States in the Far East; and Mr. Balfour said that the Treaty would do much to place upon a solid and permanent foundation the interests common to the whole of the commercial world and "not least of our American brothers." These words had a ready and cordial welcome in the United States, and the reflex action of American applause on those who go down to the Tube in lifts was to strengthen their conviction that the United States was "with us." As a matter of form, said the Tube in effect, America might stand outside in deference to traditional prejudices; but that was a mere detail which the growing sense of community of interests and a larger experience in *Weltpolitik* would wear away, which in any real crisis would disappear. Practically we might count on America, not only for "moral support"—a commodity of which our kinsmen seem to have even more than their racial share—but for diplomatic assistance, with a pleasing vision of Mr. Hay working overtime on dispatches in

our behalf—and even, if need were, the Tube did not shrink from it, for a yet more physical backing. Had not a New York paper declared that “the new Dual Alliance will result in the carrying out of an American theory in practice”? Did not every cablegram multiply the signs of official, semi-official, and, most important of all, popular approval? Conviction, indeed, seemed likely to change to certainty when it was known that Mr. Hay, in the first flush of the Alliance, had protested with extra emphasis against the exclusive privileges in Manchuria sought for by the Russo-Chinese Bank. Both those who favoured and those who opposed the Anglo-Japanese Agreement as a stroke of policy found the utmost significance in Mr. Hay’s language, the one party arguing that it made any stringent compact with Japan superfluous and that an understanding with the United States would have brought us all we really wanted; the other party gratefully welcoming it as the hoped-for accession of strength. The last few weeks have palpably toned down much of the primal fervour that hailed the Treaty, a fervour which was partly the issue of pro-Japanese sentiment, but, more largely, of a gratified surprise at the discovery that the Government had actually hit upon a policy. On this point of the *réle* America is to play there is still, however, a too flattering optimism. Both the public and the Government would seem altogether to overestimate firstly, the reality, and secondly, the value of American support. The *New York Evening Sun* was only partially quoted when it declared that England and Japan were about to carry out an American theory in practice. In words of far more significance it went on to give with frankness and precision the real American view of the Alliance: “It must be all the more satisfactory to us when we consider that the thing has been done without this country’s breaking through the rule to avoid all entangling alliances. China, with her teeming millions, will be open to our trade and commerce. We alone of the nations will not pay for the privilege.” This is one of the rare occasions when New York interprets America. The *Evening Sun*’s remarks might be paralleled by quotations from a score of journals, west, north and south. They are worth pondering, for unless I am wholly out of my reckoning, there lies in them the clue to American policy throughout the entire crisis in the Far East.

In November, 1897, when Germany seized Kiau-Chau, I happened to be a resident in the States, and both then and for more than two years after had the opportunity of studying America’s attitude on the spot. It was one of interested, enjoyable detachment. They followed the development of events across the Pacific as they might have read one of Mr. Wells’s semi-scientific romances. It was fascinating and at times amusing; it threw up incidents, like the occupation of Port Arthur and the iniquitous Anglo-Russian duel

that followed, from which their dramatic sense could extract entire satisfaction. But it held them with a wholly impersonal interest; the "opening-up of China" was to them a phrase merely, with as much or as little bearing on their own fortunes as the opening-up of Mars. The connecting link, so far from being looked for, was not even suspected. Of course there were individual exceptions. A Chamber of Commerce here, a Merchants' Association there, a few of the better sort of journals and some consuls and ex-consuls, like Mr. John Barrett, did what they could to show the right relation between American interests and whatever the future might hold in store for China. But the public generally was not in the least to be moved from its unconcern, and as usual its attitude was only too faithfully reflected at Washington. There was one extempore debate in Congress, neither very lucid nor well-informed, and then the matter dropped. No resolutions were taken, no policy was so much as hinted at. The Administration, to the outward eye, did not pretend to have even an opinion, much less a policy. From not a single official utterance could it be gathered that Washington was so much as cognizant of anything unusual in the state of the Celestial Empire. If the President and his Cabinet felt any anxiety over the political developments in the Far East or saw in them the possibility of menace to American commerce, the fact was most admirably concealed. But one suspects that their equanimity was the equanimity of indifference rather than of confidence. Possibly they were waiting for "a mandate" from the people, or felt bound by "the great principle of non-intervention," or conceived—it is a common notion with the Americans—that treaties were endowed with some automatically self-acting and self-protecting virtue, and could be trusted to take care of themselves. Or possibly, indeed probably, they simply relied upon Great Britain to pull them through. It gradually came to be understood that British and American interests, so far as trade went, were on all fours, and Americans watched Lord Salisbury's diplomacy with complacent approval. There was, of course, no offer of assistance—the sacred rule of avoiding entangling alliances forbade anything of the kind. American policy had at least the merit of impartiality. If it did nothing to hinder those who were trying to close the open door, it did nothing to help those who were trying to keep it open. Russia's policy in Manchuria, France's in Yunnan and Kwangai and Germany's in Shantung, developed without a word of protest from Washington. And this, one must remember, in spite of the fact that American exports to China were second only to our own, that her trade with China had trebled its value in the preceding seven years and was growing at a greater rate than any of its competitors, that the foreign market was just beginning to make itself as essential to American industries as it long had been to American

products, and that, so long as China continued to trade with the West, the United States had the geographical advantage of all rivals except Japan. But against the hoarded provincialism of years these considerations had no weight, and after a while even such spectacular interest as was felt in the opening phases of the trans-Pacific drama faded away under the pressing acuteness of the Cuban problem, and was finally killed by the Spanish and Philippine wars. Throughout 1898 and the major part of 1899 Americans took the fullest advantage of the coincidence between their interests and our own to shift the whole burden of their protection on to Lord Salisbury's shoulders.

But all this, it will be said, belonged to the days of America's isolation, before she became a "world-power" and while a certain narrowness and self-sufficiency might perhaps be noted in her policy and outlook. Now that she has strewn the Pacific with stepping-stones from San Francisco to Hong-Kong, and planted herself in the West Indies and started an Asiatic empire of her own, surely one may expect her to do a little for her interests in China. It is assumed that, on so considerable a matter, pride and national dignity will eventually urge her to some more active rôle than that of preaching into British ears the blessedness of vicarious sacrifice; and the assumption is partially correct. In fact America has already bounded out of her long innocuous isolation and resolutely started in—to write dispatches. It was in September, 1899, during an interval of comparative calm, that Mr. Hay launched his circular to the Powers. On paper, at any rate, it committed America definitely to the maintenance of the open door. It announced that the United States could not agree "to any recognition of exclusive rights of any Power within, or control over, any portion of the Chinese Empire." In order, therefore, to protect American interests in the Far East by keeping "an open market for all the world's commerce," by removing "dangerous sources of international irritation" and thereby "hastening united action of the Powers at Peking to promote administrative reforms," the United States government sought "declarations by the various Powers claiming spheres of interest in China as to their intention in regard to the treatment of foreign trade and commerce therein." These declarations were cheerfully supplied. It was given out that all the Powers had subscribed to the American proposals; but on more careful inspection it became evident that the Russian reply was so evasive and non-committal as to amount, in fact, to a subtle rejection of the American request. Still it was felt, and especially in England, to be a very considerable advance on anything that had gone before that Americans should at last be stirring themselves and mapping out a definite line of action—or was it only a definite line of argument? The policy announced

by Mr. Hay was at any rate identical with everything Great Britain had been striving for, and for the future it was taken for granted the two Powers would work diplomatically together.

On this expectation, and on much else, the Boxer movement and the events that followed it threw a light of immense significance. The sudden and curious episode will be memorable for many things, but not least for this, that for the first time it brought the United States into every-day diplomatic touch with the rest of the world in the solution of a problem common to all. The circumstances were such that one man's guess was about as good as another's; "diplomatic experience" in that concrete and bewildering emergency went for little or nothing; and, indeed, the event proved that those who were supposed to know China best were often the wildest as well as the most dogmatic in their suggestions and advice. The abruptness and novelty of the crisis helped in a sense to place all the Powers pretty much on a par, and America's ignorance of China, her entire lack of anything in the nature of an Asiatic Department, and the paucity of "expert advice" to which Mr. Hay could turn with any confidence, handicapped her much less than one would naturally have expected. The statesmen of all countries were thrown suddenly back, each on his own perspicacity and general good sense, with but little help from Permanent Secretaries or State archives; and the extreme slenderness of America's actual acquaintance with China placed her therefore at no particular disadvantage. Indeed, in so far as it prompted the Administration to treat China much as it would have treated any other country under the same circumstances, it was probably an aid rather than otherwise to America's diplomacy. The first appearance of the United States as a working member of the family of nations was thus to some extent relieved of the usual embarrassments of a *début*. The situation, all the same, was one of anxious and engrossing novelty. For the first time America found herself called upon to shoulder the responsibilities of a great Power, to criticise and suggest at a moment's notice, to apply in the concrete and amid the clash of a score of jarring claims, a policy she had thought to confine to dispatches, and to make decisions that might please one group of Powers but could not help displeasing another. I believe the verdict of history will be that she emerged from this ordeal with far more credit than Europe allowed her at the time. Even the English Press was for making an injury of the policy she pursued, and charged her with being "detached from the concord of civilisation," "false to the Christian compact," "unfaithful to the Brotherhood of White Men," and I know not what else. But the United States, it should be borne in mind, approached the question from a standpoint different from that of any other Power, our own included. She went to China with a single-minded object—the defence of American lives

and property. "Might-have-beens" are a fascinating but unprofitable text, and it is an idle amusement to inquire what course she would have taken or whether a single American soldier would have been landed in China had it not been for the accidental presence in the Philippines of an American army. Enough that the United States shirked none of the military labours when the call came. But they were labours directed to a definite end—the relief of the Legations; and when the Legations were known to be secure, America was ready to regard the incident as "closed," to let China off with a moderate indemnity, a few administrative reforms and a pledge of security for the fuller development of the world's trade. From August onwards the key to her diplomacy was the desire to bring matters to a conclusion and get out of the country with all possible speed. For one thing, she felt from the beginning that however inexcusable the attack on the Legations, China had suffered infinite provocation, and that the Powers, and Germany in particular, had largely brought the crisis upon their own heads. With these feelings it was easy for her to accept in all sincerity the diplomatic fiction that China and the West were at peace and that the Powers were really there to assist the Chinese Government in suppressing the Boxer *émeute*.

She refused accordingly at the outset to join in the bombardment of the Taku forts, and throughout the months that followed the relief of Peking she steadily set her face against the "raids" and "expeditions into the interior," in fact, against every proposal—and they were many—that smacked of mere aggressiveness. The object Americans really cared about was attained when the safety of Mr. Conger and of the American missionaries was assured. The weary months of negotiations, the unproductive "expeditions" that yielded nothing but the slaughter of Chinese peasants, and the humiliations caused by the brutalities of Russian and German soldiers, wrought only lassitude and nausea. They jarred on the impatience of the nation, they deeply offended the public conscience, and they added to the growing volume of sympathy with the Chinese. America was neither pro-British nor anti-British, neither for Russia nor against her. She was ready to accept and support any proposal from whatever quarter that would hasten an equitable settlement. For this reason she went further than any other Power in welcoming the Russian proposal to retire from Peking; for this reason she advocated the appointment of Li Hung Chang as negotiator; for this reason she rejected the French and German circulars. The truth was that as time went on America grew more and more suspicious of her allies, and especially of Germany. She disliked intensely the notion of her soldiers serving, even nominally, under German orders, and, rightly or wrongly, she believed the Emperor to be prolonging the crisis in the hope of finding a chance to repeat his Kiao-Chau

stratagem. The conditions of peace formulated by the Powers seemed to her to be intended for Chinese rejection, and with much pertinacity and very considerable success she used her influence on the side of moderation. The United States, it is well worth recalling, stood out with more determination than any other Power against the carnival of executions with which Christendom proposed to appease its wounded dignity, just as she stood out against the imposition of an overwhelming indemnity, against the razing of the Taku forts, and against a permanent occupation of any portion of Chinese territory. Her diplomacy was, in fact, almost wholly in line with the principles that Sir Robert Hart expounded with such brilliant and wholesome effect in the pages of this Review. It was in the best sense conservative, and in the best sense moral. Mr. Rockhill, the Special Commissioner, claimed in his review of the negotiations that the United States had "exerted a salutary influence in the cause of moderation, humanity, and justice"; and the claim cannot in fairness be denied. She was, of course, roundly denounced at the time for her squeamishness, but I am not sure that an unbiassed judgment to-day would not have to admit that Mr. Hay showed a higher union of imagination with practicality than any of his brother negotiators.

Sobriety was, at any rate, one indisputable mark of the diplomacy of the United States. Another was its independence; it picked out from the first a line of its own and held firmly to it, in spite of the sneering comments that came from Europe. Yet a third quality, and this the one most germane to my present purpose, was its eagerness to have done with the whole business. The rescue of the Legations once accomplished, a profound distaste of the situation developed all over the States. On some of its causes I have already touched. The appointment of a German Commander-in-Chief was one of them; a second, and more powerful, was the suspicion that certain members of the Concert were actuated by ambitions, the fulfilment of which depended on the continuance of anarchy in China. Moreover, the atrocities committed by the Germans and Russians effectually stripped participation in "world-politics" of its glamour. No nation felt the stain and disgrace of the events that followed the occupation of Peking with a more disgusted keenness than America. Furthermore as the months dragged along and the Concert was seen to be trying desperately hard not to fall to pieces, and friction and collisions between the Allies grew more and more frequent, there loomed up, to America's intense alarm, the possibility of a general war in which, for all her dexterity, she might become involved. Domestic politics, too, counselled a speedy withdrawal. The Philippines had been dangerously denuded of troops and a Presidential election was at hand in which the Administration's

"Imperialist tendencies" and "love of foreign adventures" were to figure as the first points of attack.

But beneath all this, and at the very root of the repugnance with which Americans looked at the part they were forced to play, lay that peaceable, home-keeping instinct of theirs—call it provincialism, anti-Imperialism or what you will—that still dominates the thought and sentiment and policy of the nation. The man in the cars—and it is he who makes the foreign policy of America, far more decisively than the man in the street makes ours—is wholly against anything, not directly connected with American lives or American territory, that may lead to "foreign complications." Washington's warning against "entangling alliances" still holds the field absolutely. The policy of isolation and non-interference still represents the national will. But it may be urged that the acquisition of the Philippines and the broadening sphere of American interests must in the long run make the old ideal of seclusion untenable. Eventually, perhaps; but those who know America best will, I think, agree that that time is so far distant that neither this generation nor the next will live to see it. An empire is easier to come by than the spirit of empire, and though Americans delight to call themselves a "World-Power" on the strength of a few dependencies in the Pacific and a few more in the Caribbean, the claim can only be admitted in the narrowest and most technical sense, the sense, for instance, in which New York, may be called a cosmopolitan city because a great many people of different nationalities make it their home. The attributes of a "World-Power," one takes it, are less a matter of geography than of consciousness and mental horizon, and though the issue of the Spanish war was an undoubted upheaval of sorts, it remains the fact that the questions that really affect America are still American questions—the Monroe Doctrine, Alaska, Canadian Fisheries and so on. In effect, the national self-engrossment is hardly less complete to-day for all practical purposes than it has been any time during the past hundred years. The desire to have as few political dealings with foreign Powers as may be is still about as strong as ever; the determination, even at some sacrifice of American interests though never of American lives or American territory, to keep as much as possible to themselves and to avoid all situations in which there may lurk a chance of "complications," has in no way weakened. The palm without the dust is, and for many years will be, the limit of American intention. Of all things "an active foreign policy" is the furthest from her thoughts.

If this diagnosis be correct, American policy in China becomes subject to a considerable discount—such discount, in fact, as is involved in the statement that there is no possible development in the Far East that would tempt the United States to draw the sword, unless it were to rescue the lives of American citizens. This is a

conclusion I do not advance nor ask to be accepted on the mere *ipse dixit* of a foreigner. It can be buttressed by the best of all evidence, the evidence of Americans themselves. "Fortunately for the United States," wrote Mr. Josiah Quincy in August, 1900, "in spite of our large army in the Philippines and our troops now in China, no sane American thinks that we will fight with any other member of the Concert, whatever may be our policy or our interests, either to prevent the dismemberment of China or to secure any share in the partition for ourselves, or to reform the Chinese Government, or even to maintain the 'open door' for our trade." Mr. Quincy speaks for New England and New England for once is in line with the rest of America. What he says might be emphasised by quotations from papers of every shade and every twist of thought, and when, on any open point of American attitude or policy, Boston and Yellow Journalism think alike, the point may be taken as settled. In this case Boston and Yellow Journalism have behind them all the Conservatism, all the parochialism, and those first instincts which are also the second thoughts of the country. America's policy in China is one of dispatch-writing simply. She favours the "open door" and will keep it open so far as scribbling can. She would prefer "a strong, independent and responsible Chinese Government, which can and will be held accountable for the maintenance of order and the protection of our citizens and their rights under the treaties"; and to this end no pen will flow faster than hers. She values—possibly, like most of us, she over-values—her stake in the future of China, and she will not spare the ink in its defence. But Niagara itself would not be more deafening than the roar of indignant protest over the slightest hint of a war in the protection of these interests or the development of this stake. If every Power that to-day claims a sphere of influence in China were to announce that it intended henceforward to preserve that sphere to its own use, America would lodge any number of diplomatic complaints, but she would go no farther; and she would as soon think of attempting to acquire a sphere of her own as of purchasing Delagoa Bay. The "open door" and the "territorial integrity" of China represent the wishes, but not the determination, of America.

Americans have had so few rebuffs in their national history, they are animated by such an unholy certainty that in any diplomatic dispute the American view of things must prevail, that perhaps they hardly realise how magnificently Mr. Hay's policy and dispatches and protests rest upon bluff. It was only a year or so ago, as I tried to point out in a former issue of this Review, that they discovered that the Monroe Doctrine itself needs something more than words to make it effective. In China they have yet to admit the pregnant common-sense of the Kaiser's dictum: "If anything has to be done

in this world, the pen will be powerless to carry it through unless backed by the force of the sword." Their protection so far has lain in the curious readiness with which all nations, ourselves included, take America at her own valuation. They are, for one thing, so dazzled by her potential as to exaggerate her actual power, and, for another, they make the mistake of assuming that American diplomacy, like European diplomacy, rests always on the implication of force. But in China, as we have seen, it rests on nothing of the kind, and some unpleasant surprises are in store for America when the outside world realises, as sooner or later it must, that the American Bismarck has no Moltke in the background. When Russia, for instance, as some day she almost inevitably will—the bulk of American trade with China lying in Manchuria—decides to disregard an American protest, and in fact announces that she will "see" America, there will be nothing left for Mr. Hay or his successor but to throw the cards on the table, and to escape, with what dignity he may be able to assume, from a position essentially that of the French at Fashoda. And when the bluff is once called, it will be found that the *Cologne Gazette* was not, after all, so wide of the mark in saying, as it did during the negotiations of 1900, that "so far as the discussions of the Powers with China are concerned, it makes no difference whether America continues to co-operate or not." When, therefore, the United States is spoken of as though her backing were a matter of real moment to Japan and to ourselves, it is well that the foundations of her Far Eastern policy should be carefully examined, to find out whether they are of rock or sand. America welcomes the Anglo-Japanese Alliance as an effective instrument for protecting her interests at other people's expense. She gives it all the approval and "moral support" that any document can hope for. It works automatically on her behalf, and it relieves her of all responsibility. Therefore she blesses it. But I have tried to show that the practical value of her support, moral or diplomatic, will endure only so long as she is not found out, and that directly it encounters resolute handling, it will collapse like a pricked bubble. Is it necessary to add that if, at any crisis, assistance of a more material kind were needed, America, with a considerable show of virtue, would point out that her policy of avoiding "entangling alliances" would keep her from offering it?

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SYDNEY BROOKS.

JAPAN'S IMPERIAL POLICY.

ITS BEARING ON INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS.

THE Imperial Programme of Japan is essentially ambitious, but it has the advantage of being straightforward, and definite. Her primary aim is, of course, to make herself Mistress of the Seas in her part of the world. People are wont to say that Japan intends to become the "England of the Far East." This, like many other popular sayings, is not altogether happy; for, though it serves to give a rough idea of the situation, it does not express it accurately. Japan, in spite of all the modern methods she is adopting, will never lose her own individuality, and, while there is much in the character of that people which resembles our own, their methods will never be British in the full sense of the word.

If Japan is endeavouring to command the Seas in the Far East, it may be taken for granted that she has an ulterior motive for her action. A people in whom tenacity of purpose is as strongly developed as in the Japanese would never strive after this, or any other end, for "the fun of the thing." Although they are intensely proud of their achievements, there is nothing in the Japanese character of that sentiment which prompts the Frenchman to cry, "Vive la Gloire," for the mere sake of shouting. To the Japanese an empty glory does not appeal. If they are to appreciate it, the glory must show some practical advantage to themselves in the present, or constitute a step towards the attainment of some future benefit. Before dealing with the uses to which Japan will put her power when she has got it, it is well to emphasise one important fact. During all the changes that have taken place in the course of her conversion from feudalism and isolation to popular doctrines and international relationships, Japan has never for a single instant allowed herself to be turned aside from this great Imperial aim, the attainment of Naval Supremacy in the Far East.

Japan's ambition is no vague ideal, sprung, as some have maintained, from a spirit of megalomania, as the result of her rapid rise in importance. It does not owe its inception to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance of yesterday, or to the abolition of extra-territoriality three years ago, or to the war between China and Japan in 1894-5, or to the establishment of a Popular Diet in 1890, or even to the overthrow of the feudal régime in 1867.

Each of these dates is a white stone, marking a new era in the advance towards Japan's practical ideal, and serving to record the fact

that her progress has been as steady as it has been rapid. The idea germinated in the heads of men long before the rule of the Shoguns (Feudal Lords) was done away with. It originated in the conviction that, unless Japan were to make a bid for Naval Supremacy, she must inevitably, sooner or later, efface herself as a self-governing nation. And this was at a time, though well within the memory of living man, when the law of the land forbade the building of ships large enough to traverse the seas, and when the possession of a foreign book, or an attempt to gain a knowledge of the outside world, was a capital offence. The early advocates of reform had to experience the same mental and physical hardships as have fallen to the lot of those who have lived before their time in other countries. Some of them have paid the penalty for their sins against the old exclusive code with their lives. Others are active politicians to-day, and it is interesting to note that the greatest of them all, or at all events the one who is best known to the outside world, the Marquis Ito, was among these early reformers. His thirst for knowledge of the outer world was so great, and the attainment of his object at that time so beset with difficulties, that he, and Count Innouye, now the greatest authority on economics in Japan, smuggled themselves on board an outward-bound ship; and imbibed their first lessons in the English language as stowaways on board a British trader. I give these instances to show the tenacity of purpose of the Japanese, a trait in their character too often passed over by the superficial writer, who has dealt with them as being a light and frivolous people.

Since Japan became a modern nation, and has been making a bid for a voice in the world's politics, she has had to struggle against the dead weight of the very natural prejudice of the established Powers. But Japan can fight an uphill battle, and, like England, she gathers strength in measure as she encounters resistance. Consequently she has known how to surmount these obstacles, as they presented themselves, and in doing so her patience and perseverance have been extreme. Once, and once only, since 1867, has she had to deal with serious internecine opposition to her progressive policy. That was in 1877, when the bloody conflict, known as the Satsuma rebellion, came about. The overthrowing of the re-actionaries, and the suicide of their leader, the renowned Saigo, drove home the final nail in the coffin of the old-world Japan, and left the reformers free to carry out their programme, and to acquire a practical knowledge of international politics. It goes without saying that, when the work of the progressives had been simplified by the final suppression of the re-actionaries, all sorts of internal political strife came about. There were reformers and reformers. The ultra-progressives found their pace seriously hampered by their more cautious colleagues, while others flew off at a tangent, and endeavoured to carry out their

reforms in a way of their own. This is a phase which has had its counterpart in the politics of every nation. Yet, while in normal times parties and cliques sprang up like political mushrooms in the modern Japan, they disappeared, as if by magic, whenever an international question loomed ahead. Whatever her differences might be on matters of domestic legislation and party questions, all her leading men were agreed on the one essential point of their Imperial programme, and everything had to give way before this.

There is a prevalent feeling that Japan has been drawn towards England because we have done more for her than has any other nation. That is erroneous. Educationally, at all events, the Americans, the Germans, and the French have assisted Japan quite as much as we have. In *Japan in Transition*, written (in 1899) for the purpose of advocating an Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and pointing out that such an alliance must inevitably come about, I endeavoured to show that the *rapprochement* between the Japanese and ourselves was not due to sentiment, or gratitude for real or imaginary services rendered. The bond is made of much stronger stuff than that. It is woven of a community of interests so powerful that it has drawn the two nations together, in spite of racial prejudice, religion, and colour. It is only natural that Japan, with her passion for power, should look for example and assistance to the nation which, of all others, has succeeded in attaining the class of power she aspires to. If Japan is to command the Far Eastern seas, her shortest road to that end is to follow the lead of that nation which, "rules the waves" at the present day. Certainly it would have been fatal to Japan's purpose if she had begun her international career by running counter to the one nation which is in a position to help her until she is strong enough to run alone.

A knitting of the friendships by a binding five years contract is a practical step towards the realisation of her dream of naval supremacy. It is for this reason, and this reason only, that Japan has entered into her treaty with us. The British optimist must not lose sight of that fact when he is weighing the advantages and disadvantages of the compact. There will come a time, as surely as night follows day, when China and Japan will, between them, rule the Far Eastern world. That time is a very long way off, and, as we cannot prevent it, even should we wish to do so, the next best thing is to retain our influence with those two nations for as long a time as possible. While they are still in tutelage it is preferable, from our point of view, that we, rather than another foreign Power, should act as their instructors and advisers. It will also be to our advantage to force as far as possible, the power into the hands of the Japanese, rather than into those of the Chinese, for the former have given us convincing proofs of their capacity for governing on modern lines, and of

their general sympathy with a policy of unrestricted international commerce. It is quite conceivable that we have been raising up for ourselves two very formidable competitors in the far future, politically and commercially, but the time has gone by for checking that Bogey-man of the alarmist, the "Yellow Peril." We should have thought of that fifty years ago, when we were hammering at the closed door of Japan. We have succeeded in opening that door, and have taught the Japanese that there is a world outside their own; a world that is worth cultivating for the sake of the money that is to be made in it.

Since then, we have been unremitting in our endeavours to rouse China, but we have not known how to do it. It was not until we found Russia slowly but surely undermining our influence at Peking that our politicians realised how slight was British influence there, and that what remained was a diminishing quantity. It was because we dreaded the re-actionary influence of Russia, who, if supreme in China, would inevitably put a stop to all satisfactory commerce between that country and other nations, that we had to choose between a far-off "Yellow Peril" and the nearer and more obvious danger of the mediæval methods of Russia. Rightly or wrongly we chose the former, and not seeing our way to check Russia on our own account, we have joined hands with Japan so that she may do the active work for us.

Whether it is to our interest or otherwise that China should be "awakened," we have at all events pledged ourselves to a policy that will effect this, and this we did before we allied ourselves with Japan. By that alliance we merely took the first definite step towards the solution of a problem which, owing, among other things, to our hands being full elsewhere, we could not work out for ourselves. We have slumbered for years over our Far Eastern policy, and now we have joined Japan as a sleeping partner. We shall continue to slumber, except in event of a serious war, but our moral support, which is very great when allied to the energy of Japan, will be at her service, and this is all she wants to make her influence felt in Peking. Japan will succeed in awakening China because the accomplishment of that end is a vital part of that Imperial programme from which she never allows her attention to be diverted. She, of all the nations who have had to do with that country, understands it, and, in spite of what has been said to the contrary, is the only one whose influence at Peking is in any way of a sympathetic character. The task is a big one, but the Japanese will never flinch from it, for, as above explained, their tenacity of purpose in face of opposition will see them through.

During the initial stages of this project Japan has secured for herself the support of a very weighty ally. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*, and it will be during the five years of the alliance that the

wedge of Japanese influence at Peking will be driven home. The thin end had already been inserted, and now the heavy hammer has been provided for finishing the work. When this has been done, and when, years after, as the result of it, China has learnt to answer to her helm, and has a responsible helmsman, with whom an understanding can be arrived at, then we may look with certainty for "an Alliance between China and Japan. Up to that time the interests of England and Japan will be identical, and it depends entirely on circumstances as to how relations will be affected by a Chino-Japanese Alliance. Happily, such a contract is yet a very long way off, for its distance is measured by the length of time which must elapse between now and the day when China can govern herself.

What the effect of such an Alliance will be on the Western nations, as a whole, it is difficult to determine now. The Japanese realise that, from motives of policy, it pays to tolerate the foreigner. As time goes on, that feeling should increase with the strengthening of international commercial relations. Whether, in the course of her more intimate intercourse with China, Japan will be able to teach the Celestials that the foreigner has his uses, it is hard to say. If not, the position of the Westerner in the Far East will be bad indeed. "We may be thankful," said Sir Robert Hart to me, in Peking, when talking over the effect on the Chinese of the Allied Occupation of that city.—"we may be thankful that the Chinaman was not a soldier when the recent outbreak took place, and that it will be some time before he becomes one; for on the next occasion when he attacks the Legations he will succeed. *Our endeavour must be to put the Chinese in the way of understanding and appreciating the foreigner before they become strong enough to crush him.*"

Now that it is the avowed policy of Japan, and incidentally of England, to give China that strength, and as success in this enterprise is vital to Japan's Imperial policy, the necessity for giving our careful attention to the note of warning, italicised above, is doubly important. There is an impression that between the Chinese and the Japanese there exists a violent hatred. This is not the case. There is that racial antagonism which must always be found in times of peace between two neighbouring nations, and which sometimes leads to actual war between them. That antagonism, however, at once becomes a bond of friendship when both are menaced by a common foe. The differences between the Japanese and the Chinese have no deeper root than those between the English and the French, whose animosity would vanish into thin air from the moment that a conquering nation of another colour appeared upon the scene, and endeavoured to destroy institutions that were common to us both, and to set up in their place institutions of his own.

Japanese statesmen have told me over and over again that in the far future they hope to be able to make an alliance with China, for, while at the present day Japan cannot be said to resent foreign interference in Chinese matters, she resents very much the inuddle that the Western nations have made of the Far Eastern question generally, and she resents, above all things, Russian aggression. Japan, like ourselves, has had to choose between two alternatives; either she must have as neighbours a China which has been largely absorbed by Russia and other Western nations, or a modern China which will always be at loggerheads with Russia. She has chosen the latter, and her selection has been a wise one. To effect her purpose, she has temporarily allied herself with the nation which seems the most likely to thwart Russia and to oppose the dismemberment of China, and which is in the best position to aid her practically in making such dismemberment an impossibility.

It may be urged that, when Japan has accomplished her work of enabling China to become a military power, she will, by that very fact, have raised up a dangerous enemy against herself. This may be so, but, at all events, it is the lesser of two evils. In any case we have the satisfaction of knowing that the possibility of enmity between China and Japan should tend to prolong indefinitely a satisfactory understanding between Great Britain and Japan. We must not forget that Japan has before her, as an object lesson, the history of England and the Continent of Europe, a lesson which her statesmen have absorbed very thoroughly. From it she has realised the advantages of an insular position. She has seen that, in spite of incessant opposition, violent measures, and bitter jealousies, and in spite of our comparatively small dimensions, we, the English, have been able to more than hold our own against our foreign neighbours through all these centuries. Japan sees no reason to fear China any more than we have to fear Continental nations. It is true that, owing to Europe being divided up into many countries, our safety has often owed its existence to the impossibility of a common accord between them. As a set off against this, however, Japan is fully aware that, for years, and perhaps for centuries after China has become modernised, that country's hostile energies will be taken up by difficulties on the Russian frontier. Then Japan will be able to play Russia off against China, as we have, from time immemorial, played one nation off against another on the Continent of Europe.

It is for all these reasons that Japan attaches such vital importance to her naval programme. Briefly, we may divide her objects under three heads:—

1. To guarantee her own independence.
2. To protect her commerce.

3. To enable her, with China, to manage the affairs of the Far East without Western interference.

We may resent this last clause, but I am not sure that we have any right to do so, and I am quite convinced that we cannot prevent its accomplishment.

The Imperial policy of the Japanese, and its overwhelming importance over domestic legislation and party politics, in the eyes of the statesmen of that country, cannot be better described than in the words of Count Okuma. Count Okuma is the great political rival of the Marquis-Ito, and it is significant that that rivalry at once ceases to exist when it becomes a question of Imperial measures. In 1897, two years before the abolition of consular jurisdiction, and when the Marquis Ito was in England, actually, and I say it advisedly, feeling the way for the Anglo-Japanese Alliance which is to-day an accomplished fact, Count Okuma expressed himself as follows to an Englishman in Tokyo. The occasion was a change in the Japanese Cabinet. As a matter of fact his Excellency had just resigned the Portfolio of Foreign Affairs:—

"Do not imagine that changes like that which has just taken place disturb the conduct of State affairs. The public business is managed without any jar or dislocation. These incidents are mere eddies in the great stream of progress. Even if they were more, even if they caused serious inconvenience, we must endure them. . . . We have introduced constitutional institutions and we must follow them to their logical issue. There is a model before us—England. England is the mother of constitutional government. It has been longest with her, and she has reduced it to a thoroughly useful and convenient system. We hope to be equally successful. We may reach the goal by a different route, but we shall get there. The examples that are before our eyes are not lost on us. We see that Europe rules the world. European civilisation, European intelligence, European strength—by these the whole world is controlled. Look at India; look at China; look at Africa; look at Central Asia. When, then, we struggle to enter the comity of Western nations we are really struggling to pass from the ranks of the ruled to the ranks of the rulers. Japan labours under no misapprehension upon that score. Her goal is clearly before her eyes, and she will not rest until she has attained it. . . . Just as competition develops business faculties and promotes all kinds of commercial and industrial enterprises, so opposition in the field of politics acts as a spur to energy and a corrector of abuses. . . . It may appear to you that such and such conduct on the part of a political Party is wrong; that this or that procedure on the part of a Cabinet is regrettable. You may be right; but it is necessary to ask yourself whether it can be said of any human achievement that the path to it was free from blunders and miscalculations. The greatest statesmen err. Gladstone has erred, Disraeli has erred, Bismarck has erred. The wisest Cabinets err. That is nothing. The only really baleful condition is that of a nation or a community where public scrutiny sleeps. . . . Remember that we are only emerging from our childhood in this matter of constitutional institutions."

When one looks into the far future and considers the question of the "Yellow Peril," one sees clearly that mutual interests must still bind Japan and England together. Like ourselves, Japan will always

have enemies; like ourselves, she will be dependent on the outside world for the commerce which alone can make of her a great Power; and, like ourselves, she will eventually require to draw many of her food supplies from beyond the seas. Japan and England are sufficiently widely separated to obviate the possibility of that sort of nagging friction which always exists between neighbouring countries. Then again the wellbeing of both the Japanese and ourselves depends on the "Open Door" policy. With Japan increasingly dependent on foreign trade, we need not be in the least alarmed about her wishing to quarrel with her customers, and above all with the one Power who, among all the others, can assist her in keeping open those commercial channels which are of such vital importance to her salvation. The Japanese Imperial Policy, and the Anglo-Japanese Alliance as an incident in the carrying out of that policy, should, as a matter of fact, act as a retarding influence on the advent of a "Yellow Peril." At all events, it should rob it of its dangerous aspects as far as most of the European nations are concerned.

Yet, though at the present day we may be justified in regarding a "Yellow Peril" as an indefinitely distant possibility, such is not the case with Russia. While China now is obliged to cringe to that country, there is no question as to the fact that Russia stands in deadly prospective fear of an educated China. That feeling is greatly enhanced by the knowledge that Japanese influence at Peking will all be persistently and effectively anti-Russian. Putting on one side the question of the slights and injuries which Russia has inflicted on Japan, such as the forcing her to relinquish Port Arthur, and the violating of the agreement made with her as to the conduct of affairs in Corea, injuries for which Russia will never be forgiven, there remains the fact that Japan's future safety depends on the existence of an enmity between her two powerful neighbours, China and Russia. Apart from the question of trading facilities, Japan wishes to educate China so that, in measure as the military strength of that country increases, Russian influence will decline, until China is strong enough to hold her own against Russia. It is on China that Japan counts in the far future to turn the Russians out of Manchuria. Equally, looking still further ahead, she will make no endeavour to check a possible Chinese aggressive policy in North-Eastern or Central Asia, as, while such is going on, she will be free from anxiety on her own account as to the possibility of the strength of China being turned against her.

To Russia, then, the "Yellow Peril" constitutes a very real danger. And for this reason there is very much to be said from Russia's point of view with regard to her actions in the Far East. In the circumstances, knowing that some day she will have to face the millions of trained soldiers which an educated China will be able

to put in the field against her, Russia's encouragement of the reactionary element in Chinese politics is only natural and justifiable. It is quite logical, too, that while she can do so, she should wish to push her frontier line as far forward into China as possible. It will all be so much territory gained, which will have to be retaken by China when the inevitable struggle between that country and Russia takes place. Violent anti-Russian writers should bear this fact in mind when they sweepingly condemn the policy of Russian aggression and brutality in China. At all events, the anti-Russian may console himself with the certainty, that whatever value there may be in the "Yellow Peril" theory, it will be Russia who will have to bear the brunt of it for centuries before it will affect the rest of the world. Russia will be the Buffer State between the Yellow and White races, and, fortunately for herself and for everybody else, she has a vast area to lose to the Chinese before Europe will be affected. For the Chinaman, who is very systematic, will take a long time to digest properly the pieces that he may bite off the Russian Empire in days to come.

It is impossible to foretell when that day will be, but we may rest assured that, if China is to be educated and placed on a modern footing, it will come. We may be equally certain that the education of China *will* be effected, for the accomplishment of this is one of the essential items in Japan's Imperial Programme; and we have undertaken to assist her in carrying it out.

STAFFORD RANSOME.

THE OLD LIBERALISM AND THE NEW ARISTOCRACY.

I FEEL that I ought to preface the observations that follow by saying that I belong to no political party. I desire merely to express the reflections of an outsider who, with more or less of insight, has keenly watched and studied the game.

None are so blind as those who will not see; and the mutually-repellent atoms of the disorganised organisation vaguely known by the phrase "Liberal Party" are blind after this manner. Leaving, for a moment, this proposition unproved let me hasten to define; for discussion without definition is misleading, tiresome, and utterly purposeless. Who are meant when we use the phrase "Liberal Party"? It is imperative that this question should be answered if one would be understood from the outset. Different persons will use this phrase to express different ideas; here it will be used to express one, and one only, and must be understood to mean those who, in the Metropolis, work the constituencies with a view to returning a majority of Liberal members to the House of Commons and a Liberal Ministry to office. It means what the *Daily News* very recently called "The Official Liberal Party." This Official Liberal Party is virtually the party of Lord Rosebery, Sir Edward Grey, Sir Henry Fowler, and Mr. Asquith.¹ By the phrase "Liberal Party" is *not* meant in any degree or sense the mass of those who, in the constituencies, vote for Liberal or Labour candidates. To my own vision there appears a broad, clear, well-defined and profound chasm dividing "The Liberal Party" from the thousands of non-professional politicians throughout the country who take but little interest in political affairs until election-time comes, and then, almost invariably, vote the Liberal ticket. The first-mentioned constitute the Liberal Party proper; the latter are the supporters of it. According to this definition, then, we have the voters who are Liberal in thought and feeling, and we have the Liberal Party—an association of men of wealth and leisure who hold political opinions more or less identical, are generally in agreement as to the main principles of State policy, and are willing to spend and be spent in order to secure power for a select few from their own order to rule the nation just as the Conservative Party does.

Between each party and the mass of electors who support it there

(1) This article was written before the Rosebery-Bannerman split. It remains to be seen what fraction, if any, of the Official Liberal Party is within Sir Henry's tabernacle. He is understood to have captured the caucus machinery.

exist, of course, certain ties or connections—certain impulses and sympathies common to both. But there is a vast mass of non-party electors, belonging almost wholly to the wage-earning class, who cannot be grouped with the supporters of either party. These are never taken into account except at election time; yet these are they who hold in their hands the balance of power, and who make and unmake Governments. Though not party men they are, in the main, Liberal in thought and feeling and aspiration. It is these men, reinforced by a considerable number of deserters from the stalwart ranks of Liberalism, who have returned the Conservative Party to power, and kept it there, practically ever since 1885. Putting aside the Irish Nationalists, then, I discern in the political world four forces, active and potential, with, for regulating and determining purposes, a fifth that is too varying and obscure to be easily classified. There is the active Conservative-Party force and the potential Conservative-Electorate force; likewise there is the active Liberal-Party force and the potential Liberal-Electorate force. Lastly, there is the Independent-Electorate force which is the determining one. This definition is, I admit, a little fanciful, perhaps a trifle crude; but it will serve to make readily apprehensible the observations I have to offer.

To the great mass of non-party electors who, by changing sides at election-time, procure the dismissal of a Ministry, must always be added, as already indicated, a large number of stalwarts who are deserters from one or other of the two electoral groups I have already mentioned. Such defections are always few and rare on the Conservative side; many and frequent on the Liberal side. And the reason for this becomes very evident on reflection. Between the Conservative Party and the Conservative electorate there is, and nearly always has been, reasonable agreement or unity of aim; a very real identity of purpose. On the other hand, between the Liberal Party and the Liberal electorate there is not now, and not often in the past has there been, a reasonable and general concurrence of opinion concerning the main lines of policy that ought to be pursued. Whenever the Liberal Party has, to a reasonable extent, identified itself with the sentiments and objects of the mass of Liberal electors its action has had the effect of attraction upon the non-party electorate; and it has, accordingly, evolved enough political force to carry it into power. On every occasion on which it has failed it has so failed because it has done violence, either by wrong action or unjustifiable inaction, to the sentiments and convictions of its own supporters, and has incurred the contempt and hatred of the more critical non-party electorate. The non-party electorate belongs, as I have said, mainly—indeed I think I may say wholly—to the wage-earning class, more commonly and less correctly called the working

class. Electors of the wealthy class, and of those sections of the community vaguely classified as the upper and lower middle classes, are, to a man almost, staunch and unvarying adherents of one or other political party. Whether the candidate for their division be a Liberal or a Home Ruler, an Imperialist Liberal or an Independent Radical on the one side; or on the other a Tory, a Tory-Democrat or a Liberal Unionist they can be absolutely relied upon to vote for him. Not in their ranks are found the men who change sides, the men who deliver their verdict on the evidence before them, the great mass of unattached electors whose action determines the political complexion of the House of Commons. These belong almost entirely to the wage-earning class, and they constitute the most prosperous section of it.

Ever since the death of Mr. Gladstone, and even for some time before it, certain persons have been accustomed to say, "The Liberal Party is dead." Home Rule with its consequences, New Tipperary, the O'Shea divorce, the Meath and Kilkenny elections killed it, they tell us. There is truth in this but it is badly expressed, and it is not the whole truth. These things did not kill the Liberal Party, and the Liberal Party has not been killed. The Liberal Party—the old Liberal Party as we knew it twenty-five years ago—has ceased to exist through lack of that sustenance without which no political party can live, namely, popular support. And popular support has not failed it because of anything Mr. Gladstone did or neglected to do, but because it has been impossible for it to discover any policy which would unite all its supporters in the country. Why impossible? The answer to that question is the proper subject of this essay.

Up to the time of the passing of the great Reform Bill of 1832, the United Kingdom was ruled by the landowning aristocracy exclusively. With the coming into force of this Act, and later, of the Municipal Reform Acts, the basis of political power shifted from the rural constituencies to the urban constituencies, so that it became a saying, "What Lancashire thinks to-day England will think to-morrow." The great boroughs were intensely Liberal and, on the whole, remained so up to 1885. The change did not take place suddenly in that year. It had set in before and has continued since. But it was in that year, when the franchise had just been extended and the Irish vote in British boroughs was given to the Conservative Party, that the change revealed itself most manifestly. Therefore I mention the year 1885. The middle half of the nineteenth century was the epoch of the great reforms. The forms and conditions of our political life, as we know it to-day, were shaped and created during the years between 1832 and 1885. During that epoch the Liberal Party was supported by, on the whole, the urban electors of the country. I am not here unmindful of the Chartists and of the

points of their Charter. They forced those points on the Liberal Party, and as they were forced on it the Whig element in it continued to desert it and become merged in the Conservative Party. But this period, the epoch of the great reforms, was, in the main, a period during which the Liberal Party contrived to win and retain the support of the great boroughs. They did so because the urban population of the nation had, speaking in a general sense, common interests and common aims—I say “in a general sense” because, in dealing with political movements, exact lines and divisions are not possible. But the progress of what I may call social evolution in the towns reached some time ago a stage beyond which it became impossible for their populations to pursue a common course. The town populations have split up into an urban aristocracy and an urban democracy whose interests are not only irreconcilable, but are even antagonistic in a large degree. This, the most important, striking, and readily-observed social phenomenon of our time is the one that has been left entirely out of account by those who send political prescriptions to Lord Rosebery for the restoration to health of the Liberal Party. If Lord Rosebery can discover a political programme that will command the united support of the urban aristocracy and the urban democracy he can have office as soon as he pleases. While things remain as they are in the political world, office is possible only to the Conservative Party.

The conditions of social life make the conditions of political life. Between political life and social life it is impossible to draw a dividing line. The purpose of political life is to make social life more pleasantly liveable. Consider, then, what social life was seventy years ago, and contrast it with the social life of to-day. Then the men of wealth in the towns were intimately associated with the workers of the towns. The shopkeeper lived over his shop, and the manufacturer, if he did not live in his factory, lived very near it—within walking distance. The poor were very poor but the rich were not very rich, nor was their number very large.¹ The rich

(1) The best guide to the increasing wealth of the urban aristocracy is the produce of the Income Tax. This test, though it cannot be applied with strict accuracy, owing to variations in the mode of levying it, is nevertheless a thoroughly trustworthy though rough-and-ready guide. In applying it two important considerations must be kept in mind. In the first place the incomes of the old land-owning aristocracy have, except in the case of town landlords, everywhere decreased, and in the next all incomes under £100 a year are now exempt. In 1854-5 the rate was 10d. on incomes under £150 and 1s. 2d. on those over that amount: produce, £10,600,000. In 1856-7 the rate was 11½d. and 1s. 4d. respectively: produce, £16,100,000. The tax-rate steadily fell until in 1874-5 it reached 2d. In 1876-6 it was again 2d. Afterwards it rose and in 1880-1 it was 6d., at which figure it produced, apparently, almost exactly the same amount (£10,660,000) as the rate of 1s. 2d. had produced just a quarter of a century earlier. But in reality it produced much more, for in 1880-1 incomes under £150 were exempt, whereas in 1854-5 they were taxed at 10d. The tax-rate on incomes has risen steadily since the date of its low-water mark (1874-5) until 1900-1, when, at 1s.,

and the poor were mingled; the rich were among the poor as peasticks among peas. This was the rule to which there were some exceptions, as there always are to every rule. Now all that is changed. The towns have grown to an enormous size, and the rich no longer live among the poor but get away as far from them as possible. Seventy years ago there was hardly any town except a few of the very largest, such as London, which could be said to have a West End. Now there is no town of five thousand inhabitants and upwards that has not got its West End and its East End. The shopkeeper no longer lives over his shop; the residential part is let out as offices. Both the shopkeeper and the tenants of the offices live in the West End and as far from their places of business as they conveniently can. As for the factory no one, not even the workers, will live near it who can live away from it.

Take the wings of imagination and soar above any British town of considerable size. Look down upon it from your vantage height and what will you see? You will see two large areas spread out before you; the one close-packed with bricks and mortar and crowded with human beings; the other laid out with broad roads fringed by the villas and mansions of the rich, roads and residences being scarcely discernible amid a wealth of trees, gardens and flowers; the one seems to present a realisation of our conception concerning a place of everlasting death, the other a realisation of our ideas of paradise. On the one hand is hardship, misery, destitution; on the other teeming abundance and luxury. Yet it is thought—so supremely stupid can the intelligent be—that the dwellers in these two places ought to have a common political ambition readily satisfiable by the appointment of Lord Rosebery and his fellow "Official" Liberals to Ministerial office.

There always was, in a small degree, an aristocracy of wealth in the towns. But it was so limited in numbers, and had so much of sympathy with its poorer neighbours that, in regard to political matters, it may be said to have been at one with the urban democracy. The urban aristocracy of, say fifty years ago, consisted chiefly of men who had sprung directly from the wage-earning class. With that class, however their interests were or might seem to be opposed, they had a real and active sympathy. Moreover, they were animated by a very strong antipathy to Conservatism, then best known by the name of Toryism. But the sons and grandsons of the urban aristocrats of a quarter or half a century ago are of a

it produced no less than £26,920,000 plus arrears unpaid, and 1s. 2d. for 1901-2, the produce of which is estimated at nearly 34 millions. A single penny on incomes above £160 now produces about two and a-half millions. The enormous increase of wealth which these figures make manifest is almost entirely an increase in the wealth of the urban aristocracy—a class that is the very base and crown of that which is called Liberal Imperialism.

kind wholly different from their fathers. Not only have they no sympathy with the members of the wage-earning class; they are opposed to them and dislike and fear them. The urban aristocrats of to-day are not, to speak mildly, a lovable order of humanity. The members of the first generation were content with comfortable houses in the fashionable suburb; those of the second generation aspire to country-houses, parks, carriages and hunters. Their origin they are anxious to bury in oblivion. They concoct armorial bearings; they invent a family pedigree in which the workshop and the Dissenting chapel figure, if at all, as little as possible. Their means, large as they are, are utterly inadequate to their great ambitions. Their demeanour towards their workpeople and the poor is overbearing and insolent. Their demeanour towards those conventionally called "landed gentry" is essentially that of the snob. The urban aristocrats of the middle half of the century were filled with the prejudices, aspirations, faiths and ambitions of the class from which they had directly sprung. They were animated by an active vigilant antagonism to the old landed aristocracy, and to all that was connected with it in Church and State. They felt a strenuous, burning desire to elevate and improve the lives of their less fortunate fellow-townsmen. They built and endowed chapels; they founded and maintained Reform Clubs; they established and promoted a Liberal Press; they dominated the Municipalities in the Liberal interest; they propagated Liberalism everywhere—in their daily work, in the chapel pulpit, in the chapel Sunday school. Their ranks were thoroughly permeated by the spirit of Reform. They responded readily and with enthusiasm to every great reforming cry. Their sense of justice was as ready in the service of great causes abroad as in that of the like causes at home—Hungary, Italy, the Northern Confederacy, Schleswig-Holstein, Bulgaria: all these excited as keenly the sympathetic enthusiasm of the town populations of Great Britain as did the cause of Constitutional Reform, of Irish Landlaw Reform, of Religious Equality and of Educational Reform. The great boroughs were as uniformly Liberal then as they are uniformly Conservative now. The sons and grandsons of the first generation of urban aristocracy are, as to most matters, completely out of sympathy with all the movements for which their fathers struggled; as to some they are strongly opposed to them. The all-absorbing ambition of the present generation is to hobnob with the class called conventionally "County gentlemen." Therefore they have, as far as possible, cut their connection with the old Liberalism, with the chapel, with workmen's clubs, with everything that smacks of plebeianism. They have put their servants into livery, affixed armorial bearings to their carriages, and taken seats at the parish church. Those of them who still attend the Dissenting

chapels use their influence to stifle the old spirit of aggressive Nonconformity. At a meeting of the Baptist Association in London recently, a resolution expressing a desire for peace in South Africa was brought forward for discussion and was rejected by eighty-six votes against thirty-six because, as was candidly admitted, such a discussion would be "a menace to the *prosperity* of the Association." This is typical of what prevails generally throughout the country. Some years ago Dissent and Liberalism were synonymous; they are so no longer. Dissenting ministers, once the most active and effective of Liberal agents, now take their cue from their paymasters, who are members of the new urban aristocracy. To be active and earnest in the spirit of the old Liberalism is more than their places are worth. Now, as always, the payer of the piper calls the tune; "The drama's laws the drama's patrons give; And they who live to please must please to live." In innumerable cases the wealthy patrons of Dissent are glad of half an excuse for severing their connection with it and with Liberalism—a connection which links them to all that they would gladly put on one side and forget. They know nothing of the struggle for a wider freedom in which their fathers were engaged.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is one of the most amiable men in public life. But no one can shoot a sharper arrow of sarcasm than he when it pleases him to do it. In his speech at Oldham about the middle of October last he pricked the open sore—the most serious sore of all from which Liberalism suffers. "They" (the Liberals), he said, "have not got a majority in the House of Commons because they have not got the money; and they have not got the money because the wealthy men of the Liberal side—who, I believe, invariably look forward to peerages—have declined to give money for Labour candidates whom they suspect, not unnaturally, of Socialist opinions which would interfere with their own property." The words were uttered in jest; but the jest was bitter because never in deepest earnest have words more sharp and true and direct been uttered. It now pleases one section of the Liberal Party to revile Mr. Rhodes as the unscrupulous plutocrat, the trail of whose financial schemes, as Mr. Lecky says, is over all the South African affair. They did not revile him when his Maxims were mowing down Lobengula's followers, for then, or thereabouts, he was writing a big cheque for thousands on behalf of the "Official" Liberal Party, because he desired, among other things, to preserve it as a sort of buffer State against Socialism. "The future of England must be Liberal, perhaps to fight Socialism," he wrote to Mr. Schnadhorst. The truth is that the "Official" Liberal Party of to-day fear and hate the urban democracy far more than they fear and hate the most ultra-Conservative of the Conservatives. "Official" politicians have everything in common, and should

stand under the same umbrella. They derive their inspiration from the urban aristocrats—the plutocrats of commerce whose love for the flag is in exact ratio to its value as a commercial asset—the new aristocracy whose perpetual nightmare is the shadow of the lean and restless giant, urban democracy.

The new aristocracy is very rich and very powerful; also very clever, with the cleverness of wits whetted in the daily business of successful commerce. The West-Enders own the houses in which urban democracy dwells; they own the shops which supply it with clothes, and food, and tools and household utensils; they own the bars, and breweries, and tea-houses, and entertainment houses where it eats, drinks, and amuses itself; they own the “works” which supply it with employment, with light, with water, with fuel; they own the tramways, omnibuses, and railways in which it travels; in some places they own even the cemeteries in which, at last, its fallen members are hidden away. Hospitals, workhouses, all charities, and nearly all education machinery, are under the control of the West-Enders. They direct the police, they preside as magistrates in the police courts, they own and conserve the slums. The most effective part of the greatest political engine of to-day, the Press, is, directly or indirectly, under their control and executive influence. All the great daily newspapers, and all the weekly newspapers of any real importance, whether they are classed as Liberal or Conservative, are dominated by the spirit, and subserve the interests, of the urban aristocracy. And the business, diligently and skilfully attended to, of these newspapers is to throw urban democracy off the scent in regard to all political matters of real importance to it—in plainer language to mislead it concerning every genuine reform of effective value. In politics urban aristocracy is represented by those who are known as Liberal Imperialists; urban democracy is represented by no known political party. Its members vote mainly for the Conservative Party because that is the only way in which they can vote against the Liberal Imperialist Party.

It is constantly assumed by many persons who ought to know better that where two Liberal candidates of different schools of thought divide the Liberal electors and a Conservative is returned this result is owing to the second Liberal candidate. They assume that if the second Liberal candidate could be eliminated the whole of the electors of a Liberal tendency would vote for the Liberal candidate. Thus it has been said, both by the Liberal Imperialists and the non-Imperial Liberals, that if either Mr. Smillie or Mr. Harmsworth could have been induced to retire the other would have been returned for North-East Lanark instead of Sir W. Rattigan. These assumptions are really most unwarrantable presumptions. The wage-earning class, more especially that section of it which I have

called the urban democracy, cherishes, and very properly so, a most profound contempt for, and detestation of, the Official Liberal Party. What body of working-men in the country could be gainers in any way by the substitution of Rosebery and Co. for Salisbury and Co.? I know of none. The working-men are well aware that they have rather more to fear from Imperialist Liberals and their supporters, the urban aristocracy, than from the Conservative Party, and equally well aware that from neither are they likely to gain much. In the minds of a considerable body of Liberals of the Imperialist type there may be found the astonishingly stupid idea that the Liberal electorate ought to be extremely well satisfied by the return of a Liberal Ministry to office. The battle-cry of the old Liberal Party was "Measures, not men"; the battle-cry of the Liberal Imperialist Party is "Men, not measures." We read daily, weekly, and monthly, addresses to Lord Rosebery in which he is told to try this, that, and the other trick for the purpose of getting into office. He never is appealed to to back up this or that movement; to speak in favour of this or that policy because it is right to do so. These intelligently stupid persons appear to imagine that the electors are desperately concerned to have a particular party at the helm of State. As a matter of fact the electors care not a straw for party; they are concerned only with policy; and any party which will please them in the matter of policy will have their support. Some vote for names, not all.

Lord Rosebery, whose desire to be Prime Minister of Great Britain everyone assumes, is not so foolish as to try all the fox-like tricks suggested to him. The one policy which would command enough of popular support to return him to power is a policy which he would never take up, nor would the "Official" Liberals support him in it if he did. As for a programme of sectional reforms, such as the famous Newcastle instrument, it would only excite laughter. The policy that would command the loyal adhesion of the democracy of the whole of the United Kingdom is a drastic and far-reaching reform of the Land Laws. This would not only attract the support of the democracy of Ireland, England, Scotland, and Wales; it would be welcomed also by a not inconsiderable section of the urban aristocracy. Such a policy is, of course, impossible to Lord Rosebery, and would, in any case, be scouted by the "Official" Liberal Party.

As for the new aristocracy, with its Liberal Imperialism, there is, as Mr. Redmond said recently, no place in British public life for it. In the end the Liberal Imperialists must be absorbed by the Conservatives as the Old Whigs were, and as the newer Liberal Unionists have been. This, however, will not come to pass for some time yet, because the urban aristocrats have a certain quarrel with the Conser-

vative Party. The Conservative Party has shown too much sympathy with urban democracy in the matter of social reform; but, more serious still, it has shown too great a readiness to shift the burden of taxation from real property on to personal property; it has not put enough on beer, and tea, and coffee, and tobacco, and has put too much on the income-tax. Again, the policy of the Conservative Party abroad has not been forward enough or aggressive enough for the new aristocracy. In regard to foreign affairs they are ultra-Jingoistic. They believe that trade follows the flag, and that all human affairs ought to be on "a business footing." Their dreams, sleeping and waking, are of assets and balance-sheets. Of course the flag is a commercial asset; and the only proper justification of the existence of a Government is an effective policy of grab, euphemistically called "opening up new markets." An indefinable something or other that is called "commercial supremacy" must, we are told, be maintained at all costs; for that has been foreordained of Heaven. Commercial supremacy requires what is called "imperial expansion," and in order to expand imperially it is necessary to slaughter occasionally a weak neighbour and set back his landmark.¹ The "Official" Liberal Party sanctioned it in Rhodesia; it is hypocrisy to denounce the Conservatives for sanctioning it with greater show of justice farther south. If there be blood-guiltiness in regard to the South African war, the hands of the Official Liberals are as crimson as those of Mr. Chamberlain. One of their ablest writers has recently said:—

"If Mr. Chamberlain had the instincts of a real statesman he would see the dangers from which the Liberal Imperialists have saved the Government, and would be profoundly thankful to them. If the Liberals had gone in a body against the war the Government would have found it impossible to go on."

This slaughtering of weak neighbours is for the advantage and civilisation of them; an accident of the law of evolution; a world-principle essential to the making of a world-empire—a lot of new phrases have come in with the new aristocracy. Such, in regard to foreign affairs, are its ideals. In home affairs the real heart-purpose of its whole policy is to burk and shirk and obviate all suggested reforms that have any worth or reality in them, and to substitute for them a system of State Socialism—a system of State Socialism whereby Great Britain shall be Germanised, and the toiling masses, without equivalent return, be deprived, in a large degree, of per-

(1) The Foreign Secretary (Lord Lansdowne), speaking at Darlington a few months ago, used these remarkable and significant words: "There would always be disturbing elements (in international relations) if they knew where to look for them. . . . If he had to tell them in what quarter he would look for those disturbing elements he would tell them that the merchant was the greatest fire-eater. He did not think that the soldier or the sailor, or even the missionary was so fond of a forward policy as the man of business."

sonal liberty, and be made to become the soulless cog in a perpetually revolving pitiless machine. Thus we have self-professed demagogues railing with great bitterness at that autocratic body, the Local Government Board, because it will not come to their assistance and enable them to exercise a benevolent despotism over their own constituents. One of these democrats of a Liberal Imperial type even suggests that the bureaucratic Local Government Board should suspend and dissolve all popularly elected bodies which fail to do their duty in the manner in which he thinks they should do it. He goes further, and suggests that presidents of local governing bodies should have shields and knighthoods from the king, and their clerks be decorated with C.B.'s whenever the areas controlled by them shall be found to have been managed according to certain given standards. Whatever the professed purpose of this kind of policy, the real effect of it, as its author must know, would be to tighten the grip of urban aristocracy upon urban democracy; to place those who have not more and more in the power of those who have. The theory of this form of State Socialism, which finds favour with the new aristocracy, and with their political representatives, the Liberal Imperialists, is that the toilers who make up the urban democracy should be fed and washed and carefully housed in order that they may do more and better work. The practice of this theory keeps tram-horses and dray-horses in good condition; and, on the assumption that the wage-earning toilers are beasts of burden, it is a very excellent theory. And that is the tacit assumption which gives rise to the carefully-concealed root-idea of the social-reform policy of the Liberal Imperialists. To social reform that will make urban democracy more independent, more self-reliant, more free, your Liberal Imperialist is not friendly, is not even indifferent; he is actively, bitterly, and determinedly, though not overtly, opposed. Take one question, for example, the housing of the poorer section of urban populations. It is peculiarly an urban problem, and is not, as some dull persons imagine, confined to London. It is as serious, though not to the same extent, in every considerable provincial town. The cause of overcrowding, and the remedy for it, are plain to every reflecting and candid mind of average intelligence. Land monopolists have laid their acquisitive hands on all the suitable building land in the vicinity of every town of any importance. To the city dwellers it is forbidden ground on any terms save those which the owner chooses to dictate. But the population increases and must overflow—must, therefore, acquiesce in the demands of the landholder. The fly which strays into the web of the spider may curse its own folly; the population which overflows on to the land of the monopolist has no choice. This is the system which makes the slums; this is the system which keeps up the slum rents. Break

down the system, and the results of the system will disappear. Acquire the land in the vicinity of the towns, and construct quick-running electric tramways or railways to carry the population on to it. This is the remedy; will the Liberal Imperialists try it? Not they. "Oh, but that means confiscation," cries one. Why should it? A trading company such as railway owners can confiscate; can even seize upon the resting-places of our dead and transfer their bones elsewhere. But great municipalities, whose swarming populations live in filthy warrens, must not confiscate. Our Saxon forefathers set apart, in wisdom and prudence, great areas of land about every town and hamlet in the kingdom. Mainly during the sixty years ending in 1820 the whole of this land was confiscated by a parliament of landowners for their own particular benefit. There was then no necessity for that confiscation. There is great necessity now; an imperative necessity. Let there be a re-confiscation. And if the consciences of the men of this generation will not permit them to follow the example of our illustrious forefathers, then let compensation be given on a moderate and reasonable scale. It will not cost to do it one-tenth of what it has cost to give the South African capitalists the chance of doing in Johannesburg that which they have done in Kimberley. Here is work for a party of reform in earnest. This would empty the slums, and bring down the slum rents. But the slum owners, and other owners of house property in the great towns, are urban aristocrats, and neither political party in the State will touch their vested interests except to enhance the value of them. From the Conservative Party no one expects a reform of this kind; from the Liberal Party they do expect it, and they are always disappointed. Their disappointment has found expression in the long reign of the Conservative Party. When the democracy see an ex-Liberal Whip, whose great wealth is derived from the brewing monopoly, standing on the platform by the side of an ex-Cabinet Minister who is engaged in denouncing that monopoly, what are they to think? All workmen do not know this; but some do, and they tell those who do not.

All the talk, then, about the decay of the Liberal Party being due to the war, to dissensions among its leaders, to Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme, to Sir William Harcourt's Finance and Veto Bills, is mere nonsense. The cause of its decay is of far greater and more profound significance. It is one which goes to the very basis of our social fabric. It is the impossibility of ever again reconciling the interests and political aims of urban aristocracy with those of urban democracy. These two sections of the community stand towards each other to-day in somewhat the same relation as Irish landlordism towards Irish Nationalism. The analogy is not exact, but it is fairly so. It will become more exact with every

passing hour. A deep and clear-cut chasm divides the West-Enders of the towns from the East-Enders. The great business enterprises of the towns have been, or are likely to be in the near future, converted into limited liability companies, whose shareholders will be represented in the place whence their wealth is drawn by a Board and a managing director. We all know men who draw large incomes from towns they have never visited; men whose wealth is made for them by "hands" they have never seen, and towards whom they feel no obligation. This is Irish landlordism in an aggravated form. The position is fruitful in lessons for sociologists, and for all who feel an interest in public affairs.

The Official Liberal Party, therefore, is in the position of a clever rider in a circus who for a long time rode two horses successfully. Great skill on the part of the rider, and the absence of any strong disposition on the part of the horses to run in opposite directions, enabled the showman to take his share of the performance. The horses no longer run together, and the equestrian bestrides but one of them. It is the strongest horse; also, it is the horse of his choice—his pet steed, Urban Aristocracy out of Old Liberalism, dam Snobbery. Let him ride it; but it will not be in the circus amid the applause of crowds.

To put aside metaphor; all the remedies I have ever heard or read of for uniting the elements of the old Liberal Party could only have the effect, if tried, of still further disuniting it. Is it manhood suffrage? Urban aristocracy hates that. Is it church disestablishment? Urban aristocracy is half ashamed of its chapels and Dissent, and finds the Anglican church the easiest pathway to "gentility," and the most capable guardian of "birth," whatever that may mean. Is it Home Rule? Urban aristocracy would approve this to-morrow if it would only prevent the Irish members from coming back to the House of Commons; but no scheme of that kind can be devised. Is it reform of the land laws? Urban aristocracy will never willingly consent, for it has become a landowner on a narrow but highly profitable scale. Is it abolition of the House of Lords? Urban aristocracy will not approve that; the House of Lords and its own self are the only deities it worships in sincerity. Is it peace and retrenchment? These things, to urban aristocracy, are, of all, the most hateful; for it believes beyond everything in commercial supremacy, which requires Imperial expansion, which, in its turn, requires the killing off or subjugation of weaker races into whose lands we may expand.

There is, in short, no single question, nor any combination of questions, upon which the various commandoes who once followed Mr. Gladstone can come to an agreement. There is agreement on negative matters but on no others. They are agreed, for instance,

that a Conservative Government is a very bad kind of Government; that everything which the Conservative Government does they could themselves do much better; that many things, which nobody in particular wishes to have done, are the most urgent and important problems of the day. But concerning every reform which has the faintest chance of attracting a large popular support they are violently and antagonistically distracted. Every such reform is as an apple of discord. The interests and ideals of the new aristocracy and the new democracy can no more be reconciled than darkness can be reconciled with sunlight. And as neither section by itself is strong enough to maintain a Ministry in office the chosen of both sections must remain out of office; therefore the Liberal Imperialists must plough the sands. Until a party capable of opposing them arises the Conservatives will bear sway in the State. Such a party has yet to be created. An immense province lies open inviting its reforming zeal. Such a party has but to appear and give pledges of a sincere determination to carry through a drastic and really effective reform of the land laws of the United Kingdom, and not merely of Ireland, in order to find itself the victorious leader of an overwhelming majority of the electorate, alike rural and urban, of the whole of Great Britain and Ireland. Will such a party arise? I can only answer that I have no hope that it will. An election campaign costs money, and I am unable to discover in what manner such a party could find money for such a campaign.

A STUDENT OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

MR. BENJAMIN KIDD'S "PRINCIPLES OF WESTERN CIVILISATION."

I PROPOSE in this paper to make a few observations, within the limits of space allotted me, on Mr. Kidd's new book *Principles of Western Civilisation*, with the view of helping those readers who have not made a special study of the subject to some knowledge of what the problem of Civilisation as it stands at the present time really involves, and under what category Mr. Kidd's book is to be placed in regard to it.

And perhaps I may as well say frankly at the outset that the farther I proceeded in the volume the more disappointed I became with it; and when I found one by one the definite results so hardly won for historical science by generations of students and specialists of the different periods, all washed out by a mop, as it were, in the interests of a particular hypothesis which the farther I went seemed to me to be ever the more confused, cloudy, and unreal, my disappointment was complete. For Mr. Kidd, instead of taking up the problem where his predecessors had left it, modifying their results while embracing and embodying all that was of value in them, as is the recognised mode of all scientific observers, has chosen to stalk ruthlessly over them all, as if unaware of their existence. No mention, for example, is anywhere made of the systems of Comte, of Hegel, of Buckle, of Guizot, to say nothing of lesser lights, and even Mr. Herbert Spencer himself, whose work, however one-sided it may appear to many, has nevertheless, on that one side at least, proceeded on the strictest lines of scientific evolution, is only mentioned to be patronised and dismissed as if he were a mere tyro. And all, as I have said, in the interests of a hypothesis more cloudy, empty, and unreal than any I have yet known. For in this work, as I hope to demonstrate presently, Mr. Kidd has retrograded to a standpoint vaguer, more crude, and, scientifically speaking, less advanced than any occupied by those earlier philosophers whose works he so lightly brushes aside.

Comte, it will be remembered, divided the whole course of Civilisation into three stages, namely, that in which Aggressive Warfare prevailed, that in which Defensive Warfare prevailed, and lastly, our present stage of Industry; and these divisions not only were firm and well defined, but had tangible realities at the back of each of them. Buckle, on the other hand, split it up into two divisions, one in which Superstition mainly prevailed, and the other in which Physical Science played its part; and this division, too, although ignoring many other equally important factors, nevertheless

rested on tangible realities whose effects are easily recognised through the course of history, and on which you can place your hand to-day. But Mr. Kidd breaks the back of Civilisation quite in two, at the time of the birth of Christ, not to place the two divisions under the influence of principles which have a real operative efficiency in themselves, but under a couple of abstractions which, even if true, could have no more operative power than if they had been a triangle and a circle respectively. But they have not even the definiteness and distinctness of outline of these geometrical abstractions; on the contrary, they are so vague and shadowy that they not only give the reader considerable difficulty at the outset in definitively fixing them, but their outlines are so changeable, shifting, dark, and uncertain, that under them the operator, like a magician, can work any hocus-pocus he pleases. These two vague and shadowy coverlets Mr. Kidd figures as the spirit of the Present and the spirit of the Future respectively, or, to put it more precisely, as that something which in the one division of Civilisation is represented as centring men's lives on the aims and interests of the present hour alone, and that something which in the other is represented as centring them on an indefinite and shifting future somewhere or somewhen, now in heaven, now on the earth, and now in both, as the exigencies of his argument require.

This division of civilisation into two parts is made by Mr. Kidd coincident with the dawn of Christianity, all mankind before that point being represented by him as lying, like the brutes, under the shadow of the Present without hope or ideal in the Future either for themselves, or for their tribe, their nation, or their State; all after that point as projecting their centre of action into an Ideal World yet to be realised. In other words, all peoples living before that epoch, being born without the sense of the Ideal or Infinite to cast its rainbow colours into the Future, lived, like the brutes, only for the interests of the day that was passing over them; all after it, possessed of a sense of this Infinite and Ideal, lived and worked for a something in the Future better than they had in the Present, but which they individually might not live to see. Having thus cramped and squeezed the history of mankind so as to fit it into these two divisions prepared for it—under the shadow of these two cloud-capped abstractions, these two huge, immeasurable Brobdignagian hats—and having duly labelled them respectively the Present and the Future, or that which has its centre of efficiency in the Present and that which has its centre in the Future, "projected efficiency," as it is called, Mr. Kidd then stahds back from the picture as a whole, and contemplates this wondrous explanation of the evolution of Civilisation with awe; and as each feature of it appears to him more wonderful than the last, triumphantly exclaims, with Dominie

Sampson, "Prodigious," "remarkable spectacle," "the overshadowing significance of which has never dawned on the world before"; while, when he thinks of his poor predecessors, or of contemporary thought in general, he talks of "its intellectual basis being completely struck away," and as being "dwarfed into comparative insignificance" by his new discovery. Not only so, but nearly every paragraph is heralded with the remark that it is "one of the most interesting facts," or is "one of the most surprising spectacles" that history offers, and the like, quite in the manner of the medicine-vendors who stand at the corners of the off-streets of our main thoroughfares and, pointing with their sticks to the maps of the organs of the body before them, tell their gaping audiences that this is the heart, "the most wonderful organ of the body," that the stomach, "second only in importance to the heart," while the listeners, like boys who are told that certain specimens in a museum are "fish" and others "reptiles" or "mammals," are expected to exclaim "how wonderful"; or like children are expected to be satisfied when told that the cause of baldness is the loss of hair! For, as we shall see presently, the two principles of Civilisation, which appear to Mr. Kidd so wonderful that their significance has never dawned on the world before, are really only *other names* for the phenomena to be explained, and not real explanations at all, any more than loss of hair is the explanation of baldness. And hence it is that when these unreal pseudo-causes, the spirit of the Present and the spirit of the Future, which, like the wand of the magician, are supposed to work such wonders, although they are really nothing but the things themselves over which they are flourished; when once these have been stripped off it will be seen that Mr. Kidd's book is not a *philosophy* of the evolution of Civilisation as its title would seem to imply, but is really only a *record* of certain stages and phases in that evolution, in which there is nothing original or that has not been published in scores of volumes for the last fifty years.

And further, instead of working out the course of historical evolution from point to point along its own line, as a biologist does with animals, and letting it tell its own tale simply and independently, he projects his two vague and abstract hypotheses into each division of Civilisation, and picks out, as we shall see, only those haphazard historical facts which seem to support his classification, but which, even when they fall under it, receive no illumination or explanation from it. And in order to do this he is obliged, as we shall presently see, to pervert the course of History and to confuse all recognised landmarks and categories both of language and of thought. And besides, with the back of Civilisation thus broken in two in its very centre, as it were, he can furnish us with no single continuous unbroken line of development such as evolution demands, which shall

either illuminate the Past or help us to steer our course in the Future. For what we want to know is, not that there are creatures that can be labelled as fish, reptile, monkey, or man, however interesting this may be, but *how* the fish passed into reptiles, how the monkeys became men; not that certain nations at certain periods centred their interests on their own nation in the Present, while others included the Future in their purview as well, but (inasmuch as Man has to forge for himself the ideals he uses to advance himself from stage to stage, as a blacksmith his tools) how at each stage he made for himself the bridge that carried him across to the next. This is the great problem of Civilisation, as it is the problem of Biology; not the mere breaking up the process into divisions, and after labelling these divisions, invoking as *causes* those labels which are only general names for the separate things which have to be explained.

And why, again, one naturally asks, this surprise of Mr. Kidd's, expressed in such phrases as "tremendous importance," "extraordinary reach," "remarkable spectacle," "overshadowing significance," "never before has a principle of such reach," etc. (and this, too, from a professed evolutionist to whom gradation and continuity everywhere, without cataclysms, should be an axiom of thought); why this surprise that at one period of Civilisation men found their interest and pride in the glorification of their particular tribe, or nation, or State alone, and at another and later period found it in working for the good of other nations as well—and since the French Revolution, even for the negroes, the yellow races, and humanity generally—why this surprise, we ask? Why not as much surprise that there should ever have been a time when there were savages and barbarians who did not even know the value of shirt collars, or that there ever was a time when there were not only no savages but no apes, no lower mammalia, no birds, no reptiles, no fish, but only molluscs, worms, sponges, and the like. Why any surprise at all? They were all stages in the one unbroken process of evolution.

But now to come more to detail. And first I have to show that Mr. Kidd's separation of mankind before and after the advent of Christianity into two divisions, namely, of those living in the present hour without ideal of any kind stretching beyond the Present, either in this world or the next, and those who had an ideal in the Future which made them dissatisfied with the present, would be to divide mankind not into men and men, but into men and brutes, to wipe out, as with a sponge, the one thing that distinguishes men of every age and time from the brutes, namely, the sense of the Ideal, and so to pervert and vitiate the entire course of human history. For consider it. For forty centuries or more before the birth of Christ the innumerable myriads of the Egyptian people had, in their prayers to

Osiris, recounted their charities, their deeds of mercy, the uprightness of their dealings with their neighbours, and their gifts to the holy priests, the temples and the gods, and had given orders for their bodies to be embalmed, all in the hope of a more glorious future somewhere than they had known in this world. For seven or eight centuries before Christianity not only was the life of every Roman bound up with the prosperity of his city in the present, but ever as it extended he identified himself more and more with its fortunes, until in the end its continued existence into future ages became synonymous with Civilisation itself. So long, indeed, had it been a kind of universal postulate that when Rome fell the world should fall, that in the general consternation that ensued on her capture by Alaric, St. Augustine had to reassure the Pagan world, whom Mr. Kidd represents as living only for the day that was passing over them, by conjuring up before them a "City of God" within the Empire, which should continue its glories long after its colossal framework had been broken and its merely political unity had for ever passed away. For ten centuries or more the Jews had believed themselves to be the people chosen by Jehovah Himself, not only as His own peculiar people in the present, but as heirs of His future Kingdom; and had lived in that sweet dream during all their wanderings, their persecutions, and their exiles, until at last not only the nation as a whole, but each individual in it, longed and hoped and prayed for the Coming Messiah, and for that day when all nations should come up, oven from the ends of the earth, to worship on the holy hill of Zion. But more than all, the Hindoos, for centuries before the Israelites appear on the scene, had looked to the time when by their asceticism and mortifications, their penances, fastings, and prayers, they should be deemed worthy to unite with that Universal Spirit or Brahm which to them was alone real; while Buddha, still before the time of Christ, had taught his followers how to realise their dream of escaping from the miseries and sorrows of this life, as well as from the weary rounds of reincarnation yet to be traversed, in a Nirvana of everlasting extinction or rest.

Now each and all of these nations, having souls in them as well as bodies, lived in some ideal of the future, which they hoped to realise either in this world or in another; and for Mr. Kidd to break the Evolution of Civilisation into two antithetical halves in order to prove the opposite, simply because it was not specially a Christian Heaven they were looking forward to, is to obliterate the very first category on which Evolution proceeds, namely, that of continuity of essence with infinite variation and difference in detail; and so to put himself as a scientific historian quite beyond the pale of serious discussion. Does he imagine that because the Egyptians looked only

to a future in the under-world or elsewhere, the Romans to the future of their City or Empire, even when they had to give their lives for it, the Jews to the future of their race long after they were individually forgotten, the Hindoos to a union in the future with the Divine Spirit, and the Buddhists to a future of everlasting rest—does he imagine that because Christianity gave promise of a different future, and carried in its core a principle of wider expansion than the others (as I have myself elsewhere abundantly shown), that, therefore, he is justified in cutting Civilisation into two, because he failed to find the bridge which by natural evolution took men across? To do this is to revert to the position of those who, before the advent of scientific biology, imagined that a whale must be a fish because it swam in the sea, and did not, like other mammals, walk on all fours and on dry land! For, just as a shark, swimming along in the natural way, has to turn on its side or back the more easily to catch its prey, so Civilisation has at times to turn bottom upwards, as it were, the better to effect its ends; as when the colossal despotism of Rome, entrenched in Physical Force and backed by the great and powerful of the world, had reduced the greater part of mankind to slavery and ignominy, Christianity had to come in to give the underside of Humanity—the poor, the down-trodden, the oppressed—that chance of liberty and expansion which was for ever denied them in the existing world. But all this topsy-turvydom, which to the superficial eye looks like a cataclysm of Nature, is only one other of the *means* by which Civilisation reaches its ends; and to imagine that it was not the *same* evolution that effected the transformation, although by a difference of means, is to imagine that it was not the same shark that turned over to catch its prey, but some other fish! Mr. Kidd might as well ask us to regard it as a breach in evolution because at certain points of time, for the greater material comfort and convenience of men, railways replaced coaches, steam-power horse-power, electricity gas; and to exclaim in wondering surprise, “marvellous spectacle,” “profound significance,” “a principle never seen in the world before!” He must choose between Evolution and Cataclysm, each of them in its own way a potent instrument to conjure with still, but he must not attempt to combine both.

But not only does Mr. Kidd pass his mop over Civilisation in general, obliterating all its recognised lineaments and landmarks, but he does so, too, over nearly every special period on which he touches. I regret that limits of space will not allow me to follow him in detail, but an instance or two may be picked out here and there as samples of what I mean. Take, for example, his account of the Gnostic and other heresies of the Early Church. He represents these heresies as having been extruded from the Church

because they were relapses into that life in the present which he made distinctive of Paganism, and so would have closed again that ideal in the future which Christianity had opened up to men. Now, if there is one thing more than another which will show you at a glance whether an individual is living in the present hour and in the satisfaction of his own natural virtues, or in a future not yet realised, it is the practice of Asceticism. Wherever that practice prevails, whether among the Hindoos or Egyptians of ancient times, or the Gnostics and Monastics of Christian times, you may know beforehand that men are attempting by it to realise in themselves virtues lying beyond the range of the Present and of their own natural inclinations; you may know, in a word, that in whatever age of the world this practice is to be found, an ideal of the future, unrealised as yet now and here, has been opened up to the minds of men—an ideal which Mr. Kidd confines to the ages of Christianity alone. Indeed, if there were nothing more than this, it would be sufficient to show the havoc made in history by the attempt to cramp Civilisation under two separate antithetical hats, and would stamp Mr. Kidd as unfitted by his want of penetration to be an historian of Civilisation. As for the Gnostics, Arians, and other sects, they were expelled from the Church, not because they were wrapping themselves up in present indulgences—on the contrary, with the exception of the Carpocratians, none felt more deeply the need for redemption or subjected themselves to more self-denying mortifications to attain it. Or does he imagine that men like Tertullian and Origen, who did more, perhaps, than all others beside to make the future of early Christianity, but who were afterwards extruded as heretics when the full-blown doctrine of the Trinity had been reached, like fathers devoured by their own children—does he imagine that men like these, who died in the very odour of sanctity looking forward to a blessed resurrection, were living a life in the present hour, or depending on their own merits and not on those of Christ for salvation? The thing is too ridiculous for discussion. And as for the Pelagian heresy, again, had it been accepted by the Church, it would no more have caused the members to relapse into the Pagan life of the present because it made salvation depend on man's free will rather than on the grace of God, than it does to-day among Calvinists and Arminians respectively.

But dip into Mr. Kidd's volume where you will, and you will find that his history has been muddled and perverted by these empty chimeras called Principles, projected retrospectively into it, and which, as we shall now see, are as practically useless as they are unreal. But what can you expect from a writer who, professing to be an exponent of Evolution, begins by digging two great pits of the

Present and the Future respectively, which he figures as antithetical, as light and darkness, into one or other of which all the facts of history are to be thrown for interpretation. As well throw them into their graves as far as any further use they can be for a Theory of Civilisation is concerned. Indeed, were this practice of writing histories of Civilisation on a basis of single antithetical elements to prevail, we might have as many theories of Civilisation as there are antitheses in Society—theories splitting Civilisation into periods, in one of which War mainly prevailed, in the other Peace; one in which Force, the other Right; one Superstition, the other Science; one political and social Antagonism, the other political and social Co-operation; one Inequality, the other Equality; one Despotism and Slavery, the other Freedom and Industry; and so on.

And now I have to remark that the worst of all these attempts to split Civilisation into two antithetical halves is, that they are of no practical value whatever. For when their authors have brought their histories down to our own times, and are then asked, "Well, what do you propose we should now specially do?" what can they answer but to say, we have a little too much War, let us have a little more Peace; too much Force, a little more Right; too much Hunger, a little more Bread; too much Credulity, a little more Knowledge; too much hard Reality, a little more of the Ideal; and the like—all of which could with justice have been said at any and every stage of Civilisation, and can be heard every day from a thousand-tongued Pulpit and Press, as well as from the man in the street. But we expect more from a philosopher of Civilisation. We expect him to tell us how these various and complex factors of Civilisation are related to each other, and how they can be combined at any particular point of time so as to get what we want, and so to advance Civilisation another stage. But all that Mr. Kidd can do is, like the rest, to cry out, Let us have a little more free play of thought and individuality, a little more Industrial Liberty, and a little more Religion; but of how to set about getting it, which would have been a real test of his insight into Civilisation, not a word.

How, then, the reader may ask, do I think Mr. Kidd ought to have proceeded in order to have made his work both a true and a useful philosophy of the evolution of Civilisation. He should, I submit, have done something like the following:—He should have represented the whole movement as a single continuous uninterrupted process from beginning to end, and not broken in two in the centre. He should have made it set out like a boat from the shore of pure Brute Force and primitive savagery, and gradually cross the stream, getting ever nearer the opposite or Ideal Shore though never reaching it, or never, indeed, until the Millennium comes. He should have

shown that each point in its course represents the actual net result of Liberty, Morality, and Social Expansion solidly realised and won from the primitive barbarism and night. And he should have shown that at each point this result was not the result of any mere general abstraction like his spirit of efficiency working in the Present, or "projected efficiency" with its centre in the Future, but was the net resultant, at once of the co-operation and of the opposition, of all the factors engaged—Religion, Government, Philosophy, Science, and Material and Social Conditions generally—and instead of dipping into the current here and there, should have worked the whole process out continuously from stage to stage. It would then be seen that just as all the artillery of thunder and lightning and storm clouds in the heavens are but *means* for watering the earth and making it fruitful, so all the religions, governments, sciences, wars, institutions, and ideals of men are but means for the gradual increase of individual and of social Morality, and for the greater and greater expansion of the human spirit. This alone is the core of Civilisation, all else but husk; and the direction taken by this line in the past, and the combination of means by which at each point it was effected, not only will give us the *direction* in which we must steer in the future, but will yield us principles and precedents innumerable on which to draw for hints as to how we are to combine existing forces to reach the next stage. This would be a real Philosophy of Civilisation, fruitful in speculation and useful in practice. But Mr. Kidd's theory can give us nothing of all this. It is what an American friend of mine calls a "one-horse theory" of Civilisation, that is to say, a theory where the presence or absence of a single *general* element is made to explain each and every stage of progress, namely, the principle of Projected Efficiency. Now you can no more get the explanation of a *particular* stage of evolution from a single abstract element, or from that element and its polar opposite, than you can get an explanation of a particular temperature from heat or cold in the abstract, or of a progressive increase of light from light or darkness in general. To get these you must have at least some *third* element to fix and definitise them. And so with Civilisation. But Mr. Kidd's flag of "Projected Efficiency" floats gaily alone over the entire period of Modern Civilisation, ignoring not only Government, Philosophy, and Material and Social Conditions generally, but most extraordinary of all, perhaps, the immense influence exercised on every aspect of thought and life by the Copernican Astronomy and by Modern Physical Science.

But is there no truth at all in Mr. Kidd's account of Civilisation? the reader will ask. Now to answer this, and to be quite fair to Mr. Kidd, I will assume for the nonce that his doctrines are all quite true,

and shall now ask the reader to consider with me what that truth really amounts to. And nothing, perhaps, will better help to make my meaning clear than an analogy from Biology. But to definitely fix Mr. Kidd's position let us take the summary of his two principles of Civilisation on page 192. There he contends that the principle that presides over the first division of the break he has made in Civilisation is one in which the ruling end is being obtained by the subordination of the *individual* to *existing* society; the principle that presides over the second is one in which *existing* society is subordinated to the society of the *future*. Now without waiting to do more than merely allude to the confusion of categories by which the *individual* in the first is contrasted, not with the individual in the second, but with *society*—a cardinal error in logic—it will be apparent to the reader that this division corresponds precisely to the earliest, simplest, vaguest, and least scientific stage of Biology, namely, that in which living things were divided into the Vegetable and Animal Kingdoms respectively; the vegetables corresponding to Mr. Kidd's civilisations that lived only in the Present, being rooted to their place and unable to move; the animals, corresponding to Mr. Kidd's civilisations that lived in a wider Future, being, whether as individuals or as herds, free to roam over areas distant from those in which they were born. If this be a true analogy, I submit that just as a more scientific stage in Biology was reached when the Vegetable Kingdom in general was divided into the Flowering and the Flowerless Plants respectively, and the Animal Kingdom into Molluscs, Fish, Reptiles, Birds, the lower Mammals, and Men, so it would be an advance on Mr. Kidd when some one of his own school should subdivide again his first division, namely, of men living in the Present, into men living for their own Family alone in the Present; men living for their Tribe alone; men living for their State alone; and, finally, men living for their Empire alone: and his second division into men living for a future life in Heaven alone, as among the Early Christians and the Church and monks of the Middle Ages; men living as *individuals* for Heaven alone, but, finding that the earth was not coming to an end so quickly as they expected, trying to distil some of the dews of Heaven on to Society below, as up to the Reformation period; then men living still for a future in Heaven as individuals, but determined that the will of God should be done on earth as in Heaven, as in the Reformation period; then since the French Revolution, men inspired with a vision of a more glorious future for society on earth, when freed from the feudal and priestly chains which prevented its expansion; and, lastly, this idea still further intensified, but inspired by a different view of how the Infinite works, and what it requires of

us in this world. Now this, it is evident, would be a more scientific classification than that of Mr. Kidd, which jumbles them all together under the two vague divisions of those who live for the Present, and those who live for the Future. But even had he advanced to this classification, what would it have amounted to? It would only have been a record of stages, not a scientific account of their evolution. For just as Darwin did not begin his account of the evolution of species until the vegetable and animal world had already been distributed into their various classes and divisions, so a true scientific account of the evolution of Civilisation could not properly begin until long after the stage reached by Mr. Kidd; not, indeed, until after some future Mr. Kidd had still further subdivided his two divisions in the way I have indicated above. For just as the biological problem of evolution is not so much to relegate any special animal to its class or species, as to find *how* species pass into each other and by what connecting links, so the problem of Civilisation is not to point out that this or that people is living in this or that stage, but *how* Society got across from one stage to another, and by what methods it forged the instruments which it used for the purpose. It would have to show how Græco-Roman Paganism, for example, got across to Christianity by way of Judaism; how Judaism forged the conception of God which was used for the purpose; what changes in its environment necessitated the change of the Early Church into Catholicism; Catholicism into Protestantism; and Protestantism into the Liberty and Equality of Rousseau. And not only so, but it would have to show how the strange metaphysical bedfellows who forged the necessary doctrines for these transitions, and whom (although they mutually anathematised and made heretics of each other) Mr. Kidd manages to get to lie down quietly together under the same coverlet, namely, the doctors of Early Christianity, Ante-Nicene Christianity, Catholic Christianity, Reformation Christianity, *post* Reformation Christianity, and so on; how these passed into each other by natural evolution,—all this is the problem of the Evolution of Civilisation for any writer who would be up to date. But nowhere does Mr. Kidd make any attempt to show how any one of these things was brought about; he merely records the fact that so it was, in the same way as if one should record the fact that in the course of evolution the molluscs gave place to fish, fish to reptiles, reptiles to birds, birds to mammals, and mammals to men.

To sum up, then, we may say: (1) That Mr. Kidd's book is not a scientific evolution of Civilisation or of any part of it, but a mere historical record. (2) That it is not a closely-written history but a series of generalised sketches picked out at certain points. (3) That its explanations are mere labels attached to its divisions, and these

divisions, again, are of the most primitive scientific character, like the division of Life into the Vegetable and Animal Kingdoms. (4) That to cramp his facts under these two immeasurable hats of the Present and the Future he has to pervert history, confound all human categories, and lump together things most opposite in essential nature. (5) That he nowhere even starts on the real problem of Civilisation, namely, of showing *how* one stage passed into the other, and by what means and out of what materials Society forged the tools necessary for these transformations, or how the great factors of Religion, Government, Philosophy, Science, and Material and Social Conditions co-operated at each point to produce them. (6) That he cannot, in consequence, get any fixed, continuous, and definite line of *direction* of Civilisation, and so has no line—as that of a mariner's chart—by which to steer the course of evolution, either in the present or in the future. (7) And lastly that, incredible as it may seem, he nowhere assigns any part in the development of Modern Civilisation to the results of Astronomical and Physical Science.

And now a word or two as to the general style, tone, and manner of the book. And here, again, we may say that it possesses all the characteristics which one would expect in a work in which facts and principles have to be clipped, tortured, and coerced, in order to get them to lie down peacefully together under the two vague and all-embracing abstractions with which Mr. Kidd seeks to cover them. Tom-toms are beaten, cannon salvos are kept booming all along the route to herald the approach of the new revelation, while he, panting and breathless in the midst of it all, and in a white intensity of earnestness, first hypnotises himself with the importance of his message and then hypnotises his readers by wrapping it up in a cloud of words and phrases, windy, confused, and without real definiteness or point; while in the one particular of sheer repetition, the world of literature, I will venture to say, has not its parallel. Like that tailor whom I once saw sitting cross-legged in the grounds of a Canadian asylum, fiddling without intermission all day long as if engaged in some life-and-death struggle with his instrument, and who, I was told, began the morning with the continuous repetition of a single tune, but as the day wore on added another and yet another to his repertoire, repeating each of them from the beginning with quickened intensity of pace until, by nightfall, he had fallen over exhausted, Mr. Kidd starts out modestly enough with the repetition of some single phrase, but keeps adding others and yet others to it, hoarding them all the while and counting them over and over lest any coin of them should be lost, until, when the middle of the work is reached, the list becomes so long and the repetition so tedious that not only is the narrative blocked at every turn, but it is with the greatest

difficulty that you can keep your attention until it begins again. One can stand the house that Jack built, and the malt that lay in the house that Jack built, and even the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jack built, but when it gets to the cow with the crumpled horn, the maiden all forlorn, the man all tattered and torn, and the rest, and when you can see it all coming before it arrives, nothing but the sheer sense of duty to your author can avail to keep you awake through it all. The very drumming of the sound and the regular repetition and fall of the same phrases, and especially of that terrible one "within the limits of political consciousness," drug and hypnotise the senses and the mind.

The style, again, is that of bald prose, varied and interspersed with eruptions of hyperbole all along the course of the work to keep up the reader's attention; one or other of such phrases as "extraordinary character," "deep significance," "gigantic problem," "overmastering conviction," "one of the most remarkable spectacles," etc., meeting you on nearly every page. But in justice to Mr. Kidd it must be said that amid all this one comes occasionally on islets of real narrative, scattered like oases here and there in this desert of verbosity, and especially in some parts of the sections on the Middle Ages and after. You catch a hint of their coming from the flourishes with which they are heralded, and you prick up your ears to listen, but as a rule your interest will not be at once gratified, for the chances are that just as you think you have come up to them you will be whisked on to the house that Jack built again, and so you must bide your time. But when he has run through all the variations on this theme, and, forgetting himself for the moment, gets to his real subject, you have some really excellent pieces of description, clear, straightforward, and illuminating; but these, alas! become fewer and fewer as we proceed, until towards the end all is lost in the general haze again. The quality of intellect displayed, if one may venture to judge it by the way in which the subject is handled in this volume, is that of a vague discursiveness founded, it is true, on a wide range of reading, but without real penetration into concrete things and into the complex combinations of political and social forces; and so is unavailing for the wants of the present time, which demand from the philosopher practical constructive power and grasp; the only effect being to give to those who have lost all regard for Philosophy another occasion to blaspheme. Here, for example, is a passage in which Mr. Kidd sums up in italics the principle which, among the most advanced peoples, is to come into operation in the future, and from it as a specimen it will be apparent how greatly the patience and intelligence of the reader are sometimes tried.

"It is only within the great spaces cleared in the world-process around ideals which are in the last resort the impression of the ethical principles here enunciated, and which are held open and free in the present by an irresistible will operating in obedience to a sense of responsibility to a principle of tolerance transcending the claims of all existing interests, that the controlling meaning of the economic process can ever be permanently projected out of the present on the world-stage!"

And with this I shall end. I have been severe on Mr. Kidd I am aware, and regret sincerely the necessity for it, but at a time when so many of our best workers cannot even get a hearing, the over-puffing of laborious mediocrity which has brought a work like this to the very crest of the wave, is a scandal which ought to be abated. But Mr. Kidd, if he cares, can easily have his remedy. If I have in any way misrepresented either the spirit or the substance of his volume, owing to the vagueness and grandiosity with which his doctrines are expressed, let him but come forward again and tell the world in plain English what precisely it is that he means, or wherein I have done him an injustice, and I will gladly give his explanation as careful, conscientious, and candid a consideration, free from all antecedent bias or prejudice, as I have here given the work itself.

JOHN BEATTIE CROZIER.

CONCERNING THE VALUE OF AN OLD WORK OF ART.

THERE are to be found certain persons of such exquisite sensibility and refinement of feeling that any consideration of "the value of a work of art" can only refer to its artistic or æsthetic merits. But apart from the difficulty that inevitably arises in speaking of values, without reference to any particular standard by which they may be ascertained, the subject of the commercial or monetary value of an old work of art in itself merits some closer attention, than is generally accorded it by those who cannot themselves be purchasers. With those pseudo-æsthetes whose delicacy is offended by the mere suggestion of any intimate connection between Art and guineas, who regard the very idea of payment as gross and degrading to the artist, I have nothing to do. Nor do they for the most part really expect to be taken seriously.

In the case of a living artist, be he painter, sculptor, or musician, the value of his works is easy to determine. It will depend chiefly, perhaps, on the position he occupies in his special branch of the Fine Arts. The painter's price for his picture will vary considerably, according as to whether he can write P.R.A., R.A., or A.R.A. after his name, or can claim no alphabetical distinctions of the kind. To a remarkable extent it will rest with the vagaries of fashion, especially if he happen to be one of that class of portrait-painters which, living upon the vanity of mankind, rises to fame in proportion as it descends to flattery. In some measure the number of pictures he is willing or able to produce in a given time will affect their value in the market, and even his readiness to paint replicas of his most successful works plays some part in the eyes of the shrewd collector. Lastly, to a comparatively insignificant degree, it depends upon the inherent artistic merits of the picture itself. But, at least, the value of a living artist's works may be put to the test. If a painter asks a ridiculous price the canvas will generally remain in his studio. If it has already left his hands its value will be approximately that for which a somewhat similar work could be obtained on commission direct from the painter. One glaring exception, indeed, exists where fancy prices are asked and paid without question or demur. But the existence of such large funds in the hands of irresponsible trustees as those of the Chantrey Bequest and others is fortunately rare; it may well be doubted whether the deceased testators would not be the first to regret some recent applications of their bounty among the members of an academic clique.

When an artist dies other considerations come into play. After the hasty realisation of all unsold and unfinished works by his

executors, the question of supply and demand gradually overshadows all others. His death often coincides with the birth of his popularity. While he yet lived picture-buyers could appreciate the imperfections and limitations of his style. Once dead this was a distinction he shared with Titian and Veronese, and the public falls to buying while there is yet time. But henceforth all certainty and stability of value have disappeared. The value of a picture, be it from the hand of a man just dead, or of some craftsman of the Middle Ages, depends now upon a number of side issues whose influences are not easy to gauge. Indeed, there are peculiar difficulties in assessing the money value of the greatest works of art, whether they be pictures or armour, statuary or enamels, furniture or ivories. Attempts have been made to estimate the value of the Wallace Collection, and the guesses range from three to five millions sterling. But, in point of fact, it is both literally and metaphorically inestimable.

The last hundred years have witnessed extraordinary changes in the market value of works of art. Generally speaking, the change has been in the direction of increased prices. For this many facts are responsible. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the collection of works of art was still, broadly speaking, the amusement of leisured and wealthy noblemen. They travelled wherever the spirit led them, though custom and the traditions of the Grand Tour imposed certain limits which were not often passed. But the resources available were more than sufficiently ample for the collectors of that time. Even the great cities remained still comparatively unpillaged, and the smaller towns scarcely touched. Public museums and galleries had hardly entered the lists. The churches throughout Europe opened a fair field to the collector of altar-pieces. Free Trade prevailed in works of art if in nothing else. There was no united and paternal government to prohibit the wealthy foreigner from picking out piecemeal the art-eyes of Italy. And if the supplies of Old Masters were inexhausted, the demands of the collector and his agent were comparatively simple. In the picture world the demand was all for the great names of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. No pedigree of ownership was required. Pictures changed hands but seldom in those days. Art dealing had not yet become a large wholesale trade.

When we compare this state of things with that existing in our own day the contrast is most striking. The demand for works of art of every description, and of pictures from the hands of masters no longer living in particular, is incomparably greater. Not even at the height of the Renaissance was interest in or enthusiasm for pictures, statuary, and *objets de vertu*, greater than at the present day. It runs through all classes of society. Collectors are to be found among leisured and cultivated men of every condition, of all professions. Some measure of wealth is the sole indispensable qualification.

Wealth there is in abundance, and freely earned it is freely spent on works of art that bring both pleasure and fame to the collector. The *marchand amateur* for the most part does his own purchasing, but dealers and agents in pursuit of commissions for clients, or in search of speculative purchases for themselves, are to be met with everywhere. Paris, the old market of the world for works of art, has given place to London, and now from London the cry is back to Italy. But if the number of private collectors has increased, the number of public collections has grown out of all proportion. Every capital in Europe, and most of the great cities, have their Art Galleries, whose directors ardently long to win their spurs by the acquisition of some much prized and eagerly sought masterpiece. In this country the chief provincial towns, especially in the North and Midlands, are by way of regarding the Municipal Art Gallery as the necessary corollary to the Municipal Washhouse. All these jostle one another in the great race for what remains. Each is more or less lavishly equipped with funds for the acquisition of new treasures, according to the liberal or parsimonious views of those in authority. They are pitiful enough, these doles, when taken by themselves, and the annual increases in the great State Collections would be small indeed if they had to depend on these alone, but taken altogether they form a considerable sum towards the acquisition of a constantly decreasing number of works of art. Moreover, a new Continent waits to be filled. It is an age of new markets, and never had the proud but penurious possessor of Old Masters a richer field for their disposal. The Republicans of America love the relics of an old and faded aristocracy as men love forbidden fruit. The wealthy and public-spirited citizens of the United States have dowered their native cities with the most splendid institutions for the encouragement of education and art. But the great halls still stand empty. The galleries cry to be hung with masterpieces. And with the steadfast conviction that what time has done for Europe money can do for America, and that it is well worth the doing, the Americans have plunged into the vortex of picture-buying, and emerge triumphantly enough ever and again with some trophy destined for the adornment of the museums of Boston or Chicago. True, there is a heavy import duty—a cool 20 per cent. or so to be paid on the arrival of the treasure at New York, “*mais il faut souffrir pour être amateur des arts*,” and is not Protection also a god, though of a newer dispensation? Many of the great private collections that are being built up on both sides of the Atlantic are no doubt destined to be presented or bequeathed *en bloc* to some national or municipal museum. The anxiety of the individual to discount the unknown future by some sacrifice of the fruits of past labours to the common weal, does much to encourage the princely benefactions that form one of the strongest characteristics

Again great changes have taken place in what is sought for. Italian art no longer begins even with the Quattrocentists. The cult of the Primitive has brought into favour a host of nameless pioneers in the art of painting whose works are now prized in proportion to their extreme antiquity and the rigorous limitations of their style. All is Art, and the curious and archaic is worshipped somewhat indiscriminately with the mature and beautiful. Our great-grandfathers revered but a few famous names in the world of art, sent forth their emissaries with instructions to see that they got them, and affected no surprise when they returned with an armful of canvases labelled Raphael, Titian, or Correggio. There were few purchasers for pictures that claimed to be no more than they really were—School-pieces. It was not that attributions were neglected, but that the method of determining them was wholly unscientific. Vasari's gossip and the raptures of Ridolfi were almost the only text-books available. There were no critics as yet to warn the unwary vendor as to the unique nature of some canvas he was content to barter for a mere song. The criticism of to-day is incomparably more accurate and infinitely more thorough. Photography alone has worked something of a revolution. Great has been the fall of many a cherished Bellini or Giorgione, Correggio or Velazquez. The microscopic method of Morelli, with its elaborate system of comparing detail with detail, feature with feature, has wrecked the fair fame of many a picture whose reputation depended upon the label on its frame. Unfortunately the undoubted merits of the Morellian system have been somewhat abused by the imitative zeal of his later disciples, who, fastening on the more accidental features of his methods, have raised them to the height of principles, and construct the most daring theories on the flimsiest foundations. Recent researches in the municipal and State archives of the ancient centres of art have unearthed particulars of the lives of many an artist whose very name had often been obscure or unknown. The pupils of the great masters have been dragged from the decent obscurity in which they reposed into a glory that to the unprejudiced eye might seem more than they could comfortably bear. A fine Quattrocentist portrait even by an unknown hand will to-day fetch almost any sum up to £5,000. Acknowledged School-pieces find a ready sale. And if all else fails a third-rate work from some historical collection is raised by its pedigree of former noble owners to the rank of a *chef d'œuvre*, while, should it chance to figure in Smith's *Catalogue Raisonné*, that painter's Book of Snobs, this fact alone will add some 50 per cent. to its value. So much can *provenance* accomplish.

In inverse proportion to this increased demand is the continually diminishing area of supply. The chief sources are becoming automatically dried up. Museums are purchasing everywhere, and every work that finds its way into a public collection goes, as it were, out

of circulation. Sir Augustus Franks, the late Keeper of the Mediæval Collections at the British Museum, used to find continual solace for opportunities which lack of public funds obliged him to miss in the reflection that his Gallery could afford to wait; "it is only a matter of time," he would say, and indeed it seems probable that all treasures must ultimately come to their long home in the great permanent collections. No doubt the happy hunting-ground for Old Masters has been extended. Every modern traveller is on the lookout for a bargain, and the modern traveller is ubiquitous; but the huge demand is against him: country towns, villages, private houses, and chapels have been ransacked again and again. Even the Loan Exhibition, with its wonderful power of calling forth unheard-of treasures from unknown owners, is beginning to feel the growing difficulty of obtaining new works. Modern *trouvailles* are scarce enough indeed, though it was only a few years ago that the dovescotes of London, Paris, and Berlin were fluttered by the discovery that a certain male portrait ascribed to Andrea del Sarto, purchased by a dealer for some £300 out of a collection of mediocre pictures in Florence, was certainly by the hand of Raphael, and of his Florentine period; nor was the interest diminished when within a short time it again changed hands for nearly twenty times the sum originally paid for it by its lucky, or discerning discoverer. A quite recent discovery of peculiar interest is the picture of Christ with Martha and Mary, exhibited in Bond Street and generally attributed to Vermeer of Delft, but according to the best Dutch critics the work of the other Vermeer of Utrecht. Legislation has still further restricted the field. The principle of the old Editto Pæccæ prohibiting the export of pictures from the Papal States, has been extended to the whole of Italy, though pictures are repeatedly disposed of and smuggled out of the country either secretly or in open defiance of this law. The sale of Prince Sciarra's Collection to foreign dealers some years ago did indeed involve a Government prosecution, but as the sentence originally passed upon him was afterwards commuted, he escaped with a paltry fine of less than £100. The late proceedings in Rome against Prince Chigi for a similar offence in openly disposing of his Botticelli to a foreign dealer, originally resulted in the infliction of a fine equal to the amount received by the late owner of the picture. But as this sentence has also been varied on appeal, and the picture brought Prince Chigi about £13,000, the payment of a merely nominal amount by way of penalty is likely to encourage so lucrative a practice. It may be that the Italian Government is gradually becoming conscious of the impossibility of enforcing so antiquated a statute. At least it is taking steps to acquire the remaining private collections in the country. The Doria and Borghese Galleries, the Hospital of Santa Maria Nuova in Florence, are fortunately now safely secured to the Italian Nation, though, in the case of the.

first mentioned, not before one at least of its great masterpieces had found its way into private possession in London. But old collections like that of Prince Barberini in Rome and the Florentine Torrigiani, Panciatici, Ginori and Antionori Galleries, are already practically dispersed, and their fragments to be met with in all the great art centres of the old and new worlds. In the same way many of the finest works of the Italian Schools no longer adorn the churches for which they were painted, but are safely housed in the Brera and other public galleries beyond the reach of the foreigner's gold and the cupidity of the ecclesiastical authorities. In England, indeed, the effect of legislation has been in the opposite direction, the Settled Land Act of 1882 permitting the tenant-for-life of works of art settled as heirlooms to sell such works subject only to the consent of the Court being obtained, and the proceeds of sale dealt with as capital moneys under the Act. These provisions have already found favour with many of those interested under strict settlements, who, like Charles Surface, "own a whole room-full of ancestors above stairs," and are "ready to sell every soul of them to the best bidder." This country has had, indeed, to lament the passing to other countries, and especially across the Atlantic, of many a masterpiece it could ill spare, but our Continental neighbours make the same complaint, and just as some of the Dudley pictures are now in Berlin, so, too, at least one of the finest works of the Felix Collection in Leipsic found its way to Paris.

There is another element which affects the value of an old work of art so materially that it cannot be ignored, although difficult enough to analyse. It has power to enhance tenfold what was thought to be of little value, or to render almost unsaleable works of recognised beauty and rarity. The expression of human fickleness in matters of taste, which men call Fashion, can do all this and more. For the moment, indeed, all art is in fashion. A taste for pictures or porcelain, furniture or snuff-boxes, is almost as indispensable for social success now as was a knowledge of wines and horses to our forefathers. But within the domain of each art Fashion reigns supreme. The artist-heroes of one age will be treated with scant respect by the picture-lovers of the next. For the moment the cry is Velazquez, Rembrandt, Hals, on the one hand, and on the other the Italian and Flemish Primitives, over whose gradual discovery and differentiation not a few art-critics have won great reputations. Our forefathers, over-persuaded by Reynolds' magniloquence and the grandiose taste of their day, exalted Guido Reni, the Carracci, and the whole host of decadent imitators of the great Masters to the place of honour in public and private galleries alike. In an age deeply bitten with the newly-revived craze for classicism and formal beauty, a fine Claude sold in the auction-room for as many guineas as it now commands shillings, while Hals, who in those days had not yet "arrived,"

possessed little or no market value. One age, all for idealised form and sentiment, mistakes the blight of pseudo-Raphaelism for the Sublime. The next, enamoured of technique, seeking after truth of effect even though in its less pleasing aspects, bows before the modern French masters. And the sale-room is the barometer which fluctuates with every change of fashion. The famous "*Femme à l'Eventail*" by Velasquez, now in the Wallace Collection on the dispersal of the Bonaparte pictures, is known to have fetched the sum of £31. To-day there would doubtless be a dozen eager purchasers at from £15,000 to £20,000. Similarly, it may well be doubted whether the *Greuzes*, for many of which Lord Hertford in the middle of the century paid thousands of pounds, would now fetch anything like these sums under the hammer. Again the newly-recovered *Gainsborough*, for which originally £56, and then, in 1876, the record price of 10,100 guineas was paid, has now been bought by Mr. Pierpont Morgan for the price, it is said, of £30,000. The record of 1876 had already been frequently broken. In 1889 Millet's "*Angelus*" fetched £22,000; in 1894 the *Delmé Reynolds* 11,000 guineas; in 1900 the two great *Peel Van Dycks* no less than 24,250 guineas; and in 1901, *Hoppner's "Lady Manners"* £14,752.

Generally speaking, then, it may be said that the tendencies of the time, the natural conditions regulating the commercial value of works of art, are with few exceptions in favour of a marked rise in prices. And the reasons already referred to are for the most part legitimate, and arise naturally from altered circumstances. They may be a matter for regret, but not for condemnation. There are, however, other forces at work which are not only highly artificial, but entirely illegitimate, depending as they do upon the personal interests of a small class. In spite of the old-fashioned popular prejudice against art-dealing as a none too reputable business, there are many dealers whose relations with their clients are above suspicion. On the other hand, it is not to be denied that there are practices familiar enough to those who frequent the various sale-rooms which cannot be defended by any unprejudiced and disinterested person. The fact that most dealers charge a commission based upon the price the lot actually fetches under the hammer is, of course, fair enough, though it naturally tends to raise prices generally, both by making it to the dealer's interest that his extreme limit should be reached, and also by keeping up the value of his own stock of similar wares. But the now familiar practice of forming a dealers' ring or syndicate at most important public and private sales is in the nature of a trick played upon the public, and therefore entirely indefensible. From the dealers' standpoint, it is a simple and effective operation. Those of their number who are interested form a syndicate, and agree not to bid against one another. One member then, on behalf of the syndicate, purchases the lot in question, which is subsequently offered for sale among the

members of the syndicate in a second and secret auction, and is knocked down to the highest bidder. The difference in price between the first and second purchase is then divided among the members, while any private collector or director of a public gallery, who is willing to buy at a reasonable increase on the published price paid at the public sale, is met with the statement that a "Revision" has since taken place, at which a much higher price was paid, and that if he wishes to purchase the lot he must pay a handsome profit on such higher price. For this, among other reasons, even the money-value of a work of art cannot be gauged by the price it fetches at an auction. Fewer pictures, indeed, come to public auctions at all than was formerly the case. Sales by private treaty are becoming almost the rule, except in the case of large historical collections. Even these public sales are not always what they seem. A dealer, or syndicate of dealers, may have already purchased the whole or the greater part. The auction is a mere mockery, a harmless jest, but that the opportunity has been used to "include" a number of miscellaneous lots in no way connected with the collection under whose ægis they are sold at considerable prices. "Bought at the great Blank Sale" covers a multitude of sins and a deal of indiscriminate rubbish. There is an immense amount of cant and trickery in connection with the sale of works of art, and the layman is further mystified by the air of assumed secrecy with which he is met on all hands. The various dealer-cliques play into each other's hands with perfect impartiality as against the wholly unprofessional vendor or purchaser. Is he a seller, there is no demand. "A far finer work by the same hand scarcely got a bid at Drouot's the other day. But a friend might care to take it—at a price, only the matter must be treated as entirely confidential—publicity would spoil all."

It must be admitted, too, that another and even more powerful class has sometimes stooped to aid and abet the less reputable dealers in their market machinations. The art-critic owes a duty to the public as well as to himself. His proper functions are well enough defined by custom and common-sense. Never has he been more powerful for good or evil than at a time like the present when the growing complexity of the subject he claims to have made his own places it quite beyond the grasp of the ordinary lover of art. His is a kind of sacred office—commanding confidence only so long as it retains its reputation for disinterestedness and courage. And it is therefore the more to be regretted that the functions of critic and dealer have tended of late to become somewhat confused. Each profession is necessary, but their combination in one and the same individual is not only unnecessary but pernicious to both. Even their alliance for mutual gain is an unholy one. The critic who uses the influence to which his temperament and industry entitle him to procure customers for himself or the group of dealers with whom

he works, disenthuses himself to the name he bears. Where he formerly guided he now dictates. Commissions accepted by the critic from dealers or owners anxious to part with their treasures have a sinister influence on the principles which the critic has been wont to preach. And where he is himself buyer and seller as well as adviser, his admiration is apt to coincide suspiciously with the character of his stock-in-trade. This perhaps accounts for the intense appreciation lavished by recent art criticism on mediocrity, especially in painting. A canvas of little beauty and (to the unprejudiced eye) doubtful authenticity has but to find one zealous advocate among the critics and the scepticism of the honest can do little to maintain a fair price. It may be objected that there is no such thing as a fair price for a work of art, but that a price may be a grossly unfair one there can be no manner of doubt, and one obtained from a purchaser who has confidence in the presumed disinterestedness of the critic's advice, is an unfair price. The point, of course, raises the much disputed question of secret commission, though in this case there is surely less ground than ever to defend such a practice. Even the critic would not dare to maintain that the masterpiece he has justly praised and taught others to delight in, ceases, when it comes to buying or selling, to be more than a piece of highly merchantable canvas. Unfortunately the critics who do not disdain to accept a secret or semi-secret commission upon transactions effected through their mediation come to stoop to more specious forms of encouraging business. It is easy to discover new artists whose works and names are of equal unimportance, and to introduce them with the flourish of an illustrated monograph to a credulous public. And if the obscurity of name and fame be too great for this, cannot the name of some well-known master be corrupted into a more unfamiliar form, suggesting indeed both what is recognised and admired, but adding a flavour of what is original and rare? Nor does it demand much more than experience and ingenuity to trace a new influence through accidental and superficial resemblances, supported by references to some obscure and faded "masterpiece," which only the most modern methods of criticism could ever have unearthed. Finally some trivial peculiarity of the new-found god is exalted to the dignity of a fundamental principle of all great art. And the privileged purchaser goes on his way rejoicing. Fictitious attributions and fancy names cannot indeed deceive the professional dealer in Paris, Berlin, or London, or the directors of the European galleries, but America is the chief market for this class of wares, and once safely ensconced in the New World they are secure for the time being.

The remarkable rise in the price of all works of art has had some regrettable results. Not the least important of these is the number of forgeries it has called into being. The favourite objects of the forger are perhaps pictures, bronzes and gold and silver work, and in

each of these branches the most astounding results have been achieved. The forger employs highly-skilled artists and craftsmen and makes use of all the modern discoveries of chemistry. The manufacture of Old Masters has lately taken more subtle forms. It is no longer enough to add or alter signature or date, or to reproduce what already exists with absolute accuracy of tone and colour. The modern forger proceeds to work with consummate skill upon an old panel from which time has removed all but a few traces of paint. The foundation with the cracks and fissures that age has wrought and what remains of the original pictures he carefully preserves, and on them he builds up a work in the style of some early Florentine or Fleming. Then by the aid of varnishes and glazes he knows how to give in a few hours the effect of centuries of dirt and wear. Siena and Venice are contributing extensively to the production of these works, portraits being the subjects most affected, the comparative simplicity of the Renaissance portrait-head lending itself peculiarly well for this purpose. Old Renaissance frames and Arconas are forged, especially in Siena, with equal skill, and panel and frame are sent out into the world either to fetch a huge price from some rich collector or public museum, or, at the worst, if luck be against them, to be snatched up by a less experienced purchaser for what he considers a mere trifle. Nor are these forgeries confined to works of the Italian Schools. The marvellous imitations of famous Flemish and Dutch artists—Van Eyck and Memling, Rembrandt and Ruysdael—are monuments of patient, if misapplied, industry. Renaissance bronzes are copied with equal skill. Even the effect of the *patina* can be reproduced, and the common tests of originality fail hopelessly before such brilliant forgeries. The greatest authorities have been deceived. The Louvre is known to have fallen hopelessly more than once, and the British Museum has enjoyed some narrow escapes. The National Gallery, fortunately, is wonderfully free from actual forgeries, though not a few attributions, under which the pictures were bought, sometimes for large sums, have had to be abandoned. Nor can we wonder that works of the most approved authenticity suffer somewhat from the prevailing suspicion that arises from these practices. The Italian palace, the French château, even the English mansion in which the old family collection, it is announced, has to be disposed of at a sacrifice of more than family pride, may be carefully prepared for the purpose. If the collection as a whole be of little merit and questionable authenticity, it is judiciously "salted" with a few works of real value and undoubted genuineness, or with a number of spurious and doubtful pictures should the standard of the whole be equal to the task of carrying them off.

Other consequences of the increase in prices affect even those who do not themselves collect. The public galleries can no longer afford to buy largely. Their grants have generally remained stationary, or

at least, have not advanced in proportion to the prices now paid, which in many cases have risen tenfold in the last five-and-twenty years. In any other department of public concern the reasonableness of some proportionate increase would doubtless have been admitted, perhaps even acted upon; but the Fine Arts, it would seem, have no friends at the Treasury. Equally to be deplored is the growing admiration for every work of art which is known or believed to have cost a huge sum of money. The beauty becomes very real, and touches us very nearly when the halo of a fancy price hovers above it. In spite of the outcry at the time no one now regrets the preposterous price paid by the nation to the Duke of Marlborough, under private treaty, for the *Ansidei Madonna*. It is of little consequence that it would probably not have fetched one-half the £70,000 paid for it if sold under the hammer. Nor does it really much matter that some eight years ago a Raphael of almost equal importance, though painted a few years earlier, fetched less than £12,000 at the sale of the late Lord Dudley's pictures at Christie's. It is enough that the nation secured a picture of the highest rank which might possibly, though not probably, have otherwise gone to the Continent. But the great *Blenheim Madonna* is no longer notorious because the nation, as was thought, had made a bad bargain. It is famous now and admired the more for the very price that was paid to obtain it. And this worship of the costly, as a consideration preceding the beautiful, is but one of the signs of the growing commercial spirit that is fastening upon Art. Public companies with limited liability have already largely monopolised the stock of *objets d'art* in North Italy; no trade, it might have been thought, was so sacred to the small retail dealer, but even here he is swept away. If some of his less reputable practices perish with him the change will not be wholly for the worse. But the outlook for public and private collection alike is far from encouraging. One point alone is clear. The miserable pittance allocated annually by the richest country in the world to the purchase of pictures for the national collections should be at least doubled. And it is for the strongest Government of modern times to see that this is done before it becomes too late. The purchasing-power of the sums voted in the past is continually diminishing. The friendly competition of our Continental neighbours grows steadily greater. Even as an investment, a largely increased expenditure would be more than justified. The fault lies rather with the prevailing apathy in all matters of merely public concern than with any deep-rooted objection to a larger vote. Surely it is not too much to hope that those responsible for its outlay will renew their efforts to obtain a speedy and substantial increase; and those who have power to grant or deny their demands will not only appreciate its imperative necessity, but also practically testify to its wisdom.

ROBERT C. WITT.

IS ANGLOPHOBIA IN GERMANY ON THE DECLINE?

LOCKE has told us that "it is one thing to show a man that he is in error, and another to put him in possession of the truth." It is not the purpose of these lines to show the Germans that they have been in error in stirring up amongst themselves embitterment against England, for this would be a thankless and bootless task; and I feel sure that the ordinary course of events will right much that has gone wrong of late; but it would be satisfactory to me to be able to convince others that animosity towards England is not, and cannot be, by the nature of things, deep-rooted in the Teuton race, as some persons have been trying to make the British public believe. I submit that Germans have already come to the conclusion that the hobby of Anglophobia may be ridden too hard and far; and that signs of its approaching demise are happily perceptible.

How could it be otherwise? England has been looked up to on the Continent, and nowhere more so than in Germany, as the leader of civilisation, freedom, and progress; and she remains so. The living proofs of the part she has played still exist in a flourishing condition; and men and women of all other nations, and especially of Germany, still continue to leave their native land in large numbers in order to seek a new livelihood, home, and nationality in England or in her numerous dependencies and colonies. To dilate on this side issue of our theme would be as tedious as to carry coals to Newcastle, for it teems with truisms palpable to Britishers, and perhaps not altogether tasteful to foreigners. But I do not hesitate to submit that Germans of light and leading are far too intelligent to accept the premises of their fanatic fellow-countrymen that England is no longer worthy of her former reputation, because of the incidents of the Boer War. They may still have their own ideas of the shedding of blood in South Africa, which do not coincide with ours; and they may still believe that it is in the interest of England to modify her policy in that part of the world; but considerations such as these have not prevented men and political parties in Germany from remaining well disposed towards England.

In connection with this subject, it is perhaps well to lay some stress on the fact that Germans cannot comprehend how it is that the British public, as a rule—especially those of them who are engaged in public life—generally treat with silent contempt the aspersions, the calumny, and the language of disparagement of rivals or foes. To leave a charge undenied is, to a German, almost tantamount to an admission of its veracity; whereas calumny, being alien to the

British character, is generally ignored with contempt, unless it is aimed at affecting a man's reputation in society or at injuring his means of obtaining a livelihood, when it is severely punished by the law. The law does not do much damage to a calumniator in Germany.

The widespread conflagration, that we have witnessed, against a great people was illogical, and was bound to fizzle out sooner or later. Common-sense in a land of highly cultivated intelligence like Germany was sure to get the upper hand in the end. The card played by the Anglophobists in Germany, in fomenting agitation against Mr. Chamberlain because of his allusion to the Franco-German war, brought the intemperate agitation to its height. There was then a check ; the check was followed by confusion as to what should be the next step ; and people preferred to abandon the chase rather than force the country on to the only logical conclusion of so violent an agitation ! The Chancellor's speech in the Reichstag, at this juncture, just before the visit of the Prince of Wales to Berlin, brought matters to a crisis ; and from that date the game of the advocates of ill-will towards England was up. Reason and common-sense recovered the upper hand. People in Germany, even those in high places, had hardly appreciated the fact, that so long as the aged Queen was alive much was passed over on our side by statesmen, or smoothed down, in order to avoid friction or a rejoinder to foreign amenities ; just as a certain reserve was maintained during the last years of Kaiser William the Great's reign in regard to many incidents that would not have been brooked by a younger monarch. The change effected in England by the demise of Queen Victoria was not quite grasped in Berlin. It was no longer an illustrious and aged lady that occupied the throne, but a King. It is not likely that henceforth either the King or His Majesty's Ministers will be impervious to the natural consequences to be deduced from the public diction of a foreign statesman, when the latter speaks of vital matters concerning the British Empire or British institutions ; whilst the British nation, from the highest to the lowest, though not captious or susceptible about foreign criticism, will now draw a sharper line when that criticism becomes exorbitantly malicious and unjust.

I submit that, if we calmly look back on the origin of Anglophobia in Germany, it will be found that there are two causes that have long been at work on both sides calculated to foment ill-feeling between England and Germany. One is the crass ignorance of the general public in both countries as to the real character and aspirations of the other ; and the other is the conduct of the proprietors and managers of the Press and of their agents. The English have not yet quite abandoned their belief that all Germans live on sausage and sauerkraut ; whilst the Germans still imagine that all Englishmen are

nourished from the cradle onwards on beefsteaks and bitter ale! If an Englishman resident in Germany ventures to differ on matters of everyday life from a compatriot at home, he is met with the sneering taunt, "Oh! you are no German!" (with a specially broad emphasis on the word "German"). People of both countries generalise only from what they have seen. The Englishman forms his ideas from the boarding-houses and hotels he has stopped at in the Fatherland, and from the observations he has made amidst the noxious fumes of bad tobacco in crowded railway cars on his travels; the German is satisfied with the views gathered by fellow-countrymen who have resided in London suburbs, or by Teuton waiters that swarm all over our country. The average Englishman has not read a single German book, and a German newspaper is hardly ever even opened at an English club; whilst the average German does not quote from any other author than Shakespeare, Dickens, and perhaps Macaulay—selections of the writings of these authors having been crammed into him at school. Few Germans have any picture in their mind of the vastness and magnitude of British power and life; and few Englishmen can form an idea of the enormous strides Germany has taken since 1870. The travelling public of Germany do not foregather in the direction of Great Britain; and the travelling public of England do not seek for knowledge on their holiday trips to the Fatherland, but for pleasure. As a rule their ideas of pleasures are purely English, and the only change they derive from their trip is one of air and diet, but they retain their prejudices.

Despite all these drawbacks, however, we always find that scientific, artistic, and business men of the two countries get on exceedingly well together and understand one another. Their intercourse is thoroughly intimate and amicable. Furthermore, an English resident in Germany has no reason whatever to complain of the hospitality of Germans in their own country, nor of their readiness to be obliging to strangers within their gates; whilst the only fault a German visitor to England seems to find with us at home is that our cooked vegetables are not buttery enough for their palate.

It is the Press that is supposed to fill in the defects, and to supply the public with that knowledge from abroad that is essential for the proper appreciation of current events. This is precisely what the Press wilfully and egregiously fails to do. In no country, perhaps, are English newspapers so much read as in Germany—a proof that the Germans are interested in the British way of viewing men and things; but German political newspapers are, for the most part, wretchedly ill-informed about England by their own agents resident in our country. Their correspondents seldom have the slightest idea of the British national character or of British modes of thought. In recent years the main aim and function of most of them seems to

have been to depreciate, malign, and misrepresent everything English. When we turn to England, one is bound to confess that the sins there committed are less excusable. If an inquiry were to be instigated, it would be seen that not only are a great number of our Consuls and Consuls-General abroad of foreign blood, but that many of the British newspapers are represented in Continental capitals by foreigners, and these, for the most part, men filling a subordinate position in the offices of local newspapers. It could further be seen that the latter, as well as some of the English correspondents, spend more energy on running their own political cranks and ideas in the columns of their newspapers than in supplying a faithful picture of diurnal politics, and of the views of the people. The German Emperor recently compared the position of American journalists in America with that of his own generals commanding army corps in his own country. Obviously His Majesty has a very exalted idea of the influence of the Press. Why not submit another comparison? The duties of a foreign correspondent resemble, in many points, those of an ambassador to a foreign country. He has not the same facilities at his disposal for supplying the public with accurate information; but it should be his aim to smooth down frictions and to give a faithful, and not a garbled, picture of facts for the information of the public, just as an ambassador draws up a confidential despatch on these lines for the information of his Sovereign and his Sovereign's ministers.

Not many months ago a very influential and leading journalist in England uttered the following words in my presence: "The fact is, Germany has, in my opinion, played herself out. We need not trouble ourselves much about her in future!" The journalist I refer to must, if he has travelled in Germany, have done so with his eyes shut, and he cannot have read any authentic report of Germany's current progress. What about her shipping trade, her carrying trade, her industrial development? Despite the financial smashes of the past year, her banks continue strong and the evils prophesied for her in England have been successfully warded off. One is bound to admit that, whilst German editors have of late shown a predilection for false and garbled versions of the doings and sayings of British statesmen and of the conduct of the British army, authentic and reliable information about Germany has intentionally been allowed to give place in England to what was sensational and inaccurate. The bad side of the picture was brought into prominence, whilst that which is good about it was obscured. Let me refer to some comments on the situation that have appeared since the middle of January, the date of the perceptible decline of Anglophobia in Germany.

A writer in *Die Grenzboten*, a periodical of some reputation, that I shall cite again lower down, in support of my arguments has said:—

"It is high time to warn our people of the intemperance and immoderation of these their outbursts of rage. In discussing all public matters, people in Germany are becoming more and more spiteful in their language. It is regrettable to notice how much the tone in this regard has changed during the past decade. In treating of international matters the consequences of such a habit may prove to be most inconvenient, because, naturally, bunches of the very ugliest flowers are culled by foreign journals for their readers, and precisely in its malignity and spitefulness against England the language of German newspapers has been of the very strongest that can be found. . . . It is high time to prevent more oil being poured on the fire. All reflecting persons should endeavour to clothe their criticism—even when it is unfavourable, for nobody wants to suppress such criticism—in forms that may, perhaps, convince the person thus subject to adverse remarks, but should not transform him into an implacable enemy."

To an English student of history the very circumstance that Germany, as she now exists, and Prussia, above all—the annexer of Silesia, Schleswig-Holstein, and Hanover—should have been squeamish and fastidious about England's annexation of the former Boer Republics, must appear as a phenomenally curious factor to be reckoned with; and that the German people, who had looked on quietly when Bulgaria was menaced by Russia at their very doors, should yet have become wild and hysterical over the Boers in South Africa, can only be laid up as an object-lesson for the future. Germans hedge themselves by appealing to the general sense of "civilised nations" all over the world. The general sense of civilised nations in the case of every war has generally been on the side of the weaker, when they were not themselves interested in his defeat. Still the fact remains, that politicians in Germany were on this point for once united, from the Conservatives to the extreme Socialists. The German people disapproved of the war, and were angry at the conduct of the war. Our soldiers have been hooted at and reviled as outrageous barbarians for burning down Boer homesteads; for taking Boer women and children from their homes, where they would doubtless have perished, to camps where they have received what care and attention it was possible to afford them; for conveying prisoners of war to foreign parts, where they would be unable to rejoin their friends and fight again against us; for banishing officers for life who, though it is true they had fought for the independence of their country, made no secret of their intention to continue, when possible, to fight as doggedly against ours; and—worst of all—for ravaging the wives and daughters of the enemy. The majority of Germans believe that we inflicted on our foes all the hardships of this war out of sheer and wanton cruelty. They, who have seen so much of war within the last forty years, had already forgotten the miseries that dog the path of war.

Some stress was laid in Germany upon the pronounced attitude

taken up by the Socialists against England on account of the war, especially in the Reichstag, on the occasion of the debate on the Estimates on March 3rd; but it would be well to understand the exact reason of their attitude. It was because they are opponents of every war in general, and, for the present, of the war against the Boers in particular. Dr. Gradnauer, their exponent, said:—

"I come to the conclusion, gentlemen, that the English mode of warfare has been an uninterrupted chain of breaches of international law; and these things happen without interruption and without a sign that the rest of the Powers and Governments have the courage to express an official word against this breach of the Convention concluded at The Hague. My party, gentlemen, has the right, certainly, to condemn in the strongest terms these English breaches of constitutional law. We do this, not in the sense of certain pro-Boer gentlemen in this House—by no means. No sort of hatred towards England guides us in this; nor are we led therein by any one-sided and blind sympathy for the Boers. No, gentlemen, we are just as friendly disposed towards the English and the English nation as we are towards the Boers; nor do we either lose our high esteem for the greatness of the English nation because we also esteem the bravery and heroism of the Boers. The fact that we should have used the same criticism if similar things had happened in our own country entitles us to use this criticism in the case before us."

Sentiment and principle engendered amongst the Germans the great outburst of malignity against England; but was this variegated mixture of indignation sincere as to its ethical origin? Why did the Conservative Junker, the political ultramontane, the Liberals and Radicals, Anti-Semites, and Socialists, all join against us, with scarcely any exception? At the beginning of the war, England was apparently in a hopeless mess! Was it illogical for Englishmen to attribute part of a storm, otherwise quite abnormal and out of proportion to the question at issue, to some other cause—to a national explosion of short-sighted pleasure at the discomfiture of a rival? The fact, as was afterwards shown, that the British race all over the world had not lost its vitality and energy, and that it had awakened from a complacent and over-confident state of repose, upset their calculations; and their anger then knew no bounds. Abuse changed to vile vituperations and calumny! We have to thank our enemies as well as our rivals for this awakening. The effect of their conduct is not exactly what they anticipated.

It must not be forgotten that the Boer agents had with forethought taken care that the minds of the Germans, more than of any other people, should be poisoned against England, long before the opening of actual hostilities in South Africa. A costly agitation had been set on foot, and Boers and pro-Boers had taken time by the forelock. Still, it might have been supposed that, even if other rival peoples had given their sympathies to the other side, Teutons—as a logical and thinking race—would have first sifted the evidence of current history according to something approaching to scientific

methods, and not in accordance with the beck and call of passionate and paid agitators. It has at last, but only quite recently, been admitted that one of these creatures who stuffed the German Press at the commencement of the war with foul falsehoods against Great Britain and with mealy praise of the Boers was, and is, nothing more or less than a notorious German gaol-bird, rogue, and swindler—and renegade to his country into the bargain. Later in the day his career has been exposed in the east, centre, and west, of the German Empire by the Press. At length Germans are forced to admit the truth of the saying that “excess of praise has generally as little foundation as excess of calumny.”

The following passage from the Annual Report of the Bremen Chamber of Commerce, published last month, is noteworthy:—

“Attention must be drawn to the fact that the export trade of the German Empire to Great Britain and her Colonies and the British total export to Germany in 1900 amounted in value in round terms to £50,000,000 respectively. But all those who in word and writing are fomenting the agitation against England, and who did this already before the events in South Africa, that only afforded new inflammable matter, either do not appreciate, or they forget, that German trade and the export industry of Germany owe their brilliant development chiefly to the fact that in the British Empire, and especially in the British Colonies, the trade of all countries has been enabled to extend. They further underrate the importance of British trade in the market of the world, and do not reflect, when condemning England's attitude in the conduct of the South African War, that the wild and extravagant agitation set on foot against the English nation because of this war only renders the termination of the sad episode more difficult, and introduces discord into the trade relations of Germany and England which is calculated to have a permanent depressing effect on our economical existence. . . .”

Considerations such as the above have undoubtedly caused the tide to turn. The *Vossische Zeitung* (cf. No. 41 of January 25th), which voices the sentiments of the Prussian well-to-do bourgeoisie, said:—

“It is possible that many a point of antagonism exists between Germany and England; but there are far more bonds of mutual interest. If we put together all the faults that the two peoples have to find with each other, and all their mutual reproaches, the sum total is by a long way not so significant as the intrigues of those Powers which can only attain their ends against Germany and England when the unwritten ‘traditional alliance’ of these two nations is transformed into permanent and spiteful hostility.”

I will now cite an extract from the above-mentioned article in the number of *Die Grenzboten* that appeared on January 23rd:—

“Beyond doubt, a great deal has been done on the side of England calculated either to hurt the feelings of Germans or to cause us to give vent to very sharp criticism, in cases where we were mere spectators of what was going on. . . . The English Press, too, has not been without blame. But a good share also of the offences committed must be put down to our account, especially those of a large portion of the German newspapers. Recourse has been had to every conceivable form of malignity, aspersion, and indignity, in order to foment the

bitterest hatred against England. Motives connected with domestic policy were brought in—customs policy, commercial policy; then also, revenge for Prince Bismarck's dismissal, directed in hostility against every tendency of a non-Bismarckian Chancellor, but most particularly against the Court of England, which is related to, and is on a friendly footing with, our Kaiser. In this regard it is as if we were exposed to the eruptions of an ever-active volcano. It is absolutely impossible to draw up a balance-sheet laying down the views of both sides for the simple reason that no human being can perceive and revise the gigantic heap of paper material that flows in without ceasing. Further, there is no Areopagus capable of pronouncing judgment that could count on being recognised by both sides. In a case of this kind, everything must be done to bury the dispute and to cover up the faults on both sides, so that they can no longer wander about even as ghosts."

The great mistake that has been made in recent times by publicists on both sides has been to leave out of count the vast material interests that are at stake. The German official statistics of German foreign trade show that the value of Germany's imports from Great Britain and her colonies amounted in 1900 to 1243·9 millions of marks (roughly sixty-two millions of pounds); and that England and her colonies together thus stand at the head of the list of Germany's customers, the United States coming next, but with a sum of over eleven millions of pounds less; Austria-Hungary and Russia being next with twenty-five millions of pounds less. Now take the other side:—Germany's exports to Great Britain and her colonies amounted in 1900, according to the same official statistics, to 1073·6 millions of marks (roughly fifty-three millions of pounds). Here Great Britain and her colonies head the list over the next customer by more than 563 millions of marks (roughly twenty-eight millions of pounds), which is more than double the value of the export trade to that customer, viz., Austria-Hungary, the United States coming next. It is further shown that the share of Great Britain and her colonies is 20·6 per cent. of Germany's total import trade, and 22·5 of her total export trade.

I cite now from the *Hamburger Correspondent* of February 1st, the following details about Germany's trade with India.

During recent years it has greatly increased. When the Suez Canal was opened, Germany took the twelfth place; and in the first decade after that event she only had $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. of the total trade with India. The figures gradually increased. Formerly German goods were almost exclusively conveyed in foreign ships into foreign ports, and were therefore not classed as foreign goods. A portion of German goods is still conveyed *en route* English and Mediterranean ports. Still, despite this, Germany's share in the total trade with India has risen during the last five years to $5\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. of the total value; and so she has reached the third place in India's foreign trade. Taking the average of the last five years, the value of goods exported to India from Germany was 3 per cent. of the whole trade of India; and

the value of the goods imported from India was $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of India's total exports.

Quite recently German men of business were themselves astonished at the published report of the Deutsche Bank for last year. It will have been noticed that the directors intimated that they would be obliged to extend the premises of their London branch establishment on account of the spread of its business. I have been informed by a shrewd critic that the favourable results of the report of the Deutsche Bank were very probably due to the success of their London branch. If there is any truth in this supposition, it goes to show that German men of business know exceedingly well how to earn large profits even in the British metropolis—in our very midst.

There has always been at the Court of Prussia an anti-English party quite pronounced in its activity, to which there is no parallel at the Court of St. James's. This party plays a *role* there to-day, and approaches quite close to the throne. It is a factor that the Governments of both countries have never neglected; but they have also taken care that the interests of their respective countries should not be sacrificed by it. Not long before his dismissal, I heard Prince Bismarck publicly declare in the Reichstag, amidst the applause of the House, that when considering the measures to be taken for the defence of Germany he did not draw England into his calculations, because the relations between the two countries were of so friendly a nature that he considered a war between the two kindred nations to be simply an impossibility.

Notwithstanding this statement, which was made not fifteen years ago, there are writers in England who now gravely declare that the aim of the German Imperial Navy is to destroy that of Great Britain and to rob her of her supremacy on the seas!

On January 26, 1889, I also heard the great Chancellor utter, from the ministerial bench in the Reichstag, the following words, which have since been repeatedly quoted:—

"I look upon England as our old and traditional ally, with whom we have no disputable interests. When I use the word 'ally' I do not mean this to be understood in its diplomatic sense. We have no treaties with England. But I wish to be in firm touch with England, as we have been for at least a hundred and fifty years. . . . And if it were shown to me that we were losing this touch, I should act with circumspection and try to prevent its loss."

If there is one thing that Prince Bismarck's successors have prided themselves upon, it is on their preservation of the continuity of that policy that he impersonated. During the heat of the last long newspaper campaign against our country it has more than once been credibly affirmed that the German Government did try, through the recognised channels at its disposal, to draw the attention of the representatives of the national press to the dangers that might

easily accrue from the continuation of the violent campaign of invective against England and her institutions. Their interference, unfortunately, did not have the desired effect on our most virulent opponents. It was accordingly not unnatural, from a British point of view, that people in England inferred that the interference was only lukewarm, for they had not forgotten the days of Bismarck, when a hint from him, if he thought things were going too far, would have suppressed anything like violent abuse all along the line. Moreover, nobody could help remarking, for the fact was very striking, that Count von Bülow always, as Chancellor, purposely avoided using a single word or phrase in his official utterances that could by any process of twisting be interpreted as friendly to Great Britain. He also never publicly signified his disapproval of the invectives daily uttered all around him by the newspapers of the Empire, with a view to stem the tide; nor did he on a single occasion overstep the limits of most frigid diplomatic diction. What wonder, then, that English statesmen at home, and certainly the British public, who form their opinion of foreign countries and foreign politics, from what they read in the newspapers, came to the conclusion that the head of the German Government was either a secret opponent, or, at best, an indifferent friend of our country! On the other hand, with the ground thus prepared, it was easy for those writers in the English Press, whose main aim was to misrepresent to their readers the intrinsic value of German malignity, to explain Count von Bülow's attitude in a hostile sense, and to persuade their English readers that the friendship of the Kaiser, the Chancellor, and the German Government, was not to be relied upon.

Count von Bülow has been vigorously attacked in England since his "granite" speech. He made a mistake, so far as England was concerned, because he did not know the English character sufficiently well to foresee the effect his words were certain to have in England on the highest as well as on the lowest; but his speech was applauded by his fellow-countrymen, who thought he had spoken in a most conciliatory tone, and it actually was delivered mainly for their hearing. Similar mistakes have been committed before about the British character, and although unpleasant at the time in their immediate effects, the ultimate effect has invariably been the opposite of what was anticipated. I will only refer to the Bismarck attack on Sir Robert Morier, when Ambassador at St. Petersburg in the late Queen's reign.

These misunderstandings endorse what I have said above, and show that even statesmen occasionally overlook national susceptibilities. Count von Bülow has had to face a Reichstag which, together with the majority of the Empire, was inimical to England; and this, whilst domestic questions of supreme difficulty had to be solved. It would

be unjust, however, to refuse him the credit of having very cleverly contrived that the interpellation of last January should be taken out of the mouth of the rabid Anglophobes. Now, considering it was admitted in official circles, after the departure of the Prince of Wales from Berlin, that the conversation that took place between the Prince and the Chancellor left a satisfactory impression on both, the differences of opinion with regard to his January speeches might be considered as adjusted for all practical political purposes.

It is illogical to talk of Count von Bülow being no friend of England. He is the head of the German Government, and, as such, has certainly followed a policy of loyalty and friendship towards England since the outbreak of the South African War. This is one reason why he has been so vehemently attacked at home; and the fact should not be forgotten, that the invective levelled against England is in reality often aimed at the Kaiser and his Government, because of the friendship they show to England. But the best testimonial Count von Bülow possesses in proof of the friendliness of his political sentiments towards our country, is the fact that he enjoys the confidence of his Sovereign, who is the real draughtsman of the foreign policy of the German Empire.

Assuredly Englishmen cannot find fault with Kaiser Wilhelm's personal attitude to their nation. Before the late Queen's death His Majesty never missed an opportunity for showing gracious courtesy to distinguished Britons passing through Berlin. His presence at the funeral, as well as at the death-bed, of the late Queen, despite the pressure put upon him from home to return to Berlin, was a token of friendship for the British nation as well as of sympathy and love for his sorrowing august relatives; his bestowal of the riband and star of the Order of the Black Eagle—Prussia's highest decoration of chivalry—on Field-Marshal Earl Roberts was an act of courtesy to the British Army; and his refusal to receive Mr. Kruger was a signal proof of loyalty to the British Government. Such acts will never be forgotten in Great Britain. They were supported by His Imperial Majesty's Government, and they throw into the shade all the volumes of brutalities and calumnies of angry German newspapers.

Germans have put forth so many reasons to account for their ill-feeling towards England, that one sometimes feels as bewildered as when under the influence of nightmare. One of the most comical ones is, that it became violent on account of the bestowal of the Black Eagle Order on Earl Roberts! This shows how childish the public can be in their sympathies and antipathies. There was nothing out of the way in Kaiser Wilhelm's desire to confer on the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army a token of his esteem, seeing that he was the Colonel-in-Chief of a regiment of British Dragoons. Earl Roberts received the riband and star of the Red

Eagle Order years ago from Kaiser Wilhelm I., and he also possessed the insignia of the Order of the Garter. The Kaiser therefore had no choice. He could only bestow upon him his highest emblem of chivalry, namely, that of the Black Eagle. And yet, according to many educated Germans, this was the reason for the anger of the people against England and against their own Sovereign.

A King of Prussia need not ask his subjects for permission, nor even his Ministers either, before conferring such a mark of favour; and it often happens that he does not consult the former on other matters either. But for such independent action on the part of King William I. of Prussia, there would have been no supplies in 1866 for the war against Austria; and this would doubtless have considerably delayed the unification of Germany. The reigning monarch is often pretty independent as to the selection of his path; and the approval or disapproval of his people does not disconcert him, when he thinks himself in the right. "They talk: let them talk!" When forced to dismiss Prince Bismarck, he was exposed to odium; but he has survived this. He regained popularity when he dispatched his telegram to Ex-President Kruger in January, 1896; but I doubt whether his own people would think he deserved their gratitude and confidence if, since 1899, he had taken the side of the Boers against the English, with all the consequences involved in such a policy.

It may be permitted to me to place on record here the fact that one of the few comforts enjoyed by the late Empress Frederick in the last months of her fatal illness was the consciousness that her son was on our side. We all know how much she loved her native country, and how much she felt the hostility of the Press of her adopted country. She was often heard to say words to this effect to friends who came to see her:—"One thing in these sad times of war gives me comfort—my certain knowledge that my son's sympathies are entirely on the side of England."

The fable that describes frictions between travellers as the cause of the German dislike of the English is too puerile for serious notice. The English, when *en voyage*, are neither more or less polite than travellers of other nations. It is also absurd to talk about an alleged German dislike of English customs. No country has ever been more influenced by the customs and practices of another than has Germany by those of England during the last fifteen years. The hour for dinner, men's and women's dress, out-door amusements, habits of hygiene—have all been imitated from England; the German is by nature eclectic, but his eclecticism has in recent years been turned exclusively towards an intelligent selection of innovations from England. In fine, modern German life has been wholly re-organised during the last twenty years on English patterns.

In conclusion, let me draw attention to a criticism of Dr. Conan Doyle's *The War in South Africa: Its Cause and Conduct*, published in the *National Zeitung* of March 9. The writer, who quotes Prince Bismarck's views of the value of public opinion in the days of 1863 and 1864, when the Schleswig-Holstein Question was being violently solved with Denmark, and the enthusiasm of the German people for Bulgaria when Prince Alexander of Battenberg was kidnapped by Russia, certainly shares De Quincey's opinion that "the public is a bad guesser"—"stiff in opinion," and "almost always in the wrong." Speaking of the recently prevailing pronounced dislike for the English and of the enthusiastic partizanship for the Boers in Germany, he says: "Whether these opinions in the two opponents are justifiable in the abstract, and whether this continued manifestation of passionate sympathies and antipathies is beneficial to Germany's true interests, is another question." He complains of the terrorism that has almost prohibited Germans, until quite recently, from publicly protesting against the prevalence of Anglophobia in Germany, or from even uttering an impartial opinion as to the justification of all the immoderate language used against England. He alludes to the habit of the English I have above referred to, of ignoring the expressions of other people's opinions about their doings, especially those of the Continent, and points out that this is generally attributed to arrogance or indifference; and then he describes Dr. Conan Doyle's book as written in a fair, unprejudiced, calm, and objective style. He comes to the conclusion that—

"When a free and politically independent people like the English do not shrink from the greatest sacrifices of money and blood that they have been making for already two years and a-half, with calm determination, in order to bring this war to a victorious end; and when, in doing so, they receive, in a manner quite imposing, the full and voluntary support of their sister countries—i.e., of the free Commonwealths of Australia, New Zealand, and Canada—simple common-sense is bound to say that the cause of England cannot be so completely bad and abominable as the pro-Boers want to make us believe it is."

The writer draws the attention of his readers to Dr. Doyle's list of absolutely credible witnesses, and commends the justness of the way he speaks of the Boers. He joins issue with him, however, for the manner in which he refers to the Germans, and his words are noteworthy. He says—

"He neither penetrates to the real causes of the anti-English movement, nor does he acknowledge that there are a number of eminent organs of the Press that take no part in the 'Baiting of the English,' but have all along expressed a calm and impartial judgment. Doyle's animosity towards Germany is a symptom of the increasing embitterment of the English nation against that of Germany, in proof of which I have a number of extracts before me from the English and Colonial Press. This is certainly the most regrettable of all the consequences of that goading of the people against everything English that has been practised by many classes of people; for, apart from the fact that hundreds of thousands of

Germans enjoy the hospitality of England and her Colonies, an estrangement between the two peoples could only be injurious to us, in the field of general politics just as well as in that of our economic interests. It is to be hoped that the contents of Dr. Conan Doyle's book will serve to enable people to form a juster opinion of England. When this is done that estrangement between two peoples, that in many respects stand so close to one another, will certainly vanish."

It is understood that the German edition of Dr. Conan Doyle's book is to be widely distributed throughout the German Empire.

If Count von Bülow, or some other member of the German Government, had spoken from his place in Parliament as did Baron von Richthofen, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in the Prussian Diet on March 11th, the agitation of the Anglophobes would have been checked long ago; and the resentment and embitterment that was engendered in England by the Chancellor's "granito" speech would never have been aroused. Baron von Richthofen understands the English character, for he has long lived and worked amongst English officials, and has seen what English administration can effect in difficult situations. Baron von Richthofen urged the members of the Prussian Diet—and his words were intended for the whole population of the Prussian Monarchy—"to abstain as much as possible from provoking the susceptibilities of the English Government." He told the Prussians in candid and forcible language, such as they, unfortunately, have not heard hitherto from any official mouth, and at the same time in a tone that could not possibly offend the most rabid Anglophobe, that if they claimed that their national prejudices should be taken into consideration by foreigners, they in their turn had no right to tread upon the national sentiments of foreigners.

"One of the first things to do is to be more just in our criticism. Let us distribute our light and shade more justly than has hitherto been the case; do not let us always assume at once that everything done by the English is wrong and bad. Let me cite an example. I have read stories about the prison-camps calculated to make my hair stand on end. A few days ago one of our generals called on me; he had seen some of these camps and was thus able to speak from his own experience. He said to me: 'I consider that it is my duty—and authorize you to make use of my name—to declare that I found that the prison-camps in Ceylon were quite a pattern of their kind.' It was Major-General von Trotha, formerly Commander of the Schutztruppe in East Africa, who told me this. Being on his way back from China he stopped for a while at Ceylon. He added that the culinary and hygienic arrangements of the camps were simply first-class; and that the ex-German officers who were there had only one complaint to make, and that was that they did not get enough variety in their food! To this he replied:—'My good fellows, if you expect the English to give you caviare and oysters occasionally, you ask a little too much.'"

Referring to General Lord Methuen's misfortune, which had been made public the day before, Baron von Richthofen said:—

"Further, I do not think it would be at all derogatory to the dignity of the nation if we were also to show some human sympathy on occasions such as when we

heard yesterday of the wounding of Lord Methuen, a man who was Military Attaché herein in Berlin for some years, and enjoyed the very special esteem of our first two Emperors, and left a very pleasant recollection of himself behind him in civil as well as military circles."

Referring to the possibility of obtaining permission from the British Government to send ambulances to the Boers, as the latter were without doctors and would not accept assistance from English ambulances, he said:—

"But, gentlemen, to effect this it is most necessary for the English to become convinced that, despite everything, we are after all their kinsmen, and that friendly relations are indispensable for both of us. If we contribute to this we shall probably be able, without getting an abrupt rebuff, to talk as cousins on this side of the Channel to the cousins on the other side of the Channel, and to intercede for our mutual cousins in South Africa. If you, gentlemen, will help us amongst your friends, and in the Press and in general amongst the people of Germany, then you will be rendering a service, in my opinion, to the Boers themselves also."

This speech was received with applause; and it is a very significant fact that, though when Baron von Richthofen went down to the House that morning it had been the intention of the Boer friends to make a demonstration in favour of the latter, they themselves joined in the applause and approved of the Foreign Secretary's counsel. The speech made an exceedingly good impression in Germany; and it was asked in one paper why Count von Bülow had not made one like it himself sooner. It has also been repeatedly asked, Why did not the English deny all the grave charges that were made against them? To this I reply—firstly, that efforts were made repeatedly from the English side, but with no success, to get the German Press to accept the truth from us, and the latter preferred the lies from the other side; secondly, the German, like every other Government, has long been in possession, through their own agents, of sufficient evidence to establish the falseness of the slanders and calumny published against England, but no foreign government has thought fit to stem the tide of calumny and slander. Perhaps it was thought more advisable to allow the public to spend their rage. The movement in Germany was a movement of "righteous indignation," a "moral uprising" against England for what was believed to be an unrighteous war and unjust shedding of blood. Let us hope that Germans will apply their sentiments to their own past and future conduct. It is very easy for a nation to see injustice in its neighbour's quarrels! When they are in a condition to listen to an impartial story of the war their opinions will doubtless change. Meanwhile nobody can deny that Baron von Richthofen has by his speech rendered an immense service to his own as well as to our country: "Despite everything we are, after all, kinsmen, and friendly relations are indispensable for both of us."

J. L. BASHFORD.

ART AND FREE WILL: TOWARDS A NEW CRITIQUE.

FROM the domestic critics of the humble modern novelist, who ask "Why don't you make your stories end more cheerfully?" "Why do you have such horrid people in your books?" "through those others—or the same in a more public capacity—who think they "settle" Ibsen when they declare that all his personages are egoists and his lessons fatal; almost up to the supreme and magnificent Carlyle with his, "Close thy Byron, open thy Goethe;" you find running through the public mind the dominant belief that the author is master in his own house, and that the direction which his work shall take is altogether an affair of Will. But this is a false notion; and when the writers themselves share it—as too often they do—it is responsible for more disasters in their career than any other. It misleads all criticism too. And though that is a matter of much less consequence, it is a harm within our province, the province of the reading public to correct.

For the author—he I mean who has any dealings with literature—is not the master, "*il n'est pas le maître*," as the French say, which way his imagination shall turn. You may settle how you please—according to your theological tenets—who the Master is: whether he be one of the immortals, or only one of Ibsen's ghosts; if it be inspiration or inherited tendency that decides the matter. Will, in the common acceptation of the term, the pure *liberum arbitrium* of the theologians, is one of the smallest factors. Of course accident counts for much. I have never heard it argued that Darwin had a grovelling mind because he wrote a monograph on worms; nor that an entomologist is necessarily "decadent" who studies the *coleoptera* more assiduously than the *lepidoptera*. Yet people always speak of original work in such a tone. If, for example, you suggest: "Possibly the meaner types of the middle class have made more impression on Ibsen's mind than any other." "Well, then, they should not have done," is your answer. There are those who count it a merit in Shakespeare that he could not draw a very life-like villain. This is mere foolishness: there can be no negative merit in the creator. The fact may argue that the gentle Will had an amiable mind, and perhaps a happy experience. But the contrary fact would have been no proof of a contrary disposition. It by no means implies an evil nature to be impressed by evil. You may—I beg pardon; I know that the Tudor writers would have said "you shall"—you shall lie in twenty clean beds and forget it; but one that is haunted by other tenants you will (or shall) not for-

get. And to accuse a writer because his unhappy experiences take creative shape in him, is to accuse Providence not less, which created the prototypes of his characters—"Hätte Gott uns anders gewollt, so hätt' er uns anders gemacht."

I have said that this false doctrine of Free Will is almost as prevalent among authors as among the critics of authors. The quotation taken just now from Carlyle no more than suggests it. But in Carlyle himself the idea was rampant. Nothing in Carlyle's *theory* was the proper subject for literature, but what might be either a text or the discourse thereon. Even so absurd and extravagant a doctrine could not extinguish the flames of one of the pervickest imaginations which have expressed themselves in the English tongue; but the doctrine everlastingly threw earthy matter upon Carlyle's genius, as clods are thrown upon a bonfire, and the flames burned fitfully. *Frederick* was undertaken to support a theory and preach a sermon; and before he had got to the end of it—if rumour speak truth—the biographer found out that Frederick did not support the theory of the inspired hero at all. "If I'd known what a blackguard he was I would never have begun it," the author is reported to have said. In sooth the best parts of the book have little to do with the third king of Prussia. They are either the mediæval history in the first volume—and this is quite beyond praise: only some parts of Michelet to compare with it in this kind—or the character of Frederick William, the father, who certainly was not willed by Carlyle to serve him as a text. Möllwitz and the rest of the battle-fields may be very well done. But you do not want a genius such as Carlyle's for the description of fields of battle.¹ I doubt it was not so much theory as a fatal diffidence, too common with genius, which kept back Carlyle from writing what of all men he was fittest to undertake, a real history of England, or of the English folk; and left such a task to fall into the amiable hands of the late Mr. John Richard Green. Carlyle used always to say that there was no English history but Shakespeare's; and certainly there has been none since. Howbeit—though it sound a paradox—that very diffidence of a man of genius which I blame for our loss, springs as much as anything out of this doctrine of Free Will. It arises when men are not content to be natural, to say *cura, veni*, and follow their direct inspirations, as the Elizabethans did. They glanced from earth to heaven and chose the plots of their plays wherever they liked them, not troubled by doubts whether they were sufficiently posted up, nor asking themselves if, after all, Jones of Trinity were not the proper man. . . .

It has been, perhaps, but a questionable good, that notion (a child

(1) I mean in the military historian's sense. In the Tolstolian Borodino sense it is another question.

also of the Free-Will theory, but the choicest child) that has made men set themselves apart to be poets. In modern days I mean: in the time of the troubadours, or of Dante, or again still earlier, in the Augustan age, literature, *belles lettres*, were so nearly identical with poetry that there was no harm done. I am thinking of modern instances; and even on them I should hesitate to pronounce a decisive opinion. Nature hath extravagant ways sometimes. And it may have needed rotatory crops of *Peter Bells*, *We are Seven*, and the like, to prepare the ground for the golden produce of Wordsworth's great odes and sonnets. Tennyson was another of those pre-eminently set apart. For such there must always come fallow times, which, if they were like the rest of us, they might profitably occupy in writing essays or short stories in prose. But having set themselves apart to write poetry and nothing else, we get as the result those dreary passionless tales in verse—the right Tennysonian in his case—

"Sir Aylmer's griffin weather-cocked the spire."

But, I have said, I cannot guess what may have been Nature's true design in such instances.

Besides, my hint is not to speak of the effect upon the authors of this doctrine of Free Will, but of its effect upon the critics, upon criticism. The first is the only matter of supreme importance; but the other is easier to deal with. And even this is not quite my object; rather, to suggest the adoption of a new kind of criticism founded essentially on the opposite doctrine, whose task should be to search out the inevitable influences, those germs of sensibility and experience out of which the creative artists have fashioned their created work. By such a system we might get rid of the egoism of the critic, his "I like this," "I like not that," together with his eternal dogmatics "such and such is true art"—"to be of the first rank a work of fiction must contain humour as well as pathos," and similar foolishnesses—the whole *Quincunque* *rule* of critical dogmata, in fact, that have been senselessly repeated from generation to generation: we might be on our way to get rid of them all. In place whereof we should have to find room for a sympathetic imagination which would be in itself almost artistic, almost creative. And tentatively, I will pose this theory—as a workable hypothesis at least—that the most truly created among works of literature have been received in the first instance from without, more or less passively; that they have sprung from some germ of sense, some immediate impression on the senses; and can often be traced back to such. It would be in harmony with what we know of Nature's ways to think this—her evolution from the crystal to the (nondescript) plant, from the plant to the butterfly. (I am quoting from the covers of Mr.

Herbert Spencer's *Synthetical Philosophy*, with which [plural] I may claim to be familiar.) So, in the region of ideas, may there be a like evolution from the more material to the less. The *Divina Commedia*—we know it is said—took its origin from the sight of the pilgrims on the bridge over the Tiber in the year of jubilee 1300. And, to come to modern instances, Flaubert declared that he saw his novels always first as a mere patch of colour; the mouldy stain on a wall suggested *Madame Bovary*. *Salammbô* was written on a theme of purple. "Toute ma valeur c'est que je suis un homme pour qui le monde visible existe," said Théophile Gautier. I am not saying but that *le monde invisible* must exist also for your great creator. But I doubt that on a theory just the opposite of Gautier's—the plan of Shelley's poet, who does not know what the lake-reflected sun is illuming, you will get little of that sort of workmanship which I call essentially creative. Poetical sentiment you may have, a vague musical pleasure like the sound of silver bells in the air, exquisite at its best; but not solid food for the literary senses to feed on continually. Even Maeterlinck seems to have something solid and material at the back of his creations—something solid, and nearly always the same thing; a tower by the sea-shore. And I am sure you never will (or shall) appreciate rightly *Endymion* if you take it as a mere beautiful rendering of a story which pleased the poet's fancy, and do not understand that it is penetrated throughout by the sensation—the more physical sensation—of moonlight. All the soundless, the wide unfathomed spaces of the poem, are translations of that physical influence—

" He began to thread
All courts and passages, where silence dead,
Roused by his whispering footsteps, murmured faint."

" He sat down before the maw
Of a wide outlet, fathomless and dim
To wild uncertainty and shadows grim.

Such, above all, is that incomparable journey under the sea, flooded with green light, to the palaces of Neptune. But of the moonlight, too, is the—I do not say the incompleteness, for that word is incomplete—but the beginninglessness, the endlessness, and in a sense formlessness, of the whole. Howbeit, to my poor thinking, *Endymion* is a creation in a pre-eminent degree; much more so than *Hyperion* (what we have of *Hyperion*), though that is maturer and constructed with a finer skill. If you read the first poem with the thought of its real genesis and germ, you will, I think, be of the same mind.

Faust is too complicated a subject and too dangerous ground: this seems a case to defer to "Jones of Trinity," at any rate, to Professor Dowden of the other Trinity. It is of the Second Part

that I should most like to write. Professor Max Müller, in that poetical way of his, trying once to suggest how speech may have come to mankind, compared it to the timbre or tone of each material thing when it is struck, each having its separate timbre or note: it was as if each note had awaked a corresponding echo in the human speech-organs, speech-brain, or what not. Well, for me this Second Part of *Phœbus* is much the same thing; a naïve, an instinctive echo in verse of the impressions of outward things. Chaotic I admit, as I think literature for the present—the best literature—is like to be chaotic, and inartistic in the old senses, till it discover new rules of art and new methods.

In simpler cases the germ for a considerable poem may be found in one stanza of it or one line only. Can anyone question that the refrain "Our Lady of Pain" contains in it all the possibilities of *Dolorès*; and that you will note is an impression received from without (and no disparagement thereby to the inward apprehension which fructified the seed); for the title of the Virgin, "Our Lady of Pain," was already there. *Maud*, it is known, grew up from the single stanza,—

"O that 'twere possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!"

lines which contain the quintessence of the tragedy of the most tragic of possible stories. And not only that, but the verse contains the germ of the treatment of the story, if one is allowed to separate the body from the soul in that way. Without the exquisite, slightly halting line,

"To find the arms of my true love,"

the whole thing might have been different. And without this germ-stanza at all—if *Maud* had not grown up in the way it did—we should perhaps have had in place of it (terrible thought!) a tale told after the fashion of *Dora* or *Aylmer's Field*. I would give a great deal, however, if we might eliminate the "once" from the last line of the stanza quoted. Thus may we, by searching, not only find the vital seed, but a still more vital point in the germ (in this case the line I have twice cited), the eye of the potato, the nucleus of the cell. And it would be a pleasant task to take, say, the earlier and more inspired of Tennyson's poems, such ones, I mean, as *The Vision of Sin*, *The Palace of Art*, *The Lotus Eaters*, &c., and trace in each the forming im- or ex-pression (for they are two sides of the same thing), and the most vital line or verse. I will not attempt that task here. But I will turn aside for a moment to note one little poem of the early series, which, if all else were lost, would be enough to secure

for its writer a share of immortality. I mean *The Deserted House*. Out of the four first verses of that little poem there are but two that are vital—these—

“ Life and Thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving door and windows wide :
Careless tenants they !

“ Come away : no more of mirth
Is here, or merry-making sound.
The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground.”

And as for the fifth and last, it jars with the whole spirit of the rest, and must have been put in as an after-thought for “edification.” What is further interesting in these two verses is their analogy (quite an accidental, independent analogy I am convinced) with four couplets, different in subject, but of a like quaint intention in the second part of *Faust*, *Faust's Grablegung* :—

“ Wer hat das Haus so schlecht gebaut
Mit Schaufeln und mit Spaten ?

“ Dir, dumpfer Gast in häßlichen Gewand,
Ist's viel zu gut gerathen,

“ Wer hat den Saal so schlecht versorgt !
Wo blieben Tisch und Stühle ?

“ Es war auf kürzte Zeit geborgt ;
Die Glaubiger sind so viels.”

There is a third poem which may be put side by side with these two, for their two qualities of simplicity and movingness, Christina Rossetti's inestimable *Uphill*.

Of course, in longer poems or in plays, the vital part would not be easily discernible. The case would be more in analogy with that of novels—to go back again to the region of prose ; and the true *causes causans* of these often lies outside the work itself, and is consequently only traceable, when, like Flaubert, the writer takes us into his confidence. One novelist has told me that he generally sees his books first like a crowd of persons all pushing in different directions with diverse ideas and purposes. This, too—as I understand him—comes as a more or less direct “intuition.” He has a sense of the crowd ; the individuals separate themselves afterwards. * And with some writers whom we can only interrogate through their works the external impulse may be detected. This is the case with Zola. The *Salles* in *Ventre de Paris*, the hot-house, or perhaps rather Sicard's hotel as a whole, in *La Curée* : in *La Terre* it is simply *la terre*, and in *Germinal* the first scene of arrival at the mine gives the impression of the whole book. And the city of Paris—its streets,

its music-halls, its taverns, its workmen's barracks—this is an obsession with our author everywhere. The case of this writer is analogous to that of Carlyle, in that he has hobbled himself to an abominable theory, but his genius has been able to fly notwithstanding. And as Carlyle left behind him upon earth his Charles Kingleys and Tom Hugheses painfully dragging the load which could not fetter him; so, on both sides of the Channel, you find the authors who have thought they could be saved through industry and documents: a tragic sight. And you will see how *terre à terre* they are from the very fact that the determination to write on this or that subject is so much more obvious in them than any inspiration from the subject chosen.

For of course this test which I have suggested, this new evolutionary *critique*, will have its exclusive side. I do not know how some of our young poets will bear it: for their works seem to me made up of vague melody of a Keatsian or a Shelleyan—or upon occasion a Wordsworthian—kind, precisely without visible signs of the outward impulse, the kernel of sensuous experience. But heaven forbid that I should apply the test myself; seeing that with us the irritable race in numbers make up almost a regiment.

Be it remembered, all this second theory of the sensuous kernel, the seed or nucleus in created work, is but a hypothesis. It, in its turn, is the seed of a seed; only one aspect of a wider inference. Whether it be accepted or no, whether or no it bear the test of experience, that question invalidates in no way the use of that kind of criticism for which I am pleading, one concerned much more with the causes of and the impulses towards this or that form of art than with the individual tastes of the critic, and concerned scarcely at all in measuring the new work by the standard of some bygone achievements which may have been produced under impulses that no longer exist. Of all futilities of criticism that in which writers such as Mr. Mallock and Mr. Lilly seem to delight strikes me as the most futile, occupied as it is in proving that the "ages of faith" have produced a better art than ours. And if this be so, what then? Can we leap into a different century? Or do these critics seriously suppose that a man by an act of will can say, "I will believe, then I shall be a great poet?" Could they show that the schools of orthodoxy to-day produced finer work in this kind than comes from the sceptics, there might be some point in this sort of criticism. Though, even then, I scarce know what the practical deduction would be.

I have said that this historical or evolutionary criticism would be exclusive. It must not be supposed that it would accept everything which called itself literature or art. On the contrary, it would, I believe, give us the best criterion for separating what is real from

what is merely imitation. And it would teach us in time to see what are the true impulsive forces in our age. I guess, for one result, that it would show us that the germinating powers are not just now strong in those nations, such as ourselves and the French, who have a long literary tradition behind them: that they are far more vivid in the Northern nations, among the Russians and Scandinavians. It has been my lot to read during the last two or three years a certain number of the younger Norse and Danish novelists and playwrights—Pontoppidan, Hamsun, Obstfelder, Halge Rode; not to speak of Thomas Krag, who is not quite so much "in the movement," but has an inspiration of his own. And of course we all know the elder Scandinavians and the best known of the Russians. In the smallest and greatest among these northerners there seems to me to lie that capacity for waiting for and welcoming the true outward impulse which our journalism-modelled literature has all but lost. And you do not find much trace of it in French literature either. There, as here, the inspiration is of quite a different kind, it is Pistol's inspiration to "convey" from some great work or body of writing already achieved.

C. F. KEARY.

SUGAR AND THE CONVENTION.

It is sufficiently remarkable that a commodity which is the expression of concentrated sweetness should have been responsible for more international bitterness than any other gift of Nature—except, perhaps, gold. It is also a singular fact that sugar has been responsible for one of the most remarkable developments in the history of political economy. After thirty years of rivalry the two great areas of production have changed places in relative importance. Cane sugar is produced in all the four quarters of the globe, and beet sugar is produced practically only in Europe—though it is now extending to America. Yet the beet product controls the sugar markets of the world. In Great Britain we now consume little else than beet, and it is another curious thing that what little cane sugar does come to this country to be refined comes from the French colonies, not from our own. This is because the French colonial sugar enjoys a double bounty on re-exportation from France. Roughly speaking the world's crop of sugar consists of $6\frac{3}{4}$ million tons of beet and $3\frac{1}{2}$ million tons of cane, but these figures only represent the statistical crop. They do not include the very large productions of India and China, and other tropical countries which do not export. If these were added it would doubtless be found that the total cane crop greatly exceeds the total beet crop. That makes the economical position the more striking, for it is the surplus crop of the European producers that controls the whole world's market. Then we have to note this difference in the two areas of production. The European beet producers only throw upon the general market what they cannot themselves consume of one crop among many crops and a diversity of industries. The tropical cane producers cultivate a single crop for the general market and have no other industries. Thus, while disaster to beet sugar means only misfortune—disaster to cane sugar means ruin. Once upon a time Great Britain was the largest market in the world for cane sugar. To-day the United States is the largest consumer of cane, and Great Britain is the largest consumer of beet, which neither she nor her dependencies produce. This change has been brought about by other causes than foreign bounties—notably by the scientific methods and technical skill of the Continental producers—but it is the bounties which in the present position of affairs most seriously affect Imperial interests in respect of the cane-growing colonies. It is no use offering “jam and judicious advice” to the West Indies so long as the bounty system exists, which the recent Conference at Brussels has been endeavouring to

get rid of. Do not let us forget that the West India Commission of 1897 found that the benefit which the British Empire derived from the low price of sugar due to the operation of the bounties was too dearly purchased by the injury imposed on our West Indian fellow-subjects. They emphasised the very serious consequences to the colonies should the sugar industry fail. And bounties are, as M. Yves Guyot says, the basis of the whole sugar industry in Europe.

The bounty system was begun by Austria in 1860, and it is noteworthy that Austria was the last of the Powers to give in to the terms of the new Convention, as they affect the indirect bounties of the *kartels*. In Austria the customs duty had so effectually prevented imports that, forty years ago, the production of beet sugar was far ahead of the capacity of the country to consume, or at all events to consume at the high price caused by the heavy excise duty. To enable the producers to export their surplus at a price which would put it on a footing with cane sugar in other countries, it was decided to grant a drawback equal to the amount of the excise duty on the quantity exported. But by-and-by the drawback was increased to something more than the duty, so as to encourage the makers to produce more sugar for export. The difference between the drawback and the duty formed the margin by which Austrian beet sugar could undersell cane sugar. Thus a legitimate attempt to equalise conditions of competition grew into a system of subsidising the sugar industry, which other beet-growing countries quickly followed. And thus it came to pass that Continental agriculturists found that no crop was so profitable as beet grown for the purpose of making sugar for export.

In surveying the bounty system as it exists, it is natural to begin with Germany, as the largest exporting country, and also because her system is by far the simplest. Until a few years ago the German bounty was direct and comparatively small, averaging barely 1s. per cwt. Now, however, the actual rates are 1s. 3d. per cwt. on raw, and 1s. 9d. per cwt. on refined sugar, and the amount is payable after a certain time has elapsed from shipment. The sugar securing the higher rate need not actually pass through a refinery, for the refining process is incorporated in that of extraction and manipulation in the various stages. The 1s. 3d. per cwt. is paid up to a certain standard of purity, but beyond that the extra sixpence may be claimed when the sugar is fit for consumption, without having to go through any further process. The Government does not like the system, and endeavours to check too rapid development by fixing every year what the output has to be in the ensuing season. The *kartels*, or syndicates, make a payment to the exporter equal to the bounty he receives, thus practically doubling the premium. They do this out of the profits of the home trade.

In France prevails a system of indirect bounties. The excise tax

is based upon the assumption that the yield of sugar is $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of beetroot. When it exceeds this the manufacturer secures an advantage, because upon all he can extract from the beetroot between $7\frac{1}{2}$ and $10\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. he pays only half-duty. When he comes to export the sugar he receives the full drawback on the total quantity, so that if he extracts the full $10\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., he has returned to him at the rate of thirty francs per quintal on $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., equal to about 3s. per cwt. more than was originally paid. The actual bounty varies with the yield, and is higher in a good season than in a bad one. Last year this indirect bounty was estimated at rather over 3s. Then France has colonies in which cane sugar is grown, and to encourage the re-export of imported and refined cane sugar, the same privileges are extended to the colonial as to the home-grown product. At the end of each year an estimate is made of the average rate of bounty paid on beet during the year, and that becomes the standard of allowance on cane for the year following. Colonial sugar being at a disadvantage as regards cost of transport, an extra allowance of nearly 1s. per cwt., known as a "détaxe de distance," is made to cover this, the same privilege being conceded to all beet that has to be conveyed more than 150 miles before it can reach the nearest refinery. Thus the actual indirect bounty is fluctuating and uncertain. In April, 1897, the French Government passed an Act through the Chambers granting a direct, in addition to the already existing indirect, bounty. This was to be paid at the rate of 3.50 francs per quintal on sugar polarising under 98 per cent., and four francs on all over, as well as granulated and crystal. The equivalent is 1s. 6d. and 1s. 9d. per cwt. respectively, or rather more than the German bounty, which it was designed to counteract. To meet this additional bounty a special tax, equal to 1s. 6d. per cwt., was imposed on all sugar refined in France, to be refunded on export, but retained when declared for home consumption. This was to cover the additional expenditure, and if it failed to do so the bounties were to be correspondingly reduced the following year to make good the deficiency. Such a reduction was actually decreed in 1898, 1899 and 1900.

Austria-Hungary has much the same system as Germany, but allows the maximum bounty only on the very highest grade, testing $99\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. and upwards of pure sugar. On this the bounty is equal to 1s. $11\frac{1}{2}$ d. per cwt., against the German 1s. 9d. on a slightly inferior quality. On lower grades the allowance is 1s. $4\frac{1}{2}$ d. per cwt., while on anything below 93 per cent. it is 1s. $3\frac{1}{2}$ d. But Austria imposes a limit upon the total sum to be expended in this way. Until 1895 it fixed the payment at a maximum sum of 5,000,000 florins, say £420,000, and whatever was paid to manufacturers and exporters in excess of this had, at the close of the season, to be refunded to the

Treasury on a *pro rata* basis. Every year the amount to be so refunded was considerable. In 1896-7 the maximum was fixed at 9,000,000 florins, or £750,000. This was found to have been again considerably exceeded, and the restitution demanded was over 2,000,000 florins, causing a substantial reduction in the bounty. The manufacturers combine, and at the beginning of a season so much is allotted to each, and they arrange with the refiners not to sell any sugar for home consumption. With the help of a surtax of 11 florins per 100 kilos., the refiners fix the home price at a level which enables them to bonify the manufacturers for all that is sold at home, and the exporters for all that is sent abroad.

The Belgian system is different, and owing to the complicated method of levying the excise duty, and of allowing the drawback, the amount of the actual bounty is unascertainable. When the United States Government was fixing countervailing duties against the Continental bounty-fed beet sugar, Belgium endeavoured to demonstrate that there was no bounty at all with her. The Belgian Exchequer insists upon a minimum annual payment of 600,000 francs from sugar duties, and the excise duty is levied on the juice after it has been extracted from the beetroot. Each hectolitre is supposed to yield 1,750 grammes of sugar, and upon this basis the drawback is granted, but in an average year the yield is at least 1,800 grammes, or more, and the difference constitutes the bounty. The Belgian bounty, however, is really more dependant upon home consumption than upon export, for whatever is contributed by the farmer in excess of 600,000 francs goes to the latter. There is, no doubt, a bounty on shipments, necessarily diminishing as they increase, unless accompanied by a corresponding increase in the home consumption, but neither the Government nor the manufacturers themselves can tell what it amounts to in any one year.

In Holland the bounty is on production, and the amount is limited which may be paid each year. As in Germany and Austria the excise tax is levied on the sugar which leaves the factory for consumption, and the portion destined for export, besides being exempt, has a claim upon the Treasury. For the season 1900-01 this was fixed at 2.50 florins per quintal, and the total at 2,500,000 florins, or about £200,000, equal to about 2s. per cwt. Each successive year there is to be a reduction of 15 cents per quintal in the rate, and 100,000 florins in the sum total, until for 1905-6 the figures will be respectively 1.30 and 1,700,000 florins only. There is also a refining bounty, which for 1897-8 was 34 cents per quintal, with a maximum of 80,000 florins, and an annual reduction of 3 cents and 50,000 florins; only the minimum is now reached, and for 1902-3 and subsequent seasons, unless otherwise enacted, the figures are to stand respectively at 19 cents and 250,000 florins.

Sweden is the only country in which a duty on home consumption is not refunded when the sugar is exported.

The kartel, which flourishes in Austria-Hungary and Germany, and, in a disguised form, in Russia, but not in France, Belgium, or Holland, determines the amount of production by each member, also the amount for home consumption and for export. It also fixes the home price at any figure within the price of any foreign sugar *plus* the surtax upon the import. So good a profit is thus obtained in the home market that the export surplus can be sold for less than the cost of production and the export bounty combined. But certain items in the cost of production can be put entirely upon the output of the quantity for the protected home market, and thus the apparent cost of producing the export surplus is reduced. The system is only possible in a country which is at once protectionist and exporting, and it stimulates industry within that country, but it is highly injurious to the interests of our own sugar industries. Belgium and Holland, and France also, object to the Austrian and German kartels, which injure their producers. The whole Continental production of 1897-98 was 4,830,000 tons, and its value, on the average price of the year, was something like £33,278,000. In the following year, with an increased weight of about 150,000 tons, the value was so improved that 4,980,000 tons yielded rather over £38,745,000. This process continued throughout 1899-1900 and 1900-01, the former with a production of 5,518,000 tons, giving £46,180,000, and the latter, with 6,069,000 tons, no less than £55,230,000, or an increase of fully £4,000,000. For the current sugar year there was an estimated production of 6,770,000 tons, and the value of this quantity would be under £49,000,000, as against £55,230,000, the realised return on the preceding crop of 6,069,000 tons. In other words, with an additional quantity of over 700,000 tons there appears a probable decrease in yield of fully £6,000,000, as between the two crops; and a proportionate shrinkage in value of no less than £12,607,000 sterling, with no possibility of any commensurate development in consumption. Against this depreciation the export bounties will set-off to the extent of about £9,000,000, so that to the Continental producers the deficiency as between the value of the two crops will still be about three and a-half millions sterling. The foreign consumers have to contribute the £9,000,000 needed as a bonus on the export, besides £27,000,000 in taxation on little more than one-third of their production, which is what remains for home consumption.

The following shows the production of raw sugar and the amount of the direct bounties in each of the three principal beet-growing countries in the sugar year 1899-1900:—¹

(1) These figures are derived from M. Yves Guyot's admirable treatise on *The Sugar*

Country.	Output of raw sugar.	Amount of bounties paid.	Dominating beet-land of raw sugar.
	Tons.	Francs.	Francs.
France . . .	1,071,310	15,397,646	1.44
Germany . . .	1,798,479	34,503,670	1.92
Austria . . .	1,120,000	18,450,000	1.65

The French figures include Colonial sugar. In Austria the maximum State allowance is 18,450,000 francs. Anything paid beyond this has to be repaid by the manufacturers and refiners according to their respective outputs.

In January last the United States Department of State published a report based on the returns of sugar production in Europe during the season of 1900-1901, and the estimates for the year 1901-2, issued each year by the International Union for Sugar Statistics. The following table sets forth both the returns and estimates :—

PRODUCTION OF SUGAR.

Country.	Production of sugar beets.		Production of sugar.	
	1901-2.	1900-1.	1901-2.	1900-1.
	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.
Germany . . .	15,630,410	13,252,291	2,220,850	1,974,785
Austria . . .	8,944,700	7,408,000	1,306,900	1,083,300
France . . .	9,278,400	8,717,439	1,080,300	1,100,171
Russia . . .	8,304,545	6,406,024	1,079,550	893,520
Belgium . . .	2,509,000	2,463,000	325,000	320,000
Holland . . .	1,483,000	1,225,000	200,100	178,100
Sweden . . .	876,000	865,800	121,392	115,547
Denmark . . .	44,300	398,258	57,500	50,760
Other countries .	—	—	221,000	—

The American Consul at Bremen expressed the opinion that :—

"There will be apparently an over-production of sugar in Europe amounting to 1,000,000 tons in excess of the normal consumption, and the stock to be carried over to next season may be 1,500,000 tons. Of course, the effect of this is unprecedentedly low prices. In December raw sugar was quoted at the Magdeburg exchange at 1.62c. per lb. It would seem that the unprofitable business would check over-production, but the entire beet-sugar industry of Europe is on an artificial basis."

Mr. Licht's latest estimate, however, of the Continental sugar crops for the year ending August 31 next, is 6,825,000 tons as compared with 6,069,000 for the last crop year, and 5,523,000 in 1899-1900. This means that in two years sugar beet has been increased by 23 per cent., and the effect on price is marked. Granulated sugar in August, 1899, the close of the beet year, was selling at Hamburg for 12s. 3d. per cwt. In the same month of 1900 the

price was 13s. 6d. In August, 1901, it was 10s. 8½d., and for next August contracts have been entered into at 8s. 4½d. This last figure is 5s. 2½d. less than the average price of granulated sugar in Hamburg in August, 1898. Adding the import duty of 4s. 2d., the British consumer will be getting granulated sugar 1s. per cwt. cheaper than it cost in 1900 without any duty. This is the quality mainly used by confectioners.

The United Kingdom is the only country in which the bounties upon Continental sugar are of service to the producers in marketing their product. Our West Indian colonies, of course, receive no bounty, and are placed at a great disadvantage in all markets other than those of the United States, where bounty-fed sugar is counter-vailed. In the markets of the Mother Country they are also at a geographical disadvantage as compared with the Continent. The serious condition of these sugar-growing colonies was noted in the report of the West India Royal Commission: "Dealing broadly with the whole question, we may say at once that, looking to the low prices now prevailing and to the probabilities as to the future of prices, the sugar-cane industry of the West Indies is threatened with such reduction in the immediate future as may not in some of the colonies differ very greatly from extinction, and must seriously affect all of them, with the single exception of Grenada, which no longer produces sugar for export." The Commissioners further gave it as their opinion that "the benefit which the British Empire as a whole derives from any lowering of the price of sugar due to the operation of the bounty system is too dearly purchased by the injury which that system imposes on a limited class, namely, Your Majesty's West Indian and other subjects dependent on the sugar industry."

Although the bounties have been denounced by all Free Traders, there are some who would do nothing to abolish them, on the erroneous assumption that the abolition of the foreign bounties would deprive consumers in this country of the benefit of "cheap sugar." The late Lord Farrer, when chairman of the Cobden Club, in 1897, thus warned his colleagues:—"Upon that point (sugar bounties) we, as Free Traders, must walk warily. We must admit to the fullest degree that sugar bounties are an abomination, and we must not, because they make sugar a little cheaper in this country, say they ought to be continued." And as to the claim that the bounties have been a great boon to this country, bad as they have been for our colonies, it is worth noting what Sir Neville Lubbock says:—

"No evidence is vouchsafed in support of this assertion, and I venture to say that, if an impartial estimate were made and a balance struck between the losses inflicted on this country by the collapse of its sugar and allied industries on the one hand, and the gain accruing to our consumers from any lowering of the price

of sugar which may legitimately be traced to the operation of the bounty system on the other hand, it would be found that this country stands to gain very largely by the abolition of that system."

Of course there is no evidence or proof in this expression of opinion, but it "gives to think."

The absolute removal of the bounties will lead to the disappearance of the present divergent scale of European values, and so increase the demand as to adjust the production nearer to the requirements of the nations. It will bring the annual average values of crops to a higher level than is possible under existing circumstances, and leave supply and demand to free operation. The total abolition of burdens and a freed consumption should give the producers better results than any derived from the old system. As for the British consumer, who now receives sugar at a falsely depreciated rate, he cannot complain if he has to pay no more than its true economic value, whatever that may be. And for compensatory advantages, there will be the renewed general prosperity of the home and colonial trade. The continental consumer who has at present to pay about 8d. per lb. for his sugar, in order to support a system by which we obtain ours at less than one-third that price, will be relieved by the more equable distribution of the burden.

A little retrospect is now necessary to a proper understanding of the present position. The Conference of 1898 was fruitless as regards its main purpose, but it framed a comprehensive definition of bounties, and educed much valuable information concerning the technicalities of the bounty system. It was shown that the majority of the bounty-giving nations were willing to throw off the burden from their Exchequers. All denounced direct export bounties, but France and Russia barred the way to an agreement by reserving from discussion their internal legislation which confers an indirect bounty on exportation. France is the only country that grants both direct and indirect bounties. The French delegate expressed the willingness of his Government to abolish the direct bounty granted in 1897, but refused to discuss the indirect bounty which is three times as large. The Russian delegate asserted that his Government had no intention of altering its external legislation. This rendered it impossible for Austria-Hungary to abolish the bounties on her product, with which Russian sugar competes in Italy and the Levant. All efforts at a compromise were then unsuccessful. In October, 1900, however, a preliminary agreement was concluded between Germany, Austria-Hungary, and France, with the object of paving the way for further international negotiations. France expressed willingness to give up her export bounty and one-half of her indirect bounty, on condition that Germany and Austria-Hungary would give up all their bounties. Although France wanted to retain a part of her

bounty, she was willing to resign a larger sum than either of the other countries in actual amount. The German producers have, besides, industrial advantages in yield of roots per acre, in the richness of yield from the roots, and in the organisation and mechanism of production. They have carried science and economy of working to a higher pitch than any others. German sugar also enjoys preferential railway rates. As to Austria-Hungary, some argue that steamship subsidies, such as those granted to the Austrian Lloyd's steamers, are in the nature of indirect bounties, though they have never been treated as such. Austria-Hungary and France have one advantage in competing with Germany, for the German Bourse law has almost destroyed the German trade in "futures," while the other countries can deal in "futures" to an unlimited extent. These three countries are responsible for three-fourths of the European production, and the existence of a serious deficit in the French Budget arising from the payment of sugar bounties, which amount to about £4,000,000 per annum, has specially rendered M. Caillaux anxious for a settlement of this question as far as France is concerned. The kartels have been defended as combinations such as are now a feature of modern industrial conditions, but if export bounties are abolished the kartels will have no inducement to produce a surplus for exportation, but will prefer to reap the maximum profit which the surtax will enable them to obtain from the home consumer.

In Austria-Hungary and Germany (as a foreign correspondent of *The Times* recently pointed out) the kartels embrace practically all the sugar producers and maintain the internal price of sugar at a high figure—the surtax being 10s. per cwt. The power to fix prices in the home market by the State maintenance of prohibitive customs duties, together with the enjoyment of an export bounty, stimulates production for export, because within the limits set by the demands of home consumers sugar producers can recoup their losses on exported sugar out of the extra profits realised at home. The system has specially stimulated the exportation of refined sugars, and Austria-Hungary has found openings for these sugars in India and the Far East, while Germany cultivates the British market. Competition among the members of the kartels is prevented, because each one's share of the supply to the home market depends on his production at the time when the kartel was formed. Something analogous exists in Russia, where the Government control of sugar serves to unify the industry. The Russian Government renders the home market profitable by fixing a high customs tariff, by regulating the price for internal consumption, by determining the quantity of sugar for consumption, and so forth. But as the quantity which each factory can put on the home market is proportionate to its total

production, the manufacturers compete for a larger share of this lucrative home market. This has led to an excessive over-production, and the excess can be exported at a loss because of the high price obtained from the home consumers, who pay nearly double the export price.

Lord Pirbright has pointed out the material difference between the recent Brussels Conference and that of 1888, over which he presided.

"At the London Conference of 1888 all the bounty-giving Powers were invited to this country for the purpose of discussing and, if possible, of finding the best means for the abolition of sugar bounties. Great Britain, the inviting Power, was the only one which gave no bounties either direct or indirect, and the object of the Government of the day was to endeavour to bring about a mutual agreement by which this vexed question, that for years had occupied the consideration of successive Ministries, should at last find a practical solution. The result of that Conference was the signature of a Convention by Great Britain and the bounty-giving Powers, containing a penal clause by which, after a certain date, the signatories—with the exception of France and with certain reservations on the part of Austria—agreed to exclude bounty-fed sugar, either by absolute prohibition or by countervailing duties levied upon it. The necessary Bill was prepared and introduced by me into the House of Commons as a Government measure, but after it had been read a first time the opposition of certain members of the Gladstonian party—now eminent and respected members of the present Unionist Cabinet—had such a terrorising effect upon the Conservative administration of the day that 'letting I dare not wait upon I would' they dropped the measure."

But in fourteen years we have learned much as well as suffered much, and so have the best-growing countries. The Convention which was signed at Brussels on 5th March last, and which can only be briefly summarised here, is the result.

In article one, the High Contracting parties undertake to suppress all direct and indirect bounties by which the production or export of sugar would benefit, and not to establish bounties of the kind during the whole duration of the Convention. This applies to all advantages resulting directly or indirectly for the several categories of producers from the fiscal legislation of the States, including the direct bonuses granted to exports, the direct bonuses granted to production, total or partial exemptions from taxation granted for a part of the manufactured output, profits derived from the surplusages of output, profits derived from the exaggeration of the drawback, and advantages derived from any surtax in excess of the rate fixed by article four. The second article deals with arrangements for the surveillance of factories. In article three, the contracting parties undertake to limit the surtax to a maximum of 6 francs per 100 kilogrammes for refined sugar, and to a maximum of 5 francs 50 cents. for other sugars. The surtax is the difference between the rate of duty or taxation to which foreign

sugars are subject and that imposed on the home product. The provisions of this article do not apply to the rates of import duties in the case of countries that do not produce sugar and, therefore, not to Great Britain. By article four, the contracting parties agree to impose a special duty on imports into their respective territories of sugars from countries that grant bounties either for production or export. This duty shall not be less than the amount of the bounties, direct or indirect, granted in the country of origin, and they reserve liberty to altogether prohibit the importation of bountied sugars. Article five declares that cane and beet sugars ought to be subjected to different rates of duty. By article six, Spain, Italy, and Sweden, are freed from the obligation imposed in article one, as far as producing countries are concerned, as well as from the undertakings embodied in articles three and four, as long as they do not export sugar. Article seven provides for the establishment of a permanent International Commission of Surveillance to sit at Brussels. This Commission will exercise a general control, settle any litigious questions that may arise, and decide as to the admission of States that have not taken part in the present Conference. In article eight the High Contracting parties undertake to prevent bounty-fed sugars, which have passed in transit through a contracting country, from enjoying the advantages of the Convention in the market to which it is being forwarded. According to article nine, States which have taken no part in the Convention will be admitted to adhere to it at their request, and after giving notice in conformity with the permanent International Commission. By article ten the Convention will come into force on September 1, 1903, and will remain valid for five years from that date, and in the case of any of the High Contracting parties not having notified twelve months before the expiration of the said period of five years the intention of ceasing to abide by it, it will continue to remain in force for a year, and in the same way from year to year. In the event of one of the contracting Powers denouncing the Convention, this denunciation will only have effect on the party in question. The other Powers will retain until October 31 of the year in which the denunciation is made the right of notifying their intention of withdrawing on September 1 of the succeeding year. If more than one Power desires to withdraw, a conference of the Powers shall meet at Brussels within three months to decide upon the course to be taken. By article eleven the provisions of the Convention will apply to overseas provinces, colonies, and foreign possessions of the contracting parties, with the exception of the British and Dutch colonies and possessions, regarding which declarations are inserted in a final protocol. By article twelve the Convention will require to be ratified at Brussels on or before February 1, 1903.

The concluding protocol of the Convention, translated, runs as follows:—

“On the point of proceeding to the signature of the Sugar Convention concluded this day between the Governments of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Spain, France, Great Britain, Italy, Netherlands, and Sweden, the undersigned Plenipotentiaries are agreed as follows:—As regards article three, seeing that the object of surtax is an efficacious protection of the market of each producing country, the High Contracting parties reserve to themselves the right to propose an increase of the surtax should considerable quantities of sugar from one of the contracting States find their way into their own territories. This increase would only apply to sugars coming from that State. Such a proposal must be addressed to the Commission provided for in article seven, which will decide whether they are good enough for the proposed measures as to the period for which it shall be enforced, and on the extent of the increase, which shall not exceed 1 franc per 100 kilogrammes. The assent of the Commission shall only be given when invasion of the market in question is the consequence of an actual inferiority and not the result of a fractionary increase in price, brought about by an agreement between the producers. As regards article eleven (1) the Government of Great Britain declares that no bounty, direct or indirect, shall be granted to sugars from Crown Colonies during the duration of the Convention.” (2) It also declares as an exceptional measure, and reserving in principle entire liberty of action as regards fiscal relations between the United Kingdom and its colonies and possessions, that during the duration of the Convention no preference will be granted in the United Kingdom to colonial sugars as against foreign; and (3) finally declares that the Convention shall, by its intermediation be submitted to the self-governing colonies and East Indies so that they may have an opportunity of giving their adhesion to it. It is understood that the British Government has power to adhere to the Convention on behalf of Crown Colonies. (b) The Government of the Netherlands declares that for the duration of the Convention no bounty, direct or indirect, shall be granted sugars from Dutch Colonies, and that such sugars shall not be admitted into the Netherlands at a lower tariff than that applied to sugars from any of the contracting countries. The present closing protocol, which will be ratified at the same time as the Convention concluded this day, will be regarded as forming an integral part of the Convention, and will have the same force, value, and duration.”

The signing of this Convention does not, of course, ensure the abolition of the bounties. It only provides a method of abolishing them by international agreement, which the Legislatures of the several countries concerned may, or may not, ratify. Some disappointment has been expressed in this country at the postponement of the date for ratification. But there is an intelligible reason for this in the fact that the French elections take place in April, and that it is not probable the new Chambers will be sufficiently settled down to work to dispose of the Convention within the present year. There is, of course, always the chance of the elections resulting in a change of Ministry in France, and we must not ignore the significance of the fact that not one of the present Ministry comes from any of the sugar-producing Departments. Another complaint is that the Convention, if ratified, will not come into force until September, 1903. But there is reason in this also. The sugar year extends from 31st

August to 31st August, and a large part of the business in sugar is done on forward contracts. It is obvious that these contracts must be largely conditioned by the sowings and arrangements of 1902-3. It is reasonable that the beet-farmers and manufacturers of the Continent should have time to adjust themselves to the new conditions, and they can hardly do so completely until after the Convention is ratified in February. The German delegates strove earnestly to get the date put forward until September, 1904, and though they were unsuccessful, the agricultural and kartel interests in Germany may combine to agitate against the Convention, if only to get the date extended—for probably all recognise that the days of bounty profits are numbered, and that if the Convention fails they will have to face countervailing duties in the United Kingdom as well as in the United States and India.

A further objection is urged on account of the stipulation in the protocol that Great Britain shall give no preferential treatment to the sugar of her colonies during the duration of the Convention. But that will not prevent her from giving preferential support until the Convention does come into force, after which the Sugar Colonies should be quite well able to hold their own on even conditions. It is believed that cane sugar in the tropics, under vigorous and scientific management, can be produced more cheaply than beet-sugar in Europe. To the further objection that the term of five years for the Convention is so short that fresh capital will not be attracted to the West Indies, it may be replied that the Convention will not necessarily terminate at the end of five years, that those States which remain parties to it will be free to impose countervailing duties against bounty-fed sugar, that it is not at all probable that bounties once removed will ever be re-imposed, and that even if the Convention does completely go to pieces at the end of five years this country will be then quite prepared to defend the interests of the colonies and of Free Trade. Within two years the United States will be independent of both foreign cane and European beet sugar, and Great Britain and India will be the only markets of any consequence open to the beet producers.

The ardent Free Trader is bound to confess that Protection in the form of bounty has been up to a certain point a success in the countries granting it. For instance, it has promoted in France and Germany and Austria a great agricultural industry, and it has created great national industries in the making and refining of sugar. These foreign industries which have been created by the bounty system will survive the abolition of that system. Further, it is not to be denied that this particular form of protection granted by foreign States has been of great pecuniary benefit to us. Foreign Governments have made us a present of millions per annum, which they have taken out

of the pockets of their taxpayers. The German and Austrian kartels have made us a present of further millions, which they have taken out of the pockets of their home customers. Moreover, the bounties have been beneficial to us in sharpening the wits and improving the technical skill of our colonial planters and home refiners in efforts to cheapen production so as to meet the competition. But the beneficial stage is long past. It is only a deceptive advantage we are deriving in being supplied now with sugar below the cost of production. Our refining industry has been reduced to comparative insignificance; and our sugar-growing colonies to the verge of ruin. It has been often alleged that there are now two persons employed in the jam, confectionery, and biscuit industries for every one employed in the extinct refineries. Even if that be true, the refineries gave employment to other industries, and the sugar-consuming industries, though they received a stimulus from cheap sugar, are not dependent on cheapness caused by bounties. Nor can they be regarded as the creation of bounty-fed sugar, but as the natural result of a natural and inevitable demand for a cheap luxury. In any case, Britain will remain the centre of these sugar-consuming industries so long as other nations maintain high import and excise duties, as they will surely do irrespective of bounties.

Those Free Traders who would accept the apparent benefits of a system they denounce, rather than adopt a defensive policy against Protection, may be reminded that Free Trade is a policy, not a fetish, and that it is folly to pursue a policy when it becomes suicidal. The fact which has eluded the furious opponents of countervailing duties, on the ground that they are antagonistic to the principles of Free Trade, is this: that by admitting bounty-fed sugar free into her ports Great Britain is actually granting preferential terms to foreign countries to the detriment of her own colonies and her own refiners. The effect of countervailing duties would not be to "protect" the colonial producer or the British refiner, but to restore the trade in sugar to the conditions of Free Trade; and Free Trade will be secured under the Convention, though not so speedily as is necessary to the salvation of the West Indies. The colonies will certainly need some help to tide over the next two years, and perhaps the best way of helping them would be to impose a surtax of one farthing per pound on foreign sugar for that period. That would give West Indian sugar the advantage of 2s. 4d. per cwt. in the British markets, and a chance of living.

BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

INDUSTRIAL TRUSTS AND NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

THERE is no subject of greater importance at the present moment to the industrial world in England and the States than that of Industrial Trusts or Combines ; and the editors of the monthly reviews and magazines in both countries have latterly been devoting a large amount of space to a discussion of the advantages and disadvantages of the new movement.¹ The writers of these articles have, however, dealt chiefly with the academic features of the question, and in the majority of instances they have based a somewhat qualified approval of the Trust movement, upon its claims to be regarded as a forward step in industrial evolution.

According to the authors of recent articles, three natural stages may be recognised in the development of the world's manufacturing industries. The first is that of the isolated and independent worker, possessing his own workshop, and buying and selling his own raw and finished materials. This stage lasted from the dawn of manufacture down to the middle of the nineteenth century, and still survives in the smaller industries in certain districts of Europe and America. The second stage was inaugurated by the advent of the steam-engine as a source of mechanical power, and was marked by the transfer of the manufacture from the home to the factory, and by the displacement of the small industrial worker by the wealthy manufacturer. The third stage is that upon which we are now believed to be entering, and is characterised by the absorption of the individual wealthy manufacturer or manufacturing company in the huge "Trust" or "Combine."

Due recognition, however, is not accorded by these writers to the fact that the transfer of manufacture from the home to the factory, was largely due to the inability to provide mechanical power by the steam-engine cheaply, except in large units. If a 10 h.p. steam-engine could have been worked as economically as a 1,000 h.p. steam-engine, the small manufacturer would have existed in far larger numbers at the present day ; but handicapped by the greater cost of power, he has succumbed in most cases to the competition of the factory owner. It is now generally admitted that electricity is likely to give new life to the first system of industrial activity, owing to the facilities which it offers for carrying mechanical power to the homes of the workers ; and in the St. Etienne district of France,

(1) *Contemporary Review*, March, 1899 : Macrosty. *Cassier's Magazine*, April, 1899 : Hitchcock. *Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1900 : Conant. *Economic Journal*, June, 1900 : Ashley. *Engineering Magazine*, January, 1901 ; *Cassier's Magazine*, October, 1901.

such a revival of the home silk-weaving industry has, in fact, already been brought about by its aid.

The watch-making industry of Geneva is another instance of successful manufacture, under conditions which are opposed to the modern movement in favour of consolidation. The enterprising municipal authorities of this city have two systems of power distribution (hydraulic and electric) in operation, and the smallest workshop in the city can be provided with power for driving its machinery from the public mains, at reasonable rates.

The large number of schemes now in course of development in the United Kingdom for the generation of electric-power at central stations, and for the distribution of this power over large industrial areas in the northern and midland counties, are also significant of a change, and point to the inauguration of a new era in the development of our home manufacturing industries.

The above theory of industrial evolution is, therefore, a somewhat shaky basis upon which to erect an argument in favour of the "Trust" or "Combine" movement in manufacturing industries, and in the following pages I have attempted to forecast its future by balancing the advantages and disadvantages as these have revealed themselves in the past history of some of the industrial combines. In the course of the inquiry a large amount of statistical and other information relative to industrial trusts in England and America has been collected, and this is presented in Part I. of the article.

I.—SOME FINANCIAL DETAILS OF THE TRUST MOVEMENT.

Since the commencement of the year 1898, the manufacturing world in America has passed through a phase of excitement similar to that which overtook the British industrial world ten years earlier. In the latter case the movement was one for the conversion of private manufacturing firms into public joint-stock companies; and within a period of six or eight years the majority of our home manufacturing industries were completely changed from the one system of organisation to the other. In America—where nearly all the manufacturing firms already existed as public joint-stock companies—the more recent movement has been directed towards the formation of "Industrial Trusts." The boom in Trust formation rose to its greatest height in 1899, when 250 Trust organisations were reported to have been registered in New Jersey alone.¹

Trusts and Consolidations were, of course, known in the States

(1) The laws of the State of New Jersey are more lax as regards company formation than those of New York, or of any other State of the Union. Consequently the majority of the organisers of these huge American Trusts have chosen to have them registered in New Jersey, much to the benefit of the State Exchequer. A more flagrant instance of the laxity that pays¹ would be difficult to find.

before 1898, these organisations having been a common feature in the railway and tramway world for many years. But it is only since 1898 that *manufacturing* interests in the U.S.A. have been subjected to the operations of the Trust promoter. Within the brief period of two years, practically every industry in the States, from locomotives to tin cans and coffins, has been dealt with by the energetic gentlemen who devote themselves to the organisation of these huge combines. The Trust movement, in fact, became epidemic; not even Mr. Carnegie was able to resist the attack; and this earlier champion of individualism succumbed to an offer of £80,000,000 for the immense works at Pittsburg and the affiliated mines and railways.

The writer has not been able to obtain the complete official figures for the total number of Trust organisations floated in the United States in the period 1898-1901. The following figures from the official records of the last U.S.A. census, taken on May 31, 1900, are, however, valuable and instructive. Down to this date, 183 industrial combinations had been registered, representing the absorption of 2,029 independent companies. The authorised capital of the new Combines or Trusts, amounted in the aggregate to £751,570,000 (3,607,539,200 dollars),—the employees numbered 399,192—the gross value of the output for the year ending May 31, 1900, was estimated at £346,100,000 (1,661,295,364 dollars),—and the net value at £219,100,000 (1,051,981,568 dollars).

The gradual growth of the Trust movement is shown by the following figures:—

Trusts organised prior to 1897	63
" organised in 1897	7
" " 1898	20
" " 1899	79
" " 1900, January to May	14

The great "boom" in the movement occurred between January 1st and June 1st, 1899, when more than one-half the total number of recent consolidations of this type were effected.

It must be remembered that the above figures refer only to consolidations of *manufacturing* industries, gas and electricity undertakings being excluded by the classification adopted by the census officials. The largest combine of all—"The United States Steel Corporation"—also is not included in the above 183 Trust Companies.

As a further guide to the magnitude of the Trust Movement in the United States in 1899, I may quote the editor of *Bradstreet's*, a well-known New York financial publication. In the issue of this paper for January 13th, 1900, it is estimated that £833,000,000 worth of new industrial securities were placed on the New York

Stock Exchange during the previous year. Only £156,000,000 worth of these securities were, however, admitted by the Stock Exchange authorities for quotation, a wise precaution under the circumstances.

The aggregate capitalisation of the fifty-four largest industrial Trust Companies existing in the United States on January 1, 1900, was estimated to be £382,075,000. Of these fifty-four the seven named in Table I. were the more important.

TABLE I.—DETAILS OF SEVEN LEADING INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANIES FLOATED IN U.S.A. DURING 1898 AND 1899.

No.	Name of Trust Company.	Capital.	Remarks.
1	Carnegie Steel Co.	£50,000,000	A combination of the Carnegie and Frick interests.
2	Federal Steel Co.	20,000,000	
3	American Steel and Wire Co.	18,700,000	Controlled 75% of production.
4	The National Tube Co.	16,000,000	
5	Amalgamated Copper Co.	15,600,000	
6	American Bridge Co.	14,000,000	Controlled 95% of production.
7	American Tin-plate Co.	10,400,000	

The latest example of the industrial Trust is the huge combine which has resulted from the efforts of the Pierpont-Morgan and Rockefeller groups of financiers, to consolidate the iron and steel industries of the United States. The new Trust has been registered as the "United States Steel Corporation," and practically controls the iron and steel manufactures of America. Its formation has been rendered possible by the earlier movement of 1898-99, which had consolidated each branch of the iron and steel manufacturing industries, and had substituted twelve Trust Corporations, for a much larger number of ordinary joint-stock, or private concerns. The following are the names of the twelve Trust Companies which have been merged in the new Combine:—

- | | | |
|------|--|----------------------------|
| (1) | The Carnegie Steel Company | Capitalized at £50,000,000 |
| (2) | The Federal Steel Company | " " £20,000,000 |
| (3) | The American Tin-Plate Company | " " £10,400,000 |
| (4) | The National Tube Company | " " £16,000,000 |
| (5) | The American Steel and Wire Company | " " £18,700,000 |
| (6) | The National Steel Company | " " £12,000,000 |
| (7) | The American Car and Foundry Company | " " £11,600,000 |
| (8) | The Pressed Steel Car Company | " " £5,000,000 |
| (9) | The American Steel Hoop Company | " " £6,200,000 |
| (10) | The American Sheet-Steel Company | " " £10,000,000 |
| (11) | The American Bridge Company | " " £14,000,000 |
| (12) | The Republic Iron and Steel Company | " " £9,600,000 |

The total share capital of the Steel Trust is £220,000,000, and
x x 2

in addition to this there is an issue of £60,000,000 5 per cent. bonds, which have been used to pay out the Carnegie interests at Pittsburg.

That a considerable proportion of the above total of £280,000,000 is "watered stock" may be inferred, not only from the fact that the industries concerned, have twice been consolidated within recent years, but from the information that Mr. Carnegie has received £80,000,000 for a concern which, according to reliable information, was only capitalised at £50,000,000. Mr. Carnegie no doubt secured better terms than any of the remaining negotiating parties, but that the majority secured favourable treatment (*i.e.*, large profits) is a fair deduction from the conditions under which the new Trust came into existence.

Industrial Combines of still more recent date are the following:—The American Locomotive Company, authorised capital \$50,000,000; the Pennsylvania Steel Company, authorised capital \$50,000,000; the Allis-Chalmers Stationary Engine Company, authorised capital \$50,000,000; the American Agricultural Implement Company, authorised capital \$75,000,000; the United States Ship-Building Company, authorised capital, \$75,000,000; the American Tin Can Company, authorised capital \$88,000,000.

The comparative lull which has succeeded the "boom" of 1899 in the States is not caused by dissatisfaction or distrust—but is, I am afraid, solely due to the fact that there is no industry left for consolidation. The "American Tin Can Company," capitalised at £18,000,000, is a fitting close to the arduous labours of the United States Trust financiers.

In England the Trust movement is of earlier date than in the United States, the "Salt Union" and the "United Alkali Company," having been formed, the first in 1888 and the second in 1890. The extension of the combine movement on this side of the Atlantic has, however, been slow, and it is only within the last three years that any considerable number of Trust companies have been formed. The craze for company promoting which distinguished the period 1888-1895 must not be confused with the more recent "combine" movement. The company promoters who busied themselves in the earlier period, dealt alone with single firms; and there was no attempt to consolidate competing interests, or to "combine" a whole industry. The business or works was simply bought from the owner for a stipulated sum, and transferred to the public at a greatly enhanced figure. The statistics and results of this earlier movement have been dealt with at length in a recent article.¹ During the last three years, however, the trust-forming mania which has been rampant in the United States has shown itself to be conta-

(1) "Joint Stock Enterprise and our Manufacturing Industries," *Fortnightly Review*, May, 1900.

gious, and the manufacturers associated with the textile industries of Lancashire and Yorkshire have suffered from a bad attack of the complaint. The movement in the United Kingdom is, however, still far behind that of America in scope and development, and the details given in Table II. show that the seven leading English Trust companies only possess an aggregate capital of £49,400,000 as compared with £144,700,000 for the seven largest American Companies registered up to January 1, 1900. The total number of English Companies of this class is also small, and probably does not yet exceed twenty.

TABLE II.—DETAILS OF THE SEVEN LEADING INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANIES FLOATED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM DURING 1888-1900.

No.	Name of Company.	Capital.	Year.
1	The Imperial Tobacco Company	£15,000,000	1901
2	United Alkali Company	8,500,000	1890
3	Bleachers' Association	8,250,000	1900
4	Fine Cotton Spinners' and Doublers' Association, Ltd.	6,000,000	1898
5	Bradford Dyers' Association	4,500,000	1898
6	Salt Union, Limited	4,250,000	1888
7	Yorkshire Woolcombers' Association	3,000,000	1899

II.—THE ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF THE TRUST MOVEMENT.

The benefits that are expected to result from the formation of a Trust Company in connection with any particular manufacture, are doubtless well known to the readers of this article, for they form the chief feature of the prospectuses in which these schemes are brought before the general public. Thus we are told that economy of manufacture will be gained:—by reduced general management and office charges; by reduced brokerage and commission charges on sales; by reduced cost of raw materials, and by reduced freight charges on raw materials and finished goods; and finally it is asserted that the increased efficiency and output of plant due to the centralisation of management, will result in increased earnings on the capital invested. The union of conflicting interests will also, it is urged, stop cut-throat competition, and enable a fair price to be obtained for the manufactured goods. These advantages are no doubt some of them realised; but they are associated with many disadvantages, and it is questionable whether the community generally, as opposed to the *original* shareholders of the separate undertakings, are in the least degree benefited by the change. These disadvantages, as revealed by the actual results of the Trust movement in this country and in the United States, will now be discussed at some length.

The first is *Over-capitalisation*. In nearly every case, over-capitalisation of the new Trust Company has occurred. That it cannot be avoided is practically certain from the conditions under which the sales of the private businesses occur. Manufacturers are unlikely to transfer their works or factories to others for less than their real value; and in the majority of cases they are unable to resist the temptation to place too high a value upon the good-will or upon patents, both of which are assets of doubtful value. The financiers engaged in the formation of the Trust know that its successful flotation depends upon the adhesion of certain of the larger firms in the industry, and to gain control of these they are therefore ready to pay any price that may be asked. The extent of this over-valuation of property that has passed into the hands of Trust Companies in this country and in America can only be estimated after the lapse of a few years, but that it runs into millions of pounds sterling is certain. The ordinary stock of the two oldest English Combines is now quoted at $1\frac{1}{2}$ and $1\frac{1}{2}$ respectively for £10 shares, and in the United States most industrial stocks of this description are even now unsaleable, except at prices much below par. The latest price for the common stock of the United States Steel Corporation is 44½ for the \$100 share.

As already noted the share capital of the Carnegie Steel Company (according to the *Engineer* of May, 1899) was £50,000,000. Mr. Carnegie by his deal with the Pierpont-Morgan group of financiers, is reported to have obtained for the Pittsburg Works and the Associated Mines and Railways, £80,000,000 in cash, stock, and bonds. The same group of financiers offered £8,000,000 for the works of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company at Cape Breton, Canada. This offer was rejected; but if accepted it would have signified a 100 per cent. bonus for the shareholders in the latter concern.

From figures published in the *Engineering and Mining Journal* and in the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, both New York papers of a reliable character, the amount of "water" in the capital of the United States Steel Corporation appears to be over £50,000,000. This, however, does not include the "water" introduced at an earlier date, when the twelve constituent Trust Companies were formed; and it is probable that the actual inflation of capital approaches £100,000,000 worth of common stock.

As a natural result of this over-capitalisation, it follows that the price of the manufactured article is advanced. *The interest on the increased capital more than swallows up the gains resulting from consolidation.* In this country the writer has knowledge of a rise of 33 per cent. in the prices of manufactured articles, following upon the formation of a Trust Company, and in the United States increased prices have already been declared in the case of many industries

recently consolidated. Thus the price of wire nails has been raised 68 per cent., of cut nails 63 per cent., of bar iron 58 per cent., of steel plates 68 per cent., and of tin plates 78 per cent. to home consumers, since the formation of Trusts in these industries.

It is this increase in the price of almost every manufactured article in the States to the home consumer that is the cause of the hostile feeling with which the Trusts are regarded by the democratic element in the community. If one does not happen to hold bonds or preference stock in any of these huge combines, it is natural to object to the inconveniences attending their existence. To be plundered is never pleasant, except when the share of the spoil exceeds the losses. The higher prices are, however, only asked in the home market—where the tariff protects the producer; and the neutral markets of the world are used as the dumping-ground for the surplus manufactured goods, *at any price which can be obtained* for them. This is the feature of American competition, which is of such serious import for the United Kingdom; and if this unfair competition be allowed to proceed unchecked, the effect upon many of our industries may be permanent and disastrous.

As regards the increase of price which has followed the formation of Trusts in certain industries in the United Kingdom, the position is somewhat different. There is no tariff to protect the producer in the home market, and the consumer cannot be plundered with impunity as on the other side of the Atlantic. The combine, therefore, can only obtain a moderate increase in profits from the sales in the home market, and if any attempt is made to obtain an advanced price for the export trade, a decline in its volume is always observable.

The following details relative to the causes of a rise in the price of paper in U.S.A., subsequent to the flotation of the "International Paper Company," are taken from the issue of the *Engineering and Mining Journal* of New York, for May 18, 1901, and are highly instructive.

"The manner in which the originally declared purposes of the Paper Trust were defeated are extremely interesting, and lead to the inquiry if the experience of other Trusts has been similar. Mr. Norris stated that officers of independent paper mills which had been merged into the Trust were re-appointed to positions under the new concern at large increases over their former salaries. Manufacturers of wire for use on paper machines raised their prices, as did also the makers of felts used in the paper industry. The transportation companies, moreover, offset the expectation of economy in freight by raising rates and refusing to make special contracts, as they had done in the days of strong competition. Furthermore, the eagerness of the Trust to buy up a huge supply of wood increased its cost of production because of the additional interest charges, etc., on the capital thus invested.

"These experiences open a field of inquiry which, so far as we are aware, has not been looked into by any student of the Trust question. If centralisation of

management does not result in ultimate economy, what basis is there for the organisation of Trusts except the desire of promoters to line their own pockets and owners of unproductive property to sell out at the expense of ignorant investors?"

A third disadvantage resulting from the formation of huge Trust Companies embracing all the manufactures of a country, is that the methods of manufacture may become stereotyped, and that true progress may be checked. In such large and consolidated industries, the technical and scientific management of the various works is generally in the hands of one man, upon whom rests the responsibility for advising with respect to new methods, or processes of manufacture. An error of judgment in relation to any new invention or process, may therefore be harmful not only to the company whose adviser he is, but also to the country generally. In a number of small independent organisations, this danger is minimised, for even though some of those in authority may make the same mistake, others will not. The new invention or process thus obtains a trial, and, if successful, is adopted by all engaged in the industry.

An actual example of the danger described above, has come under the writer's notice in connection with one of the oldest of British industries. In this case an error of judgment upon the part of a technical adviser has resulted not only in loss to the company concerned, but also to the trade of the country.

The *Engineering and Mining Journal* of New York, is a paper which is disposed to regard everything American from a favourable point of view, and it is not addicted to hypercritical judgments upon new developments of United States industry or finance. Yet in its issue of March 9, 1901, an editorial article upon the Pierpont-Morgan combine in the iron and steel industries, contains the following warning:—

"The inducements to continue the operation of old plants and to avoid the expenditure of large sums for improvement will be very strong—too strong we fear to be always overcome. The result will be a conservatism to which we have not been accustomed, and which may have results not altogether creditable to the American iron and steel industry."

In the issue of June 26, 1901—it records the fulfilment of the prophecy contained in the above extract—

"Statements with regard to the United States Steel Corporation, which there is little reason to doubt, indicate that, for the present at least, a policy of strict economy is to be adopted, while the management of the different branches is to be placed with practical rather than financial men. The latter is, of course, a wise move, and indicates also that the respective plants are to be worked for large outputs and in a practical way. The policy of economy, however, includes the abandonment of many changes and improvements which had been proposed; only such additions as have actually been begun are to be completed. This indicates a side of the Trust question upon which we hope to say more shortly.

In view of the new plants which are being built up by independent concerns, however, it would seem to be very poor policy for the United States Corporation to stop improvements."

The last disadvantage to be discussed, is the tendency for huge combinations to crush out opposition by unfair, or by costly methods. Numerous examples of this kind of action could be given if necessary, but the practice for trade combinations to use such means for creating or maintaining a monopoly, is too well known to need detailed treatment here. If the smaller manufacturers refuse to join a proposed combination, they are crushed out, either by a war of prices, or by a boycott as regards their supplies of machinery and raw materials. Thus in the American tin-plate industry, makers of the required machinery may not complete an order for an independent concern without first obtaining the consent of the "American Tin-plate Company," which controls 95 per cent. of the production in the States. If on the other hand the smaller manufacturers are drawn within the Combine, the sums paid for the works or factories are generally out of all proportion to their real value to the Trust Company, and in some cases the plant is immediately shut down, and the works dismantled. The writer has, in fact, knowledge of one instance in which the owner of a small works receives an annual payment from a Trust Company manufacturing the same product, for keeping his works idle. Such methods of maintaining a monopoly may for a time be successful, but they are costly; and they certainly do not lead to economy of manufacture.

That the four evils discussed above, may when present together, more than outweigh the advantages resulting from the formation of Industrial Trusts, is proved by the past history of some of these organisations. In Table III. the dividends paid in successive years upon the ordinary shares of the two oldest British Trust Companies are given.

TABLE III.—DIVIDENDS PAID IN SUCCESSIVE YEARS UPON THE ORDINARY SHARES OF BRITISH TRUST COMPANIES.

No.	1889	1890	1891	1892	1893	1894	1895	1896	1897	1898	1899	1900
1	10	7	5	5	3	2½	2	1	Nil	Nil	Nil	Nil
2	—	—	5	6	5	Nil	1	2	Nil	Nil	Nil	Nil

These companies have sought to establish a monopoly in their manufactures, and the dividends show that while they were successful at first, the attempt has failed, and they are now heavily burdened with the capital sunk in the endeavour.

I shall doubtless be reminded by believers in the Trust movement

that "one swallow does not make a Spring," and that the past financial history of two British Trust Companies is no safe guide to the future of those more recently formed.

I am deeply interested in the future of British industries, and I shall be only too pleased if the experience of the above two Trust Companies is not repeated in that of later combines. But I am not hopeful as to their future success even when over-capitalisation has been avoided.

It is highly significant that some of the more recent English industrial combines have failed to realise the expected dividends *even for their first year's operations*, and the reports of the "Yorkshire Woolcombers' Association," of the "Yorkshire Indigo Dyers, Limited," and of the "United Indigo and Chemical Company," for the last financial year, are instructive reading for all interested in the subject under discussion.

The "English Sewing Cotton Company" and the "The Calico Printers' Association" are two other Trust Companies floated in recent years, which have not realised the promises contained in their prospectuses.

The first-named company has again failed to earn the expected profits, and the results of its trading operations during 1901 have been so poor that no dividends can be paid on either the ordinary or preference shares. The Calico Printers' Association is in a similar plight, and is only able to pay its debenture interest by aid of the amount carried forward from the previous year's account. The *Daily Mail* financial correspondent remarks, in the issue of September 6, 1901, as comment upon this result:—

"We have still to wait for those much-vaunted economies resulting from the 'combine' movement, with consequent additions to the profits. Between prospectus and performance there is a big gulf fixed."

I am unable to give any figures comparable to those in Table III. for the Industrial Trust Companies now existing in the United States, although some of them date back to 1896 and 1897.

The following extract from a special article upon the United States Steel Trust, which appeared in *The Times* of January 1, 1902, explains the cause of this difficulty:—

"It would be interesting to investigate with some detail the leading combinations which have been formed in America for the control of production and prices since the revival of business, after the great depression from 1893 to 1897, and the final acceptance of the gold standard. But it does not take long to discover, when one gets upon the spot, that this inquiry is wholly impossible, owing to the absence of material in the way of information at their beginning, or of return at each recurring dividend period, or of the discussion of conditions either by those interested or in the public Press. There is even serious difficulty in the case of the Steel Trust."

The more thoughtful and responsible section of the population in the United States is, however, doubtful of the permanent success of the Trust movement, and the following extracts from New York papers are of value, in judging the future prospects of many of the American Trust Companies :—

"It is true, no doubt, that in some degree this huge capitalisation represents an existing private investment turned into public shares. But this fact cannot alter the nature of the situation. That the majority of these concerns are immensely over-capitalised is a matter of common knowledge. In many notorious cases the 'common stock,' representing one-half or more of the authorised capitalisation, is simply given away to induce the purchase, or to reward the agent."—*Financial Chronicle*, New York, March, 1899.

"The fact is that under the conditions which have prevailed in the formation of all the recent industrial combinations, the nominal capitals have been placed at figures out of all proportion to the real values of the properties represented. The general rule in capitalising these companies has been to create two classes of stock—preferred usually carrying cumulative dividends—and common. The common stock almost without exception has been pure 'water,' it really represents nothing, and has no value except as a speculative counter. It is easy to judge of the prospect, or rather lack of prospect, for dividends, which most of these common stocks have, even in prosperous times. In such periods the earnings are barely sufficient to meet the demands of the preferred shares, while in times of depression the arrears of preferred dividends will accumulate to an amount which will cut off all future for the common stocks."—*Engineering and Mining Journal* (New York), March 30, 1901.

"Trusts have been organised in every conceivable line of industry, and without the least excuse for their existence. The stock of amalgamated companies has been increased far beyond the value of the assets, with the result that there are numerous financial bubbles floating about to-day that will some time burst and cause wide-spread panic and financial disaster. Fortunately, most of the banks are extremely conservative so far as loaning money on industrial securities is concerned, so that when the crash does come, as it inevitably will, the principal sufferers will be the speculative public, who, in spite of ample warning, continue, as our contemporary once said, to bite at red rage."—*Electricity* (New York), January 19, 1900.

"The case would be different were these largely experimental amalgamations capitalised upon sound principles and on conservative valuations of their assets, and did they possess *bond fide* elements of permanency. In most cases, however, they are greatly over-capitalised; properties are taken in at exaggerated valuations; factories are absorbed with the expectation that they will be kept idle; 'good will' is capitalised at fictional figures; and profits are promised which are incompatible with the maintenance of prices for products, low enough to either protect the combine from competition, or to stave off public dissatisfaction and legislative or legal intervention. It is very apparent also, that many of those committed to these amalgamations are influenced by a desire either to realise upon the stocks distributed to them, or to make them a basis of speculation, or both. It is a serious question for Wall Street as to how far it is consistent with the safety of its large interests, and with its reputation as a great financial market, to become instrumental in the distribution of thousands of millions of securities resting on such a basis as these 'industrials' for the most part possess."—*Weekly Financial Review* (New York), January, 1899.

The success of the United States Steel Corporation in meeting its

ordinary and preference share dividend payments up to the present has to some extent silenced the voices of American critics of the Trust movement. The following extract from a leading article, appearing in the issue of *Commercial Intelligence* for January 25, 1902, shows, however, that the ability of this mammoth Trust to continue payment of dividends on the ordinary and preferred stock is, by no means assured.

"It can do little to hinder the downward course of prices when that movement has begun in real earnest. Those, therefore, who are disposed to take a roseate view of the prospects of the Steel Trust should not fail to remember that it has been successful in paying dividends hitherto, because of wonderful trade conditions, which cannot possibly continue. It is not more than two years since pig iron, which is now quoted at \$16½, was being sold at \$11; rails, now quoted at \$28, were being sold at \$18; and billets, now sold at \$27, were sold at \$17. Under such circumstances how is it possible for the Steel Trust to avoid paying splendid profits? But how would it be if the prices of two years ago were to be resumed? That would deprive the Steel Trust of an average of about \$10, or about 42s. per ton, of their existing selling price, the great bulk of which is, in this case, clear profit. The organisation is said to have a capacity for producing about seven million tons of steel a year. If this be true, they would, at the prices of two years ago, be unable to realise their present range of prices by about fourteen millions sterling per annum. Probably ten of these fourteen millions would be clear profit, since the Steel Corporation, having its own minerals, is not liable to serious or even material fluctuations of cost of manufacture. It will be interesting, and we fear a rude awakening, to many optimistic but hardly discreet people who are delighted with the Trust idea, to see how the greatest of them all will face the ultimately certain factors of ten-dollar pig-iron and sixteen-dollar rails."

In view of the above opinions of American and English experts I trust that not even Mr. Pierpont-Morgan's influence will avail to attract British investors to American industrial securities.

III.—THE FUTURE OF THE TRUST MOVEMENT, AND THE CHECKS TO BE IMPOSED.

The facts given above conclusively prove the dangers that are allied with the formation of gigantic Industrial Trust Companies, and show that grave loss and injury may be caused by the present craze for combining manufacturing firms, not only to the section of the public who may happen to invest money in the new companies, but also to the country generally.

"Cheapness of manufacture" is their only excuse for existence, and it has been shown that in the majority of cases their action is to increase, rather than to reduce, the cost of production. The only persons who benefit are, in fact, the original owners, who may have been paid for their works in cash, or who may have been sufficiently wise (i.e., unscrupulous) to realise their holding in shares, before the fall in values occurred.

In a free-trade country, where any rise in the price of a home-

manufactured article is speedily followed by an increase in the volume of imported goods, the consumer is, of course, protected; and the action of an Industrial Trust in raising prices simply results in the transfer of orders to foreign manufacturers. But no one interested in the industrial and material progress of his country can witness such transfer of custom and trade without regret; and though the individual trader may not suffer from the action of Trust Companies in raising prices, the country, as a whole, must become poorer by the change. The decline in the volume of the export trade in salt and alkalis since 1890 is also a bad augury for the future of the other Industrial Trust Companies, floated in this country in more recent years.

In the United States the conditions are different, and a heavy tariff on nearly all manufactured goods enables the Trust Companies to raise prices to a very high level with some degree of impunity. In the case of tin-plates the price for a time was raised too high, and loss of trade resulted. But in all other manufactures those in charge of the sales departments of the Trusts have taken care to keep within more reasonable limits as regards price. In America, therefore, the tariff system is assisting the Trusts to earn interest on the largely inflated capital, and the home consumer is being made to pay a price higher than that demanded *for the same goods*, when sold to buyers in other countries. In the latter case, manufactured goods of American origin are being sold at the bare cost of production, or below it, and it is to the home consumer that the Trust Companies look for their profits.

The cry for State intervention is, therefore, gaining considerable force in the States, for every consumer is heavily hit by the growth of Industrial Trusts and Combines. For the last two years an Industrial Commission appointed by the United States Government has been collecting facts and figures relating to the Trust movement in Europe and America. The preliminary Report of the Commissioners was published in the autumn of last year. The objections to Monopolist Trusts have been summarised by the Commissioners as follows:—

1. They are destructive of individual initiative.
2. Their power is a menace to the public politically.
3. They are objectionable practically because: (a) They tend to become a monopoly, raising the price of their product to the public or diminishing the output; (b) they destroy private enterprise by direct control or intentionally unfair competition, such as the local cutting of rates below cost, to destroy local rivals.

The Commissioners adopt the following classification of the proposals that have been made for limiting the power of Industrial Trusts in the States.

1. Stricter anti-trust legislation by the States and by Congress without altering the present relation between their respective jurisdictions, i.e., the present system, but improved.
2. To have Congress release to the States its inter-state commerce jurisdiction, so far as to allow the separate States themselves to regulate manufacturing or trading corporations engaged in inter-state commerce—the State-control system.
3. Conversely, to have the national Government take to itself a larger and perhaps exclusive control of all such corporations, regulating by Act of Congress all such as do any business across State lines—the system of Federal control.

The Commissioners themselves are believed to be in favour of legislation upon the lines of President Roosevelt's recent message to Congress. The passages of this, referring to Industrial Trusts, are reproduced below:—

"Many of those who have made it their vocation to denounce the great industrial combinations, popularly, although with technical inaccuracy, known as trusts, appeal especially to hatred and fear. In facing new industrial conditions the whole history of the world shows that legislation will generally be unwise and ineffective unless undertaken after calm inquiry, and with sober self-restraint. Yet it is true that there are real and grave evils, one of the chief being over-capitalisation, and a resolute practical effort must be made to correct these evils.

Combination and concentration should not be prohibited, but supervised, and within reasonable limits, controlled. The first essential in determining how to deal with great industrial combinations is knowledge of facts and publicity. In the interests of the public the Government should have the right to inspect and examine the workings of great corporations engaged in inter-state business. Publicity is the only sure remedy we can now invoke. What further remedies are needed, in the way of Governmental regulation or taxation can only be determined after publicity has been obtained by process of law and in course of administration. The first requisite is knowledge, full, complete knowledge, which may be made public to the world. The nation should assume the power of supervision and regulation of any corporation doing inter-state business. I believe a law can be framed enabling the national Government to exercise control along the lines indicated. If, however, Congress concludes that it lacks constitutional power to pass such an Act, then a constitutional amendment should be submitted to confer that power. A Cabinet officer, known as the Secretary for Commerce and Industries should be created to deal with commerce in the broadest sense, including whatever concerns labour and all matters affecting the great business corporations and merchant marine."

A Bill rendering it necessary for all Trust Companies registered in the States to publish annually full details of their financial position will therefore be submitted to Congress at an early date; and to avoid greater evils this Bill will, I believe, be accepted by the Trust financiers. Its effect will be simply to bring the United States legislation on the subject into line with that of this country.

In the United Kingdom, where only the shareholder needs protection, an amendment of the Companies' Acts of 1862-1897 was simply

required; and the Bill affording greater safeguards to the ordinary investor, passed in 1900, will undoubtedly help to protect the British public from losses in Trust Company investments.

In conclusion, I may explain that all the facts and figures given in this article have referred to Industrial Trust Companies of a monopolist character. In this country I am of opinion they are doomed to failure, while in the States their future depends largely upon the maintenance of the present high tariff. Should this be modified as foreshadowed in President McKinley's speech at Buffalo before his assassination, their permanent success is doubtful.

The only form of Trust which can be defended upon economic grounds, is that based upon a *consolidation* of a group of works or factories. The aim in this case is not to obtain a monopoly, but to become a self-dependent organism as regards all important raw materials utilised in the manufacture or industry. The best example of this type of Trust Company was the Carnegie Steel Company, before its absorption by the United States Steel Corporation. Mines for the production of coal and limestone; coke-ovens; means of transport, both by water and rail; and works for the manufacture of iron and steel on a vast scale were all under the control of the Carnegie Firm. Competent authorities have asserted that at that date no other works in Europe or America were equal to the Carnegie group at Pittsburg, either in command of raw materials, or in ability to produce iron and steel at a low cost. They were, and still are, the most valuable asset of the United States Steel Corporation.

In the United Kingdom several consolidations of this kind have been carried out in recent years, and so far they have justified the expectations of their promoters. In an article published last year I pointed out that the aggregate issued capital of the six leading companies of this type was £19,792,000—the total reserves amounted to £6,143,870—and the average dividend on the ordinary shares had been the very satisfactory one of 17·5 per cent. The corresponding figures for the six leading monopolist combines were £30,644,000,—£637,779, and 3·2 per cent. Comment is superfluous.

I may therefore claim that there are strong grounds for the belief that safe progress in the industrial development of this country can only occur along the lines of "Consolidation," and that further attempts to form industrial monopolies, similar in scope and aim to Mr. Pierpont-Morgan's latest—the United States Steel Corporation—will be fraught with disastrous consequences to our national prosperity.

JOHN B. C. KERSHAW.

MODERN SOCIAL DRAMA AS INFLUENCED BY THE NOVEL¹

I

THE species of modern play whose origin I desire to discuss has no particular name, but can easily be defined by some of its characteristics. It professes to be a transcript of life; and is therefore a social drama, dealing with more or less fundamental traits, and including incidents which are ugly, tragic, or pathetic, as the case may be. This form of dramatic construction is at present nameless, because it cannot be put under any of the recognised formulæ. We know the well-worn classification of plays—tragedies, comedies, historical plays. A tragedy is a play, dealing for the most part with characters of distinction, involving a conflict between the characters and their fates, and ending with disaster to the persons concerned. A comedy, on the contrary, deals with the oddities, the humorous aspects of life. It laughs at follies, and sometimes at vices. The characters are a little artificial, or, at all events, exaggerated; the conclusion is a happy one. The plays we call historical explain themselves. They are occupied with a period of history, based on annals, dealing with actual personages, although a certain amount of latitude is allowed in recounting their careers. But what are we to say of the modern social dramas? They are intended to be a transcript from real life, and so far they may be called historical, but the characters are purely imaginary, and as a rule the story is intended to indicate, if not a moral, at least some social problem or difficulty. You cannot call them Comedies, because, as a rule, they have not a happy ending. You cannot call them Tragedies, but they undoubtedly include some very tragic events. Moreover—and that is a very distinctive feature—their *dramatis personæ* are not taken from those highly-placed or conspicuous heroes and heroines with whom Ancient Drama was concerned, but with the ordinary individual, the man whom you meet, the woman whom you meet, in the thoroughfares of life. Can we without offence call them Bourgeois Dramas? That, at least, would not be unjust with regard to the majority of Ibsen's social plays, and the title would serve to distinguish the characters from those familiar to us in Ancient Drama. Or shall we style them *Comédies Larmoyantes*, in order to show that, although they may seem in texture to belong to the comic Muse, in spirit and in intention, that is to say, in the range of pathetic incident, they have about

(1) Part of a lecture delivered at the Birmingham and Midland Institute, Feb., 1902

them the scowl of the tragic Muse? Bourgeois Dramas or *Comédies Larmoyantes*, the name does not matter, so long as the variety indicated is understood. The great point is that they suggest a new type, a type which was utterly unknown to the earlier dramatic critic.

It is not difficult to find examples, for most of the contemporary work of Mr. Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. Esmond, Captain Marshall, and others, illustrates in different ways the prevailing social type, either in accordance with the Robertsonian method or the psychological. It would be hardly unjust to say that some of the pieces of Mr. Pinero have reflected the influence of Ibsen, especially perhaps *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*. *Iris* illustrates a sort of joint influence of Ibsen and the French school of Alexandre Dumas. *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* is decidedly modern French in its tendency, with such differences as are due to Germanic and Scandinavian examples. What, however, is perfectly plain is that Mr. Pinero has in studies like these accepted one form of the dramatic idea, the conception namely of Drama as analytic, psychological, dealing with social problems of the day. But now look at the opposite idea. No plays have recently been more successful than those of Captain Marshall. They are neither analytical nor psychological, nor do they deal with problems. Once, it is true, he made a hesitating experiment in this direction in *The Broad Road*; but if we take his best-known specimens, *His Excellency the Governor*, *The Royal Family*, *The Noble Lord*, *The Second in Command*, what are these but studies in the Robertsonian method, dealing not with social problems, but with all the bubbles that burst on the surface of social fashion, the chances and changes which now make us interested in Parliament and now in the Boer War? Mr. Esmond, who represents the most zealous and intelligent of the youthful contingent of dramatists, oscillates apparently between these two ideals. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is more difficult to deal with, because in one sense he is more original than any of the others. That is to say he works more exclusively on his own lines; while no man of equal eminence has been guilty of such curious failures. Beginning with melodramas, he has gradually worked his way to the composition of comedy, sometimes admirable comedy as in *The Liars* and *The Case of Rebellious Susan*, sometimes ignoble comedy, as in *The Lackey's Carnival* and *The Princess's Nose*, sometimes paradoxical tragedy, as in *The Tempter*. But *Mrs. Dane's Defence* was a noteworthy production, because in a fashion it summed up some of the oddest of our contemporary dramatic views. It was a comedy—but was it indeed a comedy? It touched the fringes of a most serious question, the question whether there was any place of repentance for a woman who by her own fault or the fault of

others had deviated from the recognised path. It attempted some psychology, but without much effect, for Mrs. Dane was by no means a complex character. Above all, it touched its subject sentimentally. Mrs. Dane was the heroine; Mrs. Dane was the sinner. Sir Daniel Carteret represented the voice of outraged Society, was the embodiment of the social conscience, so to speak. Nevertheless with whom were our sympathies supposed to lie? Assuredly with Mrs. Dane. Could it be described therefore as a comedy of revolt? No, for the heroine is conveniently got rid of, and the enamoured young man is sent, to effect his mental and moral cure, abroad. And in this uncertainty of touch it exactly summed up the vacillating temper of the modern audience. There must be a little psychological analysis, but not too much; there must be a little girding at social conventions, but the social conventions must ultimately prevail; there need not be much logic, but there must be romance and sentiment. The moral problems must be solved, not in terms of the head but of the heart.

II.

How did such a variety of drama begin? It will be said that Shakespeare's comedies are not comedies in the ordinary sense of the term, and that he suggested this novel treatment of dramatic themes. Nevertheless there was a fanciful technique, a playful handling, about the Shakespearean Comedy, a delightful Arcadian atmosphere, of the Forest of Arden, of the enchanted isle, or of that midsummer night in the proximity of Athens, which take our great English dramatist's work in this department into quite another category. For the Bourgeois Drama, the *Comédie Larmoyante*, is in deadly earnest. There are no breezes about it of fairyland. The air is thick and heavy with northern fog, the spirit has some of the gloom, the meditative pessimism, which distinguish the art work of Northern Europe from that of the Southern races. We must go, I think, a little later than the seventeenth century to understand how this new phenomenon arose.

In the first quarter of the eighteenth century, there was developed a new department of literary effort, big with consequences for succeeding ages. It was the discovery of the novel. Of course there was a novel in Shakespeare's time, as M. Jusseland, amongst others, has shewn, a sort of diffuse, amorphous, romantic story, full of incidents, the Picaresque novel. But that is not what we mean by novel. We mean a serious study of existing social aspects; an analytic study of certain kinds of character; the suggestion of a moral, the illustration at all events of the tendency and the effect of certain moral laws, which so far as we can tell govern the

Universe. And that was the capital invention of Samuel Richardson, the odd, sympathetic little printer, always happy in the society of women, the man full of sensibility, the man also endowed with acutely perceptive instincts, the author who dared to tell the fortunes of a servant girl, one of the most extraordinary influences dominating European literature in the eighteenth century. * What is the history of Pamela? Never mind what analogies we can find in contemporary work in France and elsewhere. Here is the man who set a definite stamp upon a particular kind of work. He wrote a romantic account of the temptations of a servant girl. He painted all her prudishness, all her resolute virtue, her absurd sentimentalities, her love for the master whom she yet feared. Or what is *Clarissa Harlowe*? Once more it is the analysis of a woman's mind, or the analysis of the mind of a seducer, infinitely protracted, yet never failing in a certain gift of reality and truth. The characters are of the middle class, more or less. One would hardly care to except even Sir Charles Grandison from this category. And what Richardson began, Rousseau carried on—the same passionate analysis, the same love of confession, the sorrows and agonies of sentimental souls, all the marks in short which characterise his *Nouvelle Héloïse*, and his *Confessions*. About the same time when Richardson was working, a man called George Lillo, born of a Dutch father and an English mother, produced a play, *George Barnwell*, or *The Merchant of London*. It was the story of an apprentice who falls into the hands of a courtesan, and is therefore led on to robbery and murder, written in a stilted style, full of rhetorical *gaucherie*, an admirable specimen of combined sentiment and fustian. This play had a great success in the Metropolis and possibly a still greater success abroad.¹ It was precisely a Bourgeois Drama, the very prototype of some of the work of Ibsen, although infinitely more clumsy than any of the great Scandinavian's work. Now, Lillo, Richardson, Cumberland, Jean Jacques Rousseau were all engaged in precisely the same task; they were practically the inventors of new points of view for Literature and Art, deserting the classical thoroughfares and striking out modern paths of their own. The Germanic spirit in them was revolting against the Latin spirit which had hitherto dominated Europe. The Goths were once more sacking Rome.

Since that period Modern Drama has been more profoundly influenced by the extraordinary development of the novel than by any other single power or impulse in the modern world. Shakespeare, oddly enough, although wholly innocent of any classical upbringing, was almost remarkably true to Aristotelian canons of dramatic work. He knew nothing about the so-called dramatic unities. You can

(1) Cf. also Richard Cumberland's *The Brothers* and *The Jew*.

never compare him with Corneille or Racine, the men who were trained in classical schools. But the only unity which Aristotle probably cared about, the unity of action, Shakespeare faithfully illustrated in all his plays. And as Aristotle desired, he made his heroes and heroines conspicuous personages, to a large degree typical rather than individual. So have not worked his successors. The Bourgeois Drama has nothing Aristotelian about it. It is born of an antagonism, either expressed or implicit, to the whole of the classical tradition. When Richardson, chaperoned by Rousseau, gained his enormous ascendancy in France, those who strove to check the invasion were supporting the Latin spirit against the Germanic, the classical regularity and clear-cut formal outlines against the new irregularity, the want of form, the uncoouth structures of the Bourgeois Drama.

III.

What precisely is the influence of the novel upon Modern Drama? In what respects is it manifested? In the first place, the modern novel, as introduced by Richardson, deals with ordinary life and ordinary personages. There is no reason to look at Courts or at the chronicles of the nobility for human and moving themes. You will find such themes all round you, in the ranks of the *bourgeoisie*, among the merchants, among the clerks, in the drawing-rooms of struggling, ambitious, impecunious folk, in the ordinary experience of each twenty-four hours in each common-place life. In the second place, the subject or theme is to be a faithful transcript of existence as we know it, with little or no idealisation, including all the ugliness as well as all the prettiness, portraying meanness as well as nobility of temperament, a photograph of casual men and women with all their lines and freckles and pimples. In the third place, our occupation must be to dissect and analyse character, to watch the nuances, to delineate the motives, confused, contradictory, and vacillating, which govern the actions of the average individual. When Richardson commenced this sort of analysis, he hit upon the expedient of making his characters write voluminous letters to one another. Letters served the purpose of a public confessional, and in those times of self-abandonment, when sentimental men or sentimental women confide their secrets either to diaries or sympathetic correspondents, we undoubtedly reach some of the intricacies of a human personality. The letter form has never quite gone out of our modern literature, but its range has been fortunately curtailed. In the fourth place, the novel was the exposition of some given theme, or problem, social or moral. In Richardson the aim was avowedly didactic. Read his lengthy title pages. He explains to his reader that his Pamelas and Clarissas are to exemplify this, that, or the

other about the excellency of virtue, the perils to which chastity is exposed, the unutterable excellence of modesty and a simple religiousness. Since then this didactic aim has not been so unblushingly avowed, yet in the greater part of Germanic literature it is there, implied, if not wholly revealed. Many analogies can be framed between the work of George Eliot and that of Georges Sand. But what is the contrast, what is the great gulf fixed, between the French and the English novelist? Precisely this. Georges Sand was an idealist, and wrote in pursuit of purely artistic aims, whereas George Eliot faithfully and laboriously painted pictures of actual life, of which the moral, unutterably gloomy or moderately cheerful, was always near the surface. Ordinary people, ordinary life, a faithful transcript of reality, psychological analysis, a moral implicit or acknowledged—these are the characteristics of the novel which the Germanic peoples have invented for their own satisfaction. And because novels form a tremendously powerful department of literature, they have carried along with them Modern Drama, which in its turn illustrates precisely the same characteristics.

IV.

The things which the novelist can do are, however, not necessarily easy for the dramatist. In a novel or romance of some length there is every opportunity for the author to carry out that serious analysis, that detailed investigation of motives, which render his personages vital and interesting. The novelist can build up his characters, piece after piece, brick after brick. He can show us his hero in chapter after chapter, developing slowly on predetermined lines, influenced by the various circumstances to which he is exposed, overpowered by one set of conditions, reacting against and overpowering another set of conditions. Such a study as this requires length, breadth and thickness, it needs some of those *longueurs* of narrative which the ordinary reader sometimes finds embarrassing in the case of Scott, of Thackeray, and even of Dickens. Or let us assume that the object in hand is the portrayal of a given phase of contemporary life with all its thousand and one incidents, with all those minutiae whose infinitesimal differences distinguish one epoch of the world's history from another. The literary painter of such a period has got to take a big canvas. He has to be content to occupy a good deal of time in working out his details. Or, once more, he is thoroughly possessed by some lesson or moral he desires to inculcate. So far as he is an artist he will not make this too obvious. He will put it below the surface of his story with a hint here and a hint there, with a slow series of evolving incidents leading up to the end, the moral, the piece of didacticism which is in his mind. That I take it is how

the novelist works, and the essence of his industry is that he should have elbow room. But now compare on the other hand the dramatist. The one thing he does not possess is time and space. He must make his effects sharply and clearly. He cannot afford to be dilatory. He must shorten processes, indicate, suggest the various steps and present broad and striking results which carry conviction to the eyes and mind of the spectator. His method, one would say, is the exact antithesis of that of the novelist. What the one can do slowly and gradually, the other must do summarily and rapidly. The effects which the one can produce by careful insistence on a series of details, the other must present to the eye with a certain sharp abruptness, with a certain concentrated clearness, in order to get his spectators in the right mood.

But if the dramatist is going to accept the influence of the novelist, if he is going to work with identical methods, is it not clear that he is essaying the extraordinarily difficult task of translating into colour for the eye what his brother artist portrays as ideas for the mind? The modern Social Drama has to give a picture of an ordinary life lived under ordinary conditions; it demands a careful psychological inquiry, the dissection of motives, the analysis of a social problem, the suggestion or the inculcation of a moral. Nine men out of ten if asked how all this is to be done, would answer without hesitation that it would require a book of 400 pages. And your modern dramatist says No, I will give it you in a series of pictures lasting two and a-half hours. Is it not inevitable that characters will be imperfectly designed, that events will happen for which we have not been properly prepared, that we shall suddenly find ourselves face to face with a crisis we did not anticipate, that we shall see the obvious external conditions of a given state or episode or conclusion, but be left wondering how the characters ever got there? The dramatist in endeavouring to imitate the procedure and aims of the novelist is from this point of view like a man trying to reproduce on a canvas seven feet by four an opera by Wagner.

No better illustration could be found than the latest specimen of the serious Drama, Mr. Pinero's play of *Iris*. The first three acts are occupied with the slow and careful elucidation of the heroine's character, a thing which would be done by a novelist, because he has got plenty of space and elbow room, in a series of elaborate chapters. But as a play *Iris* has to be brought to a conclusion, and suddenly in the last two acts we get to the very crisis of her fate. Iris the self-indulgent, the weak lover of luxury, the soft, charming, backboneless heroine is suddenly exchanged for Iris the betrayer, Iris the woman who has leapt over all social barriers, Iris the mistress of a man she loathes. And what has happened between the first three and the last two acts? Just what would be the most interesting part of the story as written in novel form; but it is

absolutely omitted in the play. The heroine is given a rhetorical speech in the last act to explain her decline and fall. That is all. And this mixture of the methods of the novelist and the dramatist makes the first three acts of the drama somewhat tedious, and the last two startling and paradoxical.

Another reason might be suggested why our modern drama so often strikes one as moving like a blind man in unknown paths. The essential conditions of Art as such were fixed once and for all by the Greeks; but there are two forms of modern Art which have not got classical models. One is Music in all its later developments, the other is the modern novel. Think for a moment of the extremely divergent and contradictory views which are held as to the value and importance, or indeed justification, of Wagnerian music. It seems a region in which there are no sign-posts, and every man is bent on cutting out his own way. But observe how precisely the same thing happens also with regard to novels. There were some fugitive attempts at something like romances in Alexandrian times, just as there were Picaresque novels in the time of Shakespeare. But practically it would be true to say that the novel is a modern invention, born from a Teutonic or Germanic soil. To this day, however, we have no real canons of criticism applicable to it. Nothing is clearer than that the novel, as understood by the Latin races, when they adopted this style of literature, is different from the novel as it was drawn and designed by that curiously self-introspective, gloomy, meditative spirit of the Northern races. Should the novel preach a moral? Can we judge a novel from the ethical standpoint, or ought we to think only of its artistic success or failure? In what form are the principles of æsthetics to be applied, for instance, to a novel like *Sir Richard Calmady*? Can you get to any positive, absolutely accepted verdict? And now, in contrast with music and the novel, observe how curious is the condition of the Modern Drama. For drama, at all events, had a classical model, a very clear, definite scheme of artistic principles, established precisely, unequivocally, by the genius of the Greek dramatists, and expressed in the criticisms of Aristotle. This classical tradition lasted for a great many centuries; only, in fact, for the last two and a-half centuries has it been seriously contested. The Latin races, naturally enough, adhered longer than any others to those classical traditions and rules out of which their own civilisation was born. The Northern races knew nothing of such schoolmasters. They attacked things in their own way. What is in succinct fashion the classical ideal of a play? It is this—a rounded and perfectly defined piece of art, an episode carried out to its logical conclusion, in which the characters are typical rather than individual, and in which, for the most part, poetic justice shall prevail. If a man dies, we know why. If a woman sins, we know the consequences. And neither the man nor the woman,

neither hero or heroine, is a chance specimen of the human race, but a typical example, so that the lesson may be all the clearer. But the modern dramatist has chosen a perfectly different ideal; he has accepted the method, the procedure, the outlook of the novelist. The classical dramatist was, as Lessing said, a petty Providence, carefully seeing that the large ethical and natural laws should obtain in his selected province, just as they obtain in the world as a whole. But if we may judge from the work of Ibsen, of Sudermann, of Hauptmann, there is too much artificial completeness and smug symmetry in the older dramatic principles. A page is to be torn out of life, and you cannot judge of a whole book by a page. You must have a faithful transcript, a bit of realism; while the principle of classical Art is selection, not photography. You must take ordinary characters—not typical, but purely individual and accidental. And in this little corner of the world's great history which you are trying so painfully, so faithfully, to elucidate, you are not likely to find many indications of that higher justice, that consolatory solution of the problem, which only the widest outlook over centuries could hope to compass.

What is the result? Let a man or a woman, occupied with his own or her own immediate, pressing troubles and griefs, enunciate views about the world as a whole. Do we not know the lyrical cry, the *cri du cœur*, the passionate revolt? Is any sorrow like to my sorrow? Can there be a Providence? Is there an eternal Justice? So, too, in Modern Drama, the handling of social problems, as a rule, leads to an *impasse*. It is all mystery and discouragement. We can see no pattern, we hold no guiding clue. The baffling issues of life lead to the pessimistic temper, and problem plays are the reverse of cheerful. I have no desire to emphasise too much this modern spirit of querulous complaint. I am much more interested in the singular fact that drama, having an ancient prototype, has now fallen under a modern influence, and is for ever oscillating between the older ideals and the newer. The dramatic Muse has lost her first husband, and is trying to understand how to live with her second. Hence her confusion, her uncertainty, her tentative handling, her hesitating conclusions. While the ancient dramatist ended on a clear and unmistakeable note, it might be of disaster or of triumph, the modern, putting before the spectator all his own imperfect reasonings, finishes with a note of interrogation, does not reach an end at all. So long as a man is content to paint what he sees with faithful servility, he will always leave us in this quandary. He must bring something out of his own genius. For facts are the most useless things in the world. It is the ideas alone which by connecting them make them intelligible, the guiding ideas in the absence of which each of us in turn is only a blind leader of the blind.

W. L. COURTNEY.

MOROCCO AND THE EUROPEAN POWERS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the many important questions which agitate the public mind at the present moment, Morocco still continues to occupy a fair share of public attention. The condition of the Moorish Empire, which is a standing disgrace to the present age, will ere long be one of the questions which the European Powers will have to settle. His Shereefian Majesty is the Sick Man of the West. The jealousy of the Great Powers forms the chief support of his tottering throne. None of them are prepared, single-handed, to interfere in the internal affairs of his empire. Various misleading statements have recently been made with regard to the condition of Morocco and the intentions of some of the Powers, especially France and Russia, towards that country, which might embarrass the British Government in the future. Unfounded suspicion of our neighbour's movements can only hamper any measure of reform that might be urged for the improvement of Morocco. Jealousy has always been the bane of official life in that country, and I think it is a public duty to do our utmost to dispel it and endeavour to foster a spirit of confidence between the nations interested. I shall therefore endeavour within the compass of this article to give a clear view of the whole situation.

Morocco holds a peculiar position, both geographically and politically. It occupies the north-western corner of Africa, on the very threshold of Europe, its northern coast facing England's stronghold of Gibraltar, and its eastern frontier bounded by the French colony of Algeria. The Empire of Morocco is only what remains of the ancient and powerful Khalifate of the West, which at one time menaced the independence of the Continent of Europe. There is now hardly any trace left of its former glory. The natural wealth of the country is unbounded, and if only developed, would make Morocco one of the richest countries of the world. The Sultan considers himself to be a mighty monarch. He is Commander of the Faithful, and has as such absolute control over the lives and property of his subjects, but for all that His Majesty practically only governs about one-half of his Empire. Large tracts are populated by fierce and turbulent tribes, who set his governors and tax-gatherers at defiance. They only owe him religious allegiance, and this religious fanaticism is the sole link which holds this tottering fabric together.

There are three European Powers who are principally interested in Morocco, viz., England, France and Spain. There are three main

reasons why our country takes a deep interest in Morocco. Long ago we held Tangier as a British possession, since that period we have taken Gibraltar and made it perhaps the strongest fortress in the world. It has always been considered the key to the Mediterranean, and as it is partly provisioned from Morocco, on that account alone that country is of vital importance to us. Lastly we have had the bulk of its commerce pass through our hands, and although not large, still it is worth holding. It ought to be stated to our credit that whatever commercial advantages we have gained, we have shared them with other nations on the same footing as ourselves. Spain has very little commercial interest in Morocco, but she has always considered her political claims on that country to stand first. The Moors are the ancient foes of the Spaniards since the days that Ferdinand drove them from their last stronghold in Granada and confined them for ever to their original home in Africa. From that period of their glorious history the Spaniards have always looked upon themselves as the heirs of the inheritance of the Sultan; on that account any interference on the part of any of the Powers with the independence of Morocco would be bitterly opposed by Spain, who in my opinion would not barter away her claim for any amount of dollars.

We come now to consider the position of France with regard to Morocco. The commercial interest of France stands next to England, and she naturally avails herself of every possible measure to guard and promote that trade. Another question of great importance to France is the fact that the frontier of her colony of Algeria touches that of Morocco; on this ground she has a deep interest in Moorish affairs. The Eastern boundaries of Morocco are inhabited by turbulent tribes who are a continual source of trouble and embarrassment to French officials in governing Algeria. The measures taken by France to strengthen her hold upon Morocco have been watched with suspicion and distrust by a certain class of excitable gentlemen. Some years ago the late Grand Shereef of Wazan sought and obtained French protection for himself and his people; immediately this act was put down as a grand political stroke which was to secure for France the preponderating influence at the Sultan's Court. If such an idea had ever been entertained by serious diplomatists, they were much mistaken in their calculation. I have heard that the Grand Shereef first sought British protection, which was declined and I think rightly so. The Shereef's object was entirely of a selfish nature; he wished to bring himself and his people under French protection in order to evade the payment of taxation to the Sultan, which is a very important matter in a country where there is no limit to the exactions of the tax-gatherer. The act of granting protection was really an infringement of the sovereignty of the Sultan, and could not be calculated to increase the influence of France at the Moorish Court. On the

contrary, it would, in my judgment, arouse greater distrust of her designs in the minds of Moorish ministers than formerly.

France, however, gained an advantage in another direction which would compensate her to some extent. The Grand Shereef of Wazan is the head of a large sect of Mohammedans who are spread over a great part of Northern Morocco and Algeria, and his religious influence over those turbulent tribes is far greater than could be imagined by any one unacquainted with those countries. His presence among those fierce people has often done more to cause them to submit to the government than a whole army. On this ground alone France has found the Grand Shereef of the greatest service in certain districts of Algeria where the Kabyles are frequently in revolt. There are always many rumours afloat regarding the designs of France on Morocco. A recent scare on this question occurred on account of the movements of French troops on the Moorish frontiers which culminated in the occupation of Towât; but this step is neither a menace to European interests nor the integrity of Morocco. This important oasis of the Sahara was occupied by France with a view to secure the trade route to the Western Soudan, so important to the commerce of Algeria. She has been taking similar measures in Adrar, an oasis in the Western Sahara, but this mission has met with disaster. I was shown, many years ago, a French partition map of Morocco which generously gave to England the whole of Morocco north of Fez, and to the French the whole of the country southward. This was really the work of the fertile brain of a political schemer, which no serious public man in France would entertain for a moment. There can be no doubt that the Moors would be much better under French rule than they are in their present condition, but the transfer is politically impossible under present circumstances. The conquest of Algeria has cost France much blood and treasure, and has been a heavy load on her Budget. Such a course on the part of France would arouse the determined opposition of England, and probably other European Powers. Such a step would undoubtedly be confronted by Spanish pride and valour, which would form almost an insuperable barrier.

It is freely admitted that France watches with jealous eyes all that is passing in Morocco. I have had personally a fair illustration of this. Several French warships visited at various periods the settlement which I founded at Cape Juby on the southern frontier of Morocco. In 1894 a gunboat was specially sent to examine our station. This sudden appearance of a French gunboat caused me some surprise at the time, as our place was a peaceable settlement for the purposes of trade, and could not in any shape or form be a menace to France or any other power. The facts were that at that time I had constructed a small battery at Cape Juby on which I mounted 7-pounder steel guns for our defence against certain tribes who had

been sent against us by the Moorish Government. I afterwards found out that this simple defensive measure had been greatly magnified by certain violent sections of the Paris press. It was stated seriously that I was making at Cape Juby a second Gibraltar for England, and that at a point whence we could menace the southern frontiers of Morocco and Algeria. A French official afterwards informed me that the visit was made at the request of the French Government in order that the Commander's report from the spot might satisfy an excitable section of Frenchmen, who are always suspicious of England and a source of embarrassment to their own Government.

From these various considerations it is not surprising that European Powers interested in Morocco should watch each other with a certain amount of suspicion, but it would be quite wrong to ascribe this to an intention on the part of any of them to take possession, or any deep laid scheme for that object. This view seems to be confirmed by the recent declaration of French policy in the Chamber of Deputies, when it was made clear that the sole object of the French Government was to consolidate and develop its present possessions and not to expand. Some recent writers have magnified far beyond what it deserves the recent establishment of a Russian Legation at Tangier. It has been insinuated that this step was taken at the request of France, for the purpose of upsetting British influence in Morocco while she was engaged in South Africa. It was pointed out that Russia has no commercial interests in Morocco save the *protégés* she may take under her care. This is a game all the Powers have been playing for years. The United States have no commercial interests in Morocco, yet that great Republic has been represented in that Empire for a very long period. Spain and Portugal have very little commercial interest, yet they have Legations in Morocco. The presence of a Russian Minister in Morocco does not menace England any more than the minister of that country at the Court of St. James. Russia has a perfect right to send a minister wherever she pleases. Our duty is simply to look after our own interests while acting fairly to our neighbours.

I do not for a moment believe that France and Russia have put their heads together with a view to create difficulties for us in Morocco, unless they were forced by the more violent parties in the two countries. It is with much pain that I observe a certain section of the Continental press endeavouring to embroil England with France for their own selfish ends. The gutter press of Paris is fed by our enemies in other countries, who fan the flames of suspicion, jealousy and distrust. France has always been in the van of civilisation, and ought not to be confounded with the scurrilous press which is the enemy of what is good and stable in their own and

other countries. There are extremists in every country against whose irresponsible language and violence we have to guard ourselves.

In the midst of these conflicting elements the safest course to pursue regarding Moorish affairs is a frank and conciliatory policy. During the long tenure of office by the late Sir John H. D. Hay in Morocco his whole efforts were directed towards maintaining the *status quo*, and I expect his successors have upheld the same principles. There is one weak point in this policy, in my opinion, which is painfully seen in Morocco. It does not appear that any drastic reforms can take place under it. The Sultan's advisers are astute enough to know the policy pursued by European Powers; they are well aware that these Powers are jealous of each other, and they use every means to foster this spirit in order that they may oppress the Moors according to their will. On this account Morocco is about the worst governed country in any part of the world; its present condition is a disgrace to the civilised nations of Europe. An attempt was made some twenty years ago to mend matters, and a conference was held in Madrid resulting in some improvement. It had, however, one mischievous effect—it confirmed a system of protection which is a standing disgrace to all the Powers concerned. No actual attempt has yet been made to wipe it out; though the British Government have, in deference to public opinion, modified it to some extent.

It is wonderful what beneficial changes could be brought about in Morocco if the Powers were only united. We have had an illustration of this lately; the judicial administration of Morocco is the most arbitrary and corrupt of almost any country in the world. I have already stated that the Sultan is the supreme lord of the lives and properties of his subjects. This is often brought vividly to their doors. Any Moor, however exalted, may be seized at any time, on any pretext whatever, and sent to a loathsome dungeon without trial or any food or water, except what is given by the charitable, and these poor creatures often die of starvation and disease. Many philanthropic people in England take a deep interest in the poor Moorish prisoners. The Howard Association took the matter up with energy. It made several representations to the British and other Governments on behalf of the suffering Moors. This is a question in which the British Legation has constantly taken an interest. Sir A. Nicolson, the present British Minister in Tangier, with great skill and tact, united all the European Powers together in order to put pressure on the Sultan, so that His Majesty might be compelled to improve the prisons and prisoners throughout the empire. It was the first time, I think, that the representatives of the Powers were united with regard to Morocco. If this joint demand of the Powers was made by a single nation, it would have been unheeded, but being a

united demand it was acceded to at once. The Sultan commanded that all prisoners should be supplied regularly with food and water, and that all the prisons should be cleaned and whitewashed throughout the empire. This was a great reform accomplished by one stroke, though it will still require vigilance on the part of the representatives of the Powers, in case matters may lapse into their old state again.

Another important consideration with regard to Morocco is the commercial development of its enormous resources. The British Treaty of Commerce dates as far back as 1856, and the conditions then established are practically the same now. Sir Euan Smith made an unsuccessful attempt to negotiate a new Treaty a few years ago, since then the question has lain dormant. For this reason the trade of Morocco, which roundly amounts to about three millions a year, has remained almost stationary. Our share is probably less than it was at one time. This cannot for a moment be attributed to the intrigues of Foreign Powers, or that our influence is less than formerly at the Sultan's Court. It is really due to the apathy of the British Government, and the fiscal arrangements prevailing in the Moorish Empire. Free trade has never taken any root in Morocco. The Sultan and his advisers are strong protectionists, the imports are regulated by a duty of 8 per cent. *ad valorem*, but the exports are subject to such enormous duties that no development can take place. Other important articles are prohibited altogether, except under special licence from the Sultan. Foreigners are not permitted to acquire land or houses in any part of Morocco with the exception of Tangier. No railways are allowed to be made, nor can the mineral wealth of the country be touched, so that foreign capital cannot flow into the country for the development of any enterprise. Several attempts were made to establish banks, but with little success. There is no Moorish Loan wanted, so that these institutions exist only to aid the commerce of the country.

It is true that France, Germany, and other countries have been pushing their own interests in every possible way. They take a paternal interest in their merchants, but the British Government do not assist to the same extent. The keen competition of foreign traders naturally affects British trade. Many of our merchants in that country complained to me that England had no commercial attaché in Morocco, which they considered a serious drawback to British trade. I had a talk on this very subject with Sir E. Satow, while he was Minister in Tangier. He remarked that a commercial attaché would be of great importance, and suggested that I should have an interview with the officials at the Foreign Office. On my arrival in England I called on Sir Thomas Sanderson, and laid the matter before him. While he did not deny that such an appointment might be advantageous, he pointed out that there were no funds available for the

purpose. I remarked that surely they could obtain about £700 a year for such an important object. Sir Thomas suggested that I should speak to Sir William Harcourt, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the subject, but I feared that my influence with that great financier would not induce him to unloose the strings of the public purse for the benefit of British trade in Morocco. Sir John Hay stated to me that the British Government seemed to be always indifferent to the commercial development of Morocco; during his official career he had sent many proposals which he asserted were pigeon-holed at the Foreign Office. These views appeared in a letter of mine to *The Times* as far back as 1884.

In reviewing the whole situation in Morocco it seems to me that the true and safest policy that ought to be pursued with regard to that country is the maintenance of Morocco as an independent State. This is the most desirable course in every way. A large amount of jealousy would disappear, and the door would be opened for material and social development. The inhabitants of Morocco are a fine race, naturally intelligent and lovers of independence, and certainly not unfriendly to this country. It is the official life of Morocco that is corrupt, and it would require to be uprooted before any prosperity or improvement could follow. Before such a measure could be carried out, the Powers would have to unite and bring their united influence to bear on the Sultan, who would certainly yield to the mandate of the Christian Powers of Europe, and allow the administration of his Empire to be modelled in conformity with western civilisation. It cannot be expected that this desirable result would be achieved by a stroke of the pen; it is by patience and conciliation that it can be accomplished. Surely it is time that the Powers of Europe who are interested in Morocco should cast aside the jealousy, suspicion and distrust which have been for so many years and are now the disturbing influences in the political life of Tangier, and set earnestly to work to devise plans by which Morocco may be brought under the blessings of modern civilisation and good government. It is far from a hopeless task; it is well worthy of the earnest consideration of European statesmen. If these measures, which I have indicated and which are so much desired by the well-wishers of Morocco, are carried out, it will redound to the credit of Christendom and it will raise the crumbling Empire of Morocco to a state of material and social prosperity, and gain the lasting gratitude of the Moors who are now groaning under the heel of the oppressor.

DONALD MACKENZIE.

THE MILITIA BALLOT.

IN the November number of the *Nineteenth Century* there was published an urgent appeal to the Government to put into force the Militia Ballot, which, as it was pointed out, could be done without any legislation, either by omitting a few words from the Expiring Laws Continuance Act, or by passing an Order in Council suspending the operation of the Suspension Act. So resolute is the nation to provide the requisite armed forces for the defence of the Empire, that there can be no doubt that one or other of the above alternatives should be adopted, if it can be once shown that the result would be to make us more formidable in war and better able to defend our country and our great possessions over seas.

Let us then in the first place examine the arguments in favour of enforcing the Militia Ballot, arguments which are numerous, cogent, and not to be lightly ignored, assuming that the premises on which they are founded can be proved to be sound. These arguments I shall endeavour to summarise as briefly as possible from the extracts given in the article in favour of the imposition of the ballot to which I have already referred.

Mr. Brodrick has stated that his adhesion to the voluntary system is strictly limited by our ability to obtain under it a force with which our military authorities can satisfy the Government that they have sufficient troops to resist invasion and can maintain them to their satisfaction. Colonel Sir G. S. Clarke, an authority whom all will respect, believes that a national British force obtained by the ballot could be rendered formidable to the last degree, and would therefore raise the strength of the Militia to some 200,000 men, organising them in eighteen infantry divisions, with a due proportion of field and garrison artillery. He points out further that the voluntary system has broken down, as proved by the large deficiency in the enrolled establishment of our forces, both regular and auxiliary, and suggests that "the moderate number of men voluntarily enlisted or chosen by lot from all ranks of the people, would then, during five years' service, secure a compulsory holiday at the expense of the country. They would not be imprisoned in barracks. They would learn habits of discipline and of order, which would increase their value in the labour market." Mr. Sidney Low makes use of similar arguments, pointing out that the voluntary system has broken down, and that there is nothing degrading or un-English in requiring every citizen of a free country to be educated to the use of arms. These arguments are also adopted by Mr. Henry Birchenough, who admits the objec-

tions to compulsory life in barracks, and wishes to call gradually into existence a nation trained to arms. He also admires the manner in which Germany has made her army not only a perfect instrument of national defence, but also a great school of physical training and moral discipline, and looks forward to the day when compulsory military training will be insisted on in the interest of public health and national well-being.

Sir Robert Giffen is rather inclined to favour conscription in some form, on the ground that all young men as they reach the age of twenty-two should have qualified themselves to perform military service, if medically fit, arguing that in this manner we should have such large numbers of men with military training that the entire Regular Army and Reserves could be spared at need, in some form or other, for foreign service, and Colonel Lonsdale Hale insists that universal liability for home defence must be the foundation stone of the home defence organisation, selection by ballot for the Militia, the means of obtaining the units, the quotas being regulated by the population. Dr. Conan Doyle follows in the same sense, insisting that "if the Regular Army is to be set free for the service of the Empire, it can only be safely done by making ourselves invulnerable at home. There is only one way in which this can be effected, and that is by the enforcement of the Militia Ballot for home defence. The introduction of the Militia Ballot would furnish a most powerful weapon for strengthening the Volunteers, as exemption from the ballot might be granted to those men who undertook to make themselves efficient and to remain in the corps five years."

I think that I have above fairly summarised the arguments which are used by the advocates for the introduction of the Militia Ballot; if these arguments be examined, it will be seen that they may be roughly grouped under the following heads:—

- (a) The only means of obtaining a force equal to resisting invasion.
- (b) Necessary owing to the voluntary system having broken down.
- (c) Useful owing to the habits of discipline and order which would be learnt while in the Militia.
- (d) Necessary in order to free the Regular Army for foreign service.
- (e) Would be a useful weapon to force men into the Volunteers.

Let us now examine these arguments. First, as regards the question of invasion: surely we are not going to take such a step as the introduction of the Militia Ballot in order to enable us to resist invasion, unless we are first convinced that there is a reasonable possibility of our possible or probable enemies attempting to invade us.

Is there then any such reasonable possibility? I should say most certainly not, so long as our fleets are in a position to obtain and keep the command of the sea. I admit readily that if our Navy is unequal to this task, it is quite on the cards that an enemy, confident in the might of its army, might attempt to hasten the conclusion of the war by invading us, which they would be able to do at their leisure, our fleet having been destroyed. In such a case I fear that the ballot-raised Militia would prove a very poor shield. In fact I can hardly agree that it would be worth while to introduce such a novelty as the ballot into our military system solely in view of such a contingency. According to Sir G. S. Clarke the strength of the Militia would merely be increased by 100,000 men at the outside by the imposition of the ballot; is it credible that these 100,000 militiamen are going to turn the scale in our favour in the case of a deliberate invasion by one or more of the great military Powers of the Continent? For if we are to assume that our fleet is to be defeated and driven from the seas as a prelude to any possible invasion, it is only reasonable to assume that we shall be at war with a coalition of two or more great Powers.

But many people argue that we may be invaded even though our fleet retain the command of the sea. It is assumed in some quarters that our fleet will be "decoyed" away, leaving our coasts free to our enemies, and that they will promptly take advantage of the opportunity to pour great armies into this country. I for one cannot believe that any enemy would be so insane as to risk a great army on the chance of our superior fleet—superior, for if inferior it could be beaten in fair fight and there would be no necessity to decoy it away—being so deluded as to abstain from all interference with so protracted and difficult an operation as the embarkation and disembarkation of a great army with all its stores. Moreover, apart from this, there is no European Power, save ourselves, who could lay their hands on the shipping which would be required to convey a great host, even from the Continental ports to our shores. They might be able to find shipping enough to carry a raiding force, adventured for the sole purpose of inflicting "moral and material damage" upon us, with no idea of ever withdrawing that force to their own shores, or of endeavouring to keep open communications between that raiding force and the land from which it sailed. Such an attempt would be within the bounds of possibility, but it would be an easy matter to take measures to deprive any attempt to raid in this fashion of any but the remotest prospects of success, and it is not often that belligerents embark on an enterprise from the commencement doomed to failure. Rather would they wait to see the upshot of the naval struggle, for we may rest assured that we shall not find ourselves at war with any Power on the continent of Europe till that Power

believes that either alone or with the help of an ally it will be able to deprive us of the command of the seas.

There is yet another situation in which some hold that invasion will be possible. It is argued that we may succeed in defeating in action the battle-fleets of our enemy, but that the victors may be so badly damaged as to be unable to keep the seas till they have undergone a lengthy process of repair in our ports. Even supposing that this be possible, is it reasonable to suppose that an enemy, heavily defeated on the sea, would at once proceed to initiate an enormous enterprise, depending for its success on uninterrupted access to our shores? This appears to me to be wholly incredible. It is also impossible to conceive that any successful naval action, however hotly contested, would leave us, even for a time, without at least the nucleus of a naval force superior to anything which our defeated foe could produce, and daily growing in strength owing to the extent of our vast resources in naval arsenals and dockyards. In short, it appears to me that the possibility of successful invasion hinges entirely on the command of the sea. So long as we retain command of the sea the danger of invasion may be disregarded; so soon as we lose it we are undone, whether we are invaded or not. Even on the assumption that we lose the command of the sea, are invaded, and succeed in repelling invasion, we shall in the end be but little if at all better off. For the foe, withdrawing his shattered army of invasion, will content himself with starving us into a condition in which any terms will be acceptable to us. Therefore, our safeguard against successful invasion lies not in our Militia but in our Navy. In this I can find no argument to induce me to welcome the Militia Ballot.

The next argument is that the Militia Ballot is necessary, owing to the voluntary system having broken down. This argument is rather, to my mind, an argument in favour of recasting our whole system than of adhering to the existing system fortified by compulsion. It is perfectly true that we are unable by the voluntary system to maintain an army of upwards of 800,000 men, including Militia, Yeomanry and Volunteers. Before having recourse to compulsion to make good the deficit, we would do well to reflect whether it is advisable, under the circumstances, to attempt to maintain so large a force. Moreover, it is essential that we should not lose sight of the fact that it is universally admitted that it would be impossible to use compulsion to fill the ranks of our Regular Army, liable to serve abroad in time of peace; admitting this, would we not be wise to pause and to consider whether the adoption of the Militia Ballot might not make it more difficult even than it is at present to keep up the establishment of our Regular Army? To double, as is proposed, the establishment of the Militia, while insisting on not less than five years' service in that force, would obviously about double

the number of Militia recruits which would be annually required, and though a considerable number of the men obtained by the ballot would, under no circumstances, have gone into the Regular Army, I think we must admit that it is quite possible that without the ballot a considerable number of them might have drifted in that direction. Of course, I assume it will still be open to them to do so, and the damage to our recruiting resources may be insignificant; but it would not be wise to overlook the fact that there is a certain risk of the introduction of the Militia Ballot prejudicially affecting recruiting for the Regular Army.

Again, is it not possible that the Volunteer force competes in the recruiting market against both the Regular Army and the Militia? Recollect that the Volunteers of to-day are recruited from a vastly different social class from the Volunteers of 1859. In fact, with the exception of some of the crack London corps, the majority of Volunteer battalions are recruited from precisely the same classes which furnish recruits both to the Regular Army and the Militia. Our Volunteer force now numbers close on 300,000 men, yet the advocates for the Militia Ballot have so little confidence in the military value of this great force that they are unable to feel safe against invasion till they have, by the enforcement of the ballot, raised the Militia to a strength of 200,000 men.

Under the circumstances I must confess that I would either make the Volunteers really efficient for war, providing them with field artillery, and giving them a real and workable military organisation in higher units than brigades, or I would disband all who would not be required for mere garrison duties in war time; that is to say, all but a small proportion of the infantry and the garrison artillery. Either course would be logical; our present policy of maintaining a huge force which cannot be pretended to be really efficient for war does not commend itself to common sense. In either eventuality, I do not believe that the Militia Ballot would be needed. It would certainly not be needed if, in addition to the force of over 100,000 Militia whom we can get without the ballot, we could put into the field even 150,000 really efficient Volunteers; and were the bulk of the Volunteers disbanded, I do not believe that we should find it difficult to recruit the Militia up to an establishment of upwards of 200,000 men. Therefore, if the voluntary system has broken down, it is only because we have been expecting from it more than is required from the situation in which we stand as a great Sea-Power, isolated by the sea from the possibility of being attacked on land.

As to the argument that it is advisable to introduce the Militia Ballot because of the habits of discipline and order which would be learnt while in the Militia, I must confess that I am somewhat sceptical as to the value of the moral training which could be given

to young men for a month in the year only during five years, especially when we are told that it is not proposed to imprison them in barracks. Mr. Birchenough asserts, that one of the most objectionable features in the foreign system is barrack life, and he does not see why that should be essential to effective military training. This depends entirely on the previous training of the recruit. The slum-bred recruit, who may have been at a loose-end and a ne'er-do-weel all his life, cannot be brought effectively under military discipline unless he is kept under rigorous supervision in barracks. This close supervision will not be necessary in the case of the respectably brought up lad, who has been taught habits of obedience and cleanliness in his home and at school. But surely all will be fish to the net of the Militia Ballot, or are the scallywags and ne'er-do-weels to be allowed to go free for fear of corrupting the remainder? I fear that the Militia training proposed would do very little to inculcate habits of order and discipline. In fact, it would be precisely the same as the existing Militia training; and I am not aware that employers show any preference for hands who have served in the Militia, owing to their being more orderly and more used to discipline. Mr. Birchenough speaks of the German army as being not only a perfect instrument of national defence, but also a great school of physical training and moral discipline, and appears to think that we should be able to make of our ballot-recruited Militia a similar moral and physical training-school for the nation at large. This is an idle dream. In the German army the recruit is subjected for three years to the most rigorous and iron discipline, a discipline which is, to our ideas, in many respects positively brutal and almost degrading. I do not understand that any one proposes to introduce a system even remotely approaching this into our Militia, even on the introduction of the ballot, and I very much doubt if any system much milder would produce equally valuable results.

It is also argued that it is necessary to adopt the Militia Ballot in order to free the Regular Army and the Reserves for foreign service. But surely they are free for foreign service now. When the present war broke out we sent to South Africa as many men as we thought were necessary, and when events proved that we had under-estimated the numbers required, we sent as many more as we had, no regular troops ultimately being left in the country except those who were unfit, owing to their youth or their physical condition, to serve abroad. That is to say, we did not retain any regular troops in this country, beyond the reserve regiments—a mere handful—enrolled to quell the alarm of an uninstructed populace, because we felt the country would not be safe without them. If the Militia Ballot had been in existence when this war began, we should have sent to South Africa

precisely the same number of regular troops, no more and no less. If any of the European Powers had thought that in the absence of our Regular Army an opportunity for invading us might be found, our fleet would speedily have undeceived them, and if our fleet had been beaten, we would have lost our Empire whether we had one or two hundred thousand Militiamen in arms in this country.

But it may be argued that we may have some day to fight a foe more formidable both in a naval and military sense than the Boers—and in that case we shall find it impossible to denude the country of regular troops unless our Auxiliary forces are equal to the task of defeating the invader.

Personally, I do not see that the case would be in any way altered; so long as our navy is superior we shall be safe from invasion; so soon as it is destroyed we are undone in any case. Moreover, the fact appears to be very generally overlooked that we shall be unable, whatever may be our desire, to denude this country of regular troops until our navy has obtained the upper hand. In fact, till we have proved our right to the command of the seas our army will be of necessity imprisoned within these islands; as soon as our fleet has proved that it retains its ancient superiority, we shall be able to transport our army to whatever part of the world we wish, and at the same time all risk of invasion disappears. Therefore, I am not impressed by the argument that the Militia Ballot is necessary in order to free the army for service abroad.

As for the last argument, that the ballot would enable us to force more men into the Volunteers, I think that this deserves even less consideration. Our Volunteers are either efficient for war or they are not; if they are efficient, surely we have quite as many as we require. If they are not efficient, I see no advantage in adding to their number, especially if we are at the same time to double the strength of the Militia.

There is yet another argument in favour of the ballot, to my mind the most cogent of all, which is to the effect that by using the ballot to double the strength of the Militia we shall thereby double the number of trained men on whom we can call for assistance, in case of emergency, to fill up the ranks of our army fighting abroad. It is quite true that this would certainly follow on the introduction of the ballot and the consequent doubling of the strength of the Militia, but it does not impress me as a statesmanlike policy to double the strength of a force only liable to service at home in the hope that we may thereby obtain trained men willing, in time of need, to serve abroad. Rather should we endeavour to give all our male population adequate military training and to increase the strength of our regular reserves, for we would thus be able to dispose of a force on the numerical strength of which we could absolutely rely, instead of having

to make plans based on a mere guess at the number of Militiamen who might, in certain contingencies, elect to volunteer for foreign service.

It is a trite saying that successful war must be prepared for in time of peace, but no preparation worthy the name can be made where there is no possible way of estimating with accuracy the strength of the forces of which you will be able to dispose. Where one has to rely on estimates of numbers based on mere guess work, one's plans are bound to be very sketchy and liable to modification at the last moment, a prospect which I am fairly confident would not appeal to the scientific soldiers of modern Europe. It will of course be urged that we must make the best of the forces at our disposal, and that, as the voluntary system has broken down, it is clear that we cannot obtain from it men in sufficient numbers to carry on a prolonged campaign abroad. To this I reply that it will be time enough to assert that the voluntary system has broken down when we have tried to form a second-class reserve and failed in our attempt. As everyone knows, our existing reserve is not a reserve at all, but consists merely of men of the first line who are permitted to go to civil life on prolonged furlough. We are unable to mobilise a single unit for service without recalling these men to the colours. Of real reserves, of men to fill the gaps and supply the waste of war, we have none. I do not believe that we should find any difficulty in inducing the vast majority of recruits to enlist for twelve years service, seven with the colours and five in the first-class reserve, as now, and ten years in the second-class reserve in addition, thus rendering the average soldier liable to recall to the colours in time of national emergency up to the age of forty years. It has been calculated that we might in this manner obtain a second-class reserve of at least 150,000 trained men at a very insignificant cost. Had this reserve been in existence when the South African war broke out, it would not have been necessary to invite either Yeomanry, Militia, or Volunteers to serve in South Africa. When this experiment has been tried and failed, I shall be ready to admit that the voluntary system has broken down.

Meanwhile may I implore those who are so ready to come forward with schemes for national defence not to allow themselves to be deluded by false analogies between our position and that of the military Powers of the Continent, but to keep ever before them the fact that the navy, and the navy alone, guarantees these islands against invasion and this Empire against destruction. Of the intolerable annoyance which would be caused by the attempt to put the ballot, with its many inconveniences and inequalities, into practice I say nothing, though in this alone I believe very strong arguments against its adoption would be found.

W. E. CAIRNES.

THE TRANSFORMATIONS OF THE SCOTTISH TEMPERAMENT.

LIKE the popular conception of the original mission of Christianity, the phrase which is generally given as a condensation of Scottish national characteristics is based upon an incorrect translation. The proclamation which the shepherds heard on the plains of Bethlehem was one not of "Peace on earth, good will to men," but of "Peace on earth to men of God's will." George Buchanan did not compliment his countrymen on the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, but complained of their *præfervida ingenia*—the impatience which, impelling them to throw away their advantages of position that they might fight the English in the open, lost them the Battle of Flodden, as it had lost them many an engagement before, and as it subsequently lost them the Battle of Dunbar. And very much as Christendom, during all the centuries of its existence, has been trying to live up to its own misconstrued ideal, only to find that "millennium" and "mirage" are synonymous, and that not peace but a sword is reserved for other than "men of God's will," Scotland has been striving by "discipline," by dogmatic religion, by preaching down its heart with the maxims of prudence, to keep within the entrenchments of *perfervidum ingenium*, only to sally abroad and waste its strength in *præfervida ingenia*. The history of the country, at least since the Union of the Crowns, is strewn with the wreckage of energy. The Union seemed to justify the plunge of Scotland into the race for the world's commerce. That plunge was taken under the direction of one of the most inventive of Anglo-Saxon brains. Yet it ended in the disaster of the Darien Expedition, which was exactly two centuries too soon, in the impoverishment of Scotland and in a revival of the hatred to England, but for which history would have been spared the folly and missed the now somewhat besmirched romance of the Jacobite Risings. The Darien Expedition has been repeated in the failure of the Douglas and Heron Bank—which ruined the majority of the landowners in three counties in the eighteenth century—and in the collapses, oftener than not associated with swindling, of apparently prosperous individuals and companies, that have occurred at intervals up to the present day, startling sober Englishmen into an impression that Scottish honesty and Scottish caution have both gone by the board.

The Union of the Legislatures gave greater scope than even the Union of the Crowns to the national *perfervidum ingenium*, and, of course, it ran riot in *præfervida ingenia*. It permitted of a carnival

of "Scottish manners, Scottish religion, and Scottish drink." Above all things, it rendered possible the triumph of the Kirk and of the Anti-Kirk. It made Presbyterianism the established religion in Scotland, and gave the advanced or fanatical section of Presbyterianism—known as the "Wild West Whigs" or "the Sectaries"—a chance of paying off old scores and avenging the persecutions of their predecessors, the men of the Solemn League and Covenant. Law and Government were too powerful to permit them to follow up the "killing time" of Claverhouse and Lauderdale with a "killing time" of their own in which the shortest of shrifts would have been given alike to Episcopalians and to "Moderate," and therefore backsliding, Presbyterians. But although there is good reason to believe that, like the Jacobins in France, they were always in a minority, they were able to dominate Scottish life to a much greater extent than ever did the early Protestant Reformers, who, indeed, if Knox is to be taken as an example, took a comparatively genial view of human pleasure and frailty. They successfully tabooed art, literature, and conviviality. Mr. Graham, the latest and incomparably the liveliest historian of eighteenth century Scotland, describes their attempt to rule the country according to their ideas as a "clumsy theocracy." The theocracy may have been clumsy, but it came nearer perfection than anything else of the kind, even in New England. Jonathan Edwards himself, in the finest frenzy of his conception of Hell, never attained the superb literality of the forgotten Donaldson in his *Toothpick for Swearers*, published in 1697.

" Hot burning coals of juniper shall be
 Thy bed in doom, and there to cover thee
 A quilt of boiling brimstone thou must take
 And wrap thee in, till thou full payment make.
 Thy head, thy ears, thy nose, thy eye,
 Thy every member shall tormented be
 Apart, and such exquisite tortures fill
 Each joint as would great Leviathan kill."

But, of course, the *perfercidum ingenium* led to the usual excesses—to what the good, shrewd, although appallingly introspective, Boston considered the "leap from Abraham's bosom into Delilah's lap," to the lecherous hypocrisy of Holy Willie, to the defiant practical amorism which found its kindest and most artistic expression in Burns's "Welcome" and "Court of Equity." Yet the "clumsy theocracy" would not have lasted so long as it did had not the serious laymen of the country constituted the eldership, and formed, indeed, its *magna pars*. In all diatribes against Scottish religious fanaticism it is always safe to read "Kirk-session" for "Kirk."

Yet the Union of the Legislatures brought the triumph of the

Anti-Kirk as well as the triumph of the Kirk in its train. Before then, as Defoe notes, the more far-seeing merchants of Glasgow had discovered that their port was nearer Virginia than was London. When the crushing of the '45 gave Scotland peace and time to develop the mineral resources of Lanarkshire, the *perferendum ingenium* came away with a rush, and the sleepy little academic village on the Clyde, whose praises were in the mouths of all English travellers, made speed to become the second city and the third port in the Kingdom. Again, of course, there were excesses. The country surged into Glasgow and the congeries of unlovely Black Country towns of which it became the centre. The result was the creation of the most hideous slums in Great Britain, or perhaps the world, where disease, death, and drink hold sway, and where decency is unknown. The Kirk was unprepared to meet the rush, which was indeed a negation of its favourite doctrine that the first duty of man is to prepare not for this world but the next. After a gallant stand under the late—and still in many respects great—Dr. Chalmers, it succumbed. The usual compromise has been arranged. What was once accounted as the Anti-Kirk now “runs” the Kirk. Practically all the Scottish Churches—certainly the Dissenting Churches, both Presbyterian and Episcopalian—are supported by the wealthy middle-class. And by them; say the “churchless” pariahs of the slums, who are beginning to find in the Socialism of *The Clarion* a substitute for religious dogma and even for whisky, the gospel of self-sacrifice is preached to the rich at the poor.

And now another change is coming over the national temperament; the success and the character of the recent Glasgow Exhibition show that it has been already in large measure effected. In days when Presbyterian ministers bulked as largely in Scottish life generally as they do now only in the annals of Thrums and Drumtochty, when sermon-tasting was one of the supreme delights of life, it was the hospitable habit of a Glasgow merchant to take his English visitors and business correspondents of a Sunday to hear his favourite preacher, and when they came out of church to ask them triumphantly, “Can you bate that?” Glasgow is now entitled to go a step farther, and to ask the world confidently of an Exhibition which, if it has not been of “record” dimensions, has had a “record” attendance, and may yet be proved to have a “record” surplus, “Can you bate that?” in up-to-dateness of machinery, in music, in art, in tea-shops, nay, even in weather. But above all things the Exhibition was notable as being the carnival of the “typical” and dominating Scottish temperament, as that is best exhibited by the Man in the Square Hat.

“The typical Glasgow man is not the merchant-prince with sons at Harrow, the professional man, nor the great ship-builder or engineer, but a little, grey,

wiry man in plain clothes and a square felt hat. He has a good-going business, which is the source, if not of a fortune, at least of a competence. He lives in the suburbs; his wife is plump and commonplace and cheerful, his daughter quite pretty, his son at college 'coming out for a doctor' and writing decadent verses for the magazine. He, himself, is the salt of the middle class with all its virtues and limitations. His face is full of the character which brought him success: shrewdness, resolvedness, tenacity, energy, cannyness, steadiness, and sobriety. . . . You have seen a typical Scot, independent, cautious, shrewd, and 'decent.' A man, you say, easy to get on with. He is clearly of the people. In England in the same class he would be vulgar and strident. Here he is saved from that by his quietness and reserve. . . . In matters lying outwith the common province he lacks interest. He is practically-minded. Imagination disturbs him not; nor do the arts come nigh him. Very likely he admires 'The Doctor' and all the pictures that are bad. He (or to be fair, his wife) may even confuse *Tannhäuser* with *San Toy*, and ask if new songs are in it this winter."

It is thus accurately, with a shrewd and not unkind humour, that the author of *Glasgow in 1901*, who may, if he takes Stevensonian pains, yet do for his native city what Stevenson did for Edinburgh, describes the most prominent factor in the social and political life of present-day Scotland. For the Man in the Square Hat rules the roost not in Glasgow merely but in all the cities and towns of the country, although his supremacy is still questioned, but with decreasing peremptoriness, in Edinburgh by the tall hat of the "professional" man and the "bowler"—with a lofty dome—that is specially affected by the retired colonels and majors who love Edinburgh as the paradise of cheap and excellent education and of delightfully situated clubs. It is he who by deserting Mr. Gladstone in 1886 has made Scotland a stronghold of Unionism. He has a vague fear of Socialism, and therefore he will not put his trust in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who, he thinks, ought not to have been in his present "tabernacle" but to have been the champion of the Square-Hatted interests. He has an admiration for Mr. Andrew Carnegie, whose career he regards as a most brilliant demonstration of what Scottish Square-Hattedness can do when it migrates to the United States and has room for expansion. Yet he has too much of the old Scottish pride in him to take any of the millionaire's money even for a church organ. Besides, he identifies Mr. Carnegie with those Combines and Trusts which he fears almost as much as he does Socialism and Co-operative Stores, and for the same reason—that their final victory would mean the overthrow of his class or the reduction of its members to the position of hewers of wood and drawers of water for millionaires. For he has a thorough belief in his class; now that the doctrine of Evolution—although he has had no time to study it carefully—appeals to his common-sense, puzzles his will, and curtails his subscriptions to missions, it is the only creed he holds with passion.

The six months of last year's Exhibition have probably revolutionised

life for the Man in the Square Hat. It is not surprising that he should be demanding that some of its most agreeable features be made a part of his life every year and all the year round, and that Edinburgh should be preparing for an Exhibition to be held in 1907 as a commemoration of the bi-centenary of the Legislative Union with England. Armed with a guinea season ticket, he could, after the business of the day was over, join his wife and daughters who had been in the Exhibition grounds since breakfast. He could visit the Machinery Hall and lay the flattering unction to his soul that Scotland at least has not fallen very far behind in the international race for that wealth which surrenders to invention. He could saunter through the best Art Gallery in Great Britain, and feel all the amateur's joy—ever so much greater than the expert's—in pronouncing as “splendid” this or that popular success in Early Victorian art. He could accompany his womankind to the bandstand or the concert hall, and there applaud this conductor or that band. (Within the last quarter of a century Scotland has developed a love for music Germanic in its intensity if not quite Germanic in its refinement.) Above all things he could feel a mildly Bohemian, agreeably Parisian, but perfectly innocent, delight in taking his pleasure and a cup of tea in the open air. And although there is almost nothing of Mr. Henley's Shorter Catechist in the Man in the Square Hat, yet, being a Scotsman, he is a moralist and a philanthropist. He is ashamed of the brutal drunkenness of the Scottish working man, and sincerely desires him to be as sober, as self-respecting, and as happy as himself. So when, in the last months of the Exhibition, the Executive issued cheap tickets and lowered the ordinary fares of admission to tempt working men to take advantage of the means of recreation and edification at their command, and met with a considerable amount of success, he greatly rejoiced. His *perferendum ingenium* indeed has conceived a scheme for fighting the public-houses with municipal tea-shops and music-halls. As Glasgow possesses a municipality which is probably more filled with the spirit of Socialism than any other in the world, and is humiliated because it has been able to do so little for the redemption of its slums, some experiment of this kind will probably, ere very long, be tried.

Yet although the Man in the Square Hat may be the dictator of Scotland, even he is but a sign of the times. Some months ago this advertisement appeared in an Edinburgh newspaper:—“An educated Christian gentleman, who is likely to remain some time in the City, would be very glad to find a church in which the clergyman makes a conscientious endeavour to build his hearers up in the Faith of Christ, and where he will meet a few friends who are prepared to converse on other topics than golf and dress.” Whether the advertisement was genuine or a hoax, it indicated the undoubted truth,

that amusement and luxury are rapidly taking the place that used to be occupied in Scottish life by the "exercises" of dogmatic religion. Three successful Exhibitions have demonstrated that, for six months of the year, Scotland is a very pleasant place to live in if one has "the wherewithal." And there is more money in Scotland than there ever was or perhaps than there is at present in any country of the same size. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that money, like the Kirk, like the University, like the parish school, like the Parliament House, like all the "national institutions" of which Scotsmen used to be proud, should have its day. There is some truth—though there may be more of what the Man in the Square Hat would style "Cookney flippancy"—in Mr. Max Beerbohm's comments on the "flat" reception accorded to Mr. Carnegie's Gift to the Universities.

"The Scotch are not duly grateful for it, having always regarded learning as less an end in itself than a means of hardening their characters through the discomfort involved in the acquisition. It was not so much on the full brain of her students as on their empty stomach that Scotland dourly preened herself, and now that 'oatmeal' abounds 'wisdom' will go hang."

Mr. Beerbohm is certainly nearer the mark than Mr. Francis Grierson, the clever author of "The Celtic Temperament," when he tells us—

"The strife going on in Scotland is neither political nor social; it is in reality the struggle of temperament against intellect. The renaissance of Scottish humour is the bursting of a sentimental bud on the hard tree of metaphysics. Calvinism suppressed imagination and hardened the heart."

As a matter of fact Scottish humour, whether it revelled in satire, laughed and shook over "the farce of sex" in Rabelais' easy chair, or ran riot in Stevensonian "jink," was incomparably richer in the days of repression than it has been in the days of freedom. It was the appalling poverty of Scotland—how appalling it was during the first half of the eighteenth century is amply clear to the reader of Mr. Graham's two works—that drove the people "in upon themselves," made them subjective, introspective, experts in metaphysics, adherents of what Wordsworth and the Man in the Street term "Calvinism." It is not a renaissance of Scottish humour that we are about to witness—"half-fed, half-mad, half-sarket," the people were yet always humourists—but a belated renaissance of the pleasures of the senses. There is nothing astonishing in this. Wherever money comes in at the window, "discipline" flies out at the door, even if it be not quite the case that "wisdom goes hang." The spectacle which will be worth watching will be the deportment of the Scottish temperament, the new rush of the *perfervidum ingenium*, the fresh excesses in the shape of *præfervida ingenia*.

Coming events are casting their shadows before. It is evident that "golf and dress" have subjugated the Scottish middle class. Even the Man in the Square Hat has no objection to his son devoting himself to the game of the hour—as he has to "look after the shop" of a Saturday forenoon, he has no time for play himself—and he positively encouraged his wife and daughters to substituting daring for "douce" colours when taking part in that great dress competition which constituted one of the attractions of last year's Exhibition. The idol of the youth belonging to a still wealthier class—the folk who have passed out of the stage of Square-Hattedness and suburbanity into that of *parvenu* country-gentlemanliness—is not Mr. Carnegie but Sir Thomas Lipton. Yachting is becoming distinctly the pastime of wealthy young men, and, when the race for the America Cup takes place, it is seen to be even more the passion of the masses than football itself. Yachting involves a much more serious inroad upon business than golf; it is also attended with that practice of "week-ending" which the Courts of the Presbyterian Churches assiduously but ineffectually deplore at stated intervals as one of the leading causes of the alarming decrease in Church attendance.

The man who yachts generally encourages art according to his lights. If there is a decided renaissance in anything in Scotland at the present time it is in art, which, starved by a starveling Romanism in its days of supremacy, did not receive even the sustenance of a little oatmeal during the halcyon days of the Kirk-session régime. The picture-dealer now commands a better, wealthier, and more enthusiastic public than the bookseller. The tastes of his customers may be catholic and generous rather than discriminating; the *perferendum ingenium* is prone to ask hurriedly "Will ailler dae't?" and to be contented with an equally hurried affirmative answer. Yet the Barbizon School has many devotees in Scotland; the west is said to possess more Corots than any district of the same size in the country. Glasgow has long had a "School" of its own, which at first was aggressively "impressionist," and by its eccentricity and originality stormed the critics and the Exhibitions of the Continent. Its leading members, grown older, are now content to be impressively conventional. They paint the portraits which adorn the West End dining-rooms of Glasgow. Of Mr. Lavery, the most popular of them all, it has been significantly said by a competent critic that "he has a discriminating eye for the elegances of a lady's toilet; draperies, laces, feathers, flowers, and stuffs are defined with appreciative grace and are wrought into a delicate harmony and design," and that "his qualities have secured him the admiration of a host of young ladies who would gladly submit to be re-created by his flattering brush." Edinburgh also has a "School," which, if colder, less florid, more suggestive of the moral discipline of the east wind,

and more reminiscent of the art of the "auld enemy," has nevertheless its influence and its clients. At all events, there are to be seen on the walls of many of the country-houses of the Lothians and Fife Blessed Damosels writhing in every attitude of Rossetian agony.

Scottish enthusiasm no longer runs in the conventional lines of dogmatic religion and radical politics. It has gone entirely to art, to music, to athletics, to "sport." The householder who cannot afford to fill his house with original works of art, contents himself with etchings or artists' proofs. If he cannot spare the time and the money that are involved in yachting, he golfs or cycles, or shouts frantically with an Association football crowd or with the mob that, drunk with expectancy, surges round a newspaper office when a *Shamrock* is tempting fate. If he is not a devotee of classical music, he is a connoisseur in popular bands, or accompanies his wife to *San Toy*, or spends his leisure hours in one of those music-halls which now flourish quite as much on Scottish as on English ground.

Of all living public men in Scotland Lord Rosebery alone "draws," as the recent crowded meeting in Glasgow demonstrated, like the "popular preachers" of the past, and that not because he has been Prime Minister and is the Public Orator of the "clean slate," but because he is a work of art. It was said of one of the Dukes of Buccleuch that he was not a great Scottish personality but a great Scottish atmosphere. Similarly it may be said of Lord Rosebery that in spite—or because—of his being only half a Scotsman, he is in himself a living picture of the Scottish temperament that prevails in the present transition epoch. He represents that temperament as all who are carried away with it would like to see it when idealised by the engaging art of Mr. Lavery. Intense aesthetes may declare that he is "a voluptuary spoilt." Gladstonians of the extreme Left may groan "If only he *would* continue serious!" But he can touch nearly every chord of the present-day national nature. Being an artist, he calls for a monument to Stevenson. Being a humourist, with a turn for pathos, he can look with a kind and glistening eye on the "interiors" of Thrums and Drumtochty. He is the first of Burns Club orators. He can "place" the story of Scottish patriotism so that the light of modern historical investigation does not beat too fiercely upon it. He yachts in an easy round-the-coast fashion; he attends football matches; he knows the foibles of golfers; he can make graceful after-dinner play with the names of Mr. Carnegie and Sir Thomas Lipton. The official Nonconformist Conscience of Scotland was puzzled when he naïvely declared that the State had as much of a right to establish a Church as it has to maintain a standing army. But it did not shriek aloud, like the Nonconformist Conscience in England, because he twice won

the Derby; probably it rejoiced in a shame-faced way. And then Lord Rosebery has been uniformly friendly to the Scottish Churches, though he has never presumed to patronise them; he made a point of being present in Edinburgh Waverley Market in October of 1900, when the union between the two leading Dissenting denominations was consummated. Recently Dr. Hume Brown, the occupant of the Edinburgh chair of Scottish History, said in the course of some comments on the "rampant individualism" of Scottish life, "Scottish history for many people consists of the biographies of prominent personages with whom are identified the events of their time." Whatever be the fate that is in store for Lord Rosebery as a British statesman, he will live in the history of Scotland as the button-hole of the national *perveridum ingenium* during the period of transition and emancipation, in which, turning from the world that is to come, it set itself, with heart and soul and strength and mind—and with a well-filled purse—to make the best of the world that now is.

Will this period be a long one? That is doubtful. "I do not suppose," said Mr. Arthur Balfour in the course of a non-party speech in Scotland, "that history shows us a country in which there have been greater changes in the last 150 or 200 years—ever since the Union with England. I do not believe that history shows us a country which, in that period of time, has undergone a greater or more beneficent series of social revolutions." The Scottish renaissance may be a short-lived affair; a great national calamity, even a return of the lean years of "bad trade," would probably confine it to a decade. The "kindly Scot" is, in spite of *The House with the Green Shutters* and its author's Balzacian insistence on the sordid, no mere figment of a kailyarder's brain. The well-to-do manufacturer or shipbuilder may deplore and be wroth with the unthriftiness, the slovenliness, the frenzied Saturday night drunkenness, of his men, but he still regards them as his poor relations. Three centuries of Bible-worship have unquestionably secured a corner for the Sermon on the Mount, as well as for the Law and the Prophets, in their natures. The probability, to say the least, is that Scotland will be rapidly satiated with the pleasures of its renaissance, and that the *perveridum ingenium*, which, after all, means the Norse-Celtic energy of the West controlled (as a rule) by the *festina lente* of the Anglian East, will set itself to accomplish another social revolution by solving the problems that are not so much caused as luridly illustrated by alcoholic frenzy and insanitary houses. Not for ever will Edinburgh turn from the saturnalia of Helotage to be witnessed every night in its Canongate and Cowgate to see itself reflected as "Sootia's darling seat" in the mirror of historical romance. Not for ever will Glasgow lay to itself

the flattering unctio that all is well because, in twenty-five years, its death-rate per thousand has fallen from 27.4 to 21.1. Its new schemes for the housing of its poor shows it is awaking from the sleep of complacency caused by the contemplation of its prosperity as exhibited on its walls, to realise what its own artist in Zolaism terms "the austerity and seriousness of great art which is in its marrow," and "the strange horror of hordes of men, nameless and inarticulate, turning in the white heat of their furnaces like Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego." Whenever the crusade of philanthropy becomes serious and practical, the idealists who are at present dreaming of a world transformed by Ruskinism, Chopin, and tea that has not been too long "infused," will find their proper functions and places. The Churches, too, being poor and fundamentally democratic, are almost certain to join in the movement. They have but to bring their creeds abreast of the time to enjoy their own again; the rapidity with which they are accommodating themselves to the new views of Sunday observance held and acted on by their own adherents justifies the hope that they will do so. At all events it is morally certain that in some such movement, eager, strenuous, here and there carried to excess, now and then suffering defeat, the national *perferendum ingenium* will find a fresh outlet after it has had its day of pleasure and found it close in dulness and ennui.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

TUBERCULOSIS AND PUBLIC ACTION.

BEFORE proceeding to discuss what measures may be desirable in relation to tuberculosis it is perhaps as well that I should offer some explanation and apology to the polite readers of *THE FORTNIGHTLY*, lest in the course of what follows there be aught which should offend their taste. The stern necessities, the horrors and the sufferings of that strife between man and man which war entails, are familiar to all, and are tolerated, at least by the great majority, when no other alternative appears consistent with either justice or honour. While this is so, should any but the hyper-sensitive shrink from the details of a strife waged by mankind at large against a common foe? This article deals with a common foe, and with action called for against that foe. Such action to be effective cannot be relegated to any mere body of experts. It must be public action, and public action must be chiefly dependent on public knowledge and opinion. The main issues are clear, and the grounds for action comprehensible and full of human interest for every intelligent citizen. In this belief, I have endeavoured to contribute something to the better understanding of a subject to which attention has been drawn for some time past, but on which in many minds a degree of uncertainty exists.

History has its lessons as well as modern science, and it is in the light of both of these that I have attempted to depict the present position of tuberculosis and the action which it appears to demand in this country.

In the middle of the seventeenth century there occurred an incident in the history of human suffering which so impressed itself upon the public mind, that even to-day a reference to it is accompanied with something akin to horror. The Plague swept through London in a whirlwind of pestilence. Death stalked in the narrow streets and carried off 50,000 victims. Yet terrible as was the loss from this "Black Death," it is less than the annual death-roll from tuberculosis to-day, which for England and Wales alone still exceeds 60,000, while throughout Europe the annual deaths from this cause are estimated at a million. Improved sanitation and precautions against the spread of contagion have practically banished the plague from Western Europe. The question which is now concerning the minds of scientific men and a large proportion of the intelligent laymen of Europe and America is, whether there are not measures from which we may fairly hope eventually to overcome the far more terrible, more constant scourge, the "White Plague"—tuberculosis?

Tuberculosis is a term so familiar to-day that it scarcely calls for any definition, and yet a certain amount of doubt does exist,—and

considering the manifold forms of the disease, not unnaturally exists,—in the minds of a number of people as to its precise significance. Briefly, tuberculosis may be described as a term which includes all the pathological changes caused by the “tubercle bacillus” in animal tissues. Of these in man phthisis, consumption or decline, is by far the commonest form; scrofula (the old King’s Evil), an affection of the neck glands, and *tabes mesenterica*, an affection of abdominal glands, come next, while bones and joints, in fact almost any tissues, are liable to infection.

Before attempting the further consideration of tuberculosis and the prospect of its final suppression, it will be of interest to glance at the history of two other classic diseases, once terrible in their ravages, but now either banished or largely controlled throughout Western and Middle Europe.

Leprosy was the bane of mediæval Christendom. Smallpox, the most contagious of all diseases, in constant epidemics decimated whole communities down to the time of Jenner.

Leprosy with its dread disfigurement and mutilation, has been known to Europeans from the very earliest times. It takes a prominent place in biblical literature. It was painted by Holbein. The traces of it are to be found in the noblest of all our mediæval records—the Gothic architecture. The leper-windows, or “leper-squints” as they are still sometimes called, are familiar in many an old English church. According to Sir James Simpson, there were at one time ninety-five leper-houses of the first class in England, and several in Ireland and Scotland. “A leper-house was founded in Edinburgh (at Greenside) as late as 1591, and it was not till 1741 (others give 1798) that the last known leper died in Shetland.” In the Middle Ages a leper-house existed in every considerable sized town, and the number of them throughout Europe was estimated by Matthew Paris at 19,000. Yet to-day the whole of Middle Europe is free from this dire disease.

Smallpox, although unfortunately still familiar to us, is but a gaunt shadow of its former self. Were vaccination and re-vaccination practised with the persistence and regularity which nearly a century’s experience has shown to be desirable, it is probable that it would be practically extinguished.

Of this fell trio, tuberculosis, that climbing sorrow of so many an English home, remains, stealthy, deadly, and too often triumphant. But even tuberculosis is no longer scatheless. It has been scotched. May it not yet be killed? A reference to the course which tuberculosis has run in this country since the date of the first records of the Registrar-General in 1838, fairly warrants the conclusion that it may and will be eventually stamped out. In an admirable treatise on *The Prospect of Abolishing Tuberculosis* Dr. Arthur Ransome

writes:—"In the year 1838 the phthisis-rate stood at the enormous figure of over 3,800 per million of population; but in 1896 it was only 1,305; about one-third of its former fatality. . . . If phthisis were to continue to decrease at the same increasing rate of diminution for another thirty years, it would then have entirely disappeared."

At the British Congress on Tuberculosis, Dr. Tatham, dealing with the returns of the Registrar-General, showed that the drop in the phthisis-rate had continued during the period of 1896-99.

In the history of leprosy, smallpox, and tuberculosis, there are then many features in common. All alike have been terrible scourges. Yet to-day the one has vanished, the second is reduced to a controllable minimum, and the mortality from the last is but little over a third what it was so recently as 1838. But the analogy does not end with their history. Modern Bacteriology has shown the likeness inherent in the nature of the causes. All three, although in varying degrees, are infectious. All three, although the micro-organism of smallpox has not yet been isolated, are without doubt due to a living micro-organism.

Without going too minutely into details, and for the purpose of a clear and yet ready comparison between the further common characters of these diseases we may resort to a figure so frequently and effectively used by the great French critic, Henri Taine, when he speaks of the seed, the soil, and the plant. In this case it is true we have not to consider some glorious creation of literature or art, but a series of those apparently natural phenomena against which it has ever been the lot of man to combat by what art he may. The pathogenic living micro-organisms form the seed; man, especially in relation to his physical surroundings, is the soil; the disease is the resulting plant. For the growth of such a plant, as for that of either wheat or tares, both factors, seed and soil, are essential. But in these three noxious plants, which we are now considering, the relative importance of these factors varies widely. And, as further investigation will demonstrate, it is chiefly owing to the varying importance of these factors, that the varying history of the three diseases is due. Thus in leprosy, the quality of the soil, or in other words, personal predisposition to the disease, is of the utmost importance; in tuberculosis it is less so; in smallpox almost any condition of soil in the unvaccinated will serve. To put the position of the primary factor in all three cases:—In leprosy, the mere sowing of the seed, the exposure to contagion, has rarely any result except under most favourable conditions of soil. In tuberculosis, the exposure to infection is usually, but by no means so certainly as in the case of leprosy, without result, except where predisposing conditions exist, that is in favourable conditions of soil. In smallpox

almost any unprotected unvaccinated person exposed to the infection runs the gravest risk of contracting the disease. Bearing these facts in mind let us see what light they throw upon the history of these diseases in England.

Leprosy, as we have already seen, occurred in great abundance throughout the Middle Ages in Europe. What were the factors then existing which favoured its continual growth, and which have since been, if not eliminated, so considerably modified as to tend to its disappearance? What were the conditions of life among the poorer classes throughout the Continent and in England, say from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century? Erasmus, in a letter to Cardinal Wolsey, wrote as follows:—"The homes of the people were wooden or mud houses, small and dirty, without drainage or ventilation; the floors, of earth or clay, were covered with rushes, straw, and other rubbish, which were occasionally renewed, but underneath lay unmolested an ancient collection of beer, grease, fragments of fish, spittle and everything that is nasty."

Soap at this period was practically unknown to the labourer. Clothing was chiefly of wool, and practically only changed when worn out. Linen changes are comparatively modern luxuries. Such was the environment of the leper in mediæval Europe, and such is his environment to all intents and purposes in Iceland, India, and South Africa, where leprosy still exists to-day. The lowest lodging houses in the slums of London and Paris, several of which I have personally visited by day and night, offer nothing so loathsome as this. To find anything approaching it one must visit the Kaffir in his kraal, or the Icelanders in their "badstofa." Dr. Ehlers, who has made a special study of this disease, considers that the continuance of leprosy in Iceland is dependent on this environment as one essential factor. Thus he says:—"This disease can strike root there where Hansen's bacillus finds its favourite soil of uncleanness, bad nourishment and filthiness, under hygienic circumstances which have not altered in many respects since the Middle Ages."

The Hansen's bacillus here referred to is the micro-organism of leprosy, a minute bacillus very similar in size, shape and staining characteristics to the tubercle bacillus, demonstrated by Koch to exist in all tubercular lesions. In other words it is the seed, for which the favourable soil is man in the environment just considered. What then are the changes in the course of time and the march of civilisation which have enabled mankind in Middle and Western Europe to drive this foe from their midst? The soil has been steadily changing under improved social, dietetic and hygienic conditions until it has become almost sterile. But there is more than that. There is no question that during the decline of leprosy a very considerable measure of segregation was practised throughout Europe, and in this

manner a strong check was put upon the indiscriminate distribution of the leprosy bacilli—the seed. On this point, Professor Koch has written somewhat strongly. He says, speaking of isolation, “This was most rigorously done in the Middle Ages by means of numerous leper-houses, and the consequence was, that leprosy, which had spread to an alarming extent, was completely stamped out in Central Europe.” Other writers, however, such as Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson and Dr. Newman, dissent from the view that isolation of leprosy was at all rigorously practised in the Middle Ages. Nevertheless, that it was very extensively practised, I have already quoted figures to show, and there is little question that if the lepers were not absolutely under control, they were so to a sufficient extent to very considerably limit the spread of the seed.

Such then, in brief, has been the history of leprosy in Middle and Western Europe, a history somewhat gruesome in its details, but full of interest and of encouragement for the future of mankind.

What lessons may we learn from the history of that other classic enemy of man, smallpox? There are several, and it is well they should not be forgotten. The discovery of vaccination by Jenner occurred in 1798. Since that time the practice has spread throughout the civilised world and has proved an incalculable boon to mankind. The effect of vaccination is to confer immunity from smallpox infection; in other words, to sterilise the soil. There is no need to dilate on the ravages of this, perhaps the most infectious of all diseases, previous to Jenner’s time. They are referred to by many writers and are common knowledge. But an instance in modern times of the terrible effect of smallpox on an unvaccinated community which came under my own observation is perhaps worth recording. An epidemic of smallpox occurred in Capetown in 1882. At that time many of the coloured races, and especially the Malays, were unvaccinated. Among these the disease spread like a veldt fire when the grass is dry. The victims lay stricken and dying in all the native quarters of the town and suburbs. A similar epidemic followed among the natives on the Diamond Fields. But South Africa learnt its lesson. From that time forward, the whole of the native population has been systematically vaccinated, and although stray cases have cropped up from time to time, no serious epidemic has occurred. Among the natives in Central Africa, where vaccination has still to find its way, tribes are from time to time decimated by its ravages. At the outset of the epidemic in Capetown, many of the Malays, who are Mohammedans and fatalists, had religious scruples about vaccination. Before the close of the epidemic in 1883, so clearly was the protective influence of vaccination demonstrated even to the Malays, that they voluntarily presented themselves and requested to be vaccinated.

A similar epidemic among a number of unvaccinated French

Canadians occurred in 1885 in Lower Canada. Communities only partially vaccinated in England have already borne their testimony on this point, and those that remain doubtless still have retribution before them.

In concluding our review of smallpox, to avoid any possible misunderstanding or misrepresentation, I will merely say in deference to the prejudices of the Malay fatalist and the conscientious objector, that vaccination is not claimed to be an absolute and permanent preventive of smallpox. It reduces the risk of contagion to a minimum, but more than one vaccination is essential if the maximum effect is to be obtained. In the German Army, where revaccination is carried out to the fullest extent, smallpox has practically been stamped out. It is unnecessary to say more with regard to the claims of vaccination. They are established. Two further points in connection with the subject are, however, of interest. With vaccination are combined the strictest measures of isolation, that is to say, where cases actually arise, isolation (control of the seed) is made as absolute as possible. Moreover, vaccination is offered without fee at the public cost throughout the country. It is well that both these points should be carefully borne in mind.

From the history of both leprosy and smallpox there is thus much to be learnt which is of value when we come to consider tuberculosis. The decline in tuberculosis since 1838 has already been referred to. Let us consider more exactly what that decline has been, and then endeavour in the light of history and modern research to understand its causes. From a death-rate from tuberculosis of 3,800 per million in 1838, to one of 1,305 in 1896, the drop is a great one. The decline has not, however, been a perfectly regular one. The first striking fall in the death rate occurred in the decade 1840-50, which, as Dr. Ransome says, was "about the time serious attention began to be given to sanitary reforms and especially to land drainage." The rate continued to fall after this more gradually till 1867, from which time forward it has been fairly continuous. It is during this latter period that nearly all the great sanitary works have been carried out in England. To these measures, to the improved conditions of living and of working in factories, to better food among the working classes, and most of all to the improved housing which has been introduced in most of our great cities, there can be little doubt that the fall in the tubercular death rate is chiefly due. In other words the soil, though far from being rendered sterile to tuberculosis, has been, through the improvement in man's physical environment, rendered considerably less favourable to the growth of the seed.

But with regard to any serious attempt to control the seed itself, as has been done with leprosy by segregation, and is still done with

smallpox by isolation, the case is far different. It is true that in England there have for many years past existed Chest Hospitals, and that to them a number of advanced consumptive cases have been sent. In this way some check on the distribution of the seed has undoubtedly been placed. But when we bear in mind the limited proportion of consumptives these hospitals accommodate, the immense preponderance even at these Institutions of the out-patient consumptives, who continue to reside in their squalid homes, over the in-patient consumptives retained in the building, we shall at once recognise that the control over the seed which the Hospital system exercises is but small.

The world is only beginning to learn that pure air in dwellings is as essential to health as pure water, and public hygiene has still much to accomplish. But it is to the prevention of the indiscriminate sowing of the seed that research has specially drawn attention, and to the necessity for the enforcement of which enlightened public opinion is waking up in every civilised country. Fortunately, in the case of tuberculosis, this can be largely accomplished without compulsory isolation or even segregation, although voluntary isolation in sanatoria is deserving of every encouragement. But what is more important than this, indeed, what is essential to the eventual suppression of tuberculosis is an appreciation on the part of every one of the means by which the disease is transmitted from man to man. In referring to tuberculosis I have classed it with both leprosy and smallpox as an infectious disease. On this point a few words are necessary: The fact is that the light thrown on the whole *rationale* of disease by bacteriology has caused certain time-honoured terms to bear a somewhat different connotation to that which they bore in the pre-bacteriological age of pathology, and which they still bear in the minds of a number of people. With the term "infectious" was undoubtedly at one time conveyed the idea of a volatile virulent living or dead matter, invariably emanating from the infected person, the mere presence of whom was enough to cause serious risk to the uninfected. In the case of smallpox, as in that of scarlet fever, measles, and various other diseases, this is strictly true. In the cases of leprosy and tuberculosis this is not quite the case. The virus of tuberculosis, the tubercle bacilli, we know to be transmitted from man to man. In this sense tuberculosis is infectious, or to use a non-technical term, communicable. But fortunately the virus of tuberculosis is conveyed almost entirely through one channel. The mere presence of a phthisical patient does not cause any appreciable risk. The channel of conveyance is the expectoration or sputum of the consumptive. In some advanced cases the sputa consist almost entirely of tubercle bacilli. In all advanced cases they contain many millions of these micro-

organisms. These sputa, allowed to dry in some dark dusty corner of a platform, passage, room, railway carriage, factory, or hospital, then become pulverised and are blown about in the atmosphere. It is air thus contaminated with these germs in suspension which is responsible for the sowing of the seed. It is true months, even years, may elapse before the "plant" tuberculosis is visible, or, in other words, is clinically recognisable by a physician. But, nevertheless, the cause is as certain, the sowing of the seed as sure, as the effect, the growth of the plant, is concealed, gradual and stealthy.

Yet to-day that seed is sown broadcast, striking fertile soil where it may. For this reason public enlightenment and public action are essential if a preventable evil, responsible for the untold sufferings of millions, is to be suppressed. For this reason I have invited attention to details in themselves somewhat disagreeable. For this reason we must continue still more explicitly and practically to consider those details. What action is demanded? The answer may be given in very simple terms. The control of all tubercular sputum. The seed must be collected and destroyed instead of being indiscriminately distributed and sown. In order to understand the various measures of direct prevention that are now being advocated in different countries as well as in our own, and which are being so far but very little carried out anywhere, it is essential that the importance of this measure should be clearly understood and fully appreciated. All measures directed against the dissemination of the tubercle bacilli, the sowing of the seed, centre round this one object the control of the sputum. It need hardly perhaps be pointed out that discharges from tubercular lesions may also contain tubercle bacilli, and if entirely neglected may do mischief. Cases of this kind are, however, comparatively so few, and the risk from this source so limited and so easily controlled, that it requires no further consideration in this article. How, then, is the control of the sputum to be obtained? We shall best arrive at a satisfactory answer by first considering how such control is obtained under the most favourable conditions, that is to say, in a modern sanatorium.

In a sanatorium every patient is provided with a pocket flask in which all sputa are carefully collected and subsequently destroyed by heat or disinfection. This simple step renders a consumptive almost entirely harmless to his neighbours. It is true that in addition to this, certain precautions are taken with reference to the cleaning and disinfection of linen, clothes, and table utensils, but they are of very minor importance compared to the systematic use of the pocket flask. The use of this innocent-looking, convenient, and by no means costly receptacle should be practised by every consumptive. Yet this practice, admitted to be of the highest importance by nearly all medical men, is not yet put in force in the great dispensaries and hospital out-patient

departments of London. The time has arrived when these institutions must either awake from their apathy and the traditions of a bygone age, or be called to a heavy reckoning by the public.

At the British Congress on Tuberculosis, held in London last July, the following resolution bearing on this question was carried unanimously:—"It is the opinion of this Congress that all public hospitals and dispensaries should present every patient suffering from phthisis with a leaflet containing instructions with regard to the prevention of consumption, and should supply and insist on the proper use of a pocket spittoon."

The first effort of public action on this matter should be directed to seeing that this step is taken. It is, of course, very easy to say—as indeed that section of men, who have invariably opposed all rational progress, do say—that the poorer classes would not avail themselves of such a provision. A number of them undoubtedly would not. Nevertheless a very considerable number, if not a large majority, assuredly would, and the educational influence as well as the direct protective effect of such a measure would be incalculable. We are but on the threshold of this vast question of the prevention of consumption, and nothing but resolute and rational endeavour backed by a rigorous and enlightened public opinion will ever carry us any further.

In conjunction with the systematic use of the portable flask in all recognised cases of phthisis, another measure remains to be enforced as a precaution against the numerous unrecognised cases. It often happens, especially among the poorer classes, that a sufferer from phthisis may go on for months, coughing and expectorating, believing himself the victim of a more than usually troublesome cold, and presenting himself neither to a medical man nor at a public dispensary. Such a case is a public danger, and to protect the public from it there is only one remedy, the suppression of all indiscriminate expectoration. Entirely apart from tuberculosis, the present habit of expectoration in railway carriages and omnibuses, on platforms and pavements, or in fact in any place of public resort, is nothing less than a public nuisance. Now that it is also recognised to be a public danger surely the time has come when it should be suppressed by pressure of public opinion, if not by actual legislation. In New York and other American cities this practice has been made a penal offence. Moreover the penalty has been enforced, and for a second offence, a millionaire, to whom presumably a money fine was not a sufficient deterrent, was sent to prison. The record of preventive work all round in New York, under the guidance of Dr. Hermann Biggs, perhaps surpasses that of any other city. The rapid fall in the mortality from tuberculosis during the last ten years in New York is phenomenal, and there can be little question that it is largely

due to the direct measures of prevention taken. On this root evil of uncontrolled sputum, I have dwelt at considerable length because it so infinitely transcends all other matters in importance, and because round it nearly all measures of prevention centre. Notification of phthisis to the Health Authorities is one of these measures. It enables the authorities to obtain cognisance of a case; to see that proper information in simple language is given to the family or fellow workers of the sufferer, and that houses or quarters vacated by phthisical subjects shall be thoroughly disinfected, a measure of the utmost importance where these quarters are squalid and dirty, and where attempts to collect and destroy the virulence of the sputum have been either partially or entirely neglected. In Norway notification is now compulsory. In several English towns, notably Manchester and Liverpool, voluntary notification is being practised with excellent results. Notification of cases is essential if instructions to the occupants of a house are to be systematically given, and measures of disinfection are to be taken.

In addition to these purely preventive measures, there is a movement which has gained considerable advance in Germany, and is now progressing in this country, which is both preventive and curative. It is the establishment of open air sanatoria for the treatment of consumptives. The results obtained in these sanatoria are of the most encouraging character for those actually affected with phthisis, and undoubtedly far superior to those obtained by any other method of treatment. Their public value does not end here. Sanatoria are the means not only of placing the sufferer in the best possible environment for himself, but of preventing him from being a source of possible danger to his neighbours. Moreover a patient in a sanatorium is educated in the mode of living desirable for himself, and the precautions required for the safety of his neighbours, when he returns to the outer world. He also learns that fresh air is a reality, and not a meaningless platitude. I have now I hope adduced sufficient evidence to show that the prevention and even suppression of tuberculosis, is no idle, visionary dream, the latest extravagance of the faddists, but a legitimate and great object for the attainment of which enlightened opinion, and public action are essential. We have also seen that while tuberculosis, thanks chiefly to the great strides in measures of public health, has been declining, an enormous annual mortality and suffering from this cause still remains. As already pointed out the first big drop in the phthisis death-rate was coincident with the introduction of practical sanitary measures of reform. It remains for rational measures of direct prevention, such as are already being carried out with such vigour in New York, to be systematically practised in this country. When these measures become general, no one acquainted with the facts can

question that a further fall in tuberculosis mortality will follow. The work of prevention is all before us. The execution of it, it is gratifying to know, will not only prevent tuberculosis, it will tend to the improved sanitation and general health of mankind. Indeed, the great moral lesson to be drawn from nearly all disease is that the conditions which predispose to it are those which—apart from their direct pathological effect—most heavily handicap human enjoyment, and the removal of which most advantageously promote it. The abolition of spitting in public vehicles and thoroughfares will in itself be a gain to civilisation.

Inasmuch as public opinion and action are essential to the prosecution of this work, it is obvious that Congresses such as those held in recent years in Berlin, Naples, and London, serve a good and useful public, as well as scientific, end. The great thing wanted at the present moment is the public application of the knowledge with reference to tuberculosis which science has attained. And it was the recognition of this fact which led three years ago to the promotion in England of the National Association for the Prevention of Consumption. This body, which has its headquarters at 20, Hanover Square, London, has already accomplished an immense amount of work. Its affairs are managed by a Council, and branches of the Association have been established in all the great provincial centres. Under the guidance of the Council a number of simple leaflets have been compiled containing instructions as to measures of prevention in various ways. These have been widely distributed. The response with which the endeavours of the Association have been met has been highly encouraging, and the public action which has been begun in different towns, more especially in the North of England, is due chiefly to the interest which the Association and its branches has aroused. The Association, which publishes a quarterly Journal, is dependent for funds upon the small nominal subscriptions of its members and the donations of a few generous patrons. It was under the auspices of this body that the British Congress of Tuberculosis was organised, and the universal interest now aroused in the country will doubtless encourage its promoters and supporters to combine and redouble their efforts.

It will perhaps be a matter of astonishment to the reader that it has been possible to continue, in fact almost complete, an article on this subject without a reference to the famous paper which Professor Koch read at the British Congress last July, dealing, among other things, with the question of bovine tuberculosis. But the fact is that while the importance of this question is considerable, it has been unduly magnified. It has played the part of the proverbial red herring, and has drawn attention from even larger issues. The position may be stated in a nutshell. If Professor Koch's contention,

with regard to the innocuous character of tuberculous milk and beef is sound, then the sputum of the consumptive is practically the sole cause of spreading the disease among mankind, and the necessity for the control of sputum is greater than ever. If, on the other hand, Koch's contention is inaccurate, the sputum will still remain infinitely the greatest source of danger. On that both Professor Koch and his critics are equally agreed. †

The opinions expressed by Professor Koch on the subject of bovine tuberculosis, which has given rise to so much controversy, had best be stated in his own words:—"I should estimate the extent of infection by the milk and flesh of tuberculous cattle, and the butter made of their milk, as hardly greater than that of hereditary transmission. I therefore do not deem it advisable to take any measures against it." Hereditary transmission of tuberculosis is so rare that the risk from it is practically nil. It is in this sense Koch refers to it. The arguments on which Professor Koch's opinions are based are entirely inconclusive. The one is that if "the bacilli of bovine tuberculosis were able to infect human beings, many cases of tuberculosis caused by the consumption of aliments containing tubercle bacilli could not but occur among the inhabitants of great cities, especially the children." The reply is that such cases do so occur in the form of *tuberculosis mesenterica*, especially in infants and children. The other argument is a suggestion that because human tuberculosis cannot be transmitted to cattle, or at least because Professor Koch failed to transmit it in a certain number of cases, bovine tuberculosis cannot be transmitted to man. This is indifferent science and but sorry logic. Even the premises are disputed. Professors Crookshank, Martin, and Delépine state that they have succeeded in transmitting human tuberculosis to cattle. With regard to the illogical conclusion, Nocard and Ravenel, both competent authorities, cite cases in which bovine tuberculosis has been communicated by inoculation to man. Meanwhile, certain facts with regard to the bovine tubercle bacillus are established. Milk, containing the bacilli in such quantity as almost invariably occurs where the udder of the cow is affected, has been shown to be deadly to test animals such as rabbits, guinea-pigs, and pigs; setting up tuberculosis of the abdominal glands in all respects similar to *tuberculosis mesenterica* in children. The evidence adduced before the first "Royal Commission on Tuberculosis" was on this point explicit and conclusive. Meanwhile, then, the cow with the tuberculous udder, notoriously so deadly to her own and many other creatures of animal kind, cannot be regarded as providing an innocuous and nourishing food for the human infant, and mothers will be wise to continue boiling the cow's milk administered to their children. In fact bovine tuberculosis entirely apart, this measure is a wise and expedient one.

Space will not allow a further discussion on this point here. The British Congress on Tuberculosis, the careful and laborious organisation of which was chiefly the work of Mr. Malcolm Morris, has led to the raising of the whole question of the relationship between human and bovine tuberculosis, and to the appointment of a further Royal Commission to investigate the question. The Commission consists of an eminent body of bacteriological specialists, presided over by a physiologist of European reputation, Sir Michael Foster. The Report of the Commission will be awaited with interest, but be the final conclusion in the controversy what it may, the main issue is clear before us.

The vast majority of tuberculous cases are those in which the tubercle bacilli have been conveyed from man to man. On this all are agreed. What the channels and modes of conveyance are I have endeavoured to make clear. On the appreciation of the main fact all intelligent preventive action must be based.

It would be difficult at the present moment to point to any path in which organised philanthropic action—a subject so impressively dealt with by President Roosevelt in a recent number of *THE FORTNIGHTLY*—can be more advantageously developed than this of the prevention of tuberculosis. A hearty support at the hands of the public of such action will assuredly bring its reward in the form of relief to suffering humanity, will add to the health and happiness of a people, and will remain for ever in history as one of the greatest and most successful social efforts in the story of human progress.

ALFRED HILLIER.

POETIC DRAMA, AND ITS PROSPECTS ON THE STAGE.

WHEN Matthew Arnold uttered his aphorism that "the end and aim of all literature is a *criticism of life*," he evidently intended that it should apply to the highest form of literature, poetry. But the poet is much more than a mere critic of life. He is a creator, who remoulds the crude impressions we receive from life, by the craftsmanship of his imagination, to satisfy our demand for beauty—that revelation of the cosmic order of which we catch but fleeting glimpses in the actual world. The supreme function of poetry is to quicken the sensibilities of the slothful spirit within us, to urge it to new creative effort, to incite us to bring human life more and more into harmony with our highest ideals; to make us, as Shelley says,—

"Hope till hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates."

The poet is "of imagination all compact"; and imagination is the most vivid life of the mind, in and through which the personality lives and works. It has its intellectual, as well as its emotional pole, and can weigh, measure, compare, and pass judgment in the very process of creation; but such "criticism" is merely a subsidiary function; and when the beautiful thing, at first vaguely desired by both intellect and emotion, is created, the two poles are satisfied and made one. They rest from their labours in the beatific vision of the perfected work.

Poetic Drama is one of the highest forms of this re-creation of life by imagination; and, like music, its full effect can only be realised when it is sympathetically interpreted by the actors to whom it is entrusted. But while the composer of a symphony, or even an opera, may now count on a fairly satisfactory interpretation of his work, by skilled artists under a skilled conductor, it is otherwise with the dramatic poet; for, in spite of occasional Shakespearean performances, there is not yet in England a company of actors who have had the severe and intelligent training, and constant experience, absolutely necessary if a poetical play is to be interpreted as Mr. Wood and his orchestra, for instance, could interpret the symphony of a new composer. It is not that we have no good actors. We have many; and we have many companies which can admirably perform the kind of plays their managers usually produce. At many of our London theatres one may see well-written pieces adequately staged and played. But these are plays in prose, the conventions of which are familiar to both actors and audiences. Everyone is happy and at home with them; for, though they are idealised representations of life, the idealisation is well within the imaginative reach of all concerned. The thoughts and emotions

are not far removed from those of everyday life; and the language in which they are expressed does not differ much from the language of everyday life, except in its concentration and neatness of expression.

Why is it, then, that when a poetical play is produced the performance is, as a rule, much less satisfactory? There are many reasons. Even when a play is written in prose, it may, like Maeterlinck's dramatic works, have a more distinctly imaginative, or even poetic, element in it than is usual; or it may depict some subtle phase of character or situation not easily to be grasped by an average audience. Such a play at once makes a new demand, not merely upon the intelligence of the audience, but first and chiefly upon that of the actors who have to interpret it; and your actor is very conservative of his conventions. Hitherto new ideas have penetrated very slowly into Stageland; though, as we live in an age of rapid changes, they have come thicker and faster of late years, and the stage has become more receptive and adventurous. Its supporters, like trout in a well-fished stream, have become more coy and fickle; and managers are at their wit's end to know what novel bait will allure them. The average actor was always glad to get what is called a "character part" of the ordinary type, in which he could show his cleverness in "make up," dialect, and so forth; but a new type, even when drawn from some passing phase of society, puzzled him a little, and of any subtlety in character-drawing he fought shy; for this involves the getting not merely into the skin of a part, but into the heart of a character. There has been of recent years a growth of intelligence all round; yet very few of our actors or actresses have that power of sinking their own personality in an ideal one, and playing the part from within outwards, which is demanded by that subtlest of dramatists, Shakespeare, if he is ever to be played for all he is worth. But this is the highest and rarest gift of perfectly trained genius in a playwright or his interpreters. It is too much to demand from the average actor, drilled by a stage-manager who has his hands full enough in getting the various parts combined in a harmonious *ensemble*. Yet it is well to keep counsels of perfection in view.

Then, when we have to deal with a play which is also a poem, we enter a new region of dreamland, with a new atmosphere, a more idealised play of emotion and dramatic action, and a more idealized form of language with new difficulties to be mastered. The plane of the ideal is distinctly raised—it may be to an Olympian height—above the level of prose drama. The atmosphere of opera or music-drama differs still further from that of the play in prose, and the language is still further idealized by the wedding of music to the words; but the conventions of this dramatic form are better established, and the technical difficulties of its production have been more completely studied and overcome, than is at present the case with those of the higher form of spoken drama. The operatic singer has had a special

and strenuous training for opera. He is not stammering in a foreign tongue, like the actor who attempts to speak blank-verse without having mastered its technique. Opera is still vigorously alive on the stage; while poetry has so long been a mere occasional visitor that neither managers nor public are aware that the training which enables an actor to play an ordinary part well is a most inadequate preparation for poetic drama. That superfluous veteran, Shakespeare, is received kindly enough when he comes. But who recognises the fact that he is still the most modern of writers for the stage in his treatment of the counter-point of character, and that he waits for complete interpretation in this age, when our novelists have given us studies of character which no other Elizabethan dramatist could rival? But character described and analysed by the novelist is one thing, character suggested in dialogue and dramatic action by the dramatist another; and sometimes, in witnessing even the best performances of his plays, I have felt as if I were seeing and hearing a company of amateur singers grappling with the difficulties of a great opera.

Take one element of dramatic expression alone, dignified and significant bearing, gesture and movement, which is an important part of stage "business." It would be absurd to expect an actor less gifted by nature, and less perfectly trained, to attain to anything even distantly resembling the expressive beauty of the poses, movements and gestures of that great master of gesture, Salvini; who could stand with folded arms, yet make his presence impressively felt, could startle with abrupt movements, or pass from gesture to gesture, in a beautiful rhythmical sequence like that of musical phrases. But surely more might be done to cultivate beauty and dignity of movement and gesture upon the English stage. All action upon the stage, all "business," is a kind of dramatic language, and should as much as possible express the character and emotions of the *dramatis personæ*; but sometimes actors clever at inventing "business" do not sufficiently keep this in mind, and the business invented is futile.

So much for preliminary considerations. I must now pass to the latest development of poetic drama in the works of a man of our own time, with distinct gifts as both poet and dramatist, Mr. Stephen Phillips. His career, so far, has been one of exceptional success. He has been hailed with enthusiasm by the critics. The praise may possibly have been in some respects a little unbalanced; but, if so, it is a generous error to have given such sympathetic support to the first steps of a young author entering upon a most difficult path. An atmosphere of sympathy may be more wholesomely stimulating than one of disparagement. On the stage, especially, a sympathetic audience, ready to respond to whatever is good and original in the work produced, is absolutely necessary to success; and Mr. Phillips has not relaxed his efforts to merit the laurels so profusely heaped upon him. *Herod* and *Ulysses*,

though not so good as *Paolo and Francesca*, at least show that his fertility as a dramatist is by no means exhausted, that he can find new themes, and handle them with grace, originality and skill.

But the verdict of the public is of even more importance than that of the critics, if an author wishes for more than a *succès d'estime*. Criticism in England is still in a rather chaotic condition, a thing of temperament, without well-considered canons—often without sympathetic intelligence. When we assume the critic's rôle we are often little better than blind leaders of the blind, uttering our crude opinions in newspapers or magazines; and from this chaos of opinions an author has to pick such scraps of intelligent criticism as he can find for his guidance.

Mr. Phillips's experience on the stage has given him a distinct advantage over the author who has not had such practical experience. It has enabled him to gauge the existing conditions of stage production, and to "cut his coat by his cloth." In *Paolo and Francesca*, indeed, he seems to have more distinctly written to please himself than in *Herod*, which, 'as he hints in his brief prefatory note, is not the complete working out of his original conception. He "hopes at some future day to return to the theme." This play stands midway between *Paolo and Francesca*, and *Ulysses*, in which he has broken away from the traditions of the conventional "well-made play," trusting to the simple treatment of simple situations, idealised by poetry in combination with all the resources of modern stage effect. It is a free fantasia upon a theme taken from legendary epic; an attempt to place upon the stage a dramatic poem with a minimum of plot and dramatic action.

Attempts to obtain a hearing for simple idyllic dramatic poems have been made before; but the time was not ripe for them, and the conditions of production at haphazard matinées most unfavourable. Now the attempt has been made with all the indefatigable zeal with which Mr. Tree, the most enterprising of managers, attacks a new piece in which he believes. Possibly this breaking with tradition was too sudden and complete for immediate and unquestionable success. Poetry on the stage is still, one may fear, tolerated by the majority of playgoers for the sake of its accessories, rather than enjoyed for its own sake, as it must be if poetical drama is ever really to flourish again. But the attempt was worth making, and Mr. Phillips and Mr. Tree deserve great credit for their courage in putting this piece of a rather novel kind upon the stage.

Mr. Phillips has made a good selection in the scenes from the *Odyssey* he has treated. He has made the story intelligible and interesting; and in some ways there is an advance towards maturity in the writing. Some of the dialogue is easier, freer, better than in his former plays. His diction is graceful, and in his verse he is as careful as Tennyson to avoid hissing *s's*, and he is skilful in his management of vowels and consonants. This makes his verse easy to speak on the stage, and,

with its sensuous colour, gives it its charm. Its sonorous quality is due to this, as its somewhat languid dignity is due to the monotony of its rhythm, which tends to make it sound like a long monologue if not daintily spoken.

This monotony was very conspicuous in many scenes in *Ulysses*, and was enhanced by monotonous delivery, which may possibly have been desired by the author, who may be influenced by Mr. Yeats's theory that verse should be chanted on the stage. But there is one practical difficulty in employing this Gregorian method. It tends to weary the voice of the speaker, and this was perceptible in the husky tones of some members of the company who practised it most assiduously. The Amazonian Athena, Miss Collier, for instance, who has a fine sonorous voice, was evidently more at her ease when, in that charming little scene between her and Ulysses at the Swineherd's hut, she was taking a holiday from verse. She played it charmingly, and her voice seemed glad of its brief escape from prison.

In the Prologue on Olympus, the Greek idea of a Fate, before which gods as well as men must bow, was announced; an idea already suggested in *Paolo and Francesca*. The gods are treated in Homeric fashion, as sharing the passions of mortals, and the dialogue in which these Olympians quarrel over the fate of Ulysses has a note of burlesque in it. It is written in rhymed decasyllabic verse, and was effectively spoken by the warring divinities. In fact, it went with more liveliness than much of the blank verse, suggesting a possibility of a return to rhymed verse on the stage, for plays of a lighter type.

The change in order of the two scenes in the First Act, thus bringing on Ulysses in the Island of Calypso at once, after the mention of his amorous captivity in the Prologue, was a good one. It was made possible by the looseness of construction of the play. Here that stage-management of the Hero by Athena and Hermes, which goes on through the rest of the piece, begins. It is Homeric; but on the stage it tends to discount his heroism a little. We are, however, in a legendary world, and we may treat it in the manner of Ruskin, and regard it as symbolic of the spiritual forces which spur the human will along the hard road of duty. There are many good points in the dialogue of the scene between Ulysses and Calypso, which comes to a climax in the offer of immortality by Calypso.

CAL. And, mortal I will breathe
Delicious immortality on thee.
Stay with me and thou shalt not taste of death,
Ulys. I would not take life but on terms of death,
That sting in the wine of life, salt of the feast.
To me what rapture in the ocean path
Save in the white leap and the dance of doom?
O death, thou hast a beckon to the brave,
Thou last sea of the navigator, last
Plunge of the diver, and last hunter's leap.

CAL. Yet, yet, Ulysses, know that thou art going
 Into a peril not of sky nor sea,
 But to a danger strange and unimagined.
 ULYS. I'd go down into hell, if hell led home.
 CAL. Call up your comrades! Bid them hoist the sails!

This scene would have been more effective in the hands of Mr. Tree and Miss Price, with more graceful and expressive movement and gesture.

The next scene in the forecourt of the Palace of Ulysses has no great dramatic interest, though necessary as a continuation of the story. The soliloquy of Penelope, left alone on the stage before the curtain falls, is none the worse for the Marlowe-like lines with which it concludes.

"Come! come, Ulysses! Burn back through the world!
 Come take the broad seas in one mighty leap,
 And rush upon this bosom with a cry."

One might wish that she ended there; but she has another line:

"Ere 'tis too late, at the last moment—come!"

Before passing to the Second Act, in which the poetry is so closely connected with the scenic effect that they must be considered together, I should like to say something about the staging of the two scenes in the First Act. A scene such as that in Calypso's Island should be not only a well-composed and beautiful picture, but should be full of imaginative suggestion. It should also serve as an effective background for the figures of the actors. This scene does not, I think, satisfy these requirements. It is not imaginative enough in its beauty to suggest the fascination of the enchantments of Ogygia. It does not make one feel the Island to be such a delightful place that it must be hard for Ulysses to tear himself away, and go back to "gaunt Ithaca." Then it is not an effective background for the figures of the parting lovers. Its somewhat dreary vastness reduces them to insignificance.

The details of the architecture of the Palace of Ulysses may possibly be archæologically correct. I do not know what the latest theory as to the race or races to which the Homeric heroes belonged may be. If one may venture to judge by the lion-hunts decorating the interior in the last Act, the Ithacans were Assyrians, whose forefathers came from the British Museum. The construction and decoration of the exterior of their houses, as shown in the second scene, are more bizarre than beautiful; and their curious parti-coloured zebra-like lines are rather unfortunate in relation to the brilliant costumes of the revellers. The scenic artist and costume-designer must often, as in this case, have immense difficulties in getting everything into harmony, and producing an effect which is "rich, not gaudy." I do not think the value of the extreme notes of the colour-scale, black and white, for toning purposes, is sufficiently recognised on the stage. Without them it is difficult to

get richness of tone, even from the most brilliant colours. One of the finest pieces of tone I remember having seen on the stage was produced in *Becket* at the Lyceum. It was in the scene in which, just before Becket's murder, the frightened monks crowd into the transept of Canterbury Cathedral. Their black and white robes, against the cream-coloured stone-work, had a wonderfully rich effect.

The two Hades scenes in the Second Act are much more satisfactory. Here the poetry and the scenic setting are quite in harmony. In the first, the rocky and barren shore, the huge crag with the entrance to Hades, the higher cliffs behind, in excellent perspective, the lurid sky above them, the glimpse of raging sea, form not only a well-toned but an imaginative background for the figures of Ulysses and his shipwrecked crew; and the cries of the shades from the abyss emphasize the horror. The second scene, of the descent into Hades, with its gloom and glimmering lights, and flitting phantoms, is even more impressive. It is a triumph of stage effect, reflecting the images suggested by the poetry.

Of the last Act I cannot speak at any length. Mr. Tree is at his best from the time he assumes his beggar's garb to the anxious moments of suspense in which he waits for the signal from Athena, to reveal himself and attack the euitors. In spite of the special difficulties attending its production, the poem holds its own on the stage fairly well.

Paolo and Francesca, the first heir of his invention, is Mr. Phillips's most satisfactory play. The subject suits his idyllic genius and elegiac etyle; and he has achieved what he aimed at, the beautiful presentment of a simple tragic passion. In his treatment of the story he has followed his instinct in detaching it from historic encumbrances. There is nothing distinctly Italian in the text, except the names; no attempt, such as D'Annunzio has made in his play on the same subject, to create a mediæval atmosphere. The primitive passions, love and jealousy, work out the fatal event in ideal personages in an ideal world of dreams. The note of fatality is insisted on from the first, as in some Greek tragedies, and the protagonists are puppets in the hands of destiny—in the shape of circumstance as much as of passion.

Mr. Alexander has spared no pains to make the play a success. The production ranks with the most beautiful things of the kind I have ever seen—with Mr. Irving's *Romeo and Juliet* and Mr. Tree's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, for instance. In fact, as an attempt to produce a poetical play without loss of its beauty as a poem, it comes nearer to perfection than either; for it is easier to do justice to Mr. Phillips's poetry than to Shakespeare's.

Some of the critics, in their notices of this performance, have not been quite fair to Mr. Phillips as a dramatist. They are inclined to blame him because he has not proved himself in this, his first play, the great

dramatist, the creator of great characters, some of his admirers pronounce him to be. Great names from all ages, from Sophocles to Sardou, have been made to revolve dizzily around the name of Mr. Phillips, until he figures as the heir of all the ages, the young Olympian who has dethroned the Titans of poetry, and made their kingdom his own. But this is merely a hyperbolic form of admiration; and the man who can give his age a beautiful thing, be it great or small, as he has done, is worthy of admiration.

It is quite true that in this play he has not created great characters. The personages are ordinary types, idealised by poetry rather than vitalised by dramatic individualisation. Paolo is the lover hesitating between love and duty; Francesca, an *ingénue* of the purest stage type; Giovanni, the jealous husband slightly modified by the fond brother; Lucrezia, the bitter, jealous, disappointed woman, whose hysterical utterances about her childless widowhood are probably the expression of her secret love for Giovanni, as Miss Robins indicates. Each of these picturesque personages has a kind of explanatory *leit-motif*, heard when he is on the stage: Paolo, the love-and-duty *Motif*, crossed by the brotherly-love *Motif* when Giovanni encounters him; Lucrezia, the childless-widow *Motif*; while the childish-innocence *Motif* is always murmuring round Francesca.

This is not the method of Shakespeare, which actors find it difficult to understand, because he is always subtly portraying *character*, and character is the last thing an actor thinks about in these days of picturesque representation. Mr. Phillips has done wisely and well in not attempting to work in Shakespeare's manner, but in frankly adopting the idyllic—that is to say, the picturesque method; and if his work shows the influence of other poets and dramatists, he has sufficient originality to assimilate whatever impressions he may have received. The idyllic method has already been tried on a smaller scale in poetic plays; but he has worked more boldly with larger canvases, and in his three plays has done more to make poetic drama possible on the stage than any man of his time; and he has been fortunate enough to come at a time when there is at least a considerable section of the play-going public ready to give it a sympathetic reception.

Maeterlinck's *Pelléas et Mélisande* has been supposed to have influenced Mr. Phillips in writing *Paolo and Francesca*; but, if so, the influence has been of the most superficial kind. Maeterlinck's ghostly personages, in a ghostly atmosphere, of mystical symbolism, speak in a language much more childishly simple than that of *Paolo and Francesca*; yet, as precocious children sometimes do, they illuminate life with flashes of strange intuition. Such revealing flashes are not characteristic of Mr. Phillips's work.

Paolo and Francesca is well-constructed in simple lines. The gradual instilling of jealousy into Giovanni's mind, first by Lucrezia, then by

the second-sighted old Nurse's vision, then by Lucrezia's comments on that vision, in which she suggests that Paolo is Francesca's predestined lover, while leaving it to Giovanni to name him, is well-conceived. By the end of the Second Act the web of fate has closed round the three principal personages; and in the Third and Fourth Acts the tragic action sweeps rapidly to its climax in the death of the lovers. —

The new lines in which Mr. Phillips has given an extended opening to the First Act, thus preparing the entrance of Giovanni, are a valuable addition for stage purposes—the first speech being given to Lucrezia, as she sits, like a personification of fate, waiting for news of the arrival of Paolo and Francesca from Ravenna. She asks Renzo, who enters hurriedly :—

“How near now?”

and he replies :—

“They have entered Rimini.”

Miss Robins, who takes the part of Lucrezia, gives full significance to these first words. She *looks* the evil genius of the lovers.

The entrance of the bridal procession is an admirable piece of stage management, and when Paolo leads in Francesca the picture is magnificent. The principal parts are well filled. All wear their rich costumes well, and move with more grace and dignity than is common on the stage. Intelligent and careful rehearsal are evident in each change in the grouping, in this and other scenes in the play. Nothing is conspicuously ugly and straggling, as it too often is in the beginning of a run.

Mr. Ainley is in personal appearance an ideal Paolo, and looks splendid in his armour. He has a fine voice and speaks his lines fairly well. Miss Evelyn Millard is a beautiful woman, and an accomplished actress; but she is not so perfectly fitted for the part of Francesca, in which the childish innocence of the convent-bred girl is so persistently insisted on by the author. Her performance is, however, graceful and intelligent. Miss Robins has been blamed by some critics for being melodramatic as Lucrezia; but the jealousy of a hysterical woman tends to express itself melodramatically. Miss Robins indeed forces the hysteric tone so constantly as to suggest that the womanly-womanliness of Lucrezia is really a form of monomania; a reading of the part not unwarranted by the text. At any rate the more energetic expression of passion by her and Mr. Alexander makes a good ground-bass for the more lyrical emotion of the lovers. Her scene with Francesca, when the girl appeals to Lucrezia's motherhood, is one of the dramatic moments of the performance, and is well played on both sides.

On Mr. Alexander's shoulders, as stage-manager and protagonist, the chief weight of the production rests; and in both capacities he has achieved a remarkable success. His Giovanni is a fine picturesque figure, contrasting well with that of Paolo; and his performance all through is excellent. He gives strength and vitality to his part,

Thou centuries shall in a moment pass,
 And all the eyes in one hour elapse !
 Still, still together, even when faints Thy sun,
 And past our souls Thy stars like ashes fall,
 How wilt Thou punish us who cannot part ?

Yet this also has been objected to, as far-fetched.

Mr. Phillips has done one special good service to poetical drama. He has given the actors verse of a simple kind, the rhythm of which is easily intelligible. There are not anything like so many pitfalls for the unwary in his management of accent and emphasis as there are in Shakespeare's. It is much plainer sailing ; and, now that its rhythm has become familiar to the actors, it is spoken much better than Shakespeare's. Much of the verse, especially in the dialogues, of the earlier scenes of *Herod*, went to pieces in its delivery. The verse of *Ulysses*, though taken, as I venture to think, too monotonously, was at least made to sound like verse. And now, in *Paolo and Francesca* this extreme monotony is avoided, and the delicate rhythm of the lines much more perfectly conveyed. The impression left on my mind at the fall of the curtain was that I had seen a poetical play, so staged and played that its beauty was not obscured in the acting, or eclipsed by the setting ; but that all the elements of stage production were made to harmonise with the spirit of the poem as perfectly as is at present possible.

And now, in conclusion, let me say something about the prospects of poetic drama. Are there any indications that we may hope for its revival as a modern form of art which the public will permanently appreciate and support ? This is a very hard question to answer. The war has undoubtedly affected dramatic production, and the response to it, in many ways. The fickleness of the play-going public, and their demand for something new—they scarcely know what—is partly due to the unrest produced by the feeling that England is at present passing through a critical period in her national development. There are some signs that what is wanted is something that will appeal to the imagination and stir the deeper springs of emotion ; an art which will be sanely and vigorously romantic, dealing with life in a broader and less cynically one-sided way. The success of Rudyard Kipling has been due, not to his omniscience in practical details, but to the spirit of romance in which he has worked. He has, in his dithyrambic manner, sung and told the *avisteis* of the nameless British *vulgus*—the men of all classes who have blundered into the making and preserving of an empire, and redeemed their blunders by their dauntlessness in danger, and their power of keeping their heads, and getting out of the scrapes they have got into ; the men who do their duty in every obscure nook and corner where the day's work of the nation has to be got through somehow. Mr. Phillips's poetry is at the opposite pole of idealism from this ; but a romantic movement has many phases.

There are also other influences at work, besides the war, which tend

to induce unrest, and a reaching forward towards the unknown future. It is an age of warring ideas and ideals, philosophic as well as social and practical. Science, which had almost settled the universe on the basis of the reign of law some years ago, has now again begun to wonder before the mysteries of nature and human nature. It has become almost mystical in dealing with the strange forces in the midst of which we live. Invention itself is, for anticipators like Mr. Wells, a weird and terrible romance. Life is once more felt to be a dream.

But this is a digression which must not lead us too far astray. Besides the regular Shakespearean performances on the London stage, there have been, of late years, many interesting representations of poetic plays. Mr. Benson has done excellent work in familiarising actors with some of Shakespeare's, not usually performed. Mr. Phillips was himself a member of his company, in which several actors who have made their mark in London have been trained, Mr. Oscar Asche, for instance, whose Ancient Pistol was a memorable performance, and who now plays Antinous in *Ulysses* with great spirit and vigour. Mr. Ainley, the Paolo at St. James's, was also with Mr. Benson.

The "Elizabethan Stage Society," under the direction of Mr. William Poel, has also successfully produced plays by Shakespeare and other Elizabethan dramatists, many of them either without scenery, as in the charming performance of *A Comedy of Errors*, in Gray's Inn Hall; or with a reproduction of the characteristic features of the Elizabethan stage, as in that of *Twelfth Night*, in the Hall of the Middle Temple. A delightful feature in some of these representations was the incidental performance of old English music under the direction of Mr. Dolmetsch, and the singing of old English songs, accompanied by lute or harpsichord.

In 1895, Mr. Grein, the adventurous founder of the Independent Theatre, brought over M. Lugné Poë's Company of the Théâtre de l'Œuvre, and produced at the Opera Comique *Pelléas et Mélisande* and *L'Intruse*. *Pelléas et Mélisande* was given with severely conventionalized scenery. A backcloth represented a wood painted in a merely decorative manner, for the open-air scenes. Over this a curtain, divided in the centre and painted to resemble a piece of tapestry, fell, when an interior was to be suggested, the gauze being drawn across the proscenium. Except that the costumes were ugly, this seemed an ideal mounting for the play, which was most delicately interpreted by the actors. The strange passion of this subtly dramatic poem in prose made a vivid impression upon the audience.

Then, with very simple scenery, some new and striking effects were produced by Mr. Gordon Craig in his artistic staging of the Purcell Society's *Dido and Æneas*, at the Coronet, chiefly by some bold departures from the conventional methods of lighting. In one scene, where the hunting-party are driven off the stage by the sudden thunder-

storm, from which Dido and Æneas take refuge in a cave, the hurrying groups, the men holding up their shields to protect the women from the hail, huddled across the stage, figures in gloom, relieved against a lighted background; making a well-composed and broadly effective picture. In another scene, the brilliantly lighted figures of a group of girls in rich dresses, seated at their embroidery, stood out distinctly against a relatively dark background.

The latest novelty I have seen in the purely decorative treatment of scenery was in a little play on an Egyptian subject, *The Beloved of Hathor*, by Miss Florence Farr and Mrs. Shakespeare. In this the backcloth was simply a piece of canvas, toned to resemble in colour a papyrus scroll, against which the quaint Egyptian figures of the performers were relieved.

All these experiments in the conventionalising of scenery are interesting, for this reason among others. If the era of long runs be drawing to a close, as some people are beginning to say, it will be impossible for managers to spend such enormous sums upon the mounting as is now not unusual. This has hitherto tended to bar the door against poetical plays by modern authors. But those who really care for dramatic work of any kind demand in the first place fine acting and good stage-management, caring comparatively little for the triumphs of modern scenery. For poetic drama especially, all that is *necessary* is conventional scenery which shall suggest rather than realise the place and period indicated, and form a beautiful background for the figures. With fine acting and intelligent speaking of the verse the play would lose little by this treatment; for the attention of the audience would be concentrated upon its essential qualities, not its accessories. No one, of course, could feel otherwise than grateful for the elaborate and beautiful setting of plays which such managers as Mr. Irving, Mr. Tree, and Mr. Alexander have given us; and the scenery is always an important element in the "drawing" power of a play. But if great expense is becoming more and more hazardous, it may be well to consider some alternative method in the staging of plays of dramatic merit, which a manager would now hesitate to produce because of the expense.

Is it too much to say that there are some signs of the times which lead those who are interested in poetic drama to indulge in a hope—perhaps a forlorn one—that a poet who, like Mr. Phillips, is also a dramatist, may occasionally obtain a fair hearing for his work? There are rumours that plays in verse by Mr. Phillips, and possibly by other authors, may be produced before very long. Poetic drama is still in the air; but its success depends upon the temper of the public.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

AWAY.

I.

THERE is, I think, no country side in Ireland where they will not tell you, if you can conquer their mistrust, of some man or woman or child who was lately or still is in the power of the gentry, or "the others," or "the fairies," or "the sidhe," or the "forgetful people," as they call the dead and the lesser gods of ancient times. These men and women and children are said to be "away," and for the most part go about their work in a dream, or lie all day in bed, awakening after the fall of night to a strange and hurried life.

A woman at Gort, in County Galway, says: "There was an old woman I remember was living at Martin Ruane's, and she had to go with them two or three hours every night for a while, and she'd make great complaints of the hardships she'd meet with, and how she'd have to spend the night going through little boreens, or in the churchyard at Kinvara, or they'd bring her down to the sea shore. They often meet with hardships like that, those they bring with them, so it's no wonder they're glad to get back; this world's the best." And an old pensioner from Kiltartan, a village some three miles from Gort, says: "There is a man I knew that was my comrade after, used to be taken away at nights, and he'd speak of the journeys he had with them. And he got severe treatment and didn't want to go, but they'd bring him by force. He recovered after, and joined the army, and I was never so astonished as I was the day he walked in, when I was in Delhi." There are a boy near Gort and a woman at Ardahan close at hand, who are "away," and this same man says of them: "Mary Flaherty has been taken, and whenever she meets old Whelan the first thing she asks is for his son. She doesn't go to see him in the house, but travelling of nights they meet each other. Surely she's gone. You have but to look in her face to see that. And whatever hour of the night she wants to go out, they must have the horse harnessed to bring her wherever she likes to go."

The commonest beginning of the enchantment is to meet some one not of this earth, or in league with people not of this earth, and to talk too freely to them about yourself and about your life. If they understand you and your life too perfectly, or sometimes even if they know your name, they can throw their enchantment about you. A man living at Coole near Gort says: "But those that are brought away would be glad to be back. It's a poor thing to go there after this life. Heaven is the best place, Heaven and this world we're in now. My own mother

was away for twenty-one years, and at the end of every seven years she thought it would be off her, but she never could leave the bed. She could but sit up, and make a little shirt or the like for us. It was of the fever she died at last. The way she got the touch was one day after we left the place we used to be in, and we got our choice place on the estate, and my father chose Kilchreest. But a great many of the neighbours went to Moneen. And one day a woman that had been our neighbour came over from Moneen, and my mother showed her everything and told her of her way of living. And she walked a bit of the road with her, and when they were parting the woman said: "You'll soon be the same as such a one." And as she turned she felt a pain in the head. And from that day she lost her health. My father went to Biddy Early, but she said it was too late, she could do nothing, and she would take nothing from him." Biddy Early was a famous witch.

If you are taken you have always, it is said, a chance of return every seven years. Almost all that go "away" among them are taken to help in their work, or in their play, or to nurse their children, or to bear them children, or to be their lovers, and all fairy children are born of such marriages. A man near Gort says: "They are shadows, and how could a shadow have power to move that chair or that table? But they have power over mankind, and they can bring them away to do their work." I have told elsewhere of a man who was "away" with Maibh Queen of the western Sidhe as her lover, and made a mournful song in the Gaelic when she left him, and was mournful till he died.

But sometimes one hears of people taken for no reason, as it seems, but that they may be a thing to laugh at. Indeed, one is often told that unlike "the simple" who would do us an evil, "the gentle" among "the others" wish us no harm but "to make a sport of us."

And a man at Gort says: "There was one Mahony had the land taken that is near Newtown racecourse. And he was out there one day building a wall and it came to the dinner hour, but he had none brought with him. And a man came by and said, 'Is it home you'll be going for your dinner?' And he said, 'It's not worth my while to go back to Gort, I'd have the day lost. . . .' And the man said, 'Well, come in and eat a bit with me.' And he brought him into a forth and there was everything that was grand, and the dinner they gave him of the best, so that he eat near two plates of it. And then he went out again to build the wall. And whether it was with lifting the heavy stones I don't know, but with respects to you, when he was walking the road home he began to vomit, and what he vomited up was all green grass."

You may eat their food, if they put it out to you, and indeed it is discourteous to refuse and will make them angry, but you must not go among them and eat their food, for this will give them power over you.

II.

Sometimes one hears of people "away" doing the work of the others and getting harm of it, or no good of it, but more often one hears of good crops or of physical strength or of cleverness or of supernatural knowledge being given and of no evil being given with it except the evil of being in a dream, or being laid up in bed or the like, which happens more or less to all who are "away." A woman near Craughwell says: "There's a boy now of the Lydons, but I wouldn't for all the world let them think I spoke of him. But it's two years since he came from America and since that time he never went to Mass, or to Church, or to market, or to fair, or to stand at the cross roads, or to the hurling. And if anyone comes into the house, it's into the room he'll slip not to see them. And as to work, he has the garden dug to bits and the whole place smeared with cowdung, and such a crop as was never seen, and the alders all plaited that they look grand. One day he went as far as Peterswell Chapel, but as soon as he got to the door he turned straight round again as if he hadn't power to pass it. I wonder he wouldn't get the priest to read a mass for him or some such thing. But the crop he has is grand, and you may know well he has some that help him."

Indeed, almost any exceptional cleverness, even the clever training of a dog may be thought a gift from "the others." I have been told of a boy in Gort "who was lying in the bed a long time; and one day, the day of the races, he asked his father and mother were they going to the course, and they said they were not. Well, says he, 'I'll show you as good sport as if you went.' And he had a dog and he called to it and said something to it, and it began to take a run and to gallop and to jump backwards over the half door, for there was a very high half door to the house. 'So now,' says he, 'didn't you see as good sport as if you were on Newtown racecourse?' And he didn't live long, but died soon after that." And the same man whose mother had been away for twenty-one years says: "There was one of the Burkes, John, was away for seven years, lying in his bed but brought away at nights. And he knew everything. And one Kearney up in the mountain, a cousin of his own, lost two hoggets and came and told him. And he knew the very spot where they were and told him, and he got them back again. But *they* were vexed at that, and took away the power, so that he never knew anything again, no more than another. There was another man up near Ballylee could tell these things too. When John Callan lost his wool he went to him, and next morning there were the fleeces at his door. Those that are away know these things. There was a brother of my own took to it for seven years, and he at school. And no one could beat him at the hurling and the games. But I wouldn't like to be mixed

with that myself." The wool and perhaps the hoggets had been taken by "the others" who were forced to return them.

When you get a "touch" you feel a sudden pain, and a swelling comes where you have felt the pain. I have been told that there is a fool and a queen "in every household of them," and that nobody can cure the touch of the fool or the queen, but that the touch of anyone else among them can be cured. A woman at Kiltartan says: "One time a woman from the North came to our house, and she said a great deal of people is kept below there in the lisses. She had been there herself, and in the night time in one moment they'd be all away at Cruachmaa, wherever that may be, down in the north I believe. And she knew everything that was in the house, and told us about my sister being sick, and that there was a hurling match going on that day, as there was, at the Isabella Wood in Coole. And all about Coole house she knew, as well as if she spent her life in it. I'd have picked a lot of stories out of her, but my mother got nervous when she heard the truth coming out and bid me be quiet. She had a red petticoat on her, the same as any country woman, and she offered to cure me, for it was that time I was delicate and her ladyship sent me to the salt water. But she asked a shilling, and my mother said she hadn't got it. 'You have,' says she, 'and heavier metal than that you have in the house.' So then my mother gave her the shilling and she put it in the fire and melted it, and says she, 'After two days you'll see your shilling again,' but we never did. And the cure she left I never took it—it's not safe, and the priests forbid us to take their cures, for it must surely be from the devil their knowledge comes. No doubt at all she was one of the Ingentry, that can take the form of a woman by day and another form by night. After that she went to Mrs. Finnegan's house and asked her for a bit of tobacco. 'You'll get it again,' she said, 'and more with it.' And sure enough that very day a bit of meat came into Mrs. Finnegan's house."

The people of the North are thought to know more about the supernatural than anybody else, and one remembers that the good gods of the Celts, the children of Danu, and the evil gods of the Celts the Fomor, came from the North in certain legends. The North does not mean Ulster, but any place to the north, for the people talk of the people of Cruachmaa, which is but a little north of Galway, as knowing much because they are from the North—one cannot tell whether the woman from the North in this tale was a mortal or an immortal. People "away," like people taken by "the others" from their death-beds, are confounded with the immortals, the true children of Danu, or the Dundonians, as I have heard them called in Clare. I have never heard the word "Ingentry" for "the others" at any other time.

Sometimes people who are "away" are thought to have, like the

dead who have been "taken," that power of changing one thing into another, which is so constantly attributed to the Children of Danu in the Gaelic poems. The Children of Danu were the powers of life, the powers worshipped in the ecstatic dances among the woods and upon the mountains, and they had the flamelike changeability of life, and were the makers of all changes. "The others," their descendants, change the colours of their clothes every moment, and build up a house "in the corner of a field" and "in ten minutes," "finer than any gentleman's house." An Irishwoman from Kildare that I met in London told me: "There was a woman used to go away at night, and she said to her sister, 'I'll be out on a white horse, and I'll stop and knock at your door as I pass,' and so she used to do sometimes. And one day there was a man asked her for a debt he owed, and she said, 'I have no money now.' But then she put her hand behind her, and brought it back filled with gold, and then she rubbed it in her hand, and when she opened her hand again, there was nothing in it but dry cow-dung, and she said, 'I could give you that, but it would be of no use to you.'"

Those who are "away" have sometimes, too, it seems, the power of changing their size and of going through walls as "the others" themselves do. A man on Inisheer says: "There was a first cousin of mine used sometimes to go out of the house through the wall, but none could see him going. And one night his brother followed him, and he went down a path to the sea, and then he went into a hole in the rocks that the smallest dog wouldn't go into. And the brother took hold of his feet and drew him out again. He went to America after that, and is living there now, and sometimes in his room they'll see him beckoning and laughing and laughing, as if some were with him. One night there, when some of the neighbours from these islands were with him, he told them he'd been back to Inishmaan, and told all that was going on, and some would not believe him. And he said, 'You'll believe me next time.' So the next night he told them again he had been there, and he brought out of his pocket a couple of boiled potatoes and a bit of fish, and showed them; so then they all believed it." And an old man on Inisheer, who has come back from the State of Maine, says of this man: "I knew him in America, and he used often to visit this island, and would know what all of them were doing, and would bring us word of them all, and all he'd tell us would turn out right. He's living yet in America."

It often seems as if these enchanted people had some great secret. They may have taken an oath to be silent, but I have not heard of any oath, I am only certain that they are afraid or unable to speak. I have already told of Whelan and his nightly rides. I got a friend, with whom I was staying, to ask Whelan's father, who is a carpenter, to make a box and send it by his son. He promised to "try and

infatuate him to come," but did not think it would be of any use. It was no use, for the boy said, "No, I won't go, I know why I am wanted." His father says that he did not tell him, but that "the others" told him, when he was out with them.

A man said to a friend of mine in the Abbey of Corcomroe among the Burren hills in County Clare: "There was one O'Loughlin that lies under that slab there, and for seven years he was brought away every night, and into this Abbey. And he was beat and pinched, and when he came home he'd faint. He told his brother-in-law, that told me, that in that hill beyond, behind this Abbey, there is the most splendid town that ever was seen, and grander than any city. Often he was in it and ought not to have been talking about it, but he said he wouldn't give them the satisfaction of it, he didn't care what they'd do to him. One night he was with a lot of others at a wake, and when he heard them coming for him he fainted on the floor. But after he got up he heard them come again and he rose to go, and the boys all took hold of him, Peter Fahey was one of them, and you know what a strong man he was, and he couldn't hold him. Drawn out of the door he was, and the arms of those that were holding him were near pulled out of their sockets."

And a woman near Loughrea says: "My mother often told me about her sister's child, my cousin, that used to spend the nights in the big forth at Moneen. Every night she went there, and she got thin and tired like. She used to say she saw grand things there, and the horses galloping and the riding. But then she'd say, 'I must tell no more than that or I'll get a great beating.' She wasted away, and one night they were so sure she was dead they had the pot full of water boiling on the fire to wash her. But she recovered again and lived five years after that."

And an old man on the north side of Arran says: "I know a good many on the island have seen *those*, but they wouldn't say what they're like to look at, for when they speak of them their tongue gets like a stone."

The most of what the country people have to tell of those who have been "taken" altogether, and about the ways and looks of the "others," has come from the frightened and rare confidences of people upon whom "the others" cast this sleepy enchantment.

A man in the Burren hills says: "That girl of the Connors that was away for seven years, she was bid tell nothing of what she saw, but she told her mother some things, and told of some she met there. There was a woman, a cousin of my own, asked was her son ever there, and she had to press her a long time, but at last she said he was. And he was taken too, with little privation, fifty years ago."

And a woman near Ardahan says: "There was a girl near Westport was away, and the way it came on her was she was on the road one day, and two men passed her, and one of them said, 'That's a fine

girl,' and the other said, 'She belongs to my town.' And there and then she got a pain in her knee, and she couldn't walk home but had to be brought home in a cart, and she used to be away at night, and thorns in her feet in the morning, but she never said where she went. But one time the sister brought her to Kilfenora, and when they were crossing a bog near to there she pointed to a house in the bog and she said, 'It's there I was last night.' And the sister asked did she know anyone she met there, and she said, 'There was one I knew that is my mother's cousin,' and told her name. And she said, 'But for her they'd have me ill-treated, but she fought for me and saved me!' She was thought to be dying one time, and my mother sent me to see her, and how she was. And she was lying on the bed, and her eyes turned back, and she was speechless, and I told my mother when I came home she hadn't an hour to live. And the next day she was up and about and not a thing on her. It might be the mother's cousin that fought for her again then. She went to America after."

This girl fell under the power of "the others" because the two men looked at her with admiration, "overlooked her," as it is called, and did not say "God bless her." "The others" can draw anything they admire to themselves by using our admiration as a bond between them and it.

III.

In some barbarous countries no one is permitted to look at the king while he is eating, for one is thought to be less able to drive away malicious influence when one is eating, and most mortal influence must be malignant when one is the representative and instrument of the gods. I have sometimes been told that nobody is ever allowed to see those who are "away" eating. A woman near Gort says of Whelan the carpenter's son, "He's lying in bed these four years, and food is brought into the room but he never touches it, but when it's left there it's taken away." And a man at Coole says: "I remember a boy was about my own age over at Cranagh on the other side of the water, and they said he was away for two years. Anyhow, for all that time he was sick in bed, and no one ever saw bit or sup pass his lips in all that time, though the food that was left in the room would disappear, whatever happened it. He recovered after and went to America."

They are sometimes believed to hardly eat our food at all, but to live upon supernatural food. An old man from near Loughrea says: "There was Kitty Flannery at Kilchreest, you might remember her. For seven years she had everything she could want, and music and dancing could be heard round her house every night, and all she did prospered. But she ate no food all that time, only she'd take a drink of the milk after the butter being churned. But at the end of the seven years all left her, and she was glad at the last to get Indian meal."

But often one hears of their fearing to eat the food of "the others" for fear they might never escape out of their hands. An old man on the Gortaveha mountain says: "I knew one was away for seven years, and it was in the next townland to this she lived. Bridget Kinealy her name was. There was a large family of them, and she was the youngest, a very nice-looking fair-haired girl she was. I knew her well, she was the one age with myself. It was in the night she used to go to them, and if the door was shut she'd come in by the keyhole. The first time they came for her she was in bed between her two sisters, and she didn't want to go, but they beat her and pinched her till her brother called out to know what was the matter. She often epeke about them, and how she was badly treated because she wouldn't eat their food, and how there was a red-haired girl among them that would throw her into the river she'd get so mad with her. But if she had their food ate, she'd never have got away from them at all. She got no more than about three cold potatoes she could eat the whole time she was with them. All the old people about her put out food every night, the first of the food before they have any of it tasted themselves. She married a serving man after, and they went to Sydney, and if nothing happened in the last two years they're doing well there now."

IV.

The ancient peoples from whom the country people inherit their belief had to explain how, when you were "away," as it seemed to you, you seemed, it might be, to your neighbours or your family, to be lying in a faint upon the ground, or in your bed, or even going about your daily work. It was probably one who was himself "away" who explained, that somebody or something was put in your place, and this explanation was the only possible one to ancient peoples, who did not make our distinction between body and soul. The Irish country people always insist that something, a heap of shavings or a broomstick or a wooden image, or some dead person, "maybe some old warrior," or some dead relative or neighbour of your own, is put in your place, though sometimes they will forget their belief until you remind them, and talk of "the others" having put such and such a person "into a faint," or of such and such a person being "away" and being ill in bed. This substitution of the dead for the living is indeed a pagan mystery, and not more hard to understand than the substitution of the body and blood of Christ for the wafer and the wine in the mass; and I have not yet lost the belief that some day, in some village lost among the hills or in some island among the western seas, in some place that remembers old ways and has not learned new ways, I will come to understand how this pagan mystery hides and reveals some half-forgotten memory of an ancient knowledge or of an ancient wisdom.

Time that has but left the lesser gods to haunt the hills and raths, has doubtless taken much that might have made us understand.

A man at Kiltartan, who thinks evil of "the others," says: "They have the hope of heaven or they wouldn't leave one on the face of the earth, and they are afraid of God. They'll not do you much harm if you leave them alone, its best not to speak to them at all if you should meet them. If they bring anyone away they'll leave some good-for-nothing thing in its place, and the same way with a cow or a calf or such things. Bnt a sheep or a lamb it's beyond their power to touch, because of our Lord." And a woman near Ardahan says: "There was a cousin of my own was said to be 'away,' and when she died I was bnt a child, and my mother brought me with her to the house where she was laid out. And when I saw her I began to scream and to say, 'That's not Mary that's in it, that's some old hag.' And so it was, I know well it was not Mary that was lying there in the bed." And a woman from near Loughrea says: "Sure there was a fairy in a house at Eserkelly fourteen years. Bridget Collins she was called, you might remember Miss Fanny used to be bringing her gooseberries. She never kept the bed, bnt she'd sit in the corner of the kitchen on a mat, and from a good stont lump of a girl that she was, she wasted to nothing, and her teeth grew as long as your finger, and then they dropped out. And she'd eat nothing at all, only crabs and sour things. And she'd never leave the house in the daytime, but in the night she'd go out and pick things out of the fields she could eat. And the hurt she got, or whatever it was touched her, it was one day she was ewinging on the Moneen gate, just there by the forth. She died as quiet as another, but you wouldn't like to be looking at her after the teeth fell out."

And a man from Cahirgliassane says: "There was one Tierney on the road to Kinvara, I knew him well, was away with them seven years. It was at night he used to be brought away, and when they called him he should go. They'd leave some sort of a likeness of him in his place. He had a wart on his back, and his wife would rub her hand down to feel was the wart there before she'd know was it himself was in it or not. Himself and his pony used to be brought up into the sky, and he told many how he used to go riding about with them, and that often and often he was in that castle you see below. And Mrs. Hevenor asked him did he ever see her son Jimmy that died, among them, and he told her he did, and that mostly all the people that he knew that had died out of the village were amongst them now. And if his wife had a clutch of geese they'd be ten times better than any other one's, and the wheat and the stock and all they had was better and more plentiful than what anyone else had. Help he got from them of course. But at last the wife got in the priest to read a mass and to take it off him. And after that all that they had went to flitters."

And a girl at Coole says of a place called "The Three Liseses," where there are three of those old clay remnants of ancient houses or encampments so much haunted by "the others": "There must in old times have been a great deal of fighting there. There are some bushes growing on them, and no one, man or woman, will ever put a hand to cut them, no more than they would touch the little bush by the wall beyond, that used to have lights shining out of it. And if anyone was to fall asleep within in the Lise, himself would be taken away, and the spirit of some old warrior would be put in his place, and it's he would know everything in the whole world. There's no doubt at all but that there's the same sort of things in other countries, sure *these* can go through and appear in Australia in one minute, but you hear more about them in these parts because the Irish do be more familiar in talking of them."

The chief way of bringing a person out of this state of dream is to threaten the dead person believed to have been put in his place. A man from county Clare says: "I heard of a woman brought back again. It was told me by a boy going to school there at the time it happened, so I know there's no lie in it. It was one of the Lydons, a rich family in Scariff, whose wife was sick and pining away for seven years. And at the end of that time one day he came in, he had a drop of drink taken, and he began to be a bit rough with her. And she said, 'Don't be rough with me now, after bearing so well with me all these seven years. But because you were so good and so kind to me all the time,' says she, 'I'll go away from you now, and I'll let your own wife come back to you.' And so she did, for it was an old hag she was. And the wife came back again and reared a family. And before she went away she had a son that was reared a priest, and after she came back she had another that was reared a priest, so that shows a blessing came on them."

The country people seldom do more than threaten the dead person put in the living person's place, and it is, I am convinced, a sin against the traditional wisdom to really ill-treat the dead person. A woman from Mayo who has told me a good many tales and has herself both seen and heard "the royal gentry," as she calls them, was very angry with the Tipperary countryman who burned his wife, some time ago, her father and neighbours standing by. She had no doubt that they only burned some dead person, but she was quite certain that you should not burn even a dead person. She said: "In my place we say you should only threaten. They are so superstitious in Tipperary. I have stood in the door and I have heard lovely music, and seen the fort all lighted up, but I never gave in to them." "Superstitious" means to her "giving in" to "the others," and "giving in" means, I think, letting them get power over you, or being afraid of them, and getting excited about them, and doing foolish things. One does hear now and then of "the dead person" being really ill-treated, but rarely.

When I was last in Western Galway a man had just been arrested for trying to kill his sister-in-law, because he thought she was one of "the others," and was tempting him to murder his cousin. He had sent his cousin away that she might be out of his reach, in case he could not resist the temptation. This man was merely out of his mind, and had more than common reasons for his anger besides. A woman from Burren tells a tale more like the Tipperary tale. "There was a girl near Ballyvaughan was away, and the mother used to hear horses coming about the door every night. And one day the mother was picking flax in the house and of a sudden there came in her hand an herb with the best smell and the sweetest that ever anyone smelled. And she closed it into her hand and called to the son that was making up a stack of hay outside, 'Come in Denis, for I have the best smelling herb that ever you saw.' And when he came in she opened her hand and the herb was gone, clear and clean. She got annoyed at last with the horses coming about the door, and some one told her to gather all the fire into the middle of the floor and to lay the little girl upon it, and to see would she come back again. So she did as she was told, and brought the little girl out of the bed and laid her on the coals, and she began to scream and to call out, and the neighbours came running in, and the police heard of it, and they came and arrested the mother and brought her to Ballyvaughan, before the magistrate, Mr. Macnamara, and my own husband was one of the police that arrested her. And when the magistrate heard all, he said she was an ignorant woman, and that she did what she thought right, and he would give her no punishment. And the girl got well and was married, and it was after she married I knew her."

I was always convinced that tradition, which avoids needless inhumanity, had some stronger way of protecting the bodies of those, to whom the other world was perhaps unveiling its mysteries, than any mere command not to ill-treat some old dead person, who had maybe been put in the room of one's living wife or daughter or son. I heard of this stronger way last winter from an old Kildare woman, that I met in London. She said that in her own village, "there was a girl used to be away with them, you'd never know when it was she herself that was in it or not till she'd come back, and then she'd tell she had been away. She didn't like to go, but she had to go when they called to her. And she told her mother always to treat kindly whoever was put in her place, sometimes one would be put and sometimes another, for, she'd say 'If you are unkind to whoever is there, they'll be unkind to me.'"

Sometimes the person is thought to be brought back by some one who meets him on his wanderings and leads him home. A woman near Kinvara says: "There was a child was dying in some house in Burren by the sea, and the mother and all around it, thinking to see it die. And a boy came in, and he said when he was coming through a

field beyond the house he heard a great crying, and he saw a troop of *them* and the child ran out from among them, and ran up to him and he took hold of its hand, and led it back, and then he brought it safe and well into the house. And the thing that was in the bed he took up and threw it out, and it vanished away into the air."

An army pensioner says: "My family were of the Finns of Athenry. I had an aunt that married a man of the name of Kane, and they had a child was taken. So they brought it to the Lady Well near Athenry, where there's patterns every 15th of August, to duck it. And such a ducking they gave it, that it walked away on crutches, and it ewearing. And their own child they got back again, but he didn't live long after." I have one tale in which a visit to Knock, the Irish Lourdes, worked the cure. "There was a girl was overlooked got cured at Knock, and when she was cured she let three screams out of her, it was a neighbour of mine saw her and told me. And there are a great many cures done at Knock, and the walls thick with crutches and sticks and crooked shoes. And there was a gentleman from America was cured there, and his crutch was a very grand one, with silver on it, and he came back to bring it away, and when he did, he got as bad as ever he was before." It was no doubt the old person who gave the three screams.

And sometimes a priest works the cure. A piper who wanders about county Galway says:—"There was a girl at Kilkerran of the same name as my own, was lying on a mat for eight years. When she first got the touch the mother was sick, and there was no room in the bed; so they laid a mat on the floor for her, and she never left it for the eight years, but the mother died soon after. She never got off the mat for anyone to see, but one night there was a working man came to the house and they gave him lodging for the night. And he watched her from the other room, and in the night he saw the outer door open, and three or four boys and girls come in, and with them a piper or a fiddler, I'm not sure which, and he played to them, and they danced, and the girl got up off the mat and joined them. And in the morning, when he was sitting at breakfast, he looked over to her where she was lying, and said, 'You were the best dancer among them last night.'"

Many stories of the old Gaelic poems and romances become more fully intelligible when we read them by the light of these stories. There is a story about Cuchullain in *The Book of the Dun Cow*, interpreted too exclusively as a solar myth by Professor Rhys, which certainly is a story of Cuchullain "away." The people of Uladh, or Ulster, were celebrating the festival of the beginning of winter that was held the first day of November, on the days before and after. A flock of wild birds lighted upon a lake near where Cuchullain and the heroes and fair women of Uladh were holding festival, and because of the bidding of the women Cuchullain caught the birds and divided them

among them. When he came to his own wife Emer, he had no birds left, and promised her the finest two out of any new flock. Presently he saw two birds, bound one to the other with a chain of gold, and they were singing so sweetly that the host of Uladh fell in a little while into a magic sleep. Cuchullain cast a stone out of a sling, but missed them, and then another stone, but missed them, and wondered greatly, because he had not missed a cast from the day when he took arms. He threw his spear, and it passed through the wing of one of the birds, and the birds dived out of his sight. He lay down in great sorrow, because of his bad casting, and fell asleep and dreamed that two women, one dressed in green and one dressed in red, came to him, and first one and then the other smiled and struck him with a whip, and that they went on beating him until he was nearly dead. His friends came while he was still dreaming, but only saw that he slept and must not be awakened, and when at last he awoke, he was so weak that he made them carry him to his bed. He lay in his bed all through the winter, the time of the power of the gods of death and cold, and until the next November Eve, when those who watched beside him suddenly saw a stranger sitting upon the side of his bed. This stranger was Ængus, perhaps that Æogus, the master of love, who had made four birds out of his kisses, and he sang that Fand, the wife of Mannannan, the master of the sea, and of the island of the dead, loved Cuchullain, and that, if he would come into the country of the gods, where there was wine and gold and silver, she would send Leban, her sister, to heal him. Having ended his song, the stranger vanished as suddenly as he had come. Cuchullain, having consulted with his friends, went to the place where he had seen the swans and dreamed his dream, and there the woman dressed in green came and spoke with him. He reproached her, and she answered that she wished him no harm, but only to bring him to her sister Fand, who had been deserted by Mannannan, and who loved him passionately, and to bring him to help her own husband Labraid of the Swift Hand on the Sword in a one-day's battle against his enemies. After hearing what another mortal who had been to the country of Labraid had to tell, Cuchullain mounted into his chariot, and went to the country of Labraid, and fought a one-day's battle, and had Fand to wife for a month. At the month's end he made a promise to meet her at a place called "The Yew at the Strand's End," and came back to the earth. When Emer, his mortal wife, heard of the tryst, she went with other women to the Yew at the Strand's End, and there she won again the love of Cuchullain. When Fand saw that she had lost his love she lamented her happy days with Mannannan when their love was new. Mannannan heard and came swiftly and carried her away to his own country. When Cuchullain saw her leaving him his love for her returned, and he became mad and went into the mountains, and wandered there a long time without food or drink. At last the King of

Uladh sent his poets and his druids to cure him, and though he tried to kill them in his madness, they chanted druid spells, so that he became weak. He cried out for a drink in his weakness, and they gave him a drink of forgetfulness; and they gave Emer a drink of forgetfulness, so that she forgot the divine woman.

Mr. Frazer discusses in, I think, the second volume of *The Golden Bough*—I am writing in Ireland and have not the book at hand and cannot give the exact reference—the beating of the divine man in ancient religious ceremonies, and decides that it was never for a punishment but always for a purification, for the driving out of something. I am inclined, therefore, to consider the beating of Cuchullain by the smiling women, as a driving out or deadening, for a time, of his merely human faculties and instincts; and I am certain it should be compared with the stories told by the country people, of people over whom “the others” get power by striking them (see my article in the *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1898, p. 69, for one such story); and with countless stories of their getting power over people by giving them what is called “the touch”—I shall tell and weigh a number of these stories some day—and perhaps with the common habit of calling a paralytic attack a “stroke.” Cuchullain wins the love of Fand just as young, handsome countrymen are believed to win the love of fair women of “the others,” and he goes to help Labraid as young, strong countrymen are believed to help “the others” who can do little, being but “shadows” without a mortal among them, at the hurling and in the battle; and November Eve is still a season of great power among the spirits. Emer goes to the yew at the Strand End just as the wife goes to meet her husband who is “away” or has been “taken,” or the husband to meet his wife, at midnight, at “the custom gap” in the field where the fair is held, or at some other well known place; while the after madness of Cuchullain reminds me of the mystery the country people, like all premature people, see in madness, and of the way they sometimes associate it with “the others,” and of the saying of a woman in the Burren hills, “Those that are away among them never come back, or if they do they are not the same as they were before.” His great sorrow for the love of Fand reminds me of the woman told of in Arran, who was often heard weeping on the hill-side for the children she had left among “the others.” One finds nothing in this tale about any person or thing being put in Cuchullain’s place; but Professor Rhys has shown that in the original form of the story of Cuchullain and the Beetle of Forgetfulness, Cuchullain made the prince who had come to summon him to the other world, take his place at the court of Uladh. There are many stories everywhere of people who have their places taken by Angels, or spirits, or gods, that they may live another life in some other place, and I believe all such stories were once stories of people “away.”

Pwyll and Arawn in the Mabinogian change places for a year, Pwyll

going to the court of the dead in the shape of Arawn to overcome his enemies; and Arawn going to the court of Dyved. Arawn said, "I will put my form and semblance upon thee, so that not a page of the chamber, not an officer nor any other man that has always followed me, shall know that it is not I. . . . And I will cause, that no one in all thy dominions, neither man nor woman, shall know that I am not you, and I will go there in thy stead." Pwyll overcomes Arawn's enemy with one blow, and Arawn's rule in Dyved was a marvel because of his wisdom, for in all these stories strength comes from among men, and wisdom from among gods who are but "shadows."

Professor Rhys has interpreted both the stories of Cuchullain and the story of Pwyll and Arawn as solar myths, and one doubts not that the old priests and poets saw analogies in day and night, in summer and winter; or perhaps held that the passing away for a time of the brightness of day or of the abundance of summer, was one story with the passing of a man out of our world for a time. There have been myth-makers who put the mountain of the gods at the North Pole, and there are still visionaries who think that cold and barrenness with us are warmth and abundance in some inner world; while what the Arran people call "the battle of the friends" believed to be fought between the friends and enemies of the living among the "others," to decide whether a sick person is to live or die, and the battle believed to be fought by the "others" at harvest time, to decide, as I think, whether the harvest is to stay among men, or wither from among men and belong to "the others" and the dead, show, I think, that the gain of the one country is the other country's loss. The Norse legend of the false Odin that took the true Odin's place, when the summer sun became the winter sun, brings the story of a man who is "away" and the story of the year perfectly together. It may be that the druids and poets meant more at the beginning than a love story, by such stories as that of Cuchullain and Fand, for in many ancient countries, as even among some African tribes to-day, a simulated and ceremonious death was the symbol, or the condition, of the soul's coming to the place of wisdom and of the spirits of wisdom; and, if this is true, it is right for such stories to remind us of day and night, winter and summer, that men may find in all nature the return and history of the soul's deliverance.

W. B. YEATS.

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CECIL JOHN RHODES.

"All men, without distinction, are allured by immediate advantages; great minds alone are excited by distant good. So long as wisdom, in its projects, calculates upon wisdom or relies upon its own strength, it forms none but chimerical schemes and runs a risk of making itself the laughter of the world; but it is certain of success, and may reckon upon aid and admiration when it finds a place in its intellectual plans for barbarism, rapacity, and suspicion, and can render the selfish passions of mankind the executors of its purposes."—SCHILLER (on Henry IV. of France), *History of the Thirty Years' War*.

"Le style est l'homme même" is, and always will be, a hackneyed aphorism, in spite of the fact that Buffon wrote less epigrammatically but more scientifically "Le style est de l'homme même." In the spirit of the misquoted passage it might be said with truth that Cecil Rhodes could have been inferred from his last will and testament, or that this unique document could have been inferred from Cecil Rhodes. Even to those who, like myself, had a general idea of the manner in which Rhodes had long ago determined to dispose posthumously of his wealth, the document itself came as a revelation. To hear even the most practical of dreamers narrating his dreams is one thing; to see these same dreams materialised, as it were, in the cold form of printed matter is quite another. Not one of the provisions of that remarkable document, excepting so much of the codicil as referred to the German Emperor, was unknown to me in rough outline. Not that Rhodes ever talked to me of his general testamentary dispositions, but because nearly every striking detail and expression had formed fragments of many conversations about the proper application of wealth. To those who had the privilege of knowing Rhodes the will which now excites both hemispheres is the living, thinking, and talking man. It follows, therefore, that one who undertakes to produce even a slight sketch of so astonishing a career might take Rhodes's will and testament to illustrate the character of the man, or describe the man in order to explain the provisions and bearings of his bequests. In a way my choice was

determined for me by the fact that the following pages, to which I have written a sort of postscript, were in type before the contents of Rhodes's will were made public.

"Impiger iracundus inexorabilis acer
Jura neget sibi nata."

Even moderately educated persons have been struck by the classical mould in which Rhodes's features were out, and those who have been brought into intimate personal contact with him have quickly realised how these classical features reflected an antique spirit. The familiar words I have placed at the head of this article are interesting because they represent the Roman view of a Greek hero. No Athenian of the time of Pericles would have recognised in these epithets of Horace a word-picture of the central figure of the Iliad. Up and down the Homeric poems can be picked out adjectives, some of them otiose and others deliberate, which might justify the idea which Horace had conceived of the character of Achilles. But by the Greeks, as I have said, they would not have been accepted as a portrait of Achilles, even in cameo. They are not, however, inappropriate as applied to Cecil Rhodes. He had all the Greek devotion to the *πóλις* combined with a Roman directness in giving practical effect to his creed. If I might venture upon a rather different metaphor in days when the metaphor threatens to become a public nuisance, I should say that Elizabethan wine stored in a Roman amphora would give as good an idea of Rhodes's character as another, and it was a happy intuition on Mr. Henley's part to dedicate Holland's "*Suetonius*" in his magnificent series of *Tudor Translations* in these words: "To the Right Honourable Cecil John Rhodes, a maker of Imperial Britain, these Memoirs of Imperial Rome."

In more senses than one he was frankly pagan. It was very characteristic that the only audience, so far as I know, which he ever took into his confidence on the subject of his religious views was a meeting of South African Presbyterians on July 29, 1899. Mr. Rhodes had been invited by them to lay the foundation stone of a new church which they were building at Woodstock, one of the suburbs of Cape Town. I hardly think the speech has been quoted at home, and as it is very brief I reproduce it here.

"You have paid me," he said, "a great compliment by asking me to come and lay this stone. I recognise that it is a tribute from you to that which is a most practical idea of your church, that is—work. You have asked me to come here because you recognise that my life has been work. Of course I must say frankly that I do not happen to belong to your particular sect in religion. We all have many ideals, but I may say that when we come abroad we all broaden. We broaden immensely, and especially in this spot, because we are always looking on

that mountain, and there is immense breadth in it. That gives us, while we retain our individual dogmas, immense breadth of feeling and consideration for all those who are striving to do good work and perhaps improve the condition of humanity in general. I remember when the Bishop of Derry was out here and was staying with me, when the Bishop's daughter was married from my house, how, on the Sabbath, the Bishop said to me, 'I suppose you are coming to hear me at Rondebosch Church?' and I replied, 'No, sir, I have got my own chapel.' The Bishop said, 'Where is it?' and I replied, 'It is up the mountain.' The Bishop thereupon remarked, 'Dear me, dear me, what a nice place to have your church.' The fact is, if I may take you into my confidence, that I do not care to go to a particular church even on one day in the year when I use my own chapel at all other times. I find that up the mountain one gets thoughts, what you might term religious thoughts, because they are thoughts for the betterment of humanity, and I believe that is the best description of religion, to work for the betterment of the human beings who surround us. This stone I have laid will subsequently represent a building, and in that building thoughts will be given to the people with the intention of raising their minds and making them better citizens. That is the intention of the laying of this stone. I will challenge any man or any woman, however broad their ideas may be, who object to go to church or chapel, to say they would not sometimes be better for an hour or an hour and a-half in church. I believe they would get there some ideas conveyed to them that would make them better human beings. There are those who, throughout the world, have set themselves the task of elevating their fellow beings, and have abandoned personal ambition, the accumulation of wealth, perhaps the pursuit of Art, and many of those things that are deemed most valuable. What is left to them? They have chosen to do what? To devote their whole mind to make other human beings better, braver, kindlier, more thoughtful, and more unselfish, for which they deserve the praise of all men."

These words explain what I mean by saying that Rhodes's mind was frankly pagan. And what could be more characteristic of the man than that he should have addressed them to a rigid sectarian body on such an occasion? If, as theologians tell us, there can be no religion except such as is based upon spiritual dogmata, then in the strict sense of the word Rhodes had not religion. But if he had not religion he had a great and twofold faith. He had faith in the future and faith in the Anglo-Saxon race, and especially in that branch of it of which he was a most typical specimen.

I quote Cecil Rhodes freely about himself, because I have never listened to or talked with a man whose conversation—and his so-called speeches were nothing more than conversation—was so faithful a reflex of his mind. He was always thinking, and when he was not thinking to himself he was thinking aloud with no breach in the continuity of his thought. It is this phenomenon, unique within my experience, which rendered his speeches so interesting and so incapable of classification in any known form of rhetoric. Take, for instance, this little revelation contained in a speech made as long ago as January, 1894, which in effect breathes the whole spirit of his will.

"Never hurry and hasten in anything. I remember in the impetuosity of my youth I was talking to a man advanced in years who was planting—what do you

think? He was planting oak trees, and I said to him very gently that the planting of oak trees by a man advanced in years seemed to me rather imaginative. He seized the point at once and said to me: 'You feel that I shall never enjoy the shade?' I said yes, and he replied, 'I have the imagination and I know what that shade will be, and at any rate no one will ever alter those lines. I have laid my trees on certain lines; I know that I cannot expect more than to see them beyond a shrub, but with me rests the conception and the shade and the glory.'"

This tallies with a remark which as frequently, perhaps, as another was on Rhodes's lips. "The world," he was fond of saying, "though large is limited, and therefore we must strive to get as much of the useful parts of it as we can in the interests of posterity, before they are grabbed up by foreign and exclusive Powers."

One more little quotation and I have done with them for the moment. Mr. Rhodes was addressing a meeting at Bulawayo in 1896, after the Raid:—

"Now in all my thoughts," he said, "about this question in the North there has been but one object. It is a clear and distinct idea drawn from past history that no savage country can long remain vacant, and further, from its situation, that the Cape Colony should be a dominant Power from the South to Central Africa. I have often said that in the House of Assembly, and it has been supposed to have been a political remark. Now I repeat it here without anyone thinking it a political remark. It is an idea of mine, and I think it is a correct idea. I have done everything for it in my power."

Now if these few quotations are taken in conjunction with the picture I have endeavoured to present of Rhodes's mind, it is easy to realise how intimately connected has been every stage of his political career. "I have endeavoured," he said in a speech to the shareholders of the Chartered Company, "to combine the commercial with the imaginative." In these words his object and his methods are practically summarised. The object of his devotion was England, an England not confined within the weather-beaten shores of an island in the Northern Sea, but an England spreading its branches over all those areas of the habitable globe not definitely appropriated by any civilised Power. And it was not the England of to-day so much as the England of a remoter future which constantly occupied his imagination. I have often heard him say: "They call Rhodes a land-grabber and a thief to-day, but in a hundred years' time, or in two hundred years, when South Africa is teeming with a prosperous population of English origin, they will bless the name of Rhodes, because he had secured for them a new home, and for those they had left behind them open and free markets." That, as I have said, was his religion. In judging a man's character it is practically immaterial to discuss the question whether the religion he professes is a true one or a false. All that is essential is to ascertain whether his belief in it is sincere and disinterested. Absolute proof it is

impossible to have; the workings of men's minds are necessarily inscrutable, but there are certain obvious tests which can profitably be applied. In the first place, one must put ambition out of the question, because ambition is indissolubly associated with every kind of aspiration—religious, philanthropic, or political. The anonymous benefactors and educators of mankind are few indeed in number. Man's ambition for his work can, however, be distinguished from ambition for personal aggrandisement. Rhodes's work was his religion, and that work took the form of promoting the expansion of England in the continent in which his lot was cast. Plutarch in his life of Julius Cæsar says of him, according to North's translation:—

"In his journey it is reported, that passing over the mountains of the Alpes, they came through a little poore village that had not many householdes; and yet poore cotages. There, his frendes that did accompanie him, asked him merily, if there were any contending for offices in that towne, and whether there were any etrife there amongst the noble men for honor. Cæsar, speaking in good earnest, answered: I can not tell that, said he, but for my parte, I had rather be the chieftest man here, then the second person in Rome."

That is the touch of personal ambition. Now contrast this with Rhodes's deliberately chosen course in South Africa. The story contained in the following extract from his speech, which was delivered at the Cape in March, 1898, was naturally never revealed to a public audience so long as he was working with the Afrikaner Bond. But his personal friends knew of the incident not very long after it occurred. I let him tell his story in his own unique fashion:—

"I remember," he said, "that we had a great meeting at Bloemfontein, and in the usual course I had to make a speech—I think I was your Prime Minister—and this speech pleased many there, and especially—and I speak of him with the greatest respect—a gentleman who is dead, Mr. Borekenhagen. He came to me and asked me to dictate to him the whole of the speech. I said, 'I never write a speech, and I don't know what I said, but I will tell you what I know about it.' He wrote it down and afterwards came to Cape Town with me. . . . He spoke to me very nicely about my speech. 'Mr. Rhodes, we want a united South Africa.' And I said, 'So do I. I am with you entirely. We must have a united South Africa.' He said, 'There is nothing in the way.' And I said, 'No, there is nothing in the way, we are one.' 'Yes,' he said, 'and I will tell you; we will take you as our leader,' he said, 'there is only one small thing, and that is, we must of course be independent of the rest of the world.' I said, 'You take me either for a rogue or a fool. I would be a rogue to forfeit all my history and traditions, and I would be a fool because I would be hated by my own countrymen and distrusted by yours.' From that day he assumed a most acrid tone in his *Express* towards me, and I was made full sorry at times by the tone, but that was the overpowering thought in his mind at the time, an independent South Africa."

The "I saids" and "he saids" are very characteristic of Rhodes's simple and forcible method of narrative. I only wish I were at liberty to reproduce his report of the confidential conversation he had with the German Emperor when he went to Berlin to negotiate about

his Cape-to-Cairo Railway and Telegraphs. All that I can say is, that when two distinguished diplomatists entered the room to bring a prolonged *tête-à-tête* to a close, their hair stood on end at the blunt and characteristic frankness with which Rhodes was speaking to the Kaiser. What they did hear was a little startling, but I doubt not that they would have been paralysed had they heard the rest of that interesting conversation.

There is no great indiscretion, however, in giving the substance of two very characteristic passages: the Emperor William and Rhodes had been discussing the Cape-to-Cairo Railway, which, at that time at any rate, was to run in part through German territory. The Kaiser, who took the greatest interest in the scheme, and expressed his determination to co-operate in its execution, closed the conversation somewhat as follows:—

"Well, Mr. Rhodes, my section of the railway will be ready in two or three years, and I should much like to come and celebrate the junction with your system, but, as that will be impossible, I will send some one to represent me on the occasion."

"No, sir," said Rhodes, "your railway won't be ready by that time. I don't know, sir, anything about your Germans at home, but those out in Africa are the most lethargic, unprogressive people in the world, and I am sure it will take them many years to start their railway."

This was unconventional enough, but there was worse to follow.

"Before I go," said Rhodes, "I must thank you, sir, for that telegram (the famous Kruger telegram). You see, sir, that I got myself into a bad scrape and I was coming home to be whipped as a naughty boy by Grandmamma¹ when you kindly stepped in and sent that telegram, and you got the whipping instead of me."

The other incident occurred at an interview which took place either the next day or the day after. I am not quite sure whether the agreement under discussion referred to the Cape-to-Cairo Telegraph or the Railway, but the draft was before them, and the Emperor observed, "Well, Mr. Rhodes, I hope you are satisfied with the arrangement."

"Not quite," replied Rhodes, "unless, sir, you want to see Cecil Rhodes file his petition in bankruptcy."

"What do you mean," asked the Kaiser, who had himself given instructions for the drafting of the agreement.

"I mean this," was the reply, "that there is a clause in this document which provides that while your Majesty undertakes to protect the railway or telegraph (whichever it was) against attacks or injury,

(1) Rhodes was in the habit of talking about the Mother Country as "Grandmamma," and certainly never realised the sense which the expression would convey to the grandson of Queen Victoria.

Cecil Rhodes has to pay the whole cost incurred in such defence. Now, sir, there is nothing in the clause to prevent you from sending a whole Army Corps for this purpose, and if I had to pay for that I should have to file my petition."

The Kaiser laughed, and said, "Quite right," and, turning to Count von Bülow (I think), who was present, said: "Add words limiting Mr. Rhodes's liability to £40,000. That's fair, I think." To which Rhodes replied that he was perfectly satisfied.

I was told by one who certainly ought to have known, that after these two interviews the Kaiser remarked to a Minister, "I have met a man." If he used those words they must have been in conscious or unconscious reminiscence of a saying of his great predecessor, Frederick the Great, with reference to the elder Pitt: "England has long been in travail and has at last produced a man."

To return, however, from this digression: I want to point the moral of this passage with Carl Borchsenius. For the existence of a widespread suspicion that Rhodes contemplated his elevation to a sort of dictatorship in a South Africa practically independent of England, he was himself largely to blame. I shall discuss presently his relations with the Afrikaner Bond, which naturally gave rise to much uneasiness amongst the colonists of British origin, and was misrepresented by the Press in this country, which, until quite recent years, has been singularly ill-informed as to the true inwardness of South African politics. Nothing, however, in the world would induce Rhodes to contradict a calumny or misrepresentation about himself and his aims. Almost the last message I received from him, the last, indeed, but one, was when he was recruiting with Dr. Jameson at Salzmaggioro. In some publication of the *Truth* or *Modern Society* type I happened to see a particularly malevolent and lying paragraph about Rhodes, which referred to an incident within my own knowledge. I wrote to Dr. Jameson—it was never any use writing to Rhodes—asking him whether I should contradict it. To this letter I received the following characteristic reply, dictated to Dr. Jameson by Rhodes:—

"Tell Iwan-Müller that we colonists are not so soft-skinned as you people at home. When we are hit we don't whine and cry, and when we are praised we don't pat our stomachs and say what fine fellows we are."

Intelligent people in South Africa could have had but little doubt as to the true relations between Rhodes and the Afrikaner Bond, for he used to flaunt them rather ostentatiously in the face of his allies both in the Assembly and on public platforms. People in England, however, realising that "Africa for the Afrikanders" was the rallying cry of the Bond, and that Rhodes enjoyed the support of the Bond, drew the very natural inference that Rhodes was in favour

of a United South Africa practically independent of Great Britain. He never took the trouble to correct that impression himself, nor, so far as I know, instigated others to do so. When his gift of £10,000 to Parnell's Home Rule Fund broke upon the world like a thunder-bolt, it was natural that nine out of ten Englishmen should jump to the conclusion that Rhodes was a Separatist and anxious to disintegrate the British Empire. Many newspapers, and especially *The Spectator*, gave expression to these very plausible views. They were not true, they were the very opposite of being true, and all the time Rhodes had in his safe the means of destroying the false impression and of bringing the truth into light. He never availed himself of these means, even when, after the death of Parnell, the Irish Nationalists, according to their wont, turned round and rent their benefactor. The correspondence which had passed between him and the Irish leader was only published as an appendix to a very important but formidably bulky collection of his speeches which appeared in 1900.

What, then, were his true relations with the Afrikaner Bond? There is really no dispute as to them or their origin. For on innumerable occasions he told the Afrikaner Bond all about them inside the Assembly and on public platforms. As long ago as 1878, before the retrocession of the Transvaal, he said to Dr. Jameson, who was, and has ever been, the faithful recipient of Rhodes's most private thoughts, that he intended "to have the whole unmarked country north of the Colony for England, and I know I can get it and develop it at present only by the co-operation of the Cape Dutch colonists, and I am perfectly willing to pay the price." If Rhodes held those views two years before Mr. Gladstone reaped the bitter harvest of the Midlothian campaign of 1880, what occurred afterwards was calculated to strengthen his belief in the means he had proposed to himself. With the disgraceful dismissal of Sir Bartle Frere and the humiliating capitulation of Downing Street, as Lord Cairns called it, the English party in the Cape Colony was as much shattered as was the Liberal party by Mr. Gladstone's adoption of Home Rule. On the other hand, the revolt of the Transvaal, which had been organised and engineered from Cape Colony, had called into existence the Afrikaner Bond, which practically united Dutchmen in the Colonies and the Republics. Its first ideal was a United South Africa under its own flag. This proposition was set forth in the official programme of the Bond. A year or two after its foundation the Bond came under the control of the most astute politician the Dutch have yet produced. Mr. Hofmeyr was very far-sighted; he realised that the time had not yet come, if it ever was to come, for shaking off the Imperial yoke, which rested very lightly upon Afrikaner shoulders. There was much to be done in the way of development and expansion, both by

the Colony and the Republics, which could not be accomplished without the assistance of British capital. It was a characteristically "slim" idea which probably influenced Mr. Hofmeyr's mind, that if the Afrikanders—by which term was always meant the Dutch majority—were determined to set up a house of their own, it would be more profitable and more prudent to defer the repudiation of the rent until the landlord had been inveigled into furnishing it from attic to basement. Moreover, Mr. Hofmeyr realised that if the British caretaker was prematurely evicted, a German bailiff would be promptly installed and not so easily got rid of. Mr. Hofmeyr's policy, therefore, was to secure the sole use of South Africa for the Afrikanders without parting with the protection which Great Britain alone could afford to her harbours and seaboard. The Dutch were to have the exclusive right of shooting over the preserves, and England was to be paid a modest wage, with a residence thrown in, to protect the game against German poachers. It was a pretty plan, and in the earlier stages of its evolution it suited Rhodes's policy, which had a very different end in view. He therefore struck a bargain with Mr. Hofmeyr, in which he agreed to promote the ultra-conservative domestic policy of the Afrikanders, and Mr. Hofmeyr guaranteed at least the neutrality of the Bond, while Rhodes pursued his policy of keeping open the North. There were times when Mr. Hofmeyr himself found the greatest difficulty in keeping his part of the bargain. For instance, the Afrikaner Bond was bitterly opposed to extending the railway beyond Kimberley, and endeavoured to insist that if it went northward from that point of all, it should be constructed through Transvaal territory. However, that and other difficulties were overcome until a stage of their joint journey was reached where the roads parted, and where the choice of the ultimate goal must be made. Mr. Hofmeyr and the Bond made no secret of their destination.

The die was cast and Rhodes improvidently crossed the Rubicon, or, in other words, embarked upon the policy which culminated in the Raid; but it can never be said that at any time during his connection with the Bond he ever disguised his real objective. As early as 1883 he told them in the Cape Assembly: "I believe in a United States of South Africa, but as a portion of the British Empire." Two years later, in the same place, he told Mr. Hofmeyr to his face that he had "no bait that could tempt me." But the most characteristic and daring enunciation of his views was made at Kimberley, when he had become Prime Minister by grace, as it were, of the Afrikaner Bond:—

"It is customary," he said, "to speak of a United South Africa as possible within the near future. If we mean a complete union with the same flag I see very serious difficulties. I know myself that I am not prepared at any time to forfeit

my flag. . . . If I have to forfeit my flag, what have I left? If you take away my flag you take away everything. Holding these views, I can feel some respect for the neighboring States, where men have been born under Republican institutions and with Republican feelings. When I speak of a South African union I mean that we may attain perfect free trade as to our own commodities, perfect and complete internal railway communication, and a general customs union stretching from Delagoa Bay to Walvisch Bay, and if our statesmen should attain to that I say they will have attained a good work."

A year later, on March 30, 1891, the Annual Congress of the Afrikaner Bond was held at Kimberley. There Mr. Rhodes took an opportunity of impressing upon the Bond what ought to be, rather than what was, the goal of their ambitions.

"The principle," he said, "must be recognised in the Old Country that the people bred and born in this Colony and descended from those who existed in this country many generations ago, are much better capable of dealing with the various matters that arise than people who have to dictate 7,000 miles away. Now that is the principle of the Afrikaner Bond. There may be some of you who think that the relations of the Empire must be altered and that separation must take place in time. That I will not discuss just now, but I have a hope that under the principle of self-government we may long remain a portion of the British Empire, enjoying special advantages under a differential rate."

The peroration to this speech, made, be it remembered, in the presence of an organisation saturated with anti-English prejudices, discloses the hope which Rhodes entertained for the union of South Africa, and the means which he believed would effect it on a peaceable basis.

"As a Cape Colonist," he said, "I hope to make Cape Town the centre of South Africa. I ask you again, as representatives of the Afrikaner Bond, to assist me in carrying out that idea. I have stated to you to-night my policy; and I have learnt one habit in life, which is, whenever you make a public statement never to depart from it. You can expect from me to-night that I think now what I thought nine years ago, and what shall be my thought in the future. . . . Let us accept jointly the idea that the most complete internal self-government is what we are both aiming at. That self-government means that in every question in connection with this country, we shall decide, and we alone. I think that proposition will meet your views. If you desire the cordial and intense co-operation of the English section of this country let us unite and be of one mind on this question of self-government. Remember that we have been trained at home; we have our history and our nation to look back upon, and we believe that, with your help, it is possible to obtain that union, fulfilling in every respect your ideas of self-government, and yet you will not be asking us to forfeit our full loyalty and feeling of devotion to the Mother Country."

The effect of that speech upon public opinion, both in South Africa and London, is reflected in the next speech made by Rhodes in that hotbed of Afrikanerdom, the Paarl.

"I defy anyone," he said, "to make a speech as Prime Minister in this Colony without hurting the feelings of someone. I was reflecting only to-day that the *Cape Times* had thought it worth while to spend a couple of hundred pounds on a

cable from England, giving a criticism from the London *Times* on my speech at Kimberley: and when I read that criticism I discovered that the English people were not satisfied with me. They think that I am too Afrikaner. Then I have just received a *Free State Express*, in which Mr. Borckenhagen slates me in the most fearful language because I am too much an Englishman. I mention this to show you the difficulty in which one is placed, but I do feel that I am steering the right course between Jingoism on the one side and sensitive feeling on the other, if I confine myself to stating what is the policy of the people of Cape Colony."

There was nothing novel in Rhodes's solution of the South African problem. That problem has always been, and is, to consolidate and unite the whole of a vast sub-continent divided by purely artificial boundaries deriving no warrant from the facts of geography or the doctrines of economy or politics. The simplest, the safest, and the most effective method was to bring about a fusion of the two White races such as would enable them to live together on terms of perfect equality and in complete union under the protection of the British flag. Every intelligent Governor sent to preside over the Cape Colony had recommended this simple expedient. D'Urban, Grey, and Bartle Frere had, by preaching and practice, endeavoured to attain this end. Rhodes was in a better position than any of them to carry out this policy if it was practicable. He could control Parliament as no Governor could. As a Colonist he could appeal to Colonial sentiment more naturally than was possible for the most capable Englishman sent as Governor for a period of five or six years. As a genuine friend of and sympathiser with the Dutch he could handle Dutch sensitiveness and Dutch prejudices as no Englishman before or after him has been in a position to do. If the policy of conciliation and fusion broke down in his hands it broke down because it was inherently an impossible policy. The extreme Dutch, who were represented by the Afrikaner Bond, were ready to accept at Rhodes's hands as much as he, consistently with his devotion to the British flag, was ready to give them. But at the back of their minds, sometimes dormant but never extinct, was the determination to establish a Dutch United South Africa from which British ideas of government and progress and economics and social life should be absolutely excluded. The struggle for race ascendancy was not begun by the English, it was entirely the work of the Dutch. There was truth in his remark made fifteen months before the war with regard to the Dutch organ, *Ons Land*, when he said:—

"I am sorry that the gentleman who directs and inspires it (Mr. Hofmeyr) should be able to do that which provokes race feeling and bitterness, which does not promote the union of Africa or the prosperity of this Colony."

The great mistake which Rhodes made was, that from the beginning almost to the end he under-estimated the depth and the bitterness of Dutch antipathy to British ideas. In the speech from which I have just quoted he gives an illustration of that sanguine diagnosis.

"If I thought," he said, "that *One Land* represented the feeling of those people (the Dutch) it would be a bad time for this country, but I am perfectly sure it does not, and I am sure that this little gang in Camp Street (that is the Commissie Van Toesicht or Secret Executive of the Bond) are terrorising this country. If you return a non-Progressive Party or an *One Land* Party, or a Hofmeyr Party, they will never consent to union because they are afraid to lose the oligarchical domination which exists here and in the Transvaal, which is out of sympathy entirely with Republican ideas and Imperial ideas, and which preaches that the government of a few shall run the State."

For fourteen years Rhodes, with that infinite patience which characterised him, endeavoured to carry out the policy of conciliation and fusion. It was not till he found that it was to Krugerism and not to Rhodesism that the bulk of the Dutch colonists in South Africa looked for inspiration, that he broke the futile alliance with the Afrikaner Bond.

I have given extracts from Rhodes's public speeches at some length because his relations with the Afrikaner Bond have been either innocently or perversely misunderstood in this country. What he said upon the public platform tallied in spirit, and generally in letter, with the substance of his private conversations. Whatever was in his mind he did not hesitate to say it, whether *tête-à-tête* with a companion in his library or at a political meeting or in Parliament. Most people will remember the excitement and affected indignation aroused by his reference to the "unctuous rectitude" of his fellow countrymen. Not many know the sequel. Some of his more timorous friends in England actually sent emissaries to meet him at Madeira, and to beg him to state that the expression attributed to him was due to a reporter's mistake, and that what he really said was "anxious" and not "unctuous rectitude." "Not at all," said Rhodes; "I said 'unctuous' and I mean 'unctuous,' and I shall stick to 'unctuous.'"

The virtual breach with the Bond was followed by the policy which culminated in the Raid. With the moral and political aspect of that disastrous blunder I cannot deal here, though I am treating it at some length in a book on Lord Milner and South Africa, which is now passing through the press. Even there, however, I am not in a position to state the whole of the facts as they are known to me, though I must say here, as I say in my book, that amongst the reserved facts there is no shade or shadow of evidence of any complicity of the Colonial Office in the Raid. There are, however, facts which will be made known in due time which throw a new light not perhaps so much upon the politico-ethical side of the question as upon the prospects of an attempt to depose President Kruger as they presented themselves to Rhodes. Personally I should say that the plan or conspiracy, or whatever it is to be called, as at first conceived, had in it elements of success, and, to use a sporting phrase, a shade

of odds might have been laid upon pulling off the event. However, the plot as executed differed in every essential particular from the plot as it was designed, and so it came to utter and inevitable grief. One thing must be borne in mind, and that is that Rhodes's obstinate insistence upon the acceptance of the British flag contributed as much as anything else, if not more, to the fiasco which resulted.

Rhodes the man might be almost inferred from Rhodes the politician. He accumulated great wealth with the sole object of securing a prize which was in no true sense a personal one. How many millions he possessed I do not know,¹ but I am quite certain that on the gratification of his own wants he never spent a thousand a year. He hated ostentation and lived with the utmost simplicity. On Groot Schuur he lavished an inordinate sum of money, but Groot Schuur he embellished far more for the public than for himself. He made it as perfect a model of Dutch domestic architecture as he could, and he filled it with the finest specimens of the best Dutch workmanship that money could buy. But with the exception of his bedroom, his billiard room and his library, the public of Cape Town owned Groot Schuur as completely as its master. It is known that he has left it and its beautiful grounds in trust for the public. The little dwelling-house at Muizenberg where he died was one of three simple cottages he acquired in order that in the heat of summer he might run down with his friends from Cape Town to get a whiff of sea air. The Cockney tripper to Ramsgate or Margate would have turned up his nose at the humble accommodation afforded, and would not have been extravagant in his praises of what the reporters call the *ouisine*. Rhodes, to tell the truth, cared very little what he ate or what he drank or wherewithal he was clothed.² House and clothes and food were indispensable necessities which Rhodes could never imagine a sensible man worrying about. He was so absorbed in one object

(1) Written before the contents of the will was published. The amount is about £6,000,000 "face value."

(2) On this last point I had an amusing illustration when I returned from South Africa at the close of the year 1900. Mr. Rhodes's tailors and my own are one and the same, and for the same reason. They had been our tailors when we were undergraduates, and we have been their customers ever since. Needing to replenish my own wardrobe, I went to the shop, and seeing an autograph letter of Mr. Rhodes's on the wall, I remarked incidentally that I had left him only three weeks ago. "Then," said the manager, "you can, perhaps, tell me what clothes he wants, for we have just received an order for six suits of clothes without any instructions as to material, or whether they are for summer or winter wear." "Well," I replied, "you had better send him a new dress suit, for I imagine he wants one, and as for the rest, I should divide them as equally as possible between winter and summer, for they have only two seasons." "He is an unsatisfactory customer," said the manager, "for even when he is in England he won't allow us to try on his clothes. The only exception he made was when he had a frock-coat built because he was about to pay a visit to the Queen, and then he would only give us five minutes, and was awfully cross the whole time."

that he regarded most of the other things for which men sigh as so many inevitable interruptions to his own work. In the pursuance of that object he neither spared himself nor his money, and he expected everybody around him to take exactly the same view of life as he did. He was not, therefore, a very comfortable chief to work for. If any promising young subordinate contemplated matrimony he took it as a personal offence,¹ and could not for the life of him understand why a man should bother himself about anything but Rhodes's work. This absorption in one idea made him exceedingly imperious and resentful of criticism or opposition. He thought that what he lived for was good enough for anyone else to live for, and if you were not working with him or for him he had, as the Americans say, no use for you. Occasional relaxation was essential to the tautness of the bowstring. Otherwise he would never have unbent his bow or allowed anyone else to do so. He was not as a rule a good judge of men. At different times he really believed that the late Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett and Mr. W. T. Stead were serious factors in English politics. He was intensely interested in classical art, especially architecture, and in classical literature. I am, however, persuaded that in them both he was always seeking for ideas and inspirations to be applied to the particular case of South Africa. I wish I could repeat in faithful form a conversation on the subject of Pericles I had with him soon after he had been at Athens. He held forth with great insight and appreciation upon the grandeur of Greek art, and "that is the way," he concluded, "that fellow Pericles taught those lazy, indolent Athenians to believe in Empire."

I could cite innumerable instances to show how the one great idea which occupied Rhodes's whole being was always the finishing point of any conversation, no matter the subject with which it started. A great man possessed by one great idea is naturally devoid of many, or perhaps I should say of most, of the minor qualities which earn men popularity. No one, for example, would say that Rhodes was amiable. That pleasant but rather tepid endowment implies at least the capacity for sympathy with other people's views, ideas, and aspirations. But when a man has only one view, one idea, and one aspiration, it is impossible for him to take, even if he affects, a sympathetic interest in the affairs of other people. Many people are in the habit of saying that Mr. Rhodes had no human kindness;² that he was, to use

(1) Much nonsense has been talked and written about Rhodes being a woman-hater. He liked talking with intelligent women who were interested in his work, and enjoyed their society though he rarely sought it. Women were not indispensable to him, that is all. He took the Pauline view of matrimony without St. Paul's qualifications.

(2) If one had not ceased to wonder at anything the Pro-Boers have done or left undone there would be room for astonishment at their failure to criticise certain omissions from Rhodes's will. He has left nothing to philanthropic charities, such as

an expression I have heard in connection with him, "devoid of bowels." Again I say that a man self-concentrated on one absorbing idea is apt to disregard everything which does not tend to promote that idea, and to brush out of his path anything which threatens to hinder its realisation. I am quite certain that Mr. Rhodes did not love his enemies, and that he liked them still less. The sort of compassion which he was capable of feeling for them was a detached intellectual pity such as he felt for himself when one of his great plans miscarried. At the best it was the sort of pity which he extended to Paul Kruger when he knew that he had foiled the President's designs of blocking the way to the north.

"I do not think," he said in a speech made in the Cape House in July, 1888, "any honourable Members should consider this question as one of our being dictated to by the Transvaal when they think of what that man Paul Kruger has lost in his efforts to realise his dream of a Republic for his people and his people alone. I regard him as one of the most remarkable men in South Africa who has been singularly unfortunate. When I remember that Paul Kruger had not a sixpence in his treasury when his object was to extend his country over the whole northern interior, when I see him sitting in Pretoria with Bechuanaland gone, and other lands around him gone from his grasp, and, last of all, when he, with his whole idea of a pastoral Republic, finds that idea vanishing, and that he is likely to have to deal with 100,000 diggers who must be entirely out of sympathy and touch with him, I pity the man. When I see a man starting and continuing with one object, and utterly failing in that object, I cannot help pitying him. I know very well that he has been willing to sacrifice anything to gain that object of his. If you think it out it has been a most remarkable thing that, not content with recovering his country, he wished to obtain the whole interior. His intention was to obtain the whole interior for a population of his own, and he has been defeated in his object."

One cannot read these words without feeling that there was underlying the expression of sympathy the sort of triumph which induced Baxter to say, when he watched a criminal being led to execution, "There, but for the grace of God, goes Richard Baxter." Rhodes felt for such of his adversaries as he vanquished much the same kind of compassion as the knight who had gained the prize at the tournament might have felt for the rivals he had overthrown. Rhodes was wholly free from that canting affectation of magnanimity which causes men to profess sorrow for the discomfiture of their foes. Nobody who ever championed a cause he believed to be true was really sorry for the defeat he had inflicted upon the advocates of what he believed to be wrong. The softness of his nature, if there was any softness in that will of steel, Rhodes as carefully concealed as a knight would the weak joints in his harness. As a great writer once said to me, "It

hospitals and the like, nor has he attempted to make any provision for the "submerged tenth." As a matter of fact Rhodes sympathised with all charitable efforts but would not devote his fortune to their promotion. "I am concerned," he would have said, "solely for the future of England, and that future will rest in the hands of men sound in body and mind, coming of good stock and most liberally educated."

is a pity that so-and-so always depicts his heroes as if they were women. The suppressed tear and the occasional falter in speech at moments of very high pressure, are just the weaknesses the hero desires to conceal, and why should his biographer go out of his way to call attention to them?" One little incident, however, I must record, though I think it has been mentioned before, to show that carefully concealed beneath the surface there was running a strong stream of human affection. When Groot Schuur was burnt down, Rhodes was in bad health somewhere up in Northern Rhodesia. The administrator who had received the news communicated it to Rhodes as follows:—

"I am afraid, Mr. Rhodes, I have some very bad news for you."

"What is it?" said Rhodes.

"Groot Schuur has been burnt down, and I am afraid most of its contents are destroyed."

"Thank God!" said Rhodes, "I thought you were going to tell me that Jameson was dead."

Dr. Jameson at that time was seriously ill in prison, to which he had been consigned for his share in the Raid. But I doubt if many who associated with Rhodes could quote half-a-dozen similar outbursts. He disliked emotion and sentimentality and gush, and all those outward manifestations of feeling which seem to be recommendations with a large number of the effeminate guides of the twentieth century. To cant and hypocrisy he was hostile to, and beyond, the verge of brutality. Was Rhodes an utterly selfish man? The answer must depend upon the exact meaning the questioner assigns to selfishness. If to devote your whole life, to sacrifice all that men call pleasure and most of what men mean by ambition, to subordinate every feeling and every action to one end, and that not a personal one, is unselfishness, then Rhodes must be reckoned as amongst the most unselfish of great men. If, on the other hand, unselfishness is interpreted as meaning a tender and constant regard for the happiness and comfort and feelings of those about us or of those of our immediate day and generation, then Rhodes must be accounted positively and even callously selfish. He did not spare himself, and he did not spare others. He sacrificed what I may call the narrow and immediate altruism to the wider and the more remote. In one sense, at any rate, it might be said of Rhodes, that his kingdom was not of this world, if by this world we mean those actually living, moving, and having their being in it.

Nor do I think that he was much concerned for the concrete happiness of the individuals yet unborn for whom he was preparing the future. His political creed—if I may so describe it—was Positivism limited to British humanity. It was of the England of the future that he was always thinking and for which he laboured and

suffered and fought. It may have been a wrong ideal, but who shall say that it was a bad one or deny that it was a great one? If my assumptions are granted I am not concerned to discuss the question of the morality of the means which Rhodes adopted to secure his ends. The whole history of the comparatively few great men the world has known, renders that task unnecessary. The shortcomings and even the vices of the most applauded of "cosmic" heroes would, if exhibited by individuals, justify their exclusion from the society of decent men. Who would defend the character of Frederick the Great if he had been plain Herr Schmidt in a little Brandenburg municipality? Let me quote a couple of paragraphs from Carlyle on his chiefest hero:—

"He well knew himself to be dying; but some think, expected that the end might be a little farther off. There is a grand simplicity of stoicism in him, coming as if by nature or by long second nature, finely unconscious of itself and finding nothing of peculiar in this new trial laid on him. From of old, life has been infinitely contemptible to him. In death I think he has neither Fear nor Hope. Atheism truly he never could abide; to him, as to all of us, it was flatly inconceivable that intellect, moral emotion, could have been put into him by an Entity that had none of its own. But there pretty much his Theism seems to have stopped. Instinctively, too, he believed, no man more firmly, that Right alone has ultimately any strength in this world; ultimately, yes—but for him and his poor brief interests what good was it? Hope for himself in Divine Justice, in Divine Providence, I think he had not practically any; that the unfathomable Demiurgus should concern himself with such a set of paltry, ill-given animalcules as one's self and mankind are, this also, as we have often noticed is, in the main, incredible to him.

"A sad Creed this of the King's; he had to do his duty without fee or reward. Yes, reader, and what is well worth your attention, you will have difficulty to find in the annals of any Creed a King or man who stood more faithfully to his duty, and to his last hour alone concerned himself with doing that. To poor Friedrich that was all the law and all the prophets; and I must recommend you to surpass him if you, by good luck, have a better copy of these inestimable Documents. Inarticulate notions, fancies, transient aspirations, he might have in the background of his mind. One day, sitting for a while out of doors, gazing into the sun, he was heard to murmur, 'Perhaps I shall be nearer thee soon,' and, indeed, nobody knows what his thoughts were in these final months. There is traceable only a complete superiority to fear and hope; in parts, too, are half-glimpses of a great, motionless, interior lake of sorrow, sadder than any tears or complainings which are altogether wanting to it."

It is not good to judge any man, but if we are called upon to judge great men we must judge them by the standard of great men, and not by that we apply to the life and conduct of the men and women whom we jostle in the streets. Before the law all men are equal, but not at the bar of history. That tribunal at any rate has never assumed, in those brought up to judgment, an equality which is repugnant to our moral sense as well as to our intellect. It is of course open to the *advocatus diaboli* to plead that a particular personage cannot be included in the category of great men. That is a point of

fact upon which the jury of history must make its finding. The point of law in the court of history is that the great man, when he has proved his title so to be designated, is exempt from the test of the ordinary rules of social and political morality. To such a one the gnats and camels are of equal magnitude or of equal infinitesimality and are equally to be swallowed. So history has judged all the great men of the past in all ages and in all climes. There is hardly a brilliant name in the long Roll of Honour which would be found there if the pettier standards of the lower morality had been invoked to determine its inclusion or its exclusion. More than that, amongst the highest of the bearers of these great names were men who, arraigned before the criminal courts of their respective countries, would have ended their days on the gallows or in the dungeons. I make no claim for Cecil Rhodes that he was a good man in the usually accepted sense of the term. I do claim that he was a great man, and a very great man, and that as such he must be tried by the standards we apply to his equals in the court of history. And Englishmen, at any rate, in forming their judgment of Rhodes's character and career will incline to the side of approbation if for no other reason than because he devoted all his life and all his energy, all his powerful intellect and wonderful will, all his virtues and, if you like, all his vices, to the promotion of what he held with an unwavering and unqualified belief to be the cause of England.

When the above was written I had not seen the Rhodes will, though from fragmentary interpolations in his wide-ranging conversations, as I have said, I could have framed, and did in my own mind frame, a pretty accurate estimate of the spirit of this testament. About the place of his burial and the simple nature of his epitaph there could be no doubt whatever, for he constantly referred to it six or seven years ago, when there was no prospect of an early death. There was, however, a little significance in his instruction as to the exact wording of the inscription on his tomb. He never made any secret of the legitimate satisfaction which his Privy Councillorship and his Doctorship in Civil Law gave him. They were probably, almost certainly, the only kind of "honours" that Rhodes would have accepted, because he held them to be Imperial and not personal distinction. But so ostentatiously averse was he from any form of ostentation that he settled the problem which might have troubled his executors by limiting his description to his surname and Christian names. Another notable fact with regard to his creation of a Valhalla is a slight alteration in his methods of selecting persons worthy of sepulture there. In 1895 he told me of this idea of his almost exactly in the words in which it appears in the will, but with this difference: his plan then was that the choice should rest with a two-

thirds vote of the *landed proprietors* of South Africa. He went on to use language with regard to the esteem in which he held the much-abused class of landlords everywhere, which finds expression in the codicil to his will:—

"And whereas, as I humbly believe that one of the secrets of England's strength has been, the existence of a class termed 'the country landlords,' who devote their efforts to the maintenance of those on their own property. And whereas this is my own experience. Now therefore I direct, etc."

The reason he gave me for this elimination of all other classes but landlords from the electorate for the Valhalla was curious and illuminating. He told me how during a recent visit to England he had stayed with an English country gentleman of very large estates.

"I went about with him," he said in effect—though I do not profess to be able to recall the exact wording of his sentences—"and I discovered that he knew the history and personal circumstances of every man, woman, and child upon his property. He was as well instructed in their pedigrees as themselves, and could tell you how long every tenant or even labourer had been connected with the estate, and what had happened to any of them in the course of their lives. From there I went on to a successful manufacturer, a man of high standing and benevolent disposition. He took me over his works and explained the machinery and the different improvements that had been made, with perfect familiarity with his subject, but, except as to the heads of departments, foremen and the like, he absolutely knew nothing whatever about the lives and conditions of his 'hands.' Now," he added, "my manufacturing friend was a more progressive man, and probably a more capable than my landlord friend. Yet the very necessities of the latter's position compelled him to discharge duties of the existence of which the other had no idea. The manufacturer built schools and endowed libraries, and received reports as to their management, but he never knew, or cared to know, what effect his philanthropy had upon the individual beneficiaries."

Another point has escaped the attention of many observers. When I was talking to him ten years ago at Groot Schuur (which, curiously enough, in his will he does not spell as it is spelt on his own note-paper¹), his intention was to have left the house and gardens for a public park and museum, and as such it will remain until South Africa is federated. But his reason for destining it as the future home of Prime Ministers is not revealed.

It is due, I believe, entirely to his fierce opposition to the removal of the capital of United South Africa from Cape Town. In 1900 I brought down on my head a tornado of his wrath, by expressing an opinion that the ultimate metropolis of South Africa would be Bloemfontein. In vain I pleaded the lesson of history that it was wise to separate your political capital from the great commercial and financial centres. He would not listen to any argument, and for days

(1) In one of the few scraps of letters I have from him he spells the Matoppos with only one "p," and so he always pronounced them.

after he would tell all and several in my presence that "Müller wants me to go to Bloemfontein. I won't go to Bloemfontein. It's a beastly, flat, uninteresting, uninspiring place." He held, quite seriously, that the grandeur of Table Mountain and its surroundings—I think myself, by the way, they are the most beautiful of their kind in the world—would kindle the fire of imagination in the most phlegmatic Afrikaner. All his own ideas, he said, had come to him in solitary rambles at the foot of the great mountain or in lonely rides in the uplands of Rhodesia. It was useless to point out to him that whether Mahomet went to the mountain, or whether the mountain went to Mahomet, it was only Mahomet that mattered. The sites of Athens and of Rome, and the works of art which had once adorned them, convinced him that external impressions had far more political and educational value than most people would allow. And so it came to pass that while it was no longer in his power to use his personal influence in maintaining Cape Town as the capital of South Africa, he left after his death every possible inducement to budding Prime Ministers to take his view of the question. He talked a great deal on the subject of endowments, and asked me again and again whether I thought that money given to the University of Oxford as such would be usefully applied. I confessed that I had not a much higher opinion of the common-sense practical capacity of dons than Rhodes had himself, and I used to reply that the result of bequests to the University would be the establishment of a certain number of Chairs, not because they were wanted, but because somebody wanted them. At that time of course I had no reason to suppose that he was thinking of his own will. With regard to his scholarships he made some very shrewd observations:—

"A lot of young Colonials go to Oxford and Cambridge," he said, "and come back with a certain anti-English feeling, imagining themselves to have been slighted because they were Colonials. That of course is all nonsense. I was a Colonial, and I knew everybody I wanted to know and everybody who wanted to know me. The explanation is that most of these youngsters go there on the strength of scholarships, and insufficient allowances, and are therefore practically confined to one set, that of men as poor as themselves, who use the University naturally and quite properly only as a stepping-stone to something else. They are quite right, but they don't get what I call University education which is the education of rubbing shoulders with every kind of individual and class on absolutely equal terms; therefore a very poor man can never get the full value of an Oxford training."

I have added these few side-lights on Rhodes's will because they seem to me to be of some intrinsic interest. The whole will, however, is at once the man himself and the index to the man's character. In one sense, at any rate, Rhodes was an artist. His greater inspirations came upon him in close and solitary intercourse with Nature. He contemplated rather than studied her, and learned

from his contemplation that the future is made for man, and not, as Mr. Kidd seems to think, that man is made for the future. And this, too, must have been his thought when he chose for himself the lonely resting-place in the Matoppos Hills. At present his bones lie in what is practically a wilderness, but he foresaw and provided for the time when that wilderness should blossom like the rose, ploughed and tilled and afforested by prosperous white men of his own race. The keynote to his life and policy is to be found in the parable of the old man planting oak trees which I have quoted above. "I have the imagination, and I know what the shade will be, and at any rate no one will ever alter those lines. I have laid my trees on certain lines; I know that I cannot expect more than to see them beyond a shrub, but with me rest the conception and the shade and the glory."

E. B. IWAN-MÜLLER.

NOTE.—The extracts from Rhodes's political speeches have been taken from *Cecil Rhodes: His Political Life and Speeches, 1881-1900*. By "Vindex." (Chapman & Hall.)

CECIL RHODES IN EGYPT.

It is, I suppose, a common experience that the friendships one contracts in later life, however much they may be based on common sympathies or common interests, seldom attain the same kind of intimacy as the friendships formed in the days when one was young and, so to speak, wore one's heart upon one's sleeve. The explanation is obvious enough. The years of wandering, of stress and storm, when for good or evil the character is formed, are unknown chapters of life to friends who have only come into close relations with each other at a more or less mature age. My friendship, if I may use the term, with Cecil Rhodes commenced at the time when we both had ceased to consider ourselves young, and, what is worse, had ceased to be considered young. Friendships so formed are apt to remain stationary. Your intimacy reaches a certain temperature, and there, as a rule, it stops. I always had the feeling that however long my acquaintance with Rhodes might last, I should never know much more about the man than I did when we first met. He was not so much reserved as reticent. To anyone who sympathised with his ideas, who took an interest in his schemes, and who could, he considered, be of service to him in advancing the projects he had at heart, he would talk freely and frankly about what he had achieved in the past, and still more about what he hoped to achieve in the future. But about himself, his own private career, his own personal relations, he was not, in as far as my experience went, fond of talking. Some years ago I was asked to write a memoir of Rhodes for a series called, if I remember rightly, "The Statesmen of to-day." In connection with this proposal which, in the end, I did not see my way to accept, I asked Rhodes if he could give me any information about his early life. The only item he was able, or perhaps willing, to provide me with was that he had been educated at the Bishop's Stortford Grammar School.

Looking back on the past, and recalling the many conversations I have had with the dead statesman, the subject of our talk seems to me to have mainly consisted in the recital of the methods by which he had secured the triumph of his ideas, in the discussion of his projects for the establishment of an united South African Confederation under the flag of England, and in explanations of the feasibility of the great Cape to Cairo railway, which, after his resignation of the Cape Premiership, occupied his mind almost to the exclusion of other matters. As the background of all those conversations I seem, in my mind's eye, to see the hall of the Civil Service

Club of Cape Town, the balcony of the Kimberley Club, or the sombre suite of rooms in the Burlington Hotel, which Rhodes always occupied when in London, and to which he clung with a sort of cat-like fidelity. To me personally it is difficult to associate Rhodes with the idea of a home. I never had the pleasure of seeing him at Groote Schuur, where he had built himself a house, the only residence of his own that, I believe, he ever occupied after he had first left England as a lad to seek health, and find a fortune in South Africa. His South African friends tell me he was personally attached to the dwelling in question; and from my recollection of the place, when it was the summer residence of the late Lord Loch, then Governor of the Cape Colony, I can understand that it was an abode to which its owner might easily become attached. I suspect myself, however, that the personal care and attention which Rhodes devoted to its construction and adornment was due rather to his intention of leaving Groote Schuur as a legacy to the city destined, in his belief, to be the future capital of an united British South Africa than to any personal gratification he derived from its luxuries and comforts. Rhodes, as I knew him, was always on the move, always busy with endless interviews, meetings, boards and appointments, always occupied and yet never in a hurry. I can hardly fancy his ever sitting down to read a book at his leisure, unless it bore somehow on the subject of his work-a-day thoughts. Probably the knowledge of the frail tenure on which his life hung may have impressed him with the necessity of subordinating every other consideration to the prosecution of what he regarded as the task imposed upon himself, and with which he had got to get as forward as possible before the summons came for the termination of his career: but I should doubt greatly whether he had any great aptitude for letters or love of reading for reading's sake. A man of thought and action and not a student, still less a scholar. Oxford has a peculiar art of putting a stamp of her own upon her pupils, but of this stamp in Rhodes I, personally, could never discover any trace whatever. Indeed, if I had been told that Rhodes had studied at one of our two great English Universities, and had been asked to guess whether he had been at Oxford or Cambridge, I should infallibly have decided in favour of the latter. If my acquaintance with Rhodes had been exclusively limited to my many interviews with him in South Africa and London, I should have realised to the full his power of mind, his strength of character, his loftiness of purpose, but I should have failed to realise the curious fascination he exercised over his intimates, if I had not seen him in Egypt under circumstances more favourable to the display of his personal characteristics.

I do not know any place in the world where our fellow countrymen and countrywomen make acquaintance with one another so pleasantly

and so readily as in Cairo. Everybody there—I am speaking of the ordinary British visitors—has no work to do except to bask in the sunshine, to visit the sights of that wondrous city and to enjoy the spectacle of oriental life as lived in the open air, always the same and yet, to European eyes, always new with a novelty that never fades. The British officials, zealous as they are in the discharge of their duties, take life far more easily than their colleagues at home, and somehow or other never fail to find time for the lazy loitering recreations which Egypt provides so bountifully for the foreign sojourners on her soil. Moreover, the whole atmosphere, moral as well as material, of Egypt in general, and of Cairo in particular, is fatal to exuberant energy or to hurry of any kind. Even Cecil Rhodes himself was not impervious to the *genius loci* and appreciated, when in Egypt, the charm of laziness than I suspect he ever did at any other period of his career.

Of course, to take life easily is not an art to be acquired rapidly, especially when the days of youth are past and gone; and it follows that all I say as to Rhodes's disposition to let things slide, in as far as active work was concerned, during his recent visits to Egypt, must be taken relatively. Judged by the ordinary European standard he did a full day's work while he supposed himself to be having a holiday. He was constantly receiving telegrams about business matters, which required deciphering, considering, answering, and then reconverting the answers into cypher. I remember once going into his rooms at the Savoy Hotel in Cairo—the millionaire's suite was the name it went by—and finding him annoyed at having had a long cable on some financial affairs which he said had taken him all the morning to work out. "I have wired back to our friends," he remarked, "always to telegraph to me in future in plain English. All my experience has taught me that if you wish to keep anything really secret the best way to do so is to have it called out by the town-crier." I believe, to a great extent, he acted upon this theory. I have often seen his sitting-room in London and elsewhere covered with letters, reports and documents, many of which were of a confidential character, and of which any of the various sorts and conditions of men who passed all day long through his rooms might easily have taken cognizance. Of diplomacy, whether in public or in private life, he took but small account; and in this, as indeed in all other respects, he was British to the backbone. Then, too, while in Egypt, he never lost an opportunity of conversing with, and, if possible, influencing men who he believed could give him information or assistance which might be of service to him in the prosecution of his South African enterprises. I doubt whether he took a very keen interest in the so-called Egyptian question. With his natural faculty of seizing the bottom facts of a case, he saw that so long as we occupied Egypt with

our troops England was master of the situation ; and he attached comparatively slight importance to the manner in which we exercised our ascendancy. Indeed, I fancy he somewhat underrated the value of the reforms introduced under British officialdom. The man who brought the Matabele insurrection to an end by going unarmed and defenceless into the Kaffir camp, carrying his life in his hands, could hardly be expected to appreciate the policy of leaving all International questions concerning Egypt to be settled, if at all, by the efflux of time.

Nor do I think that the history of Egypt, or the monuments, which remain as relics of its hygone grandeur, came home so much to Rhodes as they do to many visitors of far inferior intelligence and mental vigour. It was his nature to live in the present rather than in the past ; and the aspect of Egypt which interested him most was the marvellous productive power of the country, a power due, in the first instance, to the annual Nile flood, utilised as it has been for any number of centuries by the manual labour of the native population. The dam at Assouan and the Barrage below Cairo were things which appealed to his imagination far more than the Pyramids, or the Tombs of the Kings. After his first visit to the Pyramids what seemed to me to have struck him most was not their colossal size or the mystery of their origin, or the thoughts, faith, or ideas which the erection of these huge piles was designed to perpetuate, but the question how such masses of masonry could ever have been raised to such a height with the use of such machinery as is supposed to have been at the disposal of the Pharaohs. Moreover, irrigation was always one of Rhodes's hobbies. He never would admit that the Veldt might not be rendered a source of riverain fertilisation, scarcely, if at all, inferior to that of the Nile. Some dozen years ago he had conceived a project for irrigating the so-called Barkly peninsula, a vast triangle of land, by a canal leaving the Vaal about Fourteen Streams and re-entering it somewhere near Barkly West. He had spent a considerable sum of money in the preliminary surveys, and had finally to abandon the idea owing to the estimated cost of the work leaving no possible margin of profit, but he contended that the estimates were erroneous, and I understood from him that he intended to expend a very large amount on irrigation works in South Africa after peace was restored, under the belief that water was the great desideratum of the Veldt, and that what was possible in the north of Africa was equally possible in the south. It was not in Rhodes's nature to give up lightly any project he had once formed ; and there were special reasons why he should have attached importance to the development by irrigation of the Barkly West peninsula. It was by that constituency he had first been returned to the Cape Parliament, and up to the date of his death he continued

to be their representative. Apart from political considerations, the sometime capital of Griqualand West, which had been dispossessed of its prosperity by the growth of Kimberley, and which has a certain charm of its own, lying, as it does, on the high cliffs overhanging the Vaal river in the most beautiful part of its tortuous channel, appealed not only to Rhodes's personal memories, but to the sentimental side of his character. It so happened that friends of mine were interested in certain farms near Barkly West, which, in common with the rest of the peninsula, had become practically worthless owing to the absence of water. Curiously enough, on the last occasion on which I ever saw him, Rhodes alluded to this fact, of which I hardly thought he was cognizant, and suddenly remarked in the course of conversation: "If ever we can get the Barkly West district irrigated, the land will be converted from sour veldt into fertile veldt, and then your farms of Good Hope and Bad Hope will become of agricultural value."

I only mention this incident because it illustrates the interest Rhodes took in all irrigation schemes, and also explains why the Barrage formed at the point where the Damietta and Rosetta branches part company on their way to the Mediterranean should have been the spot in all Egypt which appealed most strongly to his imagination. I am convinced if you asked any hundred educated and intelligent visitors to Egypt what were the sights which had impressed them most strongly during their sojourn, there is scarcely one who would include the Barrage amidst the number. It is a quite modern work, entirely devoid of the massive grandeur which attaches to the colossal structure of the Assouan dam. It was constructed by French engineers in the early 'sixties, and consisted of walls erected on foundations sunk deep in the sand, in whose sides there were sluice gates which are left open during the low Nile and closed during the flood. When, however, the gates were first closed on the inauguration of the dam, it was discovered that the pressure of the vast mass of water was undermining the foundations, and the gates had to be opened in hot haste to save the whole structure from being swept away. For some years the gates were left unclosed. The estimated cost of its reconstruction, so as to render it serviceable, was reckoned likely to exceed a million sterling, and the Barrage would have been pulled down long ago if the cost of removing such a mass of masonry had not outbalanced any advantage accruing from the removal of what was then regarded as an useless obstruction. After the British occupation Colonel Scott Moncrieff, who had charge of the irrigation department, expressed his confidence that the dam might be placed in working order for a very moderate sum of money. He obtained permission to try the experiment and his expectation was justified by the result. For the last sixteen years the gates have been closed whenever it was

found necessary, and in consequence a reservoir has been created by which the delta lands secure a steady supply of water even when the Nile is at its lowest. There was much in the story of the Barrage which enlisted Rhodes's interest. The proof that the storage of water was possible by the creation of dams, barring the course of an immense river such as the Nile is at flood time, and resting upon a sandy foundation, seemed to him to confirm his theories about the possible utilisation of the Vaal for irrigating purposes. The evidence, that engineering experts are apt to over-estimate the cost of their works, tended to throw doubt on the outlay represented as essential to the conversion of the Vaal into a Southern Nile, and was therefore welcome to him as the advocate of South African irrigation. Again, the fact that British engineers had carried out a project which French engineers had abandoned in despair was gratifying to his pride in England as the mother country of the British Empire. I was not surprised, therefore, to find that the Nile Barrage had been one of the first sights which Rhodes visited in Egypt. But I own I was surprised to note the extraordinary fascination which it had for him.

To me everything in Egypt is always interesting, but I own that dams and factories and waterworks are things of which I easily can have enough: and to my mind the excursion to the Barrage has little of the peculiar charm attaching to all things Eastern. It is, indeed, pleasant to drift down the river in a steam launch; to watch the endless series of heavy-laden vessels beating up the stream under the action of the wind, which always blows from the north during the winter season, and shifting their huge sails at every tack; pleasant to see the countless mills which line the bank, raise the water from the river, and pour it into the canals and trenches and rills with which the fields are covered as with a sort of network. There is, too, a pleasure hardly altruistic, but still human, in watching the constant, never-ending labour by which the desert sand-banks are transformed into fertile fields rich with well-nigh perennial crops. But as for the Barrage itself, when you have seen it once, have ridden across the bridge in the hand-pushed trolleys, and have had the process of opening and shutting the sluice gates and regulating the supply of water explained to you by the engineers in charge, there is not much to create a desire, in ordinary minds, for repeated excursions to the great dam of the lower Nile. To me, indeed, the pleasantest part of such excursions was the sail back after sunset, when the day's work on the river's banks was over, when the creaking water-wheels were silent for the time, when the sailing craft had cast anchor, and when at every turn of the winding stream the lights of the Cairo citadel seemed with each bend to come nearer and nearer, shining like stars in the clear Egyptian night.

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But for Rhodes the attractions of the Barrage were inexhaustible. During the period when the gates were left open the action of the water had gradually created an island; and this island had been converted under British supervision into a sort of garden pleasure. Water from the Nile being at hand, the silt and sand had been turned into fertile soil almost without an effort, and on this soil trees, plants and flowers had grown up in orderly profusion. The hoses play day after day on the turf which is as green, though not as soft, as that of England: and the sward is unrivalled in Egypt except in the Gardens of Prince Hussein at Cairo. If I am right the beauty of this island parterre appealed strongly to Rhodes's imagination as a living proof of what irrigation might effect even in the barren Veldt. I think, too, that the peaceful tranquillity of the spot enabled him to understand, and to some extent to appreciate, the impression produced on Europeans, and especially on English and American visitors, by the atmosphere of Egypt, moral as well as physical. I remember his saying to me after one of his visits to the Barrage. "I should like to lie all day at the Barrage on the grass under the shadow of the trees and rest." I have amidst my cherished possessions two notes written in Rhodes's own handwriting, asking me to come with him to the Barrage. In itself such a note was in no sense more remarkable than any ordinary invitation. But anyone who knew Rhodes at all intimately will understand the value I attach to these documents. Among the many peculiarities of his character one was an almost inexplicable dislike to writing, or, at any rate, to correspondence of any kind. That letters answer themselves was one of his favourite sayings, and by acting upon it he often unconsciously gave offence. During the course of an intimate acquaintanceship, extending over some twelve years, I never received but these two brief notes in his own handwriting. I believe my experience was that of almost all, if not all, his friends. I recollect once being in his rooms at Burlington Hotel, when he received an invitation in writing from a mutual friend of ours about which he asked my opinion. I told him there was no necessity for his acceptance, but that if he did not wish to give offence he should write a line himself expressing his regret. He wrote off a more or less polite refusal in his broad, sprawling, boyish hand and burst out laughing when, on showing it to me, I remarked "I am glad to see that you really can write with your own hand." His correspondence was, I believe, almost entirely conducted by his secretaries: and I should greatly doubt whether the future historian of his life will obtain much assistance from any autograph letters his friends may have in their possession. As a writer, he had, I should say, no special literary faculty in much the same way as he had no special gift of eloquence as a public speaker. But somehow, both in speech and in writing, he contrived to express

his thoughts and ideas so that they could be understood by those to whom they were expressed. Beyond this he had no ambition either as a speaker or a writer.

Notwithstanding the soporific influence of Egypt, which, as I imagine, he had not altogether escaped, and of which he had begun to experience the subtle charm, his mind, there as elsewhere, was mainly occupied with the projects he had at heart. He looked upon Egypt under British occupation as an outpost of the British Empire, and he was disappointed at finding that the British authorities in Cairo were not inclined to give any active support to the Cape to Cairo railway, or even to the Trans-Continental Telegraph line, a project which is already far advanced towards completion, and which will probably be at work within a few years' time. The only quarter from which he received any encouragement was from the Government of the Soudan under Lord Kitchener, of whom he entertained a very high opinion. By disposition and character Rhodes was impatient of opposition, and so set upon his own purposes that he could hardly do justice to the considerations which render the official and political mind averse to prompt and determined action.

It would, however, be unfair to say that Rhodes ever complained in any way of the somewhat lukewarm support he received in respect of his projects, both from the Home Government and its representatives abroad. He held that they were hardly equal to the magnitude of their opportunities, but beyond this his resentment did not proceed. He had surmounted so many difficulties, removed so many obstacles, outlived so much antagonism, that his self-confidence was almost impervious to hostile criticism. I am too ignorant of Central Africa, too little sanguine by temperament, to share the faith which enabled Rhodes to look upon the opening up of the Dark Continent by railways as a thing certain of accomplishment within the near future. But when one talked with him, when one heard him explain the exact methods by which his enterprises were to be carried out, it was difficult—so at least I found it—to avoid the conclusion that Rhodes's faith belonged to the category which in the words of Scripture "can move mountains."

But during the last of Mr. Rhodes's visits to Egypt, when I had the pleasure of being a visitor at the same time, it struck me that though his enthusiasm and his energy remained undiminished, he was more tolerant of antagonism and opposition than when I first had known him. He seemed to me less wrapt in his own projects, more considerate of others, more ready to make allowance for weakness and ignorance, more alive to the fact that for the mass of mankind the occupations, pleasures, and interests of daily life are more important than matters of high policy or lofty ambitions. In other words he had become more human. He had just begun to learn Bridge and had

taken a great fancy to the game, though I could hardly say he had as yet evinced any special proficiency as a player. The incident may seem trivial. But to anyone who understands the fascination of card playing, the fact of Rhodes having taken up Bridge seriously as a pastime for his leisure hours throws considerable light on the general humanising of his character which, as I hold, was displayed in the last years of his busy life. I had hoped to have met him in Egypt in the early days of the present year. Fortune, however, willed otherwise; and it was with a sort of painful pleasure I heard recently from one of his companions that he had often alluded to a journey we had made together from Cairo to Luxor during which we played Bridge under difficulties, and had expressed his regret that I was not there to be again his partner. If this allusion should seem to any of my readers unworthy of these fugitive reminiscences of a statesman whose name will rank, as I believe, in history as one of the founders of the British Empire, I would only say, statesmen after all are men; and therefore human. To my thinking there is no wiser adage than "*nihil humani a me alienum puto.*" At any rate to record the fact that Rhodes, in the last years of his laborious life, took pleasure in playing Bridge is a not unimportant contribution to the understanding of a very remarkable and many-sided personality, which can only gain in public respect and admiration the more fully and perfectly it is known.

EDWARD DICEY.

"COLLAPSE OF ENGLAND."

Not very long ago, as I was driving down Piccadilly one afternoon, my eye was attracted by newspaper placards bearing the ominous title "Collapse of England." People were gathered around them in small knots, talking with some animation. Still, the traffic flowed on in its usual course, and I experienced much surprise at the calm with which the portentous announcement was received. On reaching the Athenæum Club, which was my destination, I glanced anxiously at the public prints, and was relieved to find that the catastrophe was less dire than my foreboding heart had suggested. It appeared that a cricket match had been going on, in which the players on one side had dubbed themselves "England," and the players on the other side "Australia"; and that the England which had collapsed, consisted merely of eleven gentlemen in flannels, who had been beaten by the superior bowling or batting of their opponents. But the incident set me thinking. What if some day—perhaps no very distant day—the newspaper placards should again make that announcement, and with a more sinister and more terrible meaning? If we look facts in the face, is there not serious reason for such an apprehension?

It may be said that the present time, when we are looking forward to the most august of national ceremonies, is not well chosen for this inquiry: that the sacred and significant rite soon to be solemnized in Westminster Abbey, should be a bar to speculations upon so sombre a topic. I venture to think otherwise. It is well, upon the eve of the gorgeous pageant of State, when the greatness and glory of the British Empire will be dazzlingly manifested, amid "the loud applause and Aves vehement" of a loyal people, to give a little space to graver thoughts. A great English writer observes, "All the wise and good men of the world, especially in the days and periods of their joy and festival egressions, chose to throw some ashes into their chalcices. . . . Such was the black shirt of Saladine, the tombstone presented to the Emperor of Constantinople on his coronation day, the Bishop of Rome's two reeds with flax and a wax taper, the Egyptian skeleton served up at feasts. . . . These, in fantastic semblances, declare a severe counsel and useful meditation." And that is what I hope, in my poor measure, to do in this brief paper.

The British Empire, over which King Edward the Seventh rules, is assuredly one of the most stupendous creations of human valour and human virtue. I use the words advisedly. It is to the courage, the veracity, the energy, the prudence, the longanimity, the loyalty, the self-sacrifice of "the happy breed of men" dwelling in these islands,

that the building up of the vast Imperial fabric is due. A vast fabric indeed, covering 11,000,000 square miles—nearly one-fourth of all the land of the world; a territory as extensive as the whole of Europe, and three and a-half times larger than the United States of America. "*Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*" the Roman poet proudly asked. We may adopt the words in an ampler sense. The mercantile marine of Great Britain equals the mercantile marines of all the rest of the world put together.

But I need not dwell upon so hackneyed a topic as the greatness of the British Empire. Let us go on to ask, upon what does that greatness rest? It may be truly said of the British Empire that its dominion is planted in the sea and its right hand in the floods. Of the expansion of England, which has resulted in that Empire, the sea has been the instrument. The sea was the road by which our heroic forefathers pursued the path of duty and of glory. The sea is the link which unites the component parts of the King's dominions, the great highway between them, and the channel of their colossal commerce. But more. The sea it is, as Shakespeare has pointed out in well known words, which serves the British Isles—the centre and heart of the Empire—"in the office of a wall, or as a mount defensive to a house." At the battle of Trafalgar, Nelson bought with his life for England the undisputed mastery of the sea. And during the nineteenth century that mastery was never effectively challenged. In spite of political quacks bellowing against "bloated armaments," in spite of political gamblers tampering with the Navy estimates in the game for place and power played "within those walls" at Westminster, the coveted prize of the command of the sea remained with our country. It is necessary to our country's very existence as a Great Power. The British Empire is essentially a maritime Empire. Its loss of the command of the sea would be—to borrow Lord Salisbury's words—"the end of the history of England."

Of course other nations know this as well as we do. I spoke just now of the command of the sea as "a coveted prize." Cupidity and envy are among the strongest forces in human nature. They are even stronger in nations than in the individual men of whom nations are composed. For in nations they are less—if at all—under control by the ethical considerations usually operative, in some degree, with the individual man. Hitherto the rest of Europe has endured, whether fretfully or placidly, England's command of the sea. Mr. Spenser Wilkinson well puts the matter in his admirable work, *The Great Alternative*: "Every nation in Europe prefers that the command of the sea should be held by England rather than by any other Power except herself. For England is hardly a great military Power: she is unlikely alone to possess armies that would endanger the existence of her neighbours: whilst if any Continental Power

acquired the command of the sea, the others would be obliged to combine to wrest it from hands in which it could not but be a danger to each one of them." As Mr. Spenser Wilkinson shows at length—I must refer my readers to his own pages, for his argument is too long to quote, and cannot, without grave loss, be compressed—it was as the champion of the independence of the nations of Europe against some dangerous preponderance, during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, that England acquired and retained the command of the sea. It is not "the result of her own unaided exertions, nor of victories won by her in opposition to Europe: it is the outcome of a partnership between England, on the one side, and a combination of Continental Powers in which the membership has changed from time to time, but of which the objects have always been the same—the maintenance of the independence of States against some attempt at dominion."

"The maintenance of the independence of States against some attempt at dominion." That is what is meant by the balance of power, which is no new conception in the world. It is recommended in a well-known passage of Thucydides—*τὸ ἀντίπαλον* he calls it—as the true principle for regulating the relations of the Hellenic commonwealths. And throughout the Middle Ages it was the object of the constant solicitude of the Roman Pontiffs as a safeguard against a Caesarism destructive of both spiritual and civil freedom. When the religious unity of Europe was broken up by the Protestant Reformation, the task of securing the balance of power gradually devolved upon England. And it is noteworthy that the Popes, following the great traditions of their ecumenical office, gave not only their passive sympathy, but their active help, to Protestant princes who, like our William III., wrought effectually to maintain the political equilibrium of Europe. But during the last half of the nineteenth century the old principles and maxims of foreign policy, which had conducted England to her great place among the nations, were abandoned by the politicians who governed her.

Is it too much to say that since the days of Lord Palmerston England has had no foreign policy? It has almost become a part of the national creed that the first aim of her rulers should be to keep her aloof from the rest of the world in which her huge scattered Empire is placed. She has abandoned the duty, imposed on her by the command of the sea, of maintaining the balance of power. And is it wonderful if, when the duty is shirked, the prerogative to which it was attached is called in question? The balance of power! It is treated as an out-worn delusion. A doctrine of non-intervention, supported by unctuous platitudes and "mealy-mouthed philanthropies," has been enthroned as the golden rule of action, or rather inaction. It is the utilitarian doctrine of *laissez-faire*, carried on from

national politics to international. The Gospel according to Cobden has been generally received and believed; and the one thing needful has been held to be the making of money. "It is the mission of universal Pighood, and the duty of all Pigs, at all times, to diminish the quantity of unattainable Pig's-wash and increase that of attainable. It is the whole duty of Pigs. Quarrelling is attended with frightful effusion of the general stock of Hog's-wash; wherefore let quarrelling be avoided." This is hardly a hurlesque of the ideal which, for the last half century, has practically dominated the general mind of our country. And as it has been steadily pursued, riches have increased—it is true poverty has increased *pari passu*—and men have set their heart upon them. To make England the workshop of the world was recognised as the proper end of statecraft—or of what did duty for statecraft. Meanwhile, the great German Empire, administered on very different principles, has come into existence. The great Russian Empire has been increasing its helligerent strength and extending its territories, and is now at the very gates of India. France has been sullenly brooding over dreams of military glory, which shall efface the humiliation inflicted upon her by deep Teutonic victors. And as England has dropped out of her old place among the European peoples, the feeling of the nations towards her has undergone a great change. The vast wealth, which, apparently, it has been her one object to heap up, has naturally excited their envy and cupidity. The vacillations, the ignominious surrenders of her rulers, in their desire for peace at any price, have exhibited her as an object of contempt. And, unquestionably, the unfortunate conflict in South Africa, the direct result of Mr. Gladstone's poltroon pandering to that desire, has excited against her a bitter hatred throughout the Continent, where the war is regarded as due, solely, to her lust for gold—a thirst to which the Boers, a simple and inoffensive pastoral people, are believed to have been deliberately sacrificed. Of course, *we* are well aware that this is a ludicrous travesty of the facts. But, owing to machinations which need not here be dwelt upon, this travesty is in possession of the popular mind of Europe. Monarchs and statesmen, no doubt, know better. But we live in an age when the most autocratic sovereigns, and the most powerful ministers, must reckon with public opinion and, more or less, humour it. It is absolutely beyond question that a war with England would be most popular in Germany, in Russia and in France, to speak of no other countries.

Every intelligent Englishman is well aware that the words which I have just written are borne out by an overwhelming amount of evidence. Nay, even those whose intelligence one is inclined to rate somewhat low, are, at last, beginning to discern the unwelcome truth, as the columns of *The Times* and other journals, for some months past, have sufficiently shown. What more unlikely man,

for example, to find among the prophets of preparation for war than Mr. Samuel Smith? I have not the pleasure of that gentleman's acquaintance. I merely know that he figures, from time to time, in Parliament, and elsewhere, as a champion of the prurient pruderies, the sickly sentimentalities, the sour superstitions, specially cherished by the Nonconformist Conscience. In a letter to *The Times*, dated the 13th of February, which is now before me, he speaks of himself as a man of peace, a hater of war and a constant striver against it, a preacher of conciliation with all nations, who would moderate our lust of Empire, and the like. Yet, he confesses, "I cannot shut my eyes to facts that are undoubted," and these facts are "the universality of the ill-will borne to England on the Continent," the probability "that the Great Powers of Europe," or some of them, "will combine against us," and "the necessity of grappling with the question of our national defences."

Now let us go on to consider what is the prospect before this country, if single-handed—and where will she find an ally?—she has to encounter two Great Powers, say France and Russia; certainly a far from improbable event, as every student of contemporary politics must allow. Well, of course, our first line of defence is our fleet. Is our fleet adequate? It is equal, we are told, to the combined fleets of France and Russia. Equal—in all respects? The assertion might, perhaps, be challenged. But let it pass. Is that sufficient? I have always understood—I believe, indeed, it is a commonplace among naval experts—that to possess even a reasonable prospect of retaining the command of the sea, our fleet should exceed the opposing navies in the proportion of five to three. The number of our fighting ships at present certainly falls short of this minimum. And, remember, you cannot extemporise vessels of war: it takes two years to build an ironclad. But here I should like to quote a few words from Mr. Spenser Wilkinson's work before referred to—words as true now as when they were written in 1894.

"If the French can command the Mediterranean, England's command of the sea is at an end. Four or five years ago, French naval writers hardly thought that France alone could hope to carry to a successful end a maritime conflict with England. Since then the understanding with Russia has altered the balance. It is not easy to see how the English Admiralty could assert their command of the Mediterranean in a war in which France should have Russia's assistance."

The Jingo vaunt, then, "We've got the ships," will not stand examination. As little will the boast that "We've got the men." There are not enough men adequately to man even the vessels of war which we possess. But in this connection I shall cite the well-weighed words of General Collinson:

"The next question is, what will be the number of men required for all the various services of the Royal Navy on declaration of war with one or more great

maritime Powers. Upon this point no one ventures to speak positively, from ignorance of the possible conditions of future naval warfare. The experience of the last great naval war at the beginning of last century is not much guide to us, on account of the great reduction in the strength of crews brought about by the use of steam and great guns. The largest number of men employed in the Royal Navy during that war was in 1813, when upwards of 100,000 seamen—*bona fide* seamen—were enrolled in our war Navy.

"But naval officers appear to be generally agreed upon this—that the prospect of the supply of good seamen on outbreak of war . . . is not by any means satisfactory. And if we . . . reflect on the present condition of our warships, and the probable great increase that will be required in war time . . . I think we shall see that they have good reason to be alarmed. If it is really important to the security of the Empire that we should as soon as practicable nearly double the strength of our battleships, and that on declaration of war we should be able to triple the present number of our cruisers, then the 20,000 real seamen we have in hand, and the 10,000 which are considered to be all that will be available out of our Reserves, are evidently very insufficient numbers on which to begin a serious naval campaign. Instead of 10,000 we should require about 30,000 seamen to put our war fleet to sea, besides a continuous further supply to meet the war losses. There are three maxims or conditions we must bear in mind on this matter: (1) that, as laid down by good naval authorities of various nations, the first few months of the next naval war will be the most critical time; (2) that efficient seamen are still the great desideratum; and (3) that there is a growing deficiency in the supply of that article."¹

It would seem, then, that we cannot rely upon our fleet to guarantee us against the Collapse of England. "Our invincible fleet" it is sometimes called by newspaper leader-writers and by after dinner orators. The phrase is open to the two objections of absurdity and ill-omen. No fleet is invincible: and the fate of the only navy decorated by that adjective which history mentions, is assuredly of sinister augury. But let us go on to another point. England is the one great nation in the world without avenues of approach by land. And no other country depends to the same extent upon foreign produce. The most essential food of the people is sea-borne—five out of every six loaves we eat come to us from abroad: and this bread is paid for by industries very largely working on imported materials. It is a condition of things new in English history. It is of course the direct result of what is called Free Trade; called, or rather misnamed: free imports would be more correctly descriptive. During the last century—say since 1801—the population of these islands has increased by 23,000,000. Then, we grew enough corn

(1) *A War Policy for Greater Britain*, p. 73. This most valuable work—in my judgment quite the most enlightening upon the subject with which it deals—does not appear to have been published, in the ordinary sense of the word, but rather to have been printed for private circulation among the author's friends and brother officers. It bears upon the title-page merely the initials T. B. C. I am indebted to Major-General Collinson, R.E., whom I have not the privilege of knowing, for permission to quote from his most clear, candid, concise, and comprehensive essay, and to mention him as the writer of it. I venture to express the hope that it may soon find its way into general circulation.

for the sustenance of the population, and possessed "a bold peasantry, their country's pride." Now, we grow one-sixth of the breadstuffs we consume, and British agriculture has been ruined, as the country-people have flocked, to their own destruction, into the great factory towns where—we saw that just now—they depend largely on imported materials for the means of livelihood. Let England, an island and not self-supporting, suffer a naval defeat, and the sea will be no longer to her as "a moat defensive to a house," but as a wall of brass, within which she is hopelessly imprisoned, and swiftly starved to death.

But even without such an overwhelming catastrophe as the triumph of a hostile navy over our own, it seems pretty certain that in the event of a war with a Great Power we should be reduced to the utmost straits for our provision of bread. The stock Parliamentary commonplace is, that this is a naval question. So Mr. Gerald Balfour assured the House of Commons, on the 28th of January last, that "it was sufficient for the country if it had a Navy adequate for its needs." This statement simply shows—the matter is so serious as to justify the plainest speaking—that Mr. Gerald Balfour knows nothing whatever about the subject. Even if the country had "a Navy adequate for its needs"—which it most assuredly has not—that would *not* be sufficient; and this for the plain reason that our food supply in time of war is not a naval question at all. The business of the Navy is not to convoy food ships, but to fight the enemy. The supply of squadrons and cruisers by the Navy for the protection of the vessels conveying our supply of breadstuffs means the dispersal of our fleet just when its concentration at the decisive point would be absolutely necessary. Even if our Navy were twice, were three times, as strong as it is, the adoption of such a course would be suicidal: for it would be simply to play into the hands of the enemy. No: this question is not a naval question. It is a commercial question. The greatest portion of our supply of breadstuffs—nearly one-half—comes from America. And who that knows anything of human nature in general, and of American nature in particular, can doubt that, in the case of an European war, American corn merchants would use the opportunity to send their wares up to famine prices? As Captain Murray remarks in his most stirring pamphlet, *Our Food Supply in Time of War*, "However powerful the Navy may be, it cannot interfere with the price of wheat on the American market, nor can it compel American corn merchants to sell us wheat at 25s. a quarter, if they think they can see their way to enormous profits by refusing to sell except at 100s. a quarter. Neither can the most powerful Navy prevent Russia forbidding all export of wheat, as she did in 1891 at the time of her bad harvest. These are the two operations by which bread would be raised to

famine prices in the event of an European war; and with these two operations the Navy would be utterly unable to interfere."

But there is another consideration which must not be passed over. It is by no means improbable—nay, it is in a very high degree probable—that on the eve of hostilities with France and Russia, the American wheat market might be "cornered" by the agents of those countries. On this subject I will quote a striking page from Captain Murray.

"The great central point to grasp in this debated question of the possibility or impossibility of France and Russia cornering the American wheat is that whether they succeed or fail, whether they get the wheat or we get it, the mere fact of their attempting to do so (with an enormous credit behind them), would drive prices up sky high to 100 shillings a quarter at the lowest estimate. Whether they eventually got the wheat or whether we did, would not very much matter, for their object would be attained either way—the object, namely, of making bread so dear that it would be practically out of the reach of our poor, and of thereby causing such acute distress and misery and starvation among our working classes, as might force our statesmen, for fear of internal commotions, to submit to a disastrous peace-at-any-price.

"Our enemies can thus, even before the declaration of war, obtain a very great advantage which might, quite conceivably, very soon end the war in their favour, and force us to submit. This advantage they could obtain with no trouble, and no risk. They are as well aware of this as we are, and perhaps better. Consequently they would be fools if they did not do it. But we have no right to base our scheme of Imperial Defence on the supposition that our enemies will show themselves to be fools. On the contrary, in the statesmen of France and Russia we have to deal with some of the sharpest and most acute of mankind, sharp to see an advantage and prompt to make the most of it. It is a military axiom that you must always expect your enemy to do the best and wisest thing, and must prepare accordingly. Therefore, we must expect that as soon as France and Russia have made up their minds for war, which a second Fashoda incident might well bring about, the official newspapers will probably be told to ridicule the idea of hostilities, and the first we shall know of it will be that a broker nominated by them will suddenly drive the price of wheat on the American market up to 100 shillings a quarter or more, either by an attempted corner, or by merely appearing on the market and bidding for the wheat against us in order to force up the price.

"The next step will be that Russia will forbid the export of all food-stuffs from the Black Sea. The third step will be the declaration of war."

For further observations as to the gravity of the danger which Captain Murray so forcibly points out, I must refer my readers to his own pages. Assuredly, the arguments by which he considers himself to have established what he calls "the following three indisputable facts," deserve the most serious consideration.

"I. That our Navy, however powerful at sea, cannot prevent the price of wheat being driven up sky-high by financial operations on the American corn market;

"II. That it is the unanimous opinion of corn merchants that on the outbreak of European war, the price of wheat will be driven up

by financial operations only, to at least 100s. a quarter, and possibly a good deal higher ;

" III. That we have 7,000,000 people, dependent upon wages of 23s. a week and under, who could not afford to pay a price thus enhanced threefold, and who would consequently be reduced to starvation." *

But would* they consent to starve? On this point let us hear Mr. J. Hall, the Secretary of the Working Men's Club and Institute Union ; an authority of the utmost weight on the subject concerning which he speaks :

" I think the picture Captain Murray draws . . . errs on the side of moderation. I am a workman, and am now secretary of a society which comprises over a quarter of a million of workmen, and can say with confidence that the result of *trebling the cost of necessities* would produce results so grave that the people would insist on the cause being removed at any cost. The English workman has, as a class, no reserve of purchase power. The few who have, dread nothing so much as depletion of that reserve. Given a state of semi-starvation, consequent on a war, the people would say that the war should be stopped, *even to the extinction of Great Britain as a dominant Power in the world*. This would not be at once, of course. Men would muster to the defence of the country moved by a patriotism which is largely blind and inherent, not resolute and informed. But however just the war, or however necessary, you would find people who would see only the side of our opponents. After the first month of starvation, workmen would heed their arguments, and resentment with their terrible lot would grow. The second month, the feeling in favour of peace, *of peace at any price*, would, under the fearful pressure of starvation, *finally force the strongest Government to the acceptance of humiliating terms*. Of this I am convinced."

The broad boasting of Jingoism, " We've got the money, too," is then, as ill-founded as is the rest of its self-glorification. " *We've got the money?*" Who are the " we"? Not the 7,000,000 of our population subsisting upon wages of 23s. a week and under, who would decide the fate of England in the circumstances just supposed—and supposed with a terrible degree of probability: not the 2,000,000 as they are reckoned, of the " dangerous" classes,¹ whose instincts of beasts of prey would assuredly break out, with uncontrolled fury, in the time of dearth. No: the people who have " got the money," are in too many instances, our speculative financiers, company promoters, sweaters of all sorts, and *exploiteurs* of various kinds: devourers of the people, Leo XIII. has not hesitated to call them, whose essenti-

(1) Aptly described by Théophile Gautier in his *Tableaux de Siège*: " Il y a sous toutes les grandes villes des fosses aux lions, des cavernes fermées d'épais barreaux où l'on parque les bêtes fauves, les bêtes puantes, les bêtes venimeuses, toutes les perversités réfractaires que la civilisation n'a pu apprivoiser, ceux que aiment le sang, ceux que l'incendie amuse comme un feu d'artifice, ceux qui le vol délecte, ceux pour qui l'attentat à la pudeur représente l'amour, tous les monstres du cœur, tous les difformes de l'âme ; population immonde, inconnue au jour, et qui grouille ainsi-à l'ombre dans les profondeurs des ténèbres souterraines. Un jour il advient ceci, que le belluaire distraît oublie ses clés aux portes de la ménagerie, et les animaux féroces se répandent par la ville épouvantée avec des hurlements sauvages."

ally usurious proceedings merit not "a pile," but the pillory. They are, in too many instances, the heirs of the coal-owners, the wool manufacturers, the cotton manufacturers, and the rest, who, during the first four or five decades of the last century, ravished the poor, building up colossal fortunes by "cruelty, horrible, incredible, unparalleled even in the history of negro slavery": and whose victims were not merely grown up men and women, but little children also. Further: money is not identical with material wealth. It is rather a convenient abbreviation for a right or claim to wealth: an expectation—usually a reasonable expectation—of receiving wealth; an expectation based on the power of enforcing the claim, and of securing the labour and material goods that are required. But the power may fail, the claim may be repudiated, the expectation may turn out to be idle. And then the nominal figures become untrue figures. England rich? Yes: as Midas was rich: "*Multas inter opes inops.*" Food is the essential element of national wealth. That nation is really the richest which can supply its sons and daughters, sufficiently, with wholesome nourishment, and secure for them "*mens sana in corpore sano.*" That nation is really the poorest in which you find—as in England—"a cancerous formation of luxury, growing out of a root of pauperism." Money? But you can't convert money into food—still less can you convert it into men—when its purchasing power is gone! "Riches profit not in the day of wrath": far from it. Riches will but serve to make the Collapse of England more complete in that day of national judgment—*dies irae, dies illa*—which may be, even now, at our doors.

There is still another element of peril to England which must not be overlooked. Even if our fleet should retain the command of the sea, even if our nutriment should be supplied by some miracle—as when, according to the poet of the Hebrews, Jahveh "rained down manna upon them for to eat, and gave them food from heaven"—there still remains the danger of invasion: there still remains the certainty of the Collapse of England, if the invasion were successful. Now, upon this question of the invasion of England, I shall content myself with presenting an extract from the practically unpublished work, before cited, of General Collinson, a military expert, whose opinion, as I have intimated, seems to me worthy of being deeply pondered:—

"The island kingdom is not so secure in her ocean bed as she was just 300 years ago, when the Spanish galleons could not cope with the dangers of the seas; nor even as she was 80 years ago, when the conqueror of Europe hesitated to cross twenty miles of salt water after all his preparations; the warships of the present day could stem such storms as scattered the Armada, by means independent of skilled sailors; and instead of 2,300 boats with sails and oars, there would be 200 steam transports, each carrying two battalions, coming from nobody

knows where on the open ocean, and appearing nobody knows when on the coast of England.

"Those who have not sufficiently taken into account the changes made in naval warfare by the use of steam and large vessels, are still telling us to trust to our maritime superiority for safety against invasion. Our maritime superiority was very great in 1805, and we had war vessels of various kinds distributed all round our coasts and in every important harbour; and yet the French fleet only failed by some days to get the necessary command of the Channel so as to ensure the passage of the invading army. . . . An enemy who makes up his mind, as Napoleon did in 1805, that an invasion of England is indispensable for the furtherance of his other projects, will not proclaim his intentions to the world months beforehand. On the contrary, he will be more friendly than usual, and at a convenient time he will raise one of those sleepless questions in the East; and when that is well started, he will ostentatiously prepare an expedition for the punishment of the King of Siam or one of the South American Republics, who are always committing some international offence. About the same time some other maritime Power, also interested in the East, will find it necessary to send an expedition to some other distant country. And then, from some cause nobody can understand, disaffection will appear in India or Burmah. And when the Channel Fleet has gone to rendezvous with the Mediterranean Fleet in the historic bay of Suda, and our best battalions have passed through the Suez Canal to put down the rising in India before it grows too great, some stupid merchant ships will run foul of each other in the canal, and all go to the bottom, making a three months' work to clear it. Then will be the time for the two expeditions of the two Great Powers to start, and they will disappear into the wide ocean; and after a little time, while the British Cabinet are wondering, as did the War Secretary in 1805, that they did not hear of their arrival somewhere, the cartel of defiance will arrive from both those Powers. . . . Those who have been in the Admiralty or the War Office during the preparation for one of our little wars, will be able to imagine the condition of those two departments on receiving this unexpected summons. Reserve forces to be called out, ships to be commissioned and manned, telegraphs to be sent all over the world, transports to be secured for reinforcements for our naval stations abroad: and in the midst of the arrangements the combined expeditions of the two Powers will appear on our coast. For what follows after that I refer the patriotic reader to that veritable record of 'The Battle of Dorking,' published in *Blackwood's Magazine* some years ago, and which gives a trustworthy description of what is likely to occur in this country under similar circumstances.

"This is no mere sensational story; it is, unfortunately, too sober and earnest a truth, that two of the great maritime Powers of Europe could, in a fortnight from the Declaration of War, bring a sufficient force to our shores to effect a landing against any such light resistance as we are now prepared to make. They have men enough fully equipped, and transports enough, and warships enough; what they would have to do is to make their preparations in such a way as not to excite the alarm of the British Government, and to wait until some other disturbance called away the chief part of our home fleet; and we know from past history that neither of those contingencies is improbable. . . .

"An enemy intending to invade this country in great force would have for his object the capture of London, for several reasons; it is a great prize—it is comparatively easy of capture at present—its loss would inevitably bring the British Government to terms. . . . In 1805 Napoleon . . . asked for only six days' command of the Channel, and by that time he would be in London."

Such is the prospect before this country. But I may be asked—

What is to be done? I reply, that it is not my business to say what is to be done. The country pays a committee of gentlemen, whom it calls a Government—pays them handsomely, not only in money, but in far more desirable things, place, power, patronage—for attending continually upon this very thing. But they do not attend upon it. Dickens's satire was only too well founded when he declared that the very different problem constantly occupying them is, "How not to do it." And it must be allowed that they have gone as far as seems possible to human ingenuity, towards the solution of this problem. I am not speaking especially of the present Administration, which is probably no worse than its immediate predecessors: nay, which may possibly be better, in some respects, than most of them. I am speaking of the tradition which rules in English Cabinets. Settled policy is not found in them. Decisions are always postponed as long as possible. Large views of national interests are never taken. The political situation of the moment—in other words, the position of parties and the prospects of vote-catching—alone sways their determinations. Their primary rule—to quote the words of a great historian—is, "to keep out of every business which it is possible for human wisdom to stave aside." Or if action, or show of action, is imperatively necessary, to give the public a nothing which shall look like a something, and prevent the loss of votes. This is the highest point of excellence in their bad calling—*κακοτεχνία* we may surely label it, like the trade of the Sophists. And I suppose no one ever attained such perfection in it, as that "old Parliamentary hand," the late Mr. Gladstone. "Most unparalleled master in the art of persuading the multitude of the thing that is not," Carlyle deemed him; and Carlyle had eyes. Probably, no one man has done so much to hasten on the Collapse of England. What a career was his! A career of sophisms and shibboleths—and success, crowned by sepulture in Westminster Abbey! "Sic itur ad astra"—*sic*! What an object-lesson in party government!

But to return to our immediate subject. Probably no more striking example of the policy of "How not to do it" could be given than that afforded by the treatment which this gravest of all grave questions, the question of national defence, has received from the Government; from successive Governments. A Committee is appointed, consisting, of course, not of naval and military experts, but of prominent politicians; and, equally of course, the Committee does nothing. The Admiralty is glorified as a well-nigh perfect department of the public service, and to criticise it is denounced as flat blasphemy. But for any trace of matured and settled policy in the Admiralty we shall look in vain. The great secret of administration—it is the great secret of success everywhere—is to know

what you want, and to adopt the right means of getting it. Does the Admiralty know what it wants? Has that flötitious Board any well considered and carefully formulated scheme of supplying the naval needs of the country? Any adequate plan whereby victory may be *organised*? I do not believe anyone can honestly affirm that it has. "*Ignoranti portum nullus ventus suus est*," is a maxim which fully applies here. To win votes by a grand programme of shipbuilding, and then to sacrifice as much of it as dare be sacrificed, at the bidding of Budget concocters—such is, in truth, the record of the Admiralty. As to the national food supply in case of war, the Government will not even institute an inquiry; and that for the simple reason that inquiry would reveal a state of things which might jeopardise its existence. Still less will it adopt any effective measure for the restoration of English agriculture, for the re-growth of English wheat. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, indeed, proposes to impose a duty of 3d. per hundredweight on all imported corn, and of 5d. per hundredweight on flour and meal; and is altogether blessed by Mr. Chaplin, who deems "the step wise, courageous, and expedient." Mr. Chaplin, schooled by official experience, is thankful for small mercies. Flour might be subjected to a prohibitive import duty with no sort of loss to the British consumer, and with immense gain to the British miller, whose occupation is gone. And what will the proposed duty on corn do to revive its growth in these islands? Notable was the earnestness with which Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, in his Budget speech, repudiated any desire to protect British industries, and kowtowed before the Mumbo-Jumbo of Free Trade, invoking the name of its defunct priest, Mr. Gladstone: an idolatry, assuredly neither wise, nor courageous, nor expedient. In like manner, the question of the organisation of the manhood of England for home defence is shelved. Action of that kind, it is feared, would be unpopular. Probably official cowardice is wrong, and it would not be unpopular. The recognition and enforcement of the duty of every man to serve his country in arms, if necessary, would appeal to the spirit of British patriotism which—recent events have conclusively shown that—is not dead, as was supposed twenty years ago, but had merely slept. And as the Bishop of Chester observed, upon a recent occasion, "the young men of this country would gain a very great deal by having to undergo a system of discipline: there are many ugly features about the present development of the national character, which we might hope to see corrected by an such a system."¹ But the Government—

(1) I will here give from *The Times* newspaper a suggestion, which seems to me equally valuable and practical, made by General Webber, in the course of a recent discussion at the United Service Institution. "Major-General Webber suggested a scheme which practically divided the manhood of the nation into two classes—(1) those who voluntarily joined the ranks of the Navy, the Army, the Militia, and the so-called Auxiliary

I mean, of course, the collective Government, not the individual ministers—cares for none of these things. All its energies are concentrated on the party game.

"Given to strong delusion, wholly believing a lie,
Ye saw that the land lay fenceless, and ye let the months go by."

We talk of responsible ministers. But ministerial responsibility is a fiction. Our ministers are practically irresponsible: mere mouthpieces of permanent officials, and organs of party greed for place and power and pelf.

It is a saying of Talleyrand, and one of his best, that the whole art of politics is the art of seeing. But how can men see whose eyes are blinded by the party dust ever raised within those walls at Westminster? Striking is the warning left us by one whose keen poetic vision saw things as they are, with a clearness given to few: who, like the Hebrew bard, saw, and was afraid. The last time I ever met the late Lord Tennyson he was talking on this topic. He quoted his own line "Babble, babble; our old England may go down in babble at last." "I shan't live to see it," he added in his deepest tones: "my time is nearly done: you probably will." I pray God I may not.

W. S. LILLY.

Forces, who submitted to a sufficiency of training to be efficient units of fighting organisations on land or sea, either on full pay or in the Reserve, and who wore the King's uniform; and (2) every other male between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five, who would be compulsorily registered as a non-combatant, would be enrolled in a local corps, to be called (say) 'Auxiliary Defence Corps' (A. D. C.), to be in numbered companies, with the names of the county or city added to the title. The first conditions of service in the Auxiliary Defence Corps, in time of peace, would be that each individual, on reaching eighteen years, should give a few days to learn the elements of foot-drill without weapons, and should thereafter report himself at the headquarters of the company unit one, two, or three times a year. The local development that those trainings and assemblies might take would be the outcome of experience. One fundamental condition would be absolutely inviolable—namely, that those men, if they desired to actually fight for their country, must volunteer to join either the permanent Army, or the Militia, or the Volunteers, or the Yeomanry, to which it would become a privilege to be admitted. The members of the Auxiliary Defence Corps would, when national mobilisation was decided on, join the ranks of their units, but only when and as they were actually thrown out of regular employment. He had estimated that between 300,000 and 500,000 would become immediately available when real danger arose, and that eventually they might number 2,000,000 if the war was protracted.

THE REVIVAL OF FRANCE.¹

I.

THE Ministry of Republican Defence has made its appeal to the Republic defended, and its fate is upon the knees of the gods and prefects. More fastidious than M. Constans or M. Charles Dupuy, the remarkable man who has changed the whole face of French politics during the last three years dislikes his hands to smell from the oil of the electoral machine. The power of Ministers of the Interior, to create deputies after their own image has been the salvation of the Republic before and might assure the continuity of its destinies now. M. Waldeck-Rousseau does not care for the privilege, and his image unlike M. Dupuy's is unique. But nothing can change the significance of the broad fact that the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet has restored the credit and force of the Republican principle. By domestic perils greater than those it has survived in the last few years the Republic can never be menaced. The pretenders and the Cæsars in mufti can never have better opportunities than those they have been impotent to exploit. The present régime has revealed reserves of unsuspected vitality, and has emerged not only with undiminished but with added strength from a prolonged series of crises—Boulaugism, Panama, the Affair—such as no Legitimist or Imperialist restoration could have supported. The cry of ultramontaniam itself in the present electoral struggle is liberty, and M. Waldeck-Rousseau's opponents of all shades protest that they desire not to overturn but to purify the Republic. In one word, the existing Government across the Channel has dissipated the doubt which had hung like a shadow over French politics since the Seize Mai, and has proved that the Republican system is secure—against all dangers, at least, but the return of the first soldier who leads its armies to victory.

In the Dreyfus case, France seemed for one moment to be at the last gasp of her greatness. A recovery no less than marvellous has raised her to a considerably higher place in her own and the world's

(1) In the recent number of the *Annales des Sciences politiques* an article by a very clear-minded and well-informed writer, M. René Henry, is devoted to "La Campagne de 'Calchas' dans la Forthnightly Review." A criticism otherwise too appreciative somewhat widely misconceives the attitude of "Calchas" towards Anglo-French relations. The following pages upon the place of France in International policy will show, contrary to the impressions perhaps naturally derived by a friendly critic from casual phrases, how far is the present writer from underestimating the importance of that subject.

esteem than she had ever previously held under the Third Republic. The General Election takes place under circumstances compelling the reconsideration of some accepted views as to the future of France.

II.

By some process, in part obvious but to a large extent obscure, the inevitable revulsion from pessimism has begun to work. French spirit commences to hope no longer as a duty but as an instinct. For the Third Republic has realised that both historic rivals are made of mortal clay like her own, subject to vicissitude. The South African reverses were followed by *le Krach Allemand*, the shock to British prestige in war by the check to that of Germany in commerce. The Triple Alliance may be renewed, but only as an emasculated compact. France, without springing to arrogant conclusions, has been led to wonder by how much she has been in the habit of over-estimating her neighbours and depreciating herself.

"Never lose faith in the Fatherland," said M. Casimir-Périer, addressing, the other day, a gathering of students; "enter life without scepticism and without impatience. France will renew herself as nature does." M. Paul Deschanel, the President of the expiring, as he will probably be of the new, Chamber, is in politics what M. Rostand is in literature, the representative of imagination and aspiration to the spirit of France. No student of European conditions in their present phase has shown a more vivid insight into the living factors of international affairs, the national interests, the racial passions, which underly the conventional combinations of diplomacy. The thought expressed by M. Casimir-Périer is one which M. Deschanel has made his own. He has declared in a persuasive metaphor that "the sap is rising" in France, and in this phrase has found the exact expression for the feeling of the generation which dates from 1870. M. Paul Doumer returned from the Governor-generalship of Indo-China the other day to resume the rôle of a Radical leader. Much more is likely to be heard of him. Full of talent and ambition as he is, this representative of the modern school in France had no sooner landed than he made his appeal to the forward instinct of the nation. France, cries the Radical Imperialist, must be withdrawn from the effacement too long imposed upon her, and must win back her proper rank in the world.

It was Talleyrand who said that a statesman must have "*l'avenir dans l'esprit*." The complete and eloquent expression of the renaissance of national thought under the Third Republic has been given by M. Gabriel Hanotaux, in his recent volume *L'Energie Française*. No more delightful contribution to serious knowledge has been made for a long time in the political literature of any language. In these close and vivid studies of the characteristic aspects of France under the

Third Republic, the Academician and former Foreign Minister combines the verve and grace of a *feuilletonist* with the authoritative experience of a man of government. It is not too much to say that a more luminous insight into the life of France as contrasted with the politics of Paris will be gained from three or four of M. Hanotaux's chapters—"La Normandie," "La Houille Blanche," "La Ville Moyenne," above all "Un Village"—than from the whole bulk of Mr. Bodley's accomplished but abstract pages. The biographer of Richelieu will again be responsible sooner or later for the foreign policy of the Quai d'Orsay. If he recalls Dr. Pangloss in certain rose-coloured pages of oratorical optimism, he risks the comparison on purpose, and makes a charming apology for the deliberate intention of his book. "On verra aussi que j'ai été sobre de critiques. On a dit tant de mal de notre pauvre pays que j'ai pris plaisir à en dire du bien." His wish is to appeal exclusively to the spirit of hope and to encourage the natural instincts of the new generation.

III.

Speculation upon the decadence of France rests at bottom upon a fundamentally false comparison. When the decline of France is assumed it is almost invariably because the fate of Spain is remembered. No two cases of historical development could be more incommensurable than those of the Latin nations upon the opposite sides of the Pyrenees.

The process of Spanish expansion and collapse was, and in the nature of things must remain singular, supplying no parallel for later times and foreshadowed by no precedent in earlier. The Spanish empire was a splendid accident in its origin and essentially temporary in its conditions. The glory thrust upon the Peninsula by two foreigners, the great Genoese and the Imperial Fleming, was from the beginning a doom. By the discoveries of Columbus and the wars of Charles the Fifth Spain was ruined in less than two generations.

If governed by a succession of statesmen with the genius of Richelieu she never could have kept Northern Europe in subjection to a distant southern country, or maintained the command of the high seas against the northern races. But her temperament, hating detail, was unfitted to the task, and a hundred years of suicidal misgovernment drove her from failure to destruction. The treasure of the Indies was flung with both hands into an abyss of expense, and still the country was beggared to the bone by taxation. The root-cause of the economic ruin of Spain was a fiscal system certainly worse than that of China to the present day, probably worse than that of Turkey. Spain needed wealth, and destroyed production. She needed

men and expelled with the Moriscos and the Jews something like an eighth part of her population. She needed a special stimulus to energy, and church holidays were a special encouragement to inertia. Pressed to death under the weight of a despotism as perverted as that of Philip II. or as incapable and debauched as that of Philip IV., she needed statesmen like Richelieu and Colbert, and received favourites like Olivarez and Lerma. Above all, Spain needed ideas and established the Inquisition. The issue could hardly have been different had her Government been as enlightened as it was blind. Fate, says Voltaire, is temperament. If Spain is half-sister to France it is by an Oriental mother. The intensity of her conquering impulse and the profound apathy of the reaction were far more like the course of Arab or of Ottoman expansion and decay than like that of any purely European people. It would be hard to conceive a historic parallel more comprehensively irrelevant to the case of France, or to instance a process of national decadence more completely in contrast at every point with the factors of life and government under the Third Republic.

IV.

When M. Hanotaux calls his book *L'Energie Française*, he settles, indeed, the argument if we admit, as we must, the justice of the title. No great nation ever rose with more spirit and determination from disaster than France has done from the defeats of 1870. It is unnecessary to dwell upon facts which are the commonplace of knowledge. The war indemnity was five milliards. The total cost of the war to France was probably twenty-five milliards—that is to say, a thousand millions sterling. Yet France has since built up an army which gives even the military strength of her great rival pause. She has maintained the second fleet in the world. She has achieved an immense work of Colonial expansion. She has continued to show in Algeria a triumph of administrative efficiency perfectly comparable with the work of England in Egypt. She has kept her place in the van of civilised intelligence and inventiveness. The Third Republic has created an educational system far in advance of anything we possess to this day. Her genius in physical science has remained undiminished—that in itself furnishing perhaps the most suggestive commentary upon the assumption of her mental decadence usually suggested by the neurotic excesses of her most ephemeral literature. Her chemists and electricians are not made in Germany. She trains her own experts in every branch of modern technique. Her schools of study in the last three decades have reconstructed her conceptions of history. The decline of intellectual originality and vigour in every sphere of literature has been less marked in France since Sedan than in Germany during the same period. Above all,

the resource and perseverance shown in the work of fighting the phylloxera formed, as M. Hanotaux is entitled to claim, by far the most wonderful example of national fortitude and ability displayed by any people since 1870. The substitution of the beet for the vine has, to a large extent, transformed her agriculture. This process has been little less remarkable in the sphere of the world's agriculture than the simultaneous appearance of industrial Germany in the economic sphere.

With all this we are accustomed to think of France as outside the competitive reckoning in international trade. But for every £6 worth of goods we export, France ships more than £4. She has enjoyed the benefit of the recent cycle of commercial prosperity to the full, and in the last ten years, in spite of her protective tariffs and exceptionally high measure of internal self-sufficiency, she has increased her export trade by no less than twenty-five per cent., and even up to last month her returns, unlike those of Great Britain and Germany, continue to show expansion.

France, the natural nursery of the unexpected, has not, let us be certain, exhausted her surprises. To the admirable revelations she has given since the *débacle* she has yet more to add. Let us look closer.

V.

That Paris was not France we knew, but by how much Paris is not France we hardly knew before M. Hanotaux brought out the full effect of the distinction. With its three millions of inhabitants *La Ville lumière* is like a lamp that throws its profound shadow over the remaining thirty-five. The bright capital exaggerates in the eye of the world the weaknesses of the Republic and conceals its strength. This is, above all, why French power, in any given emergency, has generally been under-estimated by foreign observers. In reality, if we would measure the reserves of France, and realise the solidity of her foundations, the dullest little average rural commune, the quietest provincial town, are more typical. If a philosopher from another planet, without previous knowledge or prepossession, could make a comparative study of the two civilisations upon the opposite sides of the Channel, he would infallibly consider that the social structure of France was the more sane and sound of the two, and as much better adapted to guarantee the permanent security of the conditions of power as to promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number. We do not bend ourselves, as Frenchmen and Germans do, to realise some given conception of a well-balanced State. We have no sense of type. We allow the temporary fluctuations of supply and demand to make of our nation what they will, and we have suffered our agricultural strength to disappear in the

assumption that this was economically inevitable, but without any conviction that it was politically wise. We are apparently prepared to allow Mr. Pierpont Morgan to dissolve the bonds of Empire by denationalising our shipping without any effort at political interference on our part. Whether the hazard is justifiable or mad, time and the event alone can show. The German tariff, with all the vituperation that has been expended upon it, tries at least to make some rational attempt at reconciling the automatic tendencies of international commerce with the conditions of political safety desirable for nations which have occasionally to stake everything upon the event of war.

VI.

The proportion in which the occupations of French society are divided between agriculture, industrialism, the professions and the arts is natural and right. Practically half her population is immediately dependent, as is a considerably higher percentage indirectly, upon the cultivation of the soil. Above all, nearly ten million members of families live upon their own land, and the employers are more numerous than the employed—a thing unique in the world. The salient fact in the social structure of France is that she numbers no less than three and a-half millions of proprietors who are their own men, with the dignity of labour added for the most part to that of independence. They are the support of the State which loads them with taxes and is sustained by their indomitable economy. As a class, paradoxical as it may seem to make such a statement of the dominating element of the French people, they are more valuable and less voluble than any equally broad portion of society in any other country. The number of owners of land under the Third Republic increases automatically from year to year.

M. Hanotaux falls into the sober and convincing key by the very compulsion of his subject when he sums up his study of the village of Beaurieux.¹ "To live among these people of the soil (*Français de champs*), whom it is hard to think of as peasants, is to be struck by their easy good manners, their pleasantness and courtesy, their common sense, their mutual helpfulness. To talk to them, to take part in their consultations, is to find oneself in unquestionably good society, where voices and tones are seldom raised, where the hereditary prudence of the peasant takes a shrewd measure of matters, and lends to each well-weighed decision the stamp of gravity." And lest the impressions of the politician should be thought too idyllic, let it be supplemented by another from a very different quarter. In the most recent volume upon the rural organisation of France, M. Flour de Saint-Genis² writes with a considerable amount of dry animosity towards politicians, and with a liberal exercise of the

(1) *L'Énergie Française*, p. 113.

(2) *La Propriété Rurale en France* (Armand Colin, 1902), see pp. 35-04.

privilege of complaint which has always belonged in every country and in every age to the genuine cultivator of the soil. The aim of this author is to emphasise grievances and in no sense to frame panegyrics, but he sums up his study of the agricultural outlook in France—where, let us remember, it is the main part of the national outlook—in perspicuous language. “What may be said at once is that rural France does not cease to progress. A population which includes more employers than employed, and where the number of proprietors grows from year by year; where the well-being of the community shows itself by the continued and sensible improvement in the homes, the comfort and the savings of the people; where stock is increasing in quantity and quality; where industrial machinery is replacing muscular effort by a steady economic process; where education has become universal; where the sentiment of social union is strengthening—that population is in no danger and its future is assured.” This is an attractive picture, which might well make the British farmer sigh. France alone is striking the roots of her national life wider and deeper into the soil with the lapse of time. She is sure of the sources of her strength, and nothing can deprive her of them. Her wealth is not exposed to the hazard of international rivalry or even to the vicissitudes of war. It is exempt from German competition and the enterprise of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. It lies in the inexhaustible treasure of her own soil, husbanded with infinite diligence and skill by her people, and renewed with every spring.

VII.

The author of *L'Energie Française* is never more suggestive than when he extols the meticulous thrift which keeps a mainly agricultural people upon equality of wealth for political purposes with the countries possessing the most stupendous manufacturing and trading organisations ever known. In the light of all historical experience and economic theory the success of France in balancing the predominance of other countries in industrial production by the weight of her savings, is among the classic examples of political experience. “Surtout,” cries M. Hanotaux, describing the average provincial town at this point, and by no means referring to the rural classes only, “surtout l'épargne et la parcimonie dans toutes les classes de la société,”¹ and he enlarges upon the accumulated triumphs of petty thrift in pages perhaps the most striking in his book, though there are many more brilliant and picturesque. “This conception of social life: minute labour, minute profit and incessant economy—a conception never perhaps realised in all the world as completely as in the greater part of our old cities and provincial towns—has yet another

(1) Chap. VII.—*La Ville Moyenne* (Laon), p. 148.

significance. It has created and it produces every day a new force, developed above all within the last century, that is to say since the division of property and the modern system of investment have stimulated the habits of thrift instinctive in the race. No longer uncertain as to the future, this people has followed its inclination and has set itself to save, and to save from father to son without interruption. For this security it made its revolutions. It has turned them to good account. The woollen stocking has become one of the most powerful factors in the financial world. . . ."

There is a tendency upon the part of studious critics to write as though the back of France would be broken by the Budgets of the Third Republic. In the last dozen years alone annual expenditure has increased to the extent of more than £20,000,000 sterling. The annual deficits, caused by extraordinary expenditure in the last quarter of a century, have increased the debt of the Third Republic by a sum far larger than the cost of the Transvaal War. Debt, armaments, and education involve all countries in financial difficulties, from which France will extricate herself at least as easily as any of her neighbours. The growth of expenditure is notoriously due in a large degree to the exercise by the deputies of what M. Jules Roche calls "the fatal right" of financial initiative.

In England private members have been deprived of that privilege since the reign of Queen Anne. If there is a common denominator of opinion among candidates of all shades in the present General Election it exists in the conviction that the "fatal right" should be suppressed as the indispensable preliminary of improved stewardship. But there is no question that with some remodelling of her system France will continue to maintain indefinitely, without injury to the springs of the social machine, a normal burden equal to the whole weight of taxation levied last year by the War Budget of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. It is often said that poverty has never prevented a country from going to war. By nations like Russia wars may be waged without wealth. But they cannot be won without wealth. A generation after Sedan nothing can be more certain than this: that France is in every sense in a better position than Germany to support the strain of a long war.

VIII.

Thus far there is no evidence for the degeneration of France except the unification of Germany. We have to deal with no familiar repetition of historic lessons as to the reasons of the rise and decline of nations. France has not been rooted out like Carthage or subjected like Greece; she has not dissolved her identity by the process of her own conquests like Rome; she has not been cut off like Venice from the purely external feeders of an artificial power; and she has not perished like Spain from sheer diffusion and confusion of effort during

a century of continual war, in which a system of the blindest misgovernment the world has known maintained an appalling overstrain by its foreign and colonial policy upon the resources of its subjects, while drying up by its internal administration the very wells of economic and intellectual vitality. Modern readers unfortunately know that optimism with respect to the future of the Republic is shadowed by one serious and apparently sinister problem, and by one only. That problem is, of course, the question of depopulation.

For every two Frenchmen there are already three Germans (without reference to the Pan-German ideal, which will engage our attention further), and in a measurable period at the present rate of progress for every two Frenchmen there will be four Germans. Let us distinguish. If other races increase faster than the French that is a disadvantage but has nothing to do with decadence—otherwise we should have to assume that Anglo-Saxons by comparison with Teutons were decadent—and that the latter in turn were proved degenerate by the more prolific natality of the Slavs.

The causes of the excessive decline in the rate of natality throughout France are complex, but in the main not obscure. The passion for economy, hymned by M. Hanotaux for so many good reasons, has its sordid and joyless side, and the increase of French investments means the limitation of French families. "*Moins on a d'enfants mieux on vit,*" is becoming a universal maxim, and is far from applying to the peasants only from whom M. Hanotaux quotes it. Still less exclusively applicable to that class are the words he significantly adds: "*Des instructions se transmettent à l'oreille des mères aux filles.*" The rebellion of modern women against frequent maternity is a silent revolution, but it is among the most significant that has ever been known in the world. French women are, of course, even more sensitive than their sisters elsewhere to the sacrifice of social activity and youthful charm that motherhood compels. Whether that particular factor in restraint of population will be in the long run more severe in France than in the Anglo-Saxon countries may be doubted. All the signs suggest that in a few decades the rebellion against maternity will reach a more alarming stage in Australia and among the population other than immigrant of the United States than in France. But, at present, thrift and anti-maternal egoism operate with special force in France. Twenty-two per cent. of all marriages in Paris and twelve per cent. of all those in the provinces are childless. The total number of unions without offspring is no less than 1,800,000. For the rest, the vast proportion of all families are those with one child or two. It would be idle, from the point of view of the preservation of international power as distinguished from the promotion of individual well-being, to attempt any palliation of the gravity and difficulty of this question. But it is far less threatening than is generally assumed. The special and

permanent cause affecting the movement of natality under the Third Republic is the law of equal division of property.

In one word the peasant, bent upon avoiding the posthumous division of his property, is resolved, as the French put it in the inimitable phrase with which they have lightened an unexhilarating subject, to favour elder brothers by abolishing younger sons—"faire des aînés en supprimant les cadets." It is doubtful whether the restoration of a qualified testamentary liberty would alter much in this situation, though it would no doubt be of some distinct advantage. The main law, "*moins on a d'enfants mieux on vit*," would continue its ascendancy. But there is one conclusion we are entitled to draw. The peasants desire sufficient heirs for their property as much as sufficient property for their heirs. In any case, the Census of last year was the most favourable since 1886, as the results of the penultimate Census were better than the sensationally bad returns of 1891. The rural organisation of France, though unfavourable to the development of a maximum population, probably ensures that it shall not shrink below the present minimum level. The nightmare visions of a dwindling race are in no sense justified by reasonable calculation. With her nearly forty millions, her wealth, her perpetual industry and her inexhaustible talent, nothing is more certain than that France will remain one of the Greater Powers for as far as this generation can look.

IX.

France will not be permanently content with the more or less negative part she has been constrained to play for the last generation. She aspires to be once more recognised as a positive factor in the affairs of Europe, and to renew the influence of her foreign policy. When M. Deschanel, M. Hanotaux, and M. Paul Doumer preach a forward patriotism, they desire some recovery for France of a distinct and effective position in international policy. Those who underestimate the extent to which France may be able to turn the balance of power against either of her chief neighbours will make a fundamental miscalculation. The secular weakness of French statesmanship in past struggles was a division of effort and of aim, which has left its trace in a certain indecision of mind. In the periods when the fate of Europe, North America, and India were all at stake, France played at once for Continental supremacy and Colonial empire. Had the policy of interference across the eastern frontier been abandoned, and the energies of France at her zenith concentrated upon "the sea affair," the chances are, on the whole, that the British Empire as it is would never have existed. On the other hand, had the struggle for sea-power been abandoned, France would probably have assimilated all Europe left of the Rhine.

To recover full effectiveness for any purpose of policy the Third

Republic must drop one of the traditional antagonisms in order to concentrate upon the other. Which will be her choice? As one nail drives out another, the vehemence of German Anglophobia revealed during the South African War has displaced the last trace of popular hostility to France in this country. It may be urged that the anti-English sentiment across the Channel was identical with that on the other side of the Vosges. There was a deep difference. French feeling was infinitely less rancorous than Teutonic hatred and far more generous in recognition of the greatness of temper with which the English people grappled with their task until the reverses had been retrieved. Above all, the French were ancient opponents. Friction between the two countries had been recent. Nothing could be more natural than their retaliatory attitude at the commencement of the Boer War. The case was different with Germany when the cant about kinship was exposed. The distinction was perceived in a flash. French Anglophobia represented the remains of a tradition. What German Anglophobia revealed was the growth of an ambition. There could scarcely be a more sufficient contrast of meanings.

Apart from all that, France is far more generally liked in this country than any other nation, as every competent French observer who has endeavoured to inquire into the reality of that matter is aware. There is not one inch of French ground that we covet. In Africa we have settled all differences, capable of peaceful adjustment, by the series of settlements which were the great feature of Lord Salisbury's later career.¹ During the expedition to Mitylene we revealed the fact that we have finally retired from our old rôle in the Eastern Question; and if ever the issue of the reversion of Syria should arise we would far rather that it were French than German or Russian. Under no circumstances shall we be induced—should our interests in other parts of the world remain unmolested—to play the German game of gradual saturation in the Near East by resisting the claims of St. Petersburg in that quarter. The question of the Newfoundland Shore is both petty and dangerous, but no one proposes that France should give up her treaty rights without compensation or except in the prospect of a general improvement in the relations between the two countries.

England would gain no advantage by naval victories over the Dual Alliance. Our maritime strength would be immensely reduced even by the wear and tear of triumph, and Germany would be brought nearer the naval equality with this country which, above all things, her people desire. The one hope of the earnest and methodical enthusiasts of the *Flottenverein* is, that a conflict will

(1) M. Delcassé in his address to the electors of the Ariège, makes a chief point of the fact that France has, in the last few years, "par l'annexion d'immense territoire, unifié son empire africain, dont les approches sont étroitement surveillées."

break out between the Dual Alliance and England such as would shatter our superiority or reduce it to negotiable dimensions. In one word, the *contrecoup* of another conflict with France would be profoundly disastrous to ultimate British interests even if our fleet asserted its ascendancy upon the seas. In a recent number of the well-known French service organ, *Armée et Marine*, Vicomte de Cuverville gave an account, which has attracted wide attention, of a long interview he had had with the German Emperor. M. de Cuverville asserts that he was told by the Chief of the German Naval Cabinet that "No one desires more than the German Emperor a co-operation of the French and German fleets; together they could dictate terms to the world." There Berlin undoubtedly spoke with feeling. The policy of embroiling the Third Republic with England in Colonial matters in order to make the possession of Alsace-Lorraine secure was probably the very cleverest of all the feats of Bismarckian resource.

X.

In the meantime there is the practical difficulty to which it would be idle to feign blindness. The Anglo-Japanese Treaty exists. The Franco-Russian reply has been issued. All the sympathies of France are with Japan. All her interests are on the side of St. Petersburg and must continue on that side. Without the Dual Alliance, the Republic must either ratify her dismemberment and join with her despoiler, or lose her recovered leverage upon international policy. Thus, while Frenchmen intensely dislike the idea of finding themselves ranged against Japan, if war should arise out of the situation, whether by the fault of Tokio or St. Petersburg or by the spontaneous ignition of the problem, France would be thrown against us in a quarrel of which the issue could in no case serve the permanent interests of either opponent, though the policy of Berlin would be extricated from all its difficulties.

The instinct of all Frenchmen was expressed with the mordant wit of two very opposite politicians. "To die for one's country," cries M. de Cassagnac with riotous irony, "Yes, yes! But to die for Manchuria—No, no!" M. Camille Pelletan is a Radical with a future, and there is no more trenchant mind in French politics. His epigram upon the reply to the Anglo-Japanese Treaty was that the Dual Alliance was extended at last to Manchuria—but not to Alsace-Lorraine. There at last is the one sentiment that lies deep in the heart of France, and will never be allayed until it receives satisfaction by diplomacy or attempts it by arms. France will not provoke war, but she waits her moment. She will not challenge war on her side, because of Alsace-Lorraine, but if war is to be faced, she will wage it for Alsace-Lorraine. Her bright temperament will never lose the touch of corrosion, which has eaten into it since 1870,

until her pride of honour is restored. Her serenity is troubled, the verve of all her purposes is disturbed, there is an injury to all the lustre of her past, a doubt as to the future, a doubt as to herself. Germany has not assimilated her annexations. France has not forgotten. The Alsatian conscript speaks German in the army, but French to the girl he weds. A generation after the conquest, provinces which would be two of the leading departments under the French Republic are governed under the dictatorship paragraph, not like Bavaria or Baden but like Togoland and the Cameroons. Than the recently appointed State Secretary, Herr von Köller, there has, at Strasburg, been no more despotic and vehement type of the Prussian bureaucrat. The immigration from across the Rhine, of which so much has been made, is considerably smaller than is frequently imagined, and it would take several generations more, if reliance were placed upon that movement alone, to create a German-minded majority.

On the other hand there is the palpable fact that modern Germany seems to possess no power of assimilation of any kind. The Poles have been annexed for more than a century. Their national feeling was never stronger than it is now. The incidents at Wreschen have recently been followed by one infinitely more obscure, but in its way far more suggestive. In a North German newspaper the other day,¹ an item of intelligence, occupying no more than two or three lines, might have been noticed. It announced that at a confirmation service held at Jahl, in Schleswig, when the pastor attempted to harangue his congregation in German, the great majority at once rose and left the church. The Danes of Schleswig, unlike the population of Posen, are neither Catholic nor Slav. They do not speak to a great extent a Latin language like the Alsations. They are a Protestant and Teutonic stock, who have been annexed for thirty-eight years. Yet the scene in the church at Jahl is an example of a general feeling upon which Prussia has been powerless to make the faintest impression.

Those who would understand the subtle vitality of the question of the annexed provinces, may be referred to the exquisitely idyllic and poignant little novel of Alsatian life by René Bazin—*Les Oberlé*.² France keeps her hold upon imaginations across the Vosges by her literature, and years of Herr von Köller's methods, employed against pages like René Bazin's, will be like striving to expel a perfume by waving a bludgeon.

XI.

The Third Republic is less likely than seemed possible at a recent period to abandon the moral pressure of her protest. It is the misfortune and the danger of the German race that they are in hostile contact with almost every other stock in Europe—Slavs, Italians, Danes,

(1) *Hamburgische Correspondenz*.

(2) *Les Oberlé*. René Bazin. (Trente-troisième édition.) Calmann Lévy.

French. This fact is producing its natural and formidable consequences. The very vehemence of German national assertiveness since 1870 leads to the reaction that is equal and opposite, and stereotypes the alien self-consciousness of those whom the Pan-Germans desire to absorb. There is now no people in Europe, with the possible exception of the Roumanians, who can be said to have a genuine sympathy with the Germans. Poles, Danes, and Alsatians are under the harrow. The Dutch, the Italians of Trieste, and even the Swiss, who see towns like Zürich in danger of being swamped by immigrants from the Empire, have all an uneasy dread of developments. France is the representative in her own dismemberment of the common grievance or the common fear, and she has made extraordinary progress in the last few years in the work of morally isolating her rival. The equivocal attitude of Italy is not the most alarming feature of the Triple Alliance. That lies in the fact that a large majority of the people of Austria-Hungary are anti-German. Not only are the Slavs hostile, but the Magyars themselves are beginning to resent fiercely the attempts of Pan-German propagandists to meddle with the Saxons of the Transleithan Monarchy. The enthusiasm for France among the Czechs, who received the representatives of Paris with wild enthusiasm last year at the "Sokol" fêtes in Prague, is the significant feature of the new development which is rallying to the Third Republic all the other races who hate the pressure or dread the extension of German dominion. What must above all be grasped is, that the Dual Alliance has a far deeper and more permanent meaning than is generally attached to it, and one which must mean a steady lengthening and strengthening of its leverage upon the affairs of Europe. France is the hope of all Slavs, who without her would be as unable as they have been for a thousand years to withstand by force the *Draum nach Osten*. France is no less the head of the Latins, never more inclined to look to her leadership than now. She possesses, and will continue to an increasing degree to possess, the sympathy of three-fourths of the inhabitants of Europe, although the true development of these great racial facts is concealed by the loosening combinations to which the Wilhelmstrasse is still able to give an artificial appearance of cohesion, but which will continue to crumble. Yet if Vienna should eventually seek to escape from the toils she would be marked for destruction by Berlin, for whom the complete unification of the German race would then become an urgent policy, as it now is the passionate dream of a large proportion of the Kaiser's subjects.¹

With France permanently alert upon her flank, Germany will find

(1) For an encyclopedic and invaluable study of all the facts and possibilities of the Hapsburg question, see André Chéradame's volume, *L'Europe et la Question d'Autriche* (Paris, Plon-Nourrit et Cie, 1901).

more and more that she labours under an enormous disability. France alone is closing the hostile circuit round her rival. To break the danger by a sudden blow is no longer possible, from a purely military point of view, as it still was in 1875. The lessons of the Boer War have changed the whole conception of the relative value of mere numbers, and have shown that, with the magazine rifle and extended tactics, all European nations dispose of larger forces than they can manipulate. The mechanical superiority formerly attributed to Germany's larger population has become unimportant or null; and for defensive purposes France, under the new conditions of warfare, has the right to think her frontier impenetrable. No one reading between the lines of the opinions even of German critics can miss the impression that the latter recognise the French artillery to be now distinctly the finest organisation of this arm in Europe. Unless France can be induced to quarrel with England, in which case old enmities might be superseded by new, he would be a credulous observer who should think that the reiteration of "There is no question of Alsace-Lorraine" is likely to prove the last word upon the root-problem of the present Continental situation. Without the aid, direct or indirect, of France, Teutonic naval ambitions never can be realised at our expense. Against the will of France would the only alternative shape of Count Bülow's "Grösseres Deutschland" be more probable—a territorial expansion across the Continent to Trieste? Allied with the Republic, the Kaiser could, if not "dictate terms to the world," as Count Selden-Bibran enthusiastically remarked to M. de Cuverville, at least seriously threaten our supremacy at sea and break the Slav barrier towards the East like a lath. Sooner or later Berlin must either neutralise the whole or cede part of the lost provinces, or urge France to take compensation on the side of Belgium or elsewhere, or must run, under more and more disadvantageous circumstances as the sentiment of Pan-Slav solidarity develops, the colossal risk of conflict. France, in a word, should her policy remain in able hands, must enter upon a new era of diplomatic power. The instinct of her revival is not astray, and few expectations are more reasonable than that patience and foresight will bring her to a large measure of her own or the equivalent.

XII

There are indeed conditions. "France is not likely to be an obstacle to our plans," remarked a Pan-German writer during the Dreyfus case, "since she constantly finds her internal politics so interesting." There was a shrewd spice of truth in this witticism. The Ministry of M. Waldeck-Rousseau has been marked by a memorable social appeasement. It has raised the credit of the Republican idea

in Europe. It has extinguished the phosphorescent prestige of the pretenders, Orleanist and Imperialist alike. The agnostic attacks of General André and M. de Lanessan upon the religious observances of the army and the fleet seem repugnant and dangerous to British minds. But the great law against the Associations, whether just or oppressive in principle, has taught the Church a very bitter lesson, and revealed once for all its profound political debility. In spite of Mr. Bodley the conviction grows in France that there can be no reversion to Caesarism, acknowledged or veiled. Since the reversion to the Republic would be certain, sooner or later, the final continuity had far better be antedated from now. M. Méline's phrase sums up the temper of the great majority of Frenchmen in four words—"Ni révolution, ni réaction!"

France, indeed, needs but one great example to consummate the assurance of her future. It is understood that Generals Brugère and Metzinger would lead her armies in the event of war. With them or with their successors will rest ultimately the supreme trust of patriotism. The issue of war, whether triumphant or disastrous, would again threaten the existence of the Republic. The political evolution of France will never be complete until she has found the "happy warrior" who will lay down his power when he has preserved the State, and leave a saving example to posterity. For us it remains true that the Republic is more our commercial complement than our commercial rival. If we are wise she will not again be our naval enemy. She knows that supremacy in sea-power if we lost it, partly by her means, would pass to other hands than hers. But while the now meaningless tradition of maritime rivalry with us is preserved, she cannot secure the concentration of resources and policy which she needs for her European purposes. To discuss an alliance upon the basis of a guarantee of the integrity of Austria-Hungary would be idle, at a moment when Vienna shows no sign of seeking a general guarantee, and when it is quite uncertain when or how the Pan-German danger will mature. But the fact that we have renounced all territorial interests in the Nearer East, weighs seriously with Russia, and is still more important for France. She has effected her *rapprochement* with Italy in spite of the Triple Alliance and equally despite the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, the next step in our interests and her own ought to be the *rapprochement* with England.

CALCUTTA.

M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU.

"I go back to my beloved studies," M. Thiers once said, upon resigning power. When, through an unaccountable freak of the Chamber of Deputies, M. Waldeck-Rousseau retires to private life, his pastimes will be water-colour painting in winter and yachting in summer. An able barrister, a senator, a man of the world, M. Waldeck-Rousseau was, almost three years ago, suddenly summoned to the Elysée and asked by President Loubet to become Prime Minister of France. On the 12th of June previously, the Cabinet presided over by M. Dupuy had been overthrown, after the memorable Auteuil racecourse scandal, when a scion of the French nobility, thinking to raise the standard of a new Vendean rebellion, raised, amid the cheers of the youth of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, his walking-stick to strike at the President of the Republic, the living symbol of a hated new *régime*. The Dreyfus affair was convulsing the whole country, bursting up, here and there, like so many sores in an eruptive fever, in Nationalist and anti-Semitic centres of agitation. In the provinces the orders of the executive were openly disregarded. Now "disputing, excusing, cavilling upon mandates and directions," as Bacon says, "is a kind of shaking off the yoke; especially if in those disputings they which are for the direction speak fearfully and tenderly, and those that are against it audaciously." Uncertain of the morrow, the functionaries, leaving off their part of official mouthpieces, suffered themselves to be swayed by their individual fancies; distrust was so general that, while the Dreyfusards were gravely suspected of conspiring with Germany and England against their country, the army was charged with plotting with Orleanist or Bonapartist pretenders the fall of the Republic. Many a good *bourgeois*, remembering dark 1851, pulled on his nightcap with the tremour of waking the next morning to a *coup d'état*. But, more alarming still than any of these symptoms of a grave disease in the body politic, the Socialist press and the Labour organisations had declared their intention of withstanding by force any attempt on the Republic. From Montmartre to Saint Antoine the dream arose, as in Brussels to-day, of the time-honoured barricade, the red flag, and the bullets spluttering on the dark piled-up *parés*. Many a workshop in Belleville or Charonne heard a new *Carmagnole*, some of the softer lines of which we ask leave to quote. They have, together with the Auteuil scandal to which they allude, probably faded out of popular recollection; but they are a proof that now, as in the time of Louis XV., under the Revolution, or with Béranger, the

chanson or street ballad, is the most faithful record of passing events, at least on the banks of the Seine.

"Gare à tous ces dévôts morts nés !
Reconduisons les blasonnés
A bons coups de chaussons
Au bas des écussons !
Il va pleuvir des beignes
Sur le vicomte et le baron,
C'est l'heure des châtaignes :
Vive le son
Du marron !

"Blancs becs, gants jaunes et dos verts,
Ces médaillons ont un revers
Où l'on peut essayer
Le bout d'un gros soulier !" etc.

The lines are not such as can hope to adorn a poetic anthology of "le grand siècle"; but they served their purpose of kindling the inflammable material out of which a Parisian working-man's Republicanism is made.

Many had been the Ministerial combinations put forward during the eleven days that elapsed between M. Dupuy's resignation and M. Waldeck-Rousseau's appointment. Like so many wise augurs, the ablest statesmen, the most experienced in unravelling Parliamentary confusion, had conferred with M. Loubet. The task of liquidating the Dreyfus affair made them hesitate. To undertake that responsibility was in all probability to ruin one's Parliamentary career. No Ministry seemed able to weather the impending storm more than six weeks. For outsiders M. Waldeck-Rousseau's appointment was amazing. They had not noticed the part played in the crisis by the Senate. This Assembly, not elected directly by Universal Suffrage, but by certain delegates of the local elective bodies, does not reflect the passing whims of Universal Suffrage, but the permanent feeling of the nation. Although it is certain that the majority of Frenchmen opposed a revision of the Dreyfus trial, and for a time felt patriotic anti-Semites and anti-Protestants, it is no less certain that they did not desire to overthrow the Republic, yet they acted in a manner calculated to let civil discord loose. In the face of such a fatal contradiction, the duty of the Senate, composed as it is of men over forty-five, not overhasty by nature, nor prone to excitement, men of position withal, enemies to agitation, was to adopt a policy in flat contradiction to the wishes of the country, but in which the country would end by concurring. In the Senate originated, with Senator Scheurer-Kestner, the revision of the Dreyfus trial; at the meeting held by the senatorial Republican majority was first spoken the word of Republican defence, since taken up by M. Waldeck-Rousseau himself; in that Assembly Senator

Béranger first proclaimed the intention of the majority to prosecute for high treason Déroulède and his accomplices; and lastly it was among this same Assembly that the Congress held at Versailles after the death of President Faure chose the new President of the Republic, M. Loubet, President at the time of the Senate itself. With a Senator as Premier, the position of the Assembly would be stronger still. There were, be it remembered, old scores to pay off; by the rival Assembly, the noisy juvenile incoherent Chamber of Deputies, it had often been threatened with suppression. To return to the Revolutionary system of mono-cameral government, appeared as a foremost article on the old Radical and Socialist programmes. What better answer to such threats than to assume the direction of affairs in the crisis, punish the enemies of the Republic, deserve the lasting gratitude of the country.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau, as representative of the Loire department, had been four years a Senator. As a disciple of Gambetta, the chief founder of the Senate, who, by a play upon words, had called the new Assembly a true "House of Commons," the new Prime Minister seemed the most likely statesman to restore order. The Senate promised him her support. He accepted the offer, and threw down the challenge to the Chamber of Deputies, the Nationalists, the rebellious functionaries and generals.

The son of a "representative of the people," Pierre Marie Waldeck-Rousseau was born on the 2nd of December, 1846, at Rennes, the ancient capital of Brittany. Among the old French provinces none shows more prominently than Brittany the gulf that separates the old *régime* from the new. From Brest to Rennes, from Saint Malo to Nantes, the population are split into two political factions, "bleus" and "blancs"; in Languedoc the difference of religion is the pretext to the difference of political creed, but in Brittany, where there are none but Catholics, the separation is purely political. The Breton divides his allegiance between either his Church and his King, or his Church and his Republic; he may be both a fervent Catholic and a fervent Republican; he is generally of course—since we are in France—a mild Freethinker if he has plighted his faith to the Republic, but, and the instance of the Breton Renan rises before everyone, he does not, in that case, bear against the Church any rancour for having thrown in her lot with the enemies of the Republic. He has lost his faith, without becoming a renegade. He calls the Church his mother, but declines to be instructed by her. There is coolness between the two, quarrels sometimes, seldom hatred.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau, by family tradition, is a "bleu"; he has, in due course, no doubt become a Freethinker, but he does not think himself bound to lay the foundations of his new creed on some gross insult offered to the old. A barrister at Rennes, he was elected deputy

in 1879 by 8,703 votes. In the Chamber of Deputies he sat on the benches of the *Union Républicaine*, where we might describe him as a moderate Republican. A Bill proposed on the reform of the judicial organisation, still savouring too much of Bonapartist methods, gave the young Deputy an occasion to distinguish himself, when he was entrusted with the task of presenting the Bill to the Chamber. A general election taking place in 1881, he was returned in the first constituency of Rennes by 8,899 votes against 4,192 given to the Monarchist candidate. Gambetta, the leader since the famous 16th of May, 1877, of the Republican party in France, had singled out the young Breton Deputy, and, with that singular foresight which made him less a striking personality than the head of a staff of remarkable men, he made him Minister of the Interior (November 14, 1881) in the Cabinet over which he presided. He loved his energy, his Breton tenacity, his simple and masculine eloquence, so different from his own florid rhetoric. It is said that the affection and respect of Gambetta for his disciple date from the day when, asking M. Waldeck-Rousseau for his opinion on a speech that he had just concluded, he heard the outspoken appreciation, "Very fine, especially brief."

Almost at the outset the young Minister showed his authoritative character. Much light is thrown on his subsequent career by the circular-letter that he sent to the Prefects, instructing them never to let their decision be swayed by the interference of a Senator or a Deputy. The letter caused something like a scandal, but it betokens a man who means to be his own master, determined to allow no meddler in the working of the governmental machinery for which he feels alone responsible.¹ As is well known, the administration of Gambetta was short-lived. Out of office in January, 1882, M. Waldeck-Rousseau took his seat once more in the Chamber of Deputies, and returned to his favourite task of defending Bills on legal or penal matters.

In the Cabinet presided over by Jules Ferry, and which, in contrast to the numerous Ministries that preceded or followed, endured as long as from February 21, 1883, to March 31, 1885, M. Waldeck-Rousseau accepted the Ministry of the Interior. M. Ferry continued Gambetta's policy. His colleagues, and M. Waldeck-Rousseau among

(1) This line of conduct—and it is an instance of the tenacity with which M. Waldeck-Rousseau adheres to the opinions of his early years—he not long ago adopted when defending Prefect E. Montell against some of the representatives of his Department who complained of his mania in collecting police information on candidates for public offices. M. Waldeck-Rousseau stoutly maintained that the Prefect was right in keeping up an efficient intelligence department. He did not add that to submit would-be public servants to the humiliation of a secret-police investigation is a splendid device for repelling those wilful functionaries, for whom a shrug of the shoulder is not the only possible token of independence and self-respect.

them, were all Moderate Republicans, men like Challemel-Lacour, who died President of the Senate, like M. Méline before the Dreyfus affair. Were there no Monarchical or Bonapartist Opposition, they might have been described as Conservative Republicans. Once more re-elected a Deputy in 1887, M. Waldeck-Rousseau suddenly gave up active politics, did not seek to be returned in 1889, and awaited till 1894 an opportunity of entering the Senate.

How to explain, after such a brilliant *début*, this voluntary withdrawal from political life? Did the fall of Jules Ferry, after the news of the Langson disaster in Tonquin, and the storm of unjust obloquy that followed, raise a disgust in him for democracy? He had seen the Chamber yield before the threats of the mob, perhaps helped his chief to escape the fury of the Paris plebs, whose shouts rang through the halls of the Palais-Bourbon, demanding the head of the Minister responsible, they thought, for the humiliation of the Tricolor in the Far East. Did the thought then cross his mind that, not ten years hence, he would have the opportunity of grappling with the arch-fiend in the French Republic, the Paris mob? Whatever his motives may have been, he gave himself entirely up to the practice of the Bar, pleading no more in Rennes, but in the Paris Courts. There his fame rose rapidly as an *avocat d'affaires*, pleading in those cases where argument is more necessary than outbursts of pathos. He was never seen to rise like the *avocat d'assises* in a case of murder or sensational burglary. He thought there was an element of vulgarity, something akin to the histrionic art, in the schemes to which such lawyers resort to soften the wrath or rouse the indolence of slow-witted jurymen. It was to him like debasing eloquence. Judges he addressed, not jurymen, or seldom, and he used arguments drawn from the close and subtle study of law, not sentiment. He was known to rise to impassioned fervour in cases such as the Panama trial, where to a purely financial affair—in the sifting of which precision, lucidity, the habit of playing with figures and handling the language of commerce were indispensable—a background was supplied of tragic political feuds, formidable hatred, low intrigue, a compound both of splendour and of degradation. Then it was that, though never deviating from a line of cold, trenchant, convincing argumentation, he would be able to discover the magnitude of the interests involved, and to fetch out from colourless ledgers the lurid glow of human infamy.

Before the Dreyfus affair burst like a bomb such as no anarchist ever devised,^{me} Waldeck-Rousseau had founded a club designed to be the centre of a great Conservative Republican party. The anti-constitutional opposition being now powerless, it was thought not premature, in order to ensure the smooth working of Parliamentary government, to try, as Gambetta wished it, to organise in France a

Tory and a Whig party. To the former would belong the old Opportunists, the younger Progressives, the *bourgeois* aristocracy of the Third Republic; the landed interest, the financial magnates, would naturally band together under the leadership of Gambetta's disciples; and M. Méline, M. Casimir-Périer, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, might be considered as some of the representative men of the party. On the other hand, the Radicals, the Radical-Socialists, the Socialists themselves, might form the Whig party; M. Bourgeois, M. Briçonnet, M. Millerand being their leaders. The Dreyfus affair split the "Grand Cercle Républicain" in twain. Among the Conservative Republicans appeared some ultra-Conservatives, ready to adopt and further the methods of government of the old *régime*. M. Méline resolutely turned to the *Right*, and no less resolutely did M. Waldeck-Rousseau turn to the *Left*. There is a heightened interest in the history of France thus to be ever rent asunder between conflicting irreconcilable tendencies. Underlying the Liberal France, that of the philosophers and philanthropists, with their generous dreams about the happiness of the individual, the emancipation of the minds of men, the independence of the oppressed, you shall speedily find the State-worshipping spirit of old France. Whether King, Pope, Convention, or Committee of Public Safety, the fetish is the same for those that cannot grasp the meaning of individual rights.

"Toute la force est transportée au magistrat souverain, chacun l'affermir au préjudice de la sienne, et renonce à sa propre vie en cas qu'il désobéisse. On y gagne, car on retrouve en la personne de ce magistrat plus de force qu'on en a quitté pour l'autoriser, puisqu'on y retrouve toute la force de la nation réunie ensemble pour nous secourir."

These words of Bossuet are the creed of what may, without affront, and simply for convenience' sake, be called reactionary France. For the word *magistrat* substitute *état*, and you will have the formula of that doctrine against which M. Waldeck-Rousseau and the Republican majority in the Senate then seemed determined to fight, in spite of the strength which it had suddenly acquired.

The main strength of the Leviathan lay, two years ago, in the army: with that wonderful facility of self-deception that Frenchmen possess, and which is not restricted to the small southern town of Tarascon, the prestige of the soldier is supposed to lie in the patriotism of the population, but notice how interest coincides with sentiment, in every little garrisoned town, the battalion or regiment means good receipts for the local tradesmen and backsheesh for many. The natural play of economic forces goes far, without cynicism be it said, towards explaining most political changes, and giving a good reason for most private tastes, opinions, and beliefs. The army, who embody in France, as elsewhere, the Bossuet theory spoken of above, loudly vaunted it, and all the petty provincial towns applauded.

On the judges' bench the same theory found exponents of an extreme type in President Delegorgue and M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire. To instruct the masses in the creed, the French Academy, whose influence snobbishness has made so great, supplied its leaders to the League of the *Patrie Française*. Below these luminaries of literature, M. Drumont and M. Rochefort, the able drill-sergeants to distinguished officers, encouraged the rabble that broke the windows of the Jewish merchants; lower still, ruffians of the type of Guérin and Régis led the riots in Paris and in Algiers, of which fair cities it might have many a week been said—

" Where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
And injury and outrage : and when night
Darkens the street, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine."

The problem for M. Waldeck-Rousseau was to obtain a Dreyfusard majority in an anti-Dreyfusard Chamber. By a first masterstroke, he extended the olive-branch of peace to the Socialists, who had throughout the agitation shown a singular determination to defend the Republic, even rifle in hand. M. Millerand became Minister of Commerce. To him the new Prime Minister added as Minister of Public Works a Radical-Socialist, that is a Socialist minus Collectivism, M. Baudin. Another masterstroke was to hit upon General de Galliffet for Minister of War. The hero of the awful, useless charge at Sedan, appeared as a giant among the puny intriguing generals whose laurels had been won mainly on the field of manœuvres or per chance in the lobby of the Palais-Bourbon. Not being a civilian, he could, without offending patriotism, speak authoritatively to his subordinates. Not without the cool bravery that he had displayed in the Mexican or Franco-German wars did he curb their wills, humble them, and dismiss them in disgrace, and when the Deputies ventured to ask him the reason of his severity, he answered with such *cranerie* that he forced applause from the most reluctant. A third masterstroke was M. Waldeck-Rousseau's programme, summed up in the words uttered in the Senate: Republican Defence. There is for the head of an administration no better support than a good Opposition. His party will follow him if a hard struggle is expected, and if his adversaries are anti-constitutional, then, from a Parliamentary point of view, the advantage is all on his side. Coercive measures are possible, every arrest, every sentence is a victory and bears the appearance of marking a progress. M. Waldeck-Rousseau is aware that man needs in life to be deceived and to mistake change and agitation for progress, and like a clever stage-manager, he is ever showing new puppets branded with the name of enemies to the Republic, whom the good *gendarme*, with the same

sense of relief to the spectators as the ghost in the Punch and Judy show, carries off in the last act.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau's three years' tenure of office falls into two divisions: in the first, he re-establishes order and ends the Dreyfus affair; in the second, from a purely defensive he passes to an active policy, the Republican Defence becoming Republican Action. The great speech of Toulouse marks the beginning of the second period.

The first measures of the new Cabinet on taking office were to recall the public functionaries to their duty, to re-organise the Public Prosecutor's office, to entrust M. Lépine with the herculean task of maintaining order in the streets of Paris. These preliminaries being accomplished, M. Déroulède, certain Royalist leaders, and the notorious M. Guérin, of Fort-Chabrol fame, were tried for high treason by the Senate, sitting as High Court of Justice, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment or exile.

The Court of Cassation, as is well known, having declared Captain Dreyfus innocent, referred the final sentence of rehabilitation to the Rennes court-martial, who instead sentenced him to ten years penal servitude. A free pardon from the President (September 20th, 1899), soon followed by the law of amnesty, was destined to wipe out even the recollection of this unfortunate affair.

If the preceding measures had acted as balm on the wounds of the country, the Assumptionist Fathers' trial (January, 1900) was a caustic applied to a dangerous sore. Compared with monastic orders with a philanthropic, educational, or purely pious purpose, the Assumptionist Order appeared in the light of an electoral organisation. Directed against the Republic, furthering the interests of Nationalist would-be Deputies, preaching in a daily paper, the notorious *Croix*, a holy war against Free-Thinkers, Protestants, Jews, and Republicans generally, it was a formidable power in a Catholic country like France. The laws prevented the prosecution from ending in any other penalty, but a small fine. To expose the Fathers, to create an alarm by showing them at work in every *commune* in France, to get accurate information as to their vast wealth, was the result sought for and obtained. People whispered that the gains of the monks acquired in collusion with Saint Anthony of Padua might, by a simple decision of the Legislature, be turned to better account than subsidising anti-Republican agitators.

But the sketch of this work of Republican Defence is incomplete. M. Waldeck-Rousseau knows that popularity in France is the prize of display. Unlike M. Brisson, he does not disdain to satisfy the people's craving for the sights of the circus. The September recess he uses to get up some striking festival, likely to be long talked about in many a country household. In 1899 it was the Triumph of the Republic that served as a pretext to muster together the forces of Paris Socialism, and make them renew their allegiance to President

Loubet. Unfortunately the new Prefect of Police's *sergents de ville* were not yet alert enough. Late at night, after the ceremony, the mob sacked a Catholic church. The year after was Exhibition year. The show would have been hackneyed enough without the gigantic banquet to which twenty-two thousand rural *maires* sat down. By that genial idea, the Government won for a time the hearts of the French peasant population. Last September we saw on Béthény plains, while the Tsar and the President beamed upon them, a temporary reconciliation of the army and M. Waldeck-Rousseau's Cabinet.

After a year's time the policy of Republican Defence seemed to have succeeded. While on June 26, 1899, whereas the Senate approved M. Waldeck-Rousseau's policy by 187 votes against 25, the Chamber of Deputies gave him but the narrow majority of 263 against 237, in the following November the majority had risen to 317 against 211, and a few days after 329 Deputies, in the very Chamber that had given its confidence to M. Méline, showed no compunction in following M. Waldeck-Rousseau. He was expected, having now restored order, to resign and allow the farce of Ministries of three months' duration, in which every leading Deputy has his turn of power, to begin again. But the Breton nature is distinguished by tenacity. The speech of Toulouse shattered the hopes of those that had already drawn up the list of a new Cabinet.

The political atmosphere is clearer, the Republic has won the victory, she must not lose the advantages thereof by any false sentiment; the enemy is humbled, he must be crushed. Foremost among the enemy have been the monks, as the Assumptionist trial has shown; they must pay the penalty of their insubordination. M. Waldeck-Rousseau does not lay a sacrilegious hand on the Church. The clergy have in him a friend who will rid them of the pestilent monk. What is the monk to the *curé*, after all, but the dissenting minister to the English parson. The chapel is built next to the church, the monk's confessional is the resort of the upper class, the *curé* listens to the confession only of "vulgar consciences."¹ The Bishop of Nancy has already spoken some very sharp words against the nuns' orphanages, who, under the pretext of charity, exploit the children of the poor. Thus M. Waldeck-Rousseau's projected bill is not anti-religious or anti-Catholic. And the final argument is likely to make every working man's mouth water:—

"Ce n'est pas le lieu ni le moment de faire de la statistique; mais, pour montrer qu'en signalant à la tribune le péril d'une main-morte grandissante et qui menace le principe de la libre circulation des biens, nous n'avons pas obéi à de vaines alarmes, il suffira, je pense, de dire que la valeur des immeubles occupés ou possédés par les congrégations était, en 1880, de 700 millions déjà, et qu'aujourd'hui elle dépasse un milliard. Quelle part échoit, si on part de ce chiffre, à la main-morte mobilière?"²

(1) Speech in the Chamber, January 21, 1901.

(2) Speech of Toulouse.

A promise to endow with this milliard a working man's old-age pension fund made the proposed confiscation popular. That part of the Law of Associations relating to religious orders passed in Parliament by a large majority.

This is not the place to discuss a law which some call a decree of proscription, others a law of social preservation, and others still ignore as a measure impossible to carry out. Studied closely, those articles relating to the religious orders will appear more liberal than they are generally supposed to be. After the part played by the monks in the Dreyfus affair, these articles may be deemed rather mild reprisals. But, when speaking of this law, the principle it embodies of the liberty of association is often overlooked. According to a law dating from Louis Philippe's reign, the members of an association of more than twenty persons, not duly registered at the Prefecture, and placed therefore under direct police supervision, were liable to certain penalties. A Protestant dissenting congregation might be prosecuted as well as a Catholic brotherhood, neither being officially recognised by the Concordat. Over the village club, the schoolboys' athletic society, this statute hung like a rusty, but menacing, sword of Damocles. To-day all associations, except monastic orders, are free.

The Toulouse programme was threefold: political, fiscal, social. The promised political reform has become the Law of Associations, the fiscal reform is now also a part of the French law. This very complex reform may be briefly described as follows: the Revolution, which swept away so many abuses, overlooked the system of internal customs called *octroi*. Any one who has travelled in France is acquainted with that intolerable nuisance, the *gabclou*. In every town of over 5,000 inhabitants the *octroi*-officers stand at the railway-station gates, inspecting bags and baskets, eager to tax any article of food. As a national institution the *gabclou* has survived several revolutions, like the French academician, and, like him, retains the traditional uniform of the same verdant hue; of course such a mode of taxation has long been pronounced anti-economic and anti-democratic. The difficulty lies in effecting the change from indirect to direct taxation. The ratepayer who murmurs at the *octroi*-officers handling his luggage will murmur still louder at the tax-gatherer's increased bill. The Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry has taken the first efficient step towards removing this venerable institution by the now famous *Loi des Boissons* which became law on January 1, 1901. By another strange survival of the past, not a cask of wine, or beer, or cider, could travel on the high roads without a special pass, the price of which was pretty high. The new law considerably reduces the price of this pass, and suppresses the municipal *octroi* taxes on wine, beer and cider, called "hygienic drinks," while increasing them on alcohol, absinthe, and other "non-hygienic drinks." From a social point of view the reform is good.

It is a boon for the poorer classes that, in a city like Paris, wine should have fallen from 7d. and 8d. per quart to 4d. and 3d., retail prices. The adulteration, carried on within the walls of Paris, becomes unprofitable with such low prices for the natural produce. As a fiscal reform, however, the law is a miserable failure.

The third part of the programme, the social reforms, has not yet come under discussion. The Aged Working-men's Pensions Bill has, however, been suffered to lie on the table. The responsibility of certain decrees of a more or less socialistic description must be, moreover, ascribed to M. Millerand, the Minister of Commerce.

Such is the result of a three years' Ministry. Born to end prematurely, M. Waldeck-Rousseau's Cabinet has proved its vitality. As he presided over the Exhibition, M. Waldeck-Rousseau is now superintending the general election. His work is praiseworthy; he has saved the Republic from a dangerous crisis, ensured for the President the respect of all classes, carried the ship on which the fortune of France is embarked safely through the shoals of the Dreyfus affair. It would be unjust not to mention his co-partners in the work; M. Loubet, whose good humour and *bonhomie* have softened now and then the disagreeable impression of his Prime Minister's authoritative voice; M. Delcassé, the able head of the French Foreign Office, whose ability the settlement of the Franco-Turkish difficulties so strikingly demonstrated. Throughout her internal discords, France, like the high-born lady that she is, has, thanks to her Minister of Foreign Affairs, never shown a cloud upon her brow; at the festive board round which the Powers are assembled she has displayed her wit, her talent for light repartee, and coquetted as in the days when she had no anxiety at home.

Yet in spite of the Prime Minister and his fellow-workers' excellent statesmanship, the last three years' work may be in vain. After some months' navigation in a calm, open stretch of ocean, the rocks and shoals are once more within measurable distance. Summoned to the ballot-boxes, for the ostensible reason of choosing Deputies, the electors are even now passing sentence on the Prime Minister of France. The vote of the majority is deciding whether a Republic from which Socialists are not excluded is right or wrong, just or unjust. Woe to the ship of the Republic if the pilot has a moment's heedlessness and the captain hesitates. Part of the crew temporarily below deck are always ready to mutiny and wrest the helm from the pilot's hands.

The two dangers come: the one from the financial situation, the other from an inherent flaw in the Ministry.

Financially, the position is this: In time of peace, that is, of normal expenditure, without any exceptional programme of army reform or public works to carry out, there is a deficit in the Treasury. The

Minister of Finance has to rack his brains to balance the budget. Are the causes of this alarming situation merely occasional, as is thought in official circles, being ascribed to the reform of the drink laws and to a passing crisis, in which all Europe shares, but aggravated in France by the strain of an Exhibition year, or, as the pessimists assert, are the normal sources of public revenue being exhausted through the general impoverishment of the country? Whatever the cause, the deficit is an excellent political platform for an Opposition. What more easy theme for electors than to make a Ministry into which Socialists are admitted responsible for the paralytic stroke fallen on capital!

This leads us to the second danger. Excellent as a Parliamentary combination, M. Waldeck-Rousseau's alliance with the Socialists is an incentive to the cravings of the poorer classes. To see a Socialist leader like M. Millerand at the Ministry of Commerce was to them as a prelude to millennium. After two years' waiting, millennium has not come, and the burden of life sits as heavy on the workman's shoulders. As a Parliamentary body the Socialist Deputies are now as loyal to the Republican Constitution as the Senators themselves, but the electors perhaps remain unsatisfied. Hence the tendency in all classes to accuse the Government of every individual grievance, inseparable from the complex working of economic laws. If the wine-grower in the south undersells his wine, he proclaims his intention of not paying taxes; if the miner in the north suffers from a crisis in the coal trade, he threatens a general strike that would bring the country to the eve of civil war.

And a more serious danger is the nervousness of the *bourgeois*, for whom the word Socialism is a bugbear and a synonym for Anarchism. The misfortune of France lies in her lack of aristocracy, that is, of a class of men whom family traditions endow with a civic spirit, among whom there are neither adventurers nor rash theorists. Certainly there are in France, as in Belgium, men ready to face the bayonet or rifle of the *gendarme* in whom a Clerical Government confides, and to lay down their lives for a flimsy half-understood ideal, but there is not a *bourgeois* who would lay down his income for the Republic. Now the chief strength of the Republic has until now lain in her admirable financial policy. With the crushing debt left by the war, the necessity of keeping up both army and navy, the desire of extending her colonial empire, France has shown for thirty years passable budgets. To-day the *bourgeois* class are beginning to be persuaded that a Republic means deficit and impending Socialism, with its unguarded threats of confiscation.

Of course the fear is groundless, over and over has M. Waldeck-Rousseau repeated that he is no collectivist, but an "individualist." Between the disciple of Gambetta, the colleague of Jules Ferry, and

the Prime Minister of to-day, there is really no difference. He is carrying out the ideas of his master, he is completing the work undertaken from the very outset by the Liberal Republicans, his political and fiscal reforms have been effected in the best spirit of modern France. Parliamentary tactics made the aid of the Socialists indispensable; as M. Méline governed with the Right against the extreme Left, so M. Waldeck-Rousseau governs with the Socialists against the Clericals. Are not, after all, the Socialists "ralliés," like the reputed Royalists that M. Méline received into the fold of the Republic?

Then he has given the Senate that pre-eminence that the Constitution ascribes to it, and the Senate is the stronghold of Republican Conservatism as opposed to the Revolutionary temper of the Chamber. No one clamours now, even among the Radicals, for a Revised Constitution, out of which would emerge the tyrannical one Assembly. He has also once more made Ministerial stability a fact. In 1898, just before the new Ministry was formed, M. Avenel called attention to the fact that since 1870 there had been in France thirty-eight different Ministries, the term of office of which did not on an average exceed nine months. Only two Ministries, that of Jules Ferry in 1883 and that of M. Méline in 1896, have lasted two years. M. Waldeck-Rousseau's Premiership bids fair to be therefore a record. To-day the general election is deciding the course of future events. According to the peasant, bourgeois, and working-man's vote, M. Waldeck-Rousseau will by the summer be yachting on the Mediterranean or defending in the sultry atmosphere of the Palais-Bourbon his *Caisse des Retraites ouvrières* Bill, and proposing the repeal of the *Falloux* law, so favourable to the teaching religious orders. Nor will it be in his career a more astonishing feat than bringing 22,000 *maires* together to drink the health of a President who not long before had seemed most unpopular, or presenting to the autocratic Nicholas II., M. Millerand, a Socialist leader.

To find M. Waldeck-Rousseau's prototype in Parliamentary history, we must of course turn to England; there, in troublous times such as those through which France is now passing, Halifax saved his country from a civil war, and retarded, for some years, by a policy which he himself called *trimming*, the inevitable dynastic change. Macaulay has left us a masterly portrait of the statesman after his own heart. With a few verbal alterations it might be applied to the ablest trimmer that France has known since Gambetta.

CH. BASTIDE.

A COSMOPOLITAN OXFORD.

THE very notion of such a thing would surely have sufficed to send into a fit the senior Fellows of unreformed Oxford, and even now its impending realisation seems calculated to send their ghosts squealing and gibbering through our streets! Nor could any philosopher have excogitated a more unlikely future for the most venerable and conservative of all the seats of learning. But a great dreamer arises, who is also, and perhaps all the more, a man of action, and hey presto! he speaks the word, and his will starts Oxford on a new career as a cosmopolitan university centre for the whole Anglo-Teutonic world. Assuredly, of all the dreams Cecil Rhodes has dreamt none was stranger, more far-reaching, and original, than that implied in his foundation of a Trust for awarding Scholarships to be held in the University of Oxford by Americans, Africans, Australians and Germans! That these scholarships should be of an amount (£300 and £250 per annum) sufficient to take their recipients to Oxford and amply to maintain them there, is both generous and sensible, and opens the University to poor men in a way which the £80 scholarships of the existing colleges have never been able to do. That their aggregate value should amount to nearly £50,000 a year is also impressive, especially in comparison with the small benefactions which have hitherto been the rule, and even with the meritorious but modest efforts which our provincial colleges are at present making to turn themselves into universities. But when compared with the great movement which has covered America from the Atlantic to the Pacific with universities and libraries monumental of the colossal liberality of its Leland Stanfords, Rockefellers and Carnegies, the mere pecuniary value of Mr. Rhodes's bequests to Oxford does not seem unparalleled. What is entirely unprecedented is the spirit of the donor and the aim he proposed to attain by his gift. That a typical man of action should have affirmed his belief in the necessity of informing his men of action with knowledge, by devoting so large a sum to this purpose, is an example of inestimable value at a time when the contented ignorance and frivolous play of the social butterfly have become dangerously attractive ideals. That he should have bestowed his bounty upon a University which has always, uncompromisingly, and even to the point of narrowness, maintained its belief in the educational value of the humaner letters, must immensely encourage those who have sustained the protest against the short-sighted utilitarianism of educational innovators. That he should have expressed in eloquent words, and even in precise figures, his appreciation of moral

and physical robustness, manliness and efficiency, formulates an idea that has long underlain the best English education in a manner that should make it easier for all to grasp the difference between education and instruction. But, after all, even these striking features in Mr. Rhodes's scheme are dwarfed by his recognition of the political significance of a common academic life, and of the power of ideas in drawing together and alienating nations. That he should have afforded to the chosen youth of the colonies the opportunity to imbibe the academic ideals which are peculiar to the English universities, was perhaps natural, and evinces only a clear perception of the fact that the Empire must in the last resort be held together by the spiritual bond of a common civilisation.

But the endowment of *international* scholarships is a totally new idea. One might have expected it to occur to some American millionaire, like Mr. Carnegie, to facilitate the study of European methods by the picked intellects of America. But that the initiative should come from our side, that we should invite our nearest relatives, and therefore keenest rivals among the nations, to penetrate into the citadel of our culture and to test the value of the palladia long so jealously guarded in its temples, this idea of Mr. Rhodes's surely reaches a pitch of sublimity which, to a cynic, must border closely on the ridiculous, together with the robust faith that "a good understanding between England, Germany, and the United States of America will secure the peace of the world, and educational relations form the strongest tie." But even a cynic would hardly deny that the idea was grandiose, and that there are already indications in this case also that the faith shown will go far to create its own justification. If only some other international benefactor would devise a method of suppressing the Chauvinist Press in every country!

But Mr. Rhodes not only showed great faith in the power of his generosity to evoke an appropriate response from America and Germany. He has shown still greater faith in the University of Oxford, and paid his *alma mater* what is possibly the greatest compliment she has ever received, enough certainly to cause her aged cheeks to flush with pride in the sight of an observant world. The situation is remarkable, and well merits consideration. I propose, therefore, to forecast some of the probable effects of Mr. Rhodes's bequest on the existing system of Oxford University.

It should be noted in the first place that though Mr. Rhodes's bequest was a magnificent expression of his confidence in the educational competence of Oxford, it rather pointedly declines to endorse its business management. Even if Mr. Rhodes had not said so, this would have been apparent from the provisions for the administration of his bequest. The funds are not offered to the University to accept (or reject). In fact, the University has no sort of control

over them. Mr. Rhodes has resolutely determined to bestow his benefactions, whether the University likes them or not. His trustees will nominate to his scholarships and make whatever regulations as to colleges and studies they choose: his scholars will matriculate as private individuals at whatever college is willing to receive them, and the University will be powerless to prevent this. In fact, all the University could do, in the unlikely event that it desired to get rid of them, would be to "plough" them persistently in their examinations, "Smalls" for choice! The explanation probably is that Mr. Rhodes was aware that Oxford itself is the chief difficulty in the way of benefiting Oxford. In any democratic and self-governing university there are pretty sure to be two opinions even as to gifts, which may always seem to some to be brought by Danaan hands; but nowhere probably has the dentistry of gift-horses been carried to a higher pitch of ingenuity than in Oxford. Last summer the University declined the offer of some Law Scholarships to which, in its opinion, too onerous conditions were attached: Mr. Rhodes has set an example, which we may expect to see largely followed, of how to benefit the University even against its will.

What difference, then, will be made by the one hundred and seventy-seven Rhodes Scholars whom Oxford will have to receive and will doubtless welcome? That is a difficult question to answer until we know more of their probable character. But, of course, some will say "none"; they will be swamped in the masses of other undergraduates, and will only be an addition to the seven or eight hundred subsidised students already found in Oxford. I think this view is certainly erroneous, and that they will make an immense difference, quite out of proportion to their numbers. The reasons for this will appear on analysis.

In the first place, whatever their character, they will largely modify the insularity of the present members of the University, both senior and junior. The former will have to make themselves familiar with the educational systems, and to some extent with the educational needs, of countries so different as America, the Colonies and Germany. The latter will be to some extent shaken out of their incurious indifference to everything outside England, even though at first, perhaps, they will show their susceptibility to the novel influences, chiefly by an indecent readiness to adopt the racy locutions of the bush and the ranch. It may safely be predicted that Oxford will become a most congenial hotbed for the latest slang. Fortunately the Oxford English dictionary will be at hand to keep a record of these additions to the English tongue, and perhaps the Oxford English may even react beneficially upon the character of the imported dialects.

In the next place it may be anticipated that the newcomers, if they are of maturer years, will mitigate a certain schoolboyishness which

at present prevails in undergraduate circles. And it seems probable that they will largely be of maturer years. The Colonials, indeed, may probably proceed to Oxford direct from school, and if so they will probably make no great difference. To judge by a certain number of Colonials who have visited us in the past, they only infuse a certain agreeable diversity into the undergraduate type by their vigour and unconventionality, but they will not appreciably affect the social tone or the educational policy of Oxford. Coming up fresh from school, they will find their way into the social, athletic and scholastic pursuits of Oxford as their affinities incline them and their abilities warrant. Possibly their arrival may be used as a further argument in favour of relaxing the uncompromising insistence on Greek in "Smalls." But then a powerfully-supported scheme in favour of reducing the stringency of the classical entrance requirements had already been prepared before Mr. Rhodes's death, and to judge by the stories as to his admiration for Aristotle the advocates of the change can hardly claim to be acting in his spirit.

The academic influence of the American scholars is likely to be considerably greater. For though they will vary considerably in character and ability, according as they hail from Oklahoma and Alaska, or from Massachusetts and New York, they will probably be for the most part "graduate students" who have spent three or four years at one or other of the colleges which are so plentiful in America. One cannot indeed be quite certain as to this until the method of their selection has been determined. But it seems very unlikely that Mr. Rhodes's trustees will themselves attempt the task of selecting the American scholars. To do so would require an intimate knowledge of American educational institutions and conditions. They will accordingly be almost sure to depute their powers to some authorities, either political or educational. In the former case the Governor of the State or Territory, or some committee appointed by him, or by the Legislature, would naturally be thought of. In either event there would be a danger of a political abuse of the patronage; one could imagine, *e.g.*, the son of an active Tammany politician coming up to represent the highest American culture at Balliol. In the latter case the selection might be left to the President of the State University or of the chief educational institution of the State. The difficulty would be that in many of the eastern States there are several institutions of first-rate importance, while in other cases (*e.g.* Ohio) there are none. It might be better therefore to nominate a committee composed of leading professors and other persons of culture, either for each State or for the whole country.

But in whatever way the nominating body was constituted, it seems practically certain that if the elections were made by, or in consultation with, American educational authorities, their choice would fall mainly

upon "graduate students." For it will be in their ranks that the men will be found who are most eager to go, best equipped, and prepared to make the best use of the privilege. And as there will probably be keen competition for the scholarships, the older men will be able to offer better evidence of their fitness.

We may take it, then, that Oxford will have to accommodate more than one hundred ambitious young Americans, mostly looking forward to some sort of teaching as a career, and eager to take a degree which will increase their reputation. These numbers are the minimum: they may easily be doubled or trebled if the movement spreads, and Oxford is found to offer what Americans want. Hitherto this has not, for one reason or another, been found to be the case; some thirty Americans came over about two or three years ago, but no such numbers have been reached in later years. Now all these Americans will naturally and vigorously inquire what Oxford is prepared to do for them, and will not be lacking in ingenuity or persistence in "voicing" their demands. Those demands will on the whole be reasonable. I do not think, *e.g.*, that they will demand exemption from proctorial jurisdiction and the disciplinary restrictions of collegiate life; for the latter at least are neither very irksome in themselves, nor likely to be enforced with unnecessary pedantry on senior, and no doubt frequently, on married men. But a demand will certainly be made for suitable academic pabulum, and the attempt to supply this demand may have a great effect on the Oxford system. At first no doubt the reply will be:—"There are the new Research degrees: You can become Bachelors of Science and Letters without Greek and without passing 'Smalls,' and when you have elaborated your dissertations and published them in the shape of 'contributions to science or learning' we shall be pleased to make you Doctors of Science or Letters, as soon as you have £50 or so to spend on fees and gowns." And it must be admitted that in the light of what has now happened the institution of these degrees appears to have been wise and statesmanlike.

But how about the instruction of candidates for these degrees? At present graduate instruction (the Americans will teach us to avoid the local barbarism "post graduate") is not so much unorganised as non-existent in Oxford. In this respect we are far behind America, even allowing for the fact that high Honours in Oxford imply attainments far above what is needed for any American baccalaureate. But in America it has been recognised that the special study of any modern subject cannot be compressed into four years, and requires something more systematic from the teacher than a good general education plus whatever knowledge he may have picked up in teaching; hence three years' graduate study for the Doctorate of Philosophy is commonly expected. In Oxford, on the other hand, we have lost almost the whole

personnel for the purpose of graduate study which we ever possessed. The decline in college revenues has (very properly) entailed the abolition of "Prize" Fellowships. But as a consequence the unemployed graduate population of the University has almost disappeared. There are neither Prize Fellows, nor inducements to remain in residence in the hope of a Fellowship. And poverty has prevented also the establishment of nearly all the Senior Scholarships and Research Fellowships contemplated by that extraordinary monument of optimistic folly, the University Statutes of 1881.¹ Furthermore the growing demand for detailed knowledge renders it more and more impossible even for the best men to study any subject as undergraduates beyond the point required "for the Schools." Hence the Professors have been confronted with the painful alternative of either lecturing for the Schools or to empty benches. The former practice merely duplicates the work done by the Tutors, the latter is discouraging. No wonder they are dissatisfied and insist on inserting in the "examination statutes" lengthy lists of "special subjects," which are mostly quite unsuited to form part of a general education, and remain a dead letter because the Tutors know that in nine cases out of ten they could be taken up only at a loss.

Now it seems very possible that the coming invasion of American graduates may radically alter all this, and give the Professors a grand opportunity they ought to welcome. It will supply them with an audience, and practically force them to lecture on advanced subjects, to form "seminars," and in short to adopt the methods which are found to be efficient for such purposes in America and Germany. And in so doing they will no longer be competing with the College Tutors. For the latter will neither be able nor desirous to deal with students each of whom is engaged in a special study. And thus we shall achieve a much-needed educational reform, viz., the differentiation between the instruction given by the University and by the Colleges.

And incidentally it seems probable that the example and practice of so many American "researchers" will benefit our education also by checking the examination craze, by increasing the esteem in which the power to do independent work is held, and by diminishing the exclusive admiration for the intellectual qualities which come out in examination.

All these developments will probably be promoted also by the

(1) In no case did the Commissioners foresee the agricultural depression, and the consequent crippling of the colleges dependent upon agricultural rentals. Hence, to give an example, it was calculated that my college (Corpus Christi) would, by 1900, have an income of £25,000 a year from external endowments. In point of fact it is about £10,000. Some colleges have done better, owing to the growth of towns. But for this also the Commissioners made no provision. And a large number are in great straits.

presence of the German contingent of Rhodes Scholars, although their influence will be proportionately less. For they also will probably find the curriculum of the regular Oxford examinations impracticable, though for other reasons. On the one hand they will have, in the first instance, to learn the language; on the other they will not be able to indulge in a course of study which would prejudice their chances in the German Staats-Examen. Hence I regard it as probable that they also will be technically "researchers" for the most part, though practically they will probably be composed of two classes: (1) mature men anxious to learn English and to obtain an insight into our methods and to write books about us and them, and (2) young noblemen preparing themselves for a diplomatic career. In neither class does it seem probable that individuals will stay in Oxford for longer than a year or two.

It remains to consider the effect of Mr. Rhodes's generosity on his own college, Oriel. It will not only relieve this ancient and distinguished foundation from all financial embarrassment, and enable it to construct in the High what will doubtless be a further ornament to that most beautiful street, but it will endow the Oriel Tutorships in such a way as to place them among the most attractive in the University. And in all those respects Mr. Rhodes's example is admirable, for throughout the University there are poverty-stricken foundations and tutorial stipends which, though adequate enough under the old system of celibate clerics, are quite insufficient to support the married Fellows of the present day.

And lastly, as regards the University as a whole, it must surely be that Mr. Rhodes's bequest will indirectly draw attention also to the number and urgency of the needs which, directly, it does nothing to relieve. The British people must sooner or later awaken to the fact that in every department of higher education it is allowing itself to be distanced by America. The spirit, no doubt, of our ancient Universities is still unimpaired, and their charm incomparable. But in matters of the material equipment needed for the proper prosecution of modern studies, we are at a great and growing disadvantage. Where in America £100,000 is forthcoming for a laboratory we can in Oxford scarcely raise £10,000. It is clear therefore that in such directions much will need to be done before Oxford can fully rise to that cosmopolitan eminence of which all who love her believe her to be so capable, and to which the will of Cecil Rhodes has summoned her.

F. C. S. SCHILLER.

AN EDUCATIONAL BILL OF SETTLEMENT.

THE two prime reasons for Educational reform to-day are external pressure and internal friction. Our South African difficulties coming on the top of our commercial reverses, and exposing in their turn the shortcomings of our administrative machinery, have brought home to the thoughtful *élite* who mould public opinion in England the need of setting our educational *ateliers nationaux* in order, and of putting a stop, as soon as possible, to the shocking waste of effort which at present goes on through the cut-throat competition of our rival educational agencies. It is no longer a cry for organising this or that branch of education. The times have become too serious for us to sit down and watch which particular form of local administration or type of school is going to win in the long run. Just as war reveals the necessity of putting an end to rivalries and jealousies in the military service, so the present crisis has disclosed the danger of tolerating indefinitely administrative and educational jealousies. Local and sectarian differences will have to give way before the growing needs of national unity. The organisation of all grades of education has become imperative. Such organisation must on the one hand be loose enough to rope in all existing schools; it must be strong enough to prevent any excessive reduplication of effort; it must be clear cut enough to show at a glance the function of every school, and enable us thereby to forge the necessary links for coupling it on to the national system. There must be no ostracism nor undue preferential treatment. The rights of teachers and of minorities must alike be safeguarded, and the wishes of parents as far as possible consulted in the education of their children, and, lastly, economy must not be lost sight of, and the incidence of taxation justly apportioned in return for benefits received. All this can only come to pass when the general oversight of education is entrusted in each area to one responsible local authority. In adopting this principle in their present Bill the Government have shown a commendable inclination to give up their previous hand-to-mouth methods of legislation, and to tackle the question on a scale that is worthy of the subject.

It is true they have left London out of the Bill, but London is a problem in itself, which is probably better solved when the rest of the question has been settled. At any rate the inclusion of the London question would dangerously "deck-load" any measure in an ordinary session; in the present shortened one it would certainly ensure the foundering of the Bill.

Wisely, too, the Government have selected for their Single Authority

the County Councils. The opponents of the Bill appear to be inclined to back the idea of universal School Boards, or of *ad hoc* bodies. They are trotting out the same stale old catchwords about the absurdity of entrusting a body elected for roads and drains with the management of education. They carefully ignore or minimise the fact that the County Councils have already successfully dealt with education of a secondary kind on a large scale.

Still more hollow is the objection that the interests of education would be neglected under County Council management, owing to the supposed complexity of their existing duties. For if such critics object to the County Council on these grounds, why do they not carry their objections to a logical conclusion and protest against education remaining a parliamentary matter. Here their reasons would have considerably greater weight. A member of Parliament is elected on the issue of many more questions than a member of the local parliament or County Council, so that education in this case is far more likely to be lost sight of. Again, a much larger proportion of the cost of education comes out of the National Treasury than out of the local exchequers. Yet, strangely enough, we never hear the wildest of School Board advocates deprecating the parliamentary control of education, and clamouring for a special national *ad hoc* body for the management of National Education, to be separately elected by the nation, with separate unlimited taxing powers. So chimerical does such a scheme seem to us, that, as Mr. Balfour pointed out, we should not even tolerate the idea of allowing unlimited spending powers to our army and navy experts, although, as a mere question of national life and death, their functions are even more important.

Furthermore, the whole history of the development of local government in England is dead against the *ad hoc* method of dealing with local questions. It is by no means a more perfect and adequate form of local political life, as our School Board friends would have us believe, but rather local government in a rudimentary and transitional stage. Recent research has shown that the modern municipal borough was directly evolved from a congeries of disconnected *ad hoc* bodies, each with a special isolated function, just as the County Councils are a more recent development out of similar atomic forms of local control. The educational *ad hoc* bodies of 1870 were not, therefore, the latest and most improved method of voicing democratic sentiment. Far from being a progressive and up-to-date type, they were really a step backward, a "reversion," an anachronism. The sooner that the few remaining exponents of this obsolete and antiquated form of local control are swept away, the better for the future of local government in England, whose unification and consolidation the surviving anomalies have so sore let and hindered.

No doubt the Higher Education section of the Bill contains several lacunæ. The whisky money, which may still be applied, as heretofore, to general purposes, ought to be definitely allotted to education. No arrangement is made either for the classification and inspection of secondary schools. But what is still more serious, because it is an indispensable preliminary step to the co-ordination of education in any area, is that the new local authority is in no way compelled to take a general census and survey of its existing educational supply. Yet it is all important, before it begins to try and patch up the present state of things, it should obtain a clear idea of the actual stock of education on the ground, in order to see how far it answers to the actual needs of the locality. In no other way can the wants of the area be dealt with in a comprehensive and scientific fashion.

Still these lacunæ, serious as some of them are, do not impair the organic unity of the Bill, however much they lessen its total value. Fortunately they are such as can be readily filled in when the present framework has been adopted as the law of the land. There is, however, one formidable and indeed fatal blot on the Bill, and that is the clause that renders permissive the adoption of the elementary portion by the County Councils. No doubt there is something to be said on the face of it for rendering the adoption of the clause optional. One or two County Councils have, indeed, either from real overwork or because they are "agin the Government" showed signs of resenting the taking over of the School Boards being made a compulsory matter. It is true, again, that the proposal as it stands means the ultimate adoption everywhere of County Council authorities. Such a plan of campaign ensures the defeat of the School Boards in detail. The weaker will succumb almost immediately, which will render the fall of the few strongholds of the Boards a mere question of time. But have the Government realised what such a policy of slow extinction means to the nation at large? Instead of one short, sharp fight in the Commons we shall have a long drawn out guerilla warfare up and down the country. It would be, as has been truly said, *la guerre en permanence*, and nothing else. County Council elections would be a duel between the Municipalists and the *ad hoc* Sectaries. Every School Board election—and they run into thousands—would be fought on the question whether the Board should be represented by Annexionists or Independents. The *odium theologicum* would not be the only obstacle to the adoption of the Act. In districts where the unconscientious objector to rate-money being spent on education is in a majority the Act would remain a dead letter. Whole areas would therefore still be left devoid of even the bare minimum of educational efficiency. Yet if there is one thing in educational policy which is recognised to-day in France and Germany, it is the right, or rather the duty, of the

State to impose on the localities certain irreducible minima in education as in sanitation and other matters that concern the public weal. But the permissive clause, as it stands, allows of a choice between a bare minimum of efficiency and none at all. The partial advantages it could secure in some localities would be dearly purchased by the bad blood it would everywhere provoke. * If the clause is not made compulsory it would be probably preferable to suppress it outright, together with the elementary portion of the Bill.

In any case the primary section is certain to be that around which the battle will rage the fiercest. To judge by some of the most recent fulminations against the Bill, Democracy is not only going to be scotched but killed outright. The mole-heap that has caused this mountainous uproar is the fact that though the County Councils are to nominate a majority of the Educational Committee through whom they act, they are not necessarily obliged to select them all from the ranks of their own body. This is being represented as an ominous breach in the inviolate principle of public control, inasmuch as the nominees of the Council need not necessarily have all passed through the purifying fire of popular election. Surely it is a curious doctrine that you can only trust those who are elected by the people, you cannot trust those whom they elect and *for whom they are responsible to the people*! Besides, is this principle of direct control so absolutely a part of the English constitution? Is there not a body called the Cabinet, who are somewhat more important than a County Council Committee, of whom the majority do not necessarily owe their election to public choice? Yet they owe their tenure of office entirely to the loyalty of their party, who in turn receive their tenure from the people at large. Is not the position of the working majority of an Educational Committee very analogous, except that they are altogether in a more subordinate position than the Cabinet? Do they not, assuming they are appointed from year to year, practically depend on the will of the Council who elect them, who in turn depend on the popular vote of the locality? If the public check on the Cabinet is sufficient, it ought to be equally so for the Education Committee.

Besides, has the School Board system ever proved popular in anything but name? Tried by the stern test of the polling booths, which is the more popular, the County Councils, often polling from 60 to 70 per cent. of the electorate, or the School Board, with some 20 to 25 per cent.? As for the supposed danger of importing the religious difficulty into County Council elections, are not the above figures a sufficient proof of how small a percentage of persons are usually drawn into the religious squabble by one party or the other? In fact, the number of militant fanatics seems so insignificant compared with the general bulk of the population, that even in centres which are veritable "Brennpunkte" of the religious difficulty

their influence, which has hitherto been paramount in the School Board election with its light poll would be but a subordinate factor in a County Council election, owing to the larger number of voters, and the fact that the religious question, if it existed, would be only one out of many. Indeed, it is doubtful whether their influence would be even so strong as that of the Temperance Party for example. Far from being injured, Democracy would be rather the gainer by the lopping off of these excrescences in local government. Apart from the reduction of the religious question to its proper limits, its attention being no longer distracted by the claim of two rival boards of management, it would be able to take a more lively interest in the doings of its One Authority, while the simplification of local finance by the suppression of a separate School Board ledger would immensely facilitate the economic treatment of local reforms.

Moreover, against the problematical loss in the shape of a possibly diminished public control we have to set a clear gain in the recognition of the need of experts on these committees. Education is a skilled matter in which the ordinary publicly elected person has need of skilled assessors. Robert Lowe's remark anent the people on the need of educating our masters is still more applicable to their representatives. They require, above all, educating in the administration of their work, and this can only come through the co-optation and co-operation of the expert.

The taking over of the Board and Voluntary Schools is a necessary corollary of the One Authority. The absorption of the former will be an easy matter. The disbanded School Board army of members, managers and officials, will be open for enlistment under the County Council. All whose chief objection to School Boards is based on administrative grounds will hope to see as many as possible of the old hands taken on, in order that the break caused by the taking over of the Schools by the County Councils may be as slight as possible. If this is carried out properly, we shall practically have the same establishment with the same *personnel* but under new management.

The terms on which the Voluntary Schools are taken over will meet with far more debate. In the matter of finance the two high contracting parties, the State and the Voluntary Schools, each seem to be a gainer by the transaction. The Voluntary managers supply buildings and make such improvements and repairs as are reasonable, while the local authority which receives the school grants pays out of these funds and the rates the remaining items of maintenance. The value of the Voluntary buildings alone is estimated at £26,000,000. To replace these by new State Schools would cost many millions more, while the expense of maintenance under such conditions would be enormously increased. The expenditure, as figured out by Mr. Balfour, would rise from £18,000,000 a year, which we are paying under

the present arrangement, to £26,000,000. No doubt the new system will ultimately lead to increased expenditure in some quarters, mainly in teachers' salaries,¹ but against this must be set the saving in expenditure produced by the abolition of the small School Boards, in which the costs of election and administration amount in some cases to half-a-crown in the pound. The apparent payment for religious instruction out of the rates is certain to be seized on as a handle by those who have no sense of proportion and would rather that more than half the country should be condemned indefinitely to educational inefficiency than that the smallest tithe of the rates should appear to be applied to the support of dogmatic teaching. Such people conveniently ignore the fact that while the religious instruction occupies less than a quarter of the school time, already more than three-quarters of the cost of the instruction given in the denominational schools comes out of the public purse. As matters, therefore, stand, not only has the religious instruction hitherto been paid for by public money, but a good deal more than half of the secular instruction has also been met from the same source. The average School Board advocate passes lightly over the fact that the largest ratepayers, especially in the country, have not only to pay school rates but also find the money to support their own denominational school. This is especially true of many Catholics. It would be interesting to see what such persons would think of the Quebec method of applying the rates towards the aid of denominational schools. In that part of the Empire all are obliged to pay the school rate, but may choose the type of school to which they desire their contribution should go. Such a striking instance of regard for, not only local, but individual option, ought to commend itself to our kleinstädtist and individualistic brethren. Yet, were such a principle mooted in this country, they would be the first to invoke the oneness of the nation and dilate on the sinfulness of splitting up the people into rival religious camps.

Another centre of discussion will be the position of the teacher under the new contract. The Church party offered to allow the local authority a voice in the appointment and dismissal of teachers. By a curious oversight dismissal has been omitted from the Bill. This should be remedied. The right of appeal to the local authority should be in itself a sufficient deterrent to those cases of unjust dismissal which are always possible from local causes. It may be difficult to make people good by Act of Parliament, but a legal enactment has often the negative advantage of preventing their committing an injustice. Allusion has already been made to the increase of salaries which must take place. It will obviously be impossible to keep on paying the teachers in the Church Schools less than those in the other schools in

(1) It is by no means clear from the Bill on which contracting party the cost of equipment and furniture falls.

the long run. A remarkable omission in the Bill is the absence of any definite provision for local training colleges for teachers. This is all the more surprising after the prominence given by Mr. Balfour to this important topic. Perhaps we have only here one of those apparently intentional omissions which are such a feature in the present Bill. One cannot help fancying that the Government have deliberately preferred to leave their decision on various debateable points to be extorted from them by the importunity of the private member rather than to assume the initiative themselves. Here is at least an opportunity where one might placate to a certain extent Nonconformist opposition to the Bill. There is a crying need for more training colleges, especially for those intending teachers who do not belong to the Established Church. If the Government could see their way to aid the local authorities in the building of these, they would certainly find favour with those who want to see Nonconformists' objections met as far as is consistent with national claims.

The appointment of outside managers on the governing body of denominational schools should, together with the power of inspection possessed by the local authority, prove an adequate safeguard to small minorities in districts where there is only a denominational school. But the Government have further recognised that under exceptional circumstances the grievances of a minority can only be met by allowing it, if it feels strongly enough in the matter, to agitate for the erection of a denominational or undenominational school, as the case may be. But in either instance the denomination requiring the school, or in the case of an undenominational school, the district must pay for and maintain in repair any school it is permitted to build. In the case of the district no other arrangement seems possible, otherwise every parish "of its very great bounty" would be building an undenominational school at the expense of the county. The Government have also applied the same system of rendering the district liable for special benefits received in the case of the liquidation of outstanding school liabilities, as well as for special expenditure in the district, either on Elementary or Higher Education. This method will naturally conduce to economy in expenditure. The county is very unlikely to impose on the locality any expense other than is absolutely necessary. On the other hand, its own expenditure being principally concerned with such fixed charges as teachers' salaries, there cannot be any sudden increase in the county rate sprung upon the County Council through some lavish system of rebuilding being undertaken, the ultimate cost of which it might be impossible to foresee. In fact the form in which the Bill is drafted ought largely to disarm the opposition of those who might otherwise oppose it from the ratepayers' point of view, because of the enormous expen-

diture it would entail on the county, were the whole cost of education placed on the county fund.

According to the wording of the Bill "the expenses of a council," apart from the central grants, are to come out of the county fund or the borough fund or rate. No doubt we shall have more than one would-be village Hampden longing to refuse to pay "school money" on the plea that it is used in part to support denominational teaching. If, however, the education rate is merged in the general rate, such an one will find himself as helpless as the Imperial tax-payer who cannot make a deduction (say) from his income-tax for some payment in the nation's expenditure of which he disapproves. It is true that separate educational accounts have to be kept, but even then it will probably be impossible to calculate the exact percentage received by the denominational schools for religious instruction.

So far the Bill has had a good reception. Its appearance in Parliament was welcomed not only by the Government's own supporters, but by the Irish members, anxious to see justice done to Catholic Schools. The Church have also signified their adhesion. The vast majority of the County Councils are favorable. The National Union of Teachers have decided to support it. The Liberal Party seem, so far, divided. The presence of the municipalist in their midst has hitherto paralysed collective action, though of course the majority of the rank and file are hot against the Bill. The most determined opposition will come from the Nonconformists, but it is very difficult at this stage to gauge the strength of their present crusade against the Bill. They certainly look like taking the field without their Wesleyan brethren. Moreover most moderate people will probably admit that religious feeling does not run so high as it did thirty years ago, when John Forster, who had originally intended that School Boards should assist Church Schools, was forced into adopting the makeshift plan of creating a stop-gap and supplementary form of Elementary Education. But at the very worst, supposing an outbreak of religious war fever occurs, or a shortage in the time of Parliament renders the passage of the present Bill impossible, it will still at least be necessary to renew the Cockerton Act. In that case the Government, for the sake of their own reputation, will probably prefer to pass the Higher Education portion. The present Bill, though not of the amorphous type of its predecessors, is probably of the amœba, and looks flaccid enough to split up into two parts—Primary and Higher. Or the dissecting-knife might be brought into play, and something like the dissection of the Siamese twins be performed. The Primary would succumb under the operation, but the Higher Education section would survive.

One sincerely trusts the Government will not be reduced to such sorry straits. It is rather to be hoped that, seeing the question of National Education well and seeing it whole, they will steadily keep

before them certain general principles and refuse to allow the Bill to be swamped in a whirlpool of detailed criticism. Any keen mind, as it was well said the other day, in dealing not so much with what is probable as with what is humanly possible, can propound not only the riddles of Samson, but also whole families of conundrums. We cannot guard against every conceivable contingency, but we can find out what contingencies are reasonably likely, and confine our efforts to providing for these. Above all, not only the probability of such contingencies, but also the harm they may entail, should always be calculated. Many a grievance, when pricked, assumes insignificant dimensions. Here and there some loss may be caused by the Bill, but no reform is an unmixed blessing. The old saying that you cannot make omelets without breaking eggs still holds good. But the real question for or against the Bill rests on whether the balance of advantages its adoption will produce outweigh the disadvantages. Here we seem to be on firm ground. The abatement of the religious question, the complete reintegration of the Church Schools in the national system, the consolidation of all forms of education under one authority, the power of dealing with the thing as a whole in each administrative area, the possibility thus afforded of rendering the schools more efficient, and of bringing them into closer rapport with the needs of the district and with one another; the opportunity of providing thereby a more perfect scheme for the "lad of pairs" to rise from the primary school to the university, and, lastly, the chance of making the aim of our schools more intelligible to the masses, so that the term "the people's schools" shall no longer have sole reference to the Elementary Schools, but also to the Secondary and ultimately to the Universities—those most necessary intellectual workshops of modern Democracy—all these advantages are brought immeasurably nearer within our grasp by the present Bill, which, if it succeeds in passing the ordeal that all Bills have to pass, bids fair to become our Educational Act of Settlement.

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.

THE EDUCATION BILL

IN what I am about to write I am assuming that Clause 5 of the Bill and all consequential phrasing will be struck out by the Government. This clause permits the Local Education Authorities, about to be created, to decline to take over the control of Public Elementary Education. It is said that Mr. Chamberlain insisted upon making the Elementary School part of the Bill permissive because of his disinclination to support rate-aided denominational religious instruction. This may very well be true. I remember the programme of the once famous Birmingham Education League at the time when Mr. Chamberlain was chairman of its executive. The main plank in that programme was this, that "all schools aided by local rates shall be unsectarian." Of course the present Bill is on lines entirely different; hence the "adoptive" way out. But although the Bill has only been before the country a few weeks, opinion is practically unanimous that either the permissive feature of the Bill or the Bill itself must go to the wall. As the latter means the close of Mr. Balfour's leadership of the House (he can scarcely face another educational fiasco), I am assuming, as I say, that it will be made compulsory for the Local Authorities—if and when they are created—to take over Primary as well as Higher Education.

Now what is the first thing this Bill does? It seeks to set up in each locality an Education Authority capable of controlling all grades of schools within the area. If this could be achieved on right lines a tremendous educational reform would have been effected. For what are the facts in respect of the local government of Public Education in England and Wales at the present time. In the first place we find, covering the whole of the country, irresponsible groups of managers of Voluntary Schools. There are 14,359 of these little private boards of management. Nominally they must consist of at least three persons in each case. Actually they consist very often of "the one-man manager," the vicar of the parish in which the Voluntary School is situated. Then, during the last thirty years, there have sprung up public Local Authorities for Elementary Education, viz., the School Boards. At present there are School Boards in fifty-five of the sixty-three County Boroughs; in about half the non-County Boroughs and Urban Districts; and in about half the rural parishes of the country. Then again, for the last fourteen years the Municipal Authorities have also been engaged in educational work. They have been more or less actively engaged in the work of developing Technical and Secondary Education. What

are the direct results of all this hotch-potch of local government? The first is the waste of a large amount of public money in the unnecessary and extravagant duplication of administrative machinery. Let me give one instance only: each locality could furnish similar stupidities. The London School Board controls six Industrial Schools having an enrolment of 1,020 pupils. This work calls for the creation of a Committee of seventeen Board Members who meet fortnightly at the Board Offices on the Victoria Embankment. It calls further for the up-keep of an effective and fairly expensive official "establishment" at the Board offices. Whilst all this is going on the London County Council has two precisely similar institutions under its charge with an enrolment of 420 pupils. Here, again, there is a Standing Committee (of fifteen members) and a permanent official establishment at the County Hall, Spring Gardens. Obviously either of these Committees could admirably supervise the work of these eight schools and their 1,440 pupils. Thus would the public economise on one set of establishment charges. The sum saved taken by itself would be insignificant. But add together the administrative economies which might similarly be effected all over the country and see the result! This "One-Authority" scheme would therefore economise on administrative expenditures.

It would do more. At present there is much local irritation, between the larger School Boards especially and the Municipal Technical Instruction Committees covering the same areas, respecting disputed functions and territories. There is also some little educational overlapping—though the amount of this has been grossly exaggerated by obscurantist partisans. The "One-Authority" scheme would change all this. But it would do still more. It would secure that "linkage" of schools without which the educational ladder must ever remain largely a delusion to most of the children of the poorer artisans. At present, the lad of parts who is of humble extraction goes to the Elementary School. If his schoolmaster, as is usually the case, will put himself to a lot of unrequited trouble, the boy may be especially trained to win an Exhibition at some school in some other part of the town, with a different atmosphere, a different curriculum, and under an entirely different body of managers. Unless somebody takes special pains with him and his parents, the difficulties in the way of his progress from one school to the other will be so great that he will miss the chance, and go out into the labour market. To-day there are potential Faradays cleaning bottles in brewery backyards; there are potential Herschels scaring crows for the village farmer; there are potential Arkwrights scavenging the dust from the factory floor; there are potential Stephensons polishing up lamps in the railway shed; and there are potential Macaulays stuffing early newspapers into suburban letter-boxes. That

this is so means a greater loss to the nation than to the individual. A completely co-ordinated system of public education would mean a better chance for the humble genius. This better chance can only be secured when schools are linked together, their curricula fitting organically the one into the other. And these things can only be secured if all grades of public schools in each suitably sized area are placed under one and the same Local Authority.

But how does the Government propose to give us this "One Authority"? It goes to the Municipal Council of every County and of every County Borough, and appoints that Council the educational authority for that area. In passing I may add that it offers autonomy in matters affecting Primary Education to the Council of any Borough with a population of over 10,000, or of an Urban District, with a population of over 20,000. This concession to the smaller urban areas is a result of the fight of 1896. If they had to be governed from the county centres they would probably have "jibbed" again. The question is, will autonomy in Elementary Education satisfy them, and how will they fare as to the provision of Higher Education? And as to why 10,000 good souls are to have that autonomy in the Borough, which is to be denied the 20,000 equally good souls in the Urban District, I am helplessly silent. Perhaps Mr. Balfour will explain.

These Municipal Councils are not, after all, to act directly as the Education Authorities ("except as respects the raising of a rate or borrowing money"). They are each to elect an Education Committee, "constituted in accordance with a scheme made by the Council and approved by the Board of Education." Every scheme must provide—

- (a) For the selection and appointment by the Council of at least a majority of the Committee; and
- (b) For the appointment by the Council, on the nomination, where it appears desirable, of other bodies, of persons of experience in education, and of persons acquainted with the needs of the various kinds of schools in the area for which the Council acts.

Thus it is seen that the Education Committee need not contain a single directly elected person! When the Government started out in 1896 to "municipalise" the local control of Education—thus dis-establishing the *ad hoc* principle in educational local government—it laid it down definitely that a majority of the members of each Education Committee must be members of the Municipal Councils in each case. Even the abortive Education Bill of last year (on which the administrative machinery of the present Bill is framed) said, "every such scheme shall provide that a majority of the members of the [Education] Committee shall be members of the Council." And so it must be in this case. If we are in for "municipalisation" let it be

genuine and not spurious. We cannot hand over the control of Public Schools, primary and higher, to a committee of persons, not one of whom need be a person directly responsible to the people.

In any case is the "municipalisation" plan the best all round? The Government may tell us, and quite truly, that we have too many local authorities and too many elections. They will point to the creation in every county and county borough area of one effective Municipal Authority working for all public purposes, including education, through standing committees as the ideal upon which they have set their minds. Certain sceptical people like myself may have an uneasy feeling that this eager desire to hand Education over to the Municipal Councils is due, on the part of some members of the Government at any rate, to the hope that when given to bodies which have a hundred other things to do, it will be less actively prosecuted than when in the hands of authorities elected directly and exclusively for educational purposes. But I will not now stay to pursue the point. The question is, can the Government wipe out the School Boards and hand over their work to the Municipal Councils? So far as the small School Boards are concerned, they may go to-morrow, and few of us will shed a tear. But what of the School Boards in the great urban centres? For thirty-two years they have done a great work. They have pushed the cause of Education so thoroughly as to raise the level not only of their own schools but of the Voluntary Schools too. Can the Government wipe them out this Session? Its Bill says that—assuming that the permissive feature disappears—directly the Bill became law the School Board and all its works "shall be abolished!" Will it?

But how are you to vindicate the principle of One Authority for all grades of schools if the great School Boards are to be perpetuated? Obviously only by making them in a perfected form in each case that "One Authority." And here appears to be a case in which, as I have often urged, the principle of local option might very well be applied. If the people of Bradford, for instance, say: "We think our City Council has enough to do already, we think the control of our education of all grades a matter of sufficient importance to call for the continuance of our School Board in a perfected condition"; why should not their wishes be met? If, on the other hand, the people of Nottingham say: "We believe in one paramount Municipal Council, directing all the various branches of municipal activity; we therefore want to dispense with our School Board, and give the control of all our public education to a Committee of our City Council"; again, why not? It may be a counsel of despair. But unless something of this sort is adopted the Bill will only get through either after a terrific struggle or by the dropping altogether of its Primary School portions

Assuming, however, the establishment, one way or another, of these Local Education Authorities : What is to be their function ? They are to finance and direct all the public education within their areas. The Voluntary Schools, the Board Schools, the Technical and Secondary Schools are to come under their control. As I have again and again urged, these "Voluntary" Schools represent perhaps the most acute feature of the Education problem. They still accommodate three of the five and a-half millions of children attending the Primary Schools of England and Wales. Like the School Board Schools, they get their financial support from Government grants and from what they can raise in the locality. But, unlike the Board Schools, they cannot draw upon the public purse for their essential local income ; they must depend for this upon the hand of charity. The result is this, that last year, while the Board and the Voluntary Schools got pretty much the same amount per child from the Central Exchequer, and while the Board Schools drew upon the local rates to the extent of 25s. 6d. a child, the Voluntary School people could only raise 6s. 5d. a child by way of local income. What is the immediate sequel ? With very few exceptions indeed, the Voluntary Schools are in a hopeless condition. They are staffed mainly by juvenile and ill-qualified teachers ; their classes are unteachably large ; their premises are old and dilapidated ; their apparatus is meagre and primitive ; and what certificated teachers there are in them are usually shamefully overworked and scandalously underpaid.

I am very glad therefore that the Government has raised the question of maintaining these schools wholly from public sources. It is high time that we gave up the dangerous anachronism of maintaining in part the education of a majority of the working-class children of the country upon the proceeds of jumble sales and ping-pong tournaments. But this scheme will involve of course an absolutely new education rate in eight of the County Boroughs—in Preston, Stockport, Bury, Lincoln, Chester, Bournemouth, Wigan, and St. Helens. The people of these towns have been very glib over their preference for these Denominational Schools, the continuance of which has meant the avoidance of a local rate. I hope they will be equally glib when they have to pay. It will mean an absolutely new rate also in 109 non-County Boroughs and Urban Districts. It will mean a new rate over half the rural area of the country. I am waiting with amused expectation for the comments of these devotees of denominationalism when they find that the denominationalism of the future will be just as expensive as the undenominationalism of the past. I think their zeal for dogmatic religion will be overcast with lugubrious jeremiads as to the burden of the cost.

I am glad, as I say, that the proposal to aid all public Elementary Schools from public sources has been raised. As to the finance of the

Bill I need only say one other word. For purposes of Higher Education the Authority is empowered to levy a rate up to 2d. in the pound. It may levy a higher rate if it can obtain the gracious permission of the Local Government Board. First of all, what is "Higher" Education? All Secondary and Technical Education of course. But more. According to the ruling of Mr. Cockerton on Saturday, March 29, 1901, it will have in future to mean all Pupil-teacher instruction; all Higher Grade instruction; and all work done for the training of Teachers. In addition, according to Clause 18 of the Bill, it will have to mean also all Evening School Work, elementary and advanced. All this to be done on the proceeds of a twopenny rate! The thing is grotesque of course. Why, in many a small district the proceeds of a twopenny rate will be gone before they can get the roof on a new Secondary School! But more may be ruised if the Local Government Board agree. What, I should like to ask, has the Local Government Board to do with the amount of rate a locality cares to impose upon itself through its elected representatives?

Besides this absurd twopenny limit there are other stupid restrictions which must go. The first is this, that in future a child cannot be kept in a public Elementary School after its fifteenth birthday. It is argued that this is a result of the Cockerton judgment. I deny that. The Cockerton judgment said nothing at all about age. What happened was this: Mr. Justice Wills, by way of *obiter dictum*, being asked the age of, what I may style, educational adolescence, suggested "somewhere between 16 and 17." It was not part of the judgment, and the matter was not argued. I complain bitterly of the way this suggestion had been fastened on, and a screw given to it to depress the opportunities of the education of children. If the artisan classes care to make the sacrifices involved in sending their children to school beyond the normal age it should be the grateful duty of the State to give them every facility. The motto of the State should be that they who hunger and thirst after Knowledge shall be filled and not sent empty away, as this Bill at present proposes. Of course there will be the excuse that children over fifteen under the co-ordinated system now about to be introduced would proceed to a Secondary School. But I must point out that there are many rural areas and small urban districts in which there is and will be no Secondary School provision. Some of the best Secondary Education in the world is given in the "Secondary tops" of the Primary Schools in the villages of Scotland. I urge that there should be the same facilities here as in Scotland. Under Lord Young's Act of 1872, pupils can attend school in Scotland until eighteen and earn grants in aid from the State. They can attend school as long as they like after that, but not earn grants. What is sauce for the Scotch gander ought to be sauce for the English goose. So much for the Elementary Day Schools.

In respect of Night Schools the situation is more acute. There were 500,000 night students in England and Wales last year, 350,000 of whom were over fifteen. In Scotland there is no age limitation at all. We want here again the same thing as in Scotland. Clause 18 of the Bill provides: "In this Act, and in the Elementary Education Acts, the expression 'elementary school' shall not include any school carried on as an evening school under the regulations of the Board of Education." Now a great deal of the evening school work is purely elementary, and if we call it secondary and organise it as such, we shut out eighty per cent. of the pupils—those who have not had a proper opportunity in earlier days.

Another important point is this, that in no case shall the standard of instruction in any district fall below the standard of the Whitehall Code of 1901. Let us look at the Bill again. Clause 6 provides: "The Local Education Authority shall . . . have . . . the control of all secular instruction in public elementary schools." And Clause 8 (a) runs: "The managers of a school shall carry out any directions of the Local Education Authority as to the secular instruction to be given in the school." This leaves the secular instruction of the children of this country absolutely in the hands of the Local Authority. We cannot leave so vital a matter to the agricultural Local Authorities. I agree we must have elasticity and adaptability to local needs, but there must be established a standard below which the localities cannot be permitted to fall. It is of vital and urgent importance therefore to insist that the Local Authorities should adopt at least the standard of the Whitehall Code of 1901.

So much for the secular education side of the Bill. There remains the question of religious instruction, a question which is quite certain in the public and Parliamentary discussions to overshadow all the other parts of the Bill put together. What are the present facts respecting religious instruction in the Elementary Schools? In all the Board Schools, with the exception of a very few indeed in which no religious instruction is permitted, the religious instruction is undenominational. That is to say, it is strictly Biblical. Every morning the school opens with the assembly of all the pupils at Prayers. A Hymn is sung and the head teacher reads a portion of the Bible. Then each class goes to its room, where for from thirty to forty-five minutes a Bible lesson is given. This follows a carefully prepared syllabus, which prescribes not only lessons in the historical parts of the Bible, but also the committal to memory of selected portions of the Psalms, the Book of Proverbs, Christ's teachings, and so on. Generally speaking nothing could exceed the devoutness and the religious value of these lessons, lessons which would compare most favourably with the religious teaching in the public schools I feel

sure. In the Voluntary Schools the teaching is all this, and in certain cases more. If the Voluntary School is attached to the Roman Catholic Church the religious teaching is of course in strict accordance with the special tenets of that Church. If it is connected with a Church of England, whose minister is not only "high," but also pretty active, probably there will be a good deal of specific Church teaching added to the curriculum already sketched. But in the great majority of cases I think I may safely say that even in the Church Schools the religious teaching varies very little from that of the Board School, except, of course, for the fact that the teaching of the Church Catechism is invariably added. In both Board and Voluntary Schools the pupil may be removed, under the "Conscience Clause," at the request of the parent, from the religious observances and daily lessons.

Now the Government's scheme is to leave all this just as it is. In the present Board Schools (hereafter to be styled Local Authority Schools) the instruction will be undenominational. In the Denominational Schools it will remain denominational even after they are rate-aided and publicly supervised. How long they are likely to retain their specific denominational character under a genuine system of public control I do not pretend to be able to say. Up to recent days Dr. Temple used to think it would be a very short time indeed.

Of course difficulties at once arise. In 8,000 of the 10,000 villages there is only one school and that a Church school. In the past, it is true, it has been maintained from public sources—in some cases entirely so, in most cases almost entirely so. But the public aid has come from the Central Exchequer, and although the village Nonconformist has helped to find it the matter has not presented itself to him in anything like an acute form. Now, however, you are to present to that self-same village Nonconformist a Demand Note for a rate in aid of the Denominational School, the religious teaching of which is exceedingly distasteful to him. Already, good law-abiding citizen as he is, he is talking loudly of a "New Rate Campaign"—much to the astonishment, no doubt, of the Government which appears in its way to have tried to meet him. For his especial benefit an entirely new and disastrously extravagant method of computing "deficiency" of school places has been devised. In the past the provision of new school places has been determined solely upon the issue as to whether or not a sufficiency of school places already existed. In the future this method of dealing with the question will be swept away. *Even where an excess of school places exists, if the parents of thirty children dislike the form of religious instruction given in the existing school, or schools, they can apply to the Local Authority to build a separate school, which will, of*

course, be undenominational. If the Local Authority refuse, they, or the religious body to which they belong, can build a school themselves, and immediately throw it upon the public purse for maintenance. Already the religious proposals of the Bill have, as I have said, created a most bitter and determined hostility in Nonconformist circles; and there can be no shadow of doubt that the proposal of rate aid to the Church schools will cause the Free Churches to leave no stone unturned to secure a separate school or schools in every village which is now supplied by the Church school only. This will mean a lot of small schools which cannot be properly organised, and the teachers of which will be seriously underpaid. (This question of the payment made to teachers might well, by the way, form a part of the supervisory functions of the Local Authority.)

I do not desire to add one unnecessary word to this deplorable religious warfare. But, face to face with the fact that the proposal of the Government will create such a cloud of controversy as must obscure the real issues, and may prevent the Bill from passing into law altogether, I venture to ask members on the Unionist side to consider whether or not we might come to a practicable compromise which would not involve the building of stupidly unnecessary microscopic schools. My proposal, broadly, would be that, in connection with the Undenominational schools, facilities, *outside the school premises*, should be offered for the instruction of children during the hour of religious instruction in the particular tenets of the Church to which their parents belong—if this exceptional treatment be desired. In the Denominational schools I would suggest the compromise that, since all Denominational instruction, except, of course, in the Roman Catholic schools, is very much more nearly Undenominational than is popularly supposed, the difficulty might be met by making the religious instruction in these schools frankly Undenominational on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, with the right to give catechetical and Church teaching on Wednesday to the children of such parents as may have preferred a claim to the same.

Here, again, my proposal is admittedly only a counsel of despair. But the passage of this Bill in its present form would only transmit the fight from Parliament to the localities; and the smaller the locality the keener, the more protracted, and the more bitterly personal the fight. How long it would continue Heaven only knows. Surely the leaders of the various Churches might meet and excoogitate, and the Government might accept something on the lines of this suggestion. They could not possibly meet and devise a more hopeless scheme than that of the Bill itself.

T. J. MACNAMARA.

THE QUESTION OF GIBRALTAR.

WHAT is the exact value of Gibraltar to England under modern conditions and at this present time? The question has been often debated of late, but not, as I venture to think, exhaustively, fully reviewing all the points at issue. As yet no final verdict has been given upon a matter of profound and pressing national interest. It was my lot long ago to spend many years upon the Great Rock as a staff officer, admitted to the confidences and counsels of the chief authorities, and I gained in those days more or less intimate knowledge of the locality. Since then, quite recently indeed, I have revisited it and have been privileged to see and hear something of what has been in progress here some five or six years past. I propose therefore to examine the facts, to consider the pros and cons., and, briefly summarising the arguments, try to arrive at a conclusion as to the actual and potential uses of Gibraltar.

It is essential to realise clearly, first, the purpose for which Gibraltar is supposed to serve, to-day. This is not alone, as will presently appear, to keep the flag flying over a stronghold traditionally dear to us as a record of past prowess. To believe that Gibraltar is impregnable is a part of our national creed: to question it is, as Sir Frederick Bramwell said on a recent occasion, akin to the crime of speaking disrespectfully of the equator. Many hope, not without reason perhaps, that the famous fortress will still succeed in keeping an enemy, or any combination of enemies, at bay; that the attentive care constantly devoted to its fortifications and their armament will save it from a *coup de main* and enable it to prolong defence to the utmost possible limit. Much has been done and will be done in due course to strengthen and develop its powers of resistance. The whole character of the defence has been altered and another system adopted. Stated briefly, and so far as may be permitted without revealing details, nowadays very strictly and very properly kept secret, the new scheme has been to abandon the Line Wall on the sea level and place our batteries half way up the Rock or higher. The main line of defence now lies along the Upper Road, and on this and at all points of vantage guns of the newest type and of the largest calibre have been mounted—guns, breechloaders and howitzers, using great charges of high explosives and throwing enormous projectiles to a distance of eight and nine miles. The batteries have been erected in the very best positions, they are provided with every modern scientific appliance, and efficiency is assured by the constant handling of and practice with the guns. The general armament

includes the necessary quick-firing guns to repel torpedo attack. The whole of the out-of-date ordnance in the upper galleries and the Lower Lines are being replaced by 9.2 guns, having the most important rôle, that of keeping down fire from the hills exactly opposite, a most dangerous weapon of offence in an enemy's hands, of which more directly.

Gibraltar is well endowed by nature no less than by art judiciously applied for active and passive defence. Man for man, gun for gun, it should be able to cope with almost any exhibition of hostile force. It enjoys a peculiar advantage in its geological formation; this great, imposing, oolitic Rock, sitting so square and seemingly solid on the sea, is yet honeycombed with subterranean spaces: its mammoth caves are well known to visitors, and its galleries, constructed with so much skill during the great siege, have historical interest. Many more such natural bomb-proofs and casements might be easily and safely excavated. It is the especial character of the rock material that it will stand without lining or support when hollowed out, the process of which is simplified greatly by modern machinery. We have here facilities unrivalled and unlimited for affording protection to the garrison and the safe storage of war material and supplies of all sorts. The exposure of troops would be reduced to a minimum—the necessary service in the batteries and the general duties of fatigue. How far the non-combatants could be equally protected must be considered in connection with the whole question of the civil population on the Rock, ever a source of weakness, a fruitful cause probably of trouble and difficulty in the event of hostilities. Powers have now been conferred upon the Governor to remove or expel all persons, including British subjects, at a time of great emergency, but such a step might not be feasible, and would certainly be opposed by the enemy if not carried out before investment. The presence of some 17,000 souls over and above the militant population must obviously produce inconvenience in food supply, especially as regards *munitions de bouche*, which must perforce depend in a siege upon quantities stored beforehand and not necessarily easy of replenishment. Gibraltar cannot possibly be self-supporting in food and still less in regard to water. Blockade might be counted upon at some and no remote date to interfere with the one, and the other, principally dependent upon rainfall, is of course at the mercy of the weather. These are points making against the idea of impregnability, although they might never enter into the question of defence—for a siege would hardly be sufficiently prolonged that the besieged should feel the extreme effects of overcrowding and starvation. Everything is nowadays in favour of short sharp work and great concentration of strength, an attack pressed home with the utmost vigour, at any cost. The most wasteful use of material, the most reckless expenditure of

human life would probably decide the fate of Gibraltar before other adverse influences were brought to bear.

The problem of successful resistance, following the ultimate appeal to arms, is not, however, that with which we are most immediately concerned. The present value of Gibraltar is more as a naval station than an inviolable military fortress; it must be able to answer demands that may be made upon it at any time by our war ships and mercantile marine, without involving a great and deadly struggle for its possession. What we need at Gibraltar, daily and constantly, is a secure haven, a safe port and place of refuge, as well as a basis and starting point for naval operations, East and West, in the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. As a coaling station it is of incalculable importance; it should be readily available and possess ample facilities in docks, building yards, and arsenals, to which battleships can proceed to refit, repair, and for replenishment after an action and the damages incidental to collision with an enemy. Yet more, it should afford protection to convoys and commercial shipping, offering security under its guns to unarmed vessels flying before cruisers. A principal, nay a primary, desideratum in Gibraltar, is as a naval base. The proposition is sometimes advanced by naval experts that a "fleet in being" is its own base, that it is practically self-contained, carrying with it all it requires; but this is surely a mistake. Nothing that swims can well be called self-supporting, or is reasonably likely to prove so, fighting-ships least of all. It might be independent at the outset and for a certain time, but that obviously is terminable. The ordinary wastage in coal for instance is enormous, the wear and tear, the deficiencies, the positive damages inflicted by stress of war and weather must eventually drive the best-found fleet inevitably to land. In all these services, however, Gibraltar was deficient, it completely failed to provide for them, until a few years ago. No steps were taken to remove the reproach that the fortress was altogether worthless as a naval base or coaling station. The imperative necessity for remedying defects and shortcomings so serious had been urged strongly upon the Government again and again. In 1884 a scientific military officer, General Crease, C.B., who had been at great pains, *proprio motu*, to investigate the state of things on the spot, made a full report to the authorities and pointed out that Gibraltar possessed "no protected harbour where ships could anchor in safety from gun fire or torpedo attacks, no effective dockyard in which ships could lie after an action and be refitted, and no dock in which a ship could be placed for any necessary repairs."¹ The only coaling place for naval ships was alongside the New Mole, where no more than two could be accommodated at one time, the whole supply on hand there was under 5,000 tons, and no reserve

(1) See his admirable paper on Ceuta and Gibraltar, read before the Society of Arts on April 9, 1902

could be utilised, for the coal hulks at the north end of the Bay would certainly have been destroyed.

Nearly two years passed before the warning thus plainly conveyed was taken to heart and the measure so constantly urged at last considered. About 1893-94 the principle was accepted, and after the usual interchange of official ideas in many voluminous minutes a certain plan of action was adopted. In 1895 the first move was made in the great scheme which is now approaching completion. It had been decided to undertake the construction of the great Admiralty works upon the west front of the Rock, at an estimated cost of some £5,000,000. In return for this very considerable expenditure we were to get a vast harbour with fine anchorage enclosed by moles and breakwaters, three large graving-docks and slip-ways, extensive buildings to be used as workshops, storehouses, and administrative offices. Moreover there was to be wide reclamation from the sea, new retaining walls were to be erected, coaling sheds and wharf-walls built, while continuous dredging operations were to be carried on for the deepening of the great harbour. Speaking more in detail, so that the extensive character of these new works may be better appreciated, we find that:—

I. The sheltered anchorage is a mile and a-half in length and half a mile in breadth at the base; it is enclosed by three moles of concrete blocks with deep-water foundations. One is the prolongation of the "Naval," commonly called the New Mole, to the north-west, a total length of 3,500 feet; the second that of the Old Mole, the Devil's Tongue as it was styled by the Spaniards, to a total length of 2,790 feet to the west, while the third or "intermediate breakwater" 1,500 feet long with two openings east and west, lies between the Moles and completes the enclosure of an area of 300 acres, the bulk of which is between thirty to thirty-five feet deep. The depth of water alongside the inner line of the New Mole, the intermediate breakwater, and the Old Mole is thirty-five feet.

II. The coaling facilities will be great at both the Old and New Mole; at the former, five jetties will be built out 300 feet long and 75 feet broad, and the precious fuel will be stored in them in large sheds, so that the old coal hulks may be abandoned. The New, or Naval, Mole, where there is accommodation for half-a-dozen battleships or more alongside, will be nearly covered by coal sheds, but the space is insufficient for all needs, and other provision for Admiralty requirements must be made.

III. The docks are three in number—one 850 feet in length, divisible into two; a second is 550 feet; and the third 450 feet, with a width of 120 feet and a depth of 35 feet on the sill at low water. The space necessary has been gained by the sacrifice of a great portion of the New Mole Parade, and another great space has been obtained beyond

the docks to the northward, at the foot of the old Line Wall, by reclaiming the foreshore and filling it in as firm ground. Upon this the machine-shops and artificers' yards for the repair of ships, for torpedo-boat slips and boat cambers, are being erected by extending this new ground as far as Ragged Staff.

I have stated these facts and figures with some particularity to show how comprehensive was this scheme and how seriously it was undertaken. Yet its wisdom is nowadays more than questioned. Indeed, it stands practically condemned in expert opinion, on the clear ground that its uses have been already neutralised and vitiated by the latest scientific developments in warfare. When this first became suspected with a painful shock of surprise and disappointment, the Government boldly took the bull by the horns, resolved to look trouble in the face and bear the worst of it. The result was an investigation and a report which can leave no doubt in any unprejudiced mind that a sad and costly mistake had been made. The harbour, the docks, and the coaling station had been designed and planted in the wrong place. The Committee, presided over by Admiral Sir Harry Rawson, who was supported by a civil engineer, a distinguished soldier, also a military engineer, and Mr. T. Gibson Bowles, M.P., although charitably disposed to find excuses, was satisfied that the drawbacks of position were fatal, and that in war the western harbour would be untenable. The arguments on which this adverse verdict was based are by this time pretty familiar to all. Every inch of the western façade of Gibraltar and all the new works are known to be commanded by the surrounding country and exposed to the fire of the batteries that might be located thereon, to deadly, devastating fire, that is to say, in face of which nothing could live. Of this there can be no shadow of a doubt. The nearest point on the hills, the hills culminating in the so-called "Queen of Spain's Chair," enfilades and takes in reverse the whole front of Gibraltar, as far as the New Mole, which is only three and a-half miles distant. The advantages of position are on the side of the enemy or assailant along the whole circumference of the Bay, from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, and nowhere are the sites for the emplacements of heavy guns more than 10,000 yards away. No great power of imagination is required to conjure up the situation that might face us if Spain's unending grievance at our occupation of her ancient territory led her to join with other Powers seemingly chivalrously desirous to help her, but fighting really for their own hands.

The present value of Gibraltar, thus handicapped and hindered from performing its most probable, if not its principal functions, cannot be called great. It is impossible to regard its future usefulness under these undoubtedly adverse conditions with much complacency, although

we shall of course meet any difficulties that may arise with customary courage and tenacity. Some crumbs of comfort may be placed to the credit side. "It is better to have a dock with risks than no dock at all," said the Rawson Committee. There has been a definite gain, too, in the provision of an anchorage secure from torpedo attack, which is now claimed for the new work, and which was one of the chief aims in view when it was undertaken. The work has been carried through, moreover, with greater despatch and more easily than any similar harbour on the eastern side, while the presence of the town, the Government establishments and the existing harbour on the western no doubt materially facilitated progress. It has been presumed, too, that the anchorage would be reasonably secure in night time, although this seems rather fallacious when range of fire, accurate distances and correct aim can be fixed during the daylight hours for continued use at night. Last of all we must not forget that the attack to be anticipated would never be permitted to develop unopposed. The resistance offered by Gibraltar would scarcely be passive. The old stronghold is in a position to make reprisals of a very formidable character. It cannot be imagined that the attack would come entirely as a surprise, a bolt from the blue; that there would be no warning, no preliminaries, no overt and unmistakable acts foreshadowing bombardment. Great guns must be mounted on great works by great numbers working over a considerable space of time; secrecy could not be invariably obtained. There are screens no doubt of hills and hollows, but they could assuredly be probed and explored by our fire; some proportion at least of the opposite country is in full view. It might be surely possible to forestall the intended mischief. Military science tells us that the best defence is a vigorous offensive. Gibraltar, with its present armament and with that which is certain to be added shortly, could bring a tremendous and overpowering fire to bear upon the would-be assailants. Under cover of our numerous and powerful guns retaliation of a more definite and conclusive kind might be attained. Finally, the question has been raised very seriously whether, in the event of grave menace, Gibraltar would not best be defended by the occupation, forcibly if necessary, of the neighbouring territory which now threatens it.

One way and another the last word has not yet been said as to the probable effect of a hostile demonstration against the new harbour, yet the fact remains that it does not even approximately meet our needs, although it will serve for a time. At present, during peace, it must confer very distinct advantages upon the mercantile marine, and will probably very greatly develop the commercial prosperity of Gibraltar; conversely, the western harbour and dock are a source of great weakness and afford insufficient protection in the event of war. The Rawson Committee was unhesitatingly of opinion that a harbour, dock, workshops and coaling facilities

were therefore imperatively required upon the eastern side. This conclusion was arrived at after great deliberation and a careful examination of the relative security of each side of the Rock from land artillery fire, direct or indirect. In this the eastern is undoubtedly far superior; it does not enjoy complete immunity, but it is undoubtedly much more sheltered by the configuration of the ground, the great intervening mass of stone. This alone would justify the construction of this second harbour, and although an impression prevails that the Government has definitely abandoned the idea, this cannot be really the case. An experienced civil engineer is now constantly engaged in surveys and observations of the back of the Rock with a view of collecting facts as regards the action of wind and waves in this undoubtedly much exposed quarter. The locality does not greatly favour the enterprise; easterly gales, long prevailing, gain dangerous force in the vast stretch of the Mediterranean Sea, the bottom is shifting, very deep, and the foothold on shore very limited and precarious. Mr. Shiel, the engineer in question, is, however, satisfied, I believe, that no insuperable difficulties stand in the way of construction. Like other great engineering achievements of modern times it would yield to an adequate expenditure of time and money. The scheme, now temporarily in abeyance, but surely not for long, contemplates the construction of a graving dock which would be completely protected from direct aimed fire, and almost entirely from indirect fire. This dock would be of length sufficient to accommodate our largest transports, of a depth to take the heaviest battleship at the maximum draft at which she could float after severe damage in action. The necessary workshops and storehouses would be provided in chambers absolutely safe from artillery fire, excavated in the rock, adjoining the tunnel that would connect the west and eastern sides. There would be three moles built, enclosing an area of 400 acres, two of them projecting from the shore would be 2,300 feet in length, but the third, the outer or sea mole, would be 6,600 feet long and 50 feet broad. This would have to withstand the wave-shocks produced by the strong "Levanter," or east wind above mentioned, and upon its power to do this the whole value of the harbour would depend. Arrangements would provide for the coaling of ships in this eastern harbour at all times, and the facilities thus afforded would obviously be of inestimable service during war. "We attach the utmost importance to the construction of such a harbour and dock," said the Rawson Committee; the outlay would no doubt be great, amounting to and probably exceeding five millions, and the time required for the completion of them would cover about ten years. It is not easy to understand why a scheme so urgently recommended, and seemingly quite feasible, should be hung up and postponed possibly to the Greek Kalends.

There is no particular novelty in this question. The ground has already been travelled over, although rather superficially, and with no very lively appreciation of the tremendous issues involved. It is, indeed, of supreme national importance that the inherent defects in Gibraltar as a naval base and place of arms should be clearly recognised, and the remedies that are possible and believed to be effective should be at once applied. We have been plainly told that what has been already attempted is inadequate; we know what the experts consider essential and recommend for execution at all costs and without delay. Even then, when all has been tried, liberally and ungrudgingly, the opinion is strongly held in some quarters that Gibraltar has lost much of its ancient prestige. It is impossible to leave the subject without considering views which deserve attention, although they are for the most part counsels of perfection, visionary schemes, far fetched, unattainable, beyond the range of practical politics. There are those who think that the first and chief value of the Rock is as a means of barter, a thing precious enough, but to others and from a sentimental point rather than to ourselves. We could do very well without it, they say, if an adequate equivalent were offered us. Is there anything worth taking in exchange? Three several suggestions have been made, and it is well to discuss the relative merits of each, leaving on one side for the moment the obvious diplomatic difficulties that interpose, and the very plausible strategic objections that can be raised to the surrender of Gibraltar to other hands: primarily, of course, to its original owners, but not certainly and necessarily to be retained by them.

The first proposal must be taken in connection with a policy that does not at present find much favour, that of abandoning the Mediterranean, the arguments for which rest upon the weakness of adventuring our fleet in an inland sea where it might have to face an overwhelming combination of the nations on its seaboard. In such an event we should be deprived by force of that trade route to the East which imposes such burdens, and which, according to this school, we would more wisely let go of our own accord. That any evacuation or abdication of our position in the Mediterranean would be tolerated by the nation can hardly be believed. It, at least, is not approved by the Government at this present time; the converse is certainly true or we should not hear of the strengthening of the fleet in those waters, or be so eager to correct alleged deficiencies in stores and reserves of coal. Yet there is a second, and as some think greater, safer, and more open route to the East, to the Cape, India and far Cathay—that along our ocean communications by the Atlantic and Pacific. Under this aspect the Canaries are of inestimable value to a world-wide Empire such as ours. It has been said, very cogently,¹

(1) See *Fortnightly Review*, vol. lix. (1893), p. 729.

"that the Port of Las Palmas and the facilities afforded by it, and the land which surrounds it are of more importance to England than ten Gibralters." The writer (Captain Gambier, R.N.), bases this assertion on the certainty that it could be rendered impregnable, that its undegable fertility could make it capable of supporting a large military and civil population, that safe anchorage exists in its harbour. Its uses are so obvious that they cannot be contested. Whether or not even if Spain were willing to negotiate as to the cession of the Canaries she would be permitted to do so is another question.

The second alternative for Gibraltar is Port Mahon, or more exactly the island of Minorca, one of the Balearic Islands, which has already been a British possession, and with an interesting history. The harbour of Port Mahon, the principal one of two, is securely situated, lying screened from all winds at the end of a deep narrow inlet at the south-east of the island. It is one of the finest in the Mediterranean, and sufficiently spacious to accommodate a large fleet, which could be well protected by fortifications. As a naval base, although naturally greatly inferior to Malta, it would be of undoubted value, but its position is such, midway between Marseilles and Algiers, that it does not in the least affect the question of the Straits of Gibraltar. It is quite beyond the region of influence, and in any exchange there would be no *quid pro quo* as regards the entrance to the Mediterranean.

The third is at once the boldest, the most notable, and the least possible of attainment. It is the revival of an idea by no means novel or unstudied, the barter of Gibraltar, the European stronghold, for the still imperfectly developed peninsula on the North African coast. Ceuta, according to competent authorities, escapes most of the evils inherent to the physical conditions of Gibraltar. It comprises a considerable territory with all the advantages of a fruitful soil that could be largely utilised in raising food, and offers an abundance of cover in the many ravines where the defenders could lie concealed. Again, with the possession of neighbouring hills, and it is made altogether safe from landward attack. This landward front is one of great natural strength, and if properly fortified and armed, Ceuta could be rendered practically impregnable on that side. The place would be, of course, vulnerable from the sea, if the assailants were masters of that element, but the ships attacking would be taken in reverse from the high land to the west and the sea-service guns on board enfiladed. Its facilities for defence are equalled by the convenience of the locality for the construction of a protected harbour, ample docks, and other accommodation. A water acreage of 500 yards could be obtained by the erection of a breakwater on the northern side of the Peninsula, a work the estimated cost of which is no more than three millions. The anchorage would be secure from torpedo attack, as it would enjoy

absolute immunity from landward fire ; it is sheltered from winds at all quarters save the north and north-east, and the dreaded *Levanter* on this coast has very much less weight and destructive energy than on the opposite side. There would be deep water in the harbour close up to the shore, and coaling could be carried on at all times with ease. As a naval station and a commercial port Ceuta, when developed, would possess enormous advantages. "With a good harbour," says General Crease, its chief champion, "an excellent site for a dockyard, with all the means of pushing trade, and so forming, without any prejudice to its naval and military position, a free commercial town. . . . with a friendly population in the country about, and a climate that leaves nothing to be desired, Ceuta is a port which, commanding the Straits even more effectively than Gibraltar, should rivet the attention of the Government of this country."

These words are quoted from the report made by the gallant General in 1884. It is only fair to the reputation of another prominent public servant to observe that the pregnant suggestion conveyed had been put forward in 1869 by Sir John Drummond Hay, at that time and long afterwards the British Minister at Tangier. It was the privilege of the present writer to have many opportunities of conversing with him on the subject and to hear his views from his own lips. That sagacious diplomatist foresaw that with the development of Morocco its ownership, or at least the possession of commanding influence with the Sultan's dominions, must some day become a burning question in European politics. Sir John Hay strongly favoured the exchange of Gibraltar for Ceuta because he felt it would give us that first firm foothold on the Continent which would so easily and naturally lead to extension of territory and power. He was greatly ahead of his time in this far-seeing statesmanship, and the idea when ventilated in the public press was vociferously and indignantly scouted. It was repugnant to the feeling of the moment, and judged merely on the surface as a policy of scuttle, and with no solid arguments behind the project of retrocession dropped, still born. It has never been revived except as a topic for academic discussion, although its wisdom has since become clearly admitted, too late, unfortunately, to admit of practical proof. The exchange might, perhaps, have been effected at the time it was first mooted, at a date, that is to say, antecedent to the Franco-German war, when neither nation had so far considered the question of Morocco as to care to meddle with it or to anticipate the almost certain results of our presence in a peaceable occupation of Ceuta. There are those who fear that only by our holding Ceuta can we prevent the otherwise inevitable annexation of Morocco by France.

ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

THE REJECTION OF FALSTAFF.¹

Of the two persons principally concerned in the rejection of Falstaff, Henry, both as Prince and as King, has received, on the whole, full justice from readers and critics. Falstaff, on the other hand, has been in one respect the most unfortunate of Shakespeare's famous characters. All of them, in passing from the mind of their creator into other minds, suffer change; they tend to lose their harmony through the disproportionate attention bestowed on some one feature, or to lose their uniqueness by being conventionalised into types already familiar. But Falstaff was degraded by Shakespeare himself. The original character is to be found alive in the two parts of *Henry IV.*, dead in *Henry V.*, and nowhere else. But not very long after these plays were composed, Shakespeare wrote, and he afterwards revised, the piece called *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Perhaps his company wanted a new play on a sudden, or, perhaps, as one would rather believe, the tradition may be true that Queen Elizabeth, delighted with the Falstaff scenes of *Henry IV.*, expressed a wish to see the hero of them again, and to see him in love. Now it was no more possible for Shakespeare to show his own Falstaff in love than to turn twice two into five. But he could write in haste—the tradition says, in a fortnight—a comedy or farce differing from all his other plays in this, that its scene is laid in English middle-class life, and that it is prosaic almost to the end. And among the characters he could introduce a disreputable fat old knight with attendants, and could call them Falstaff, Bardolph, Pistol, and Nym. And he could represent this knight assailing, for commercial purposes, the virtue of two matrons, and in the event baffled, duped, treated like dirty linen, beaten, burnt, pricked, mocked, insulted, and, worst of all, repentant and didactic. It is horrible. It is almost enough to convince one that Shakespeare himself could sanction the parody of Ophelia in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*. But it no more touches the real Falstaff than Ophelia is degraded by that parody. To imagine the real Falstaff befooled like the Falstaff of the *Merry Wives* is like imagining Iago the gull of Roderigo, or Becky Sharp the dupe of Amelia Osborne. Before he had been served the least of these tricks he would have had his brains taken out and buttered, and have given them to a dog for a New Year's gift. I quote the words of the impostor, for after all Shakespeare made him and gave to him a few sentences worthy of Falstaff himself. But they are only a few—one

(1) A lecture delivered at Oxford, March 5, 1902.

side of a sheet of note-paper would contain them. And yet critics have solemnly debated at what period in his life Sir John endured the gibes of Master Ford, and whether we should put this comedy between the two parts of *Henry IV.*, or between the Second Part and *Henry V.* And the Falstaff of the general reader, it is to be feared, is an impossible conglomerate of two distinct characters, while the Falstaff of the mere playgoer is certainly much more like the impostor than the true man.

The separation of these two has long ago been effected by criticism, and is insisted on in almost all competent estimates of the character of Falstaff. I do not propose to attempt a full account either of this character or of that of Prince Henry, but shall connect the remarks I have to make on them with a question which does not appear to have been satisfactorily discussed—the question of the rejection of Falstaff by the Prince on his accession to the throne. What do we feel, and what are we meant to feel, as we witness this rejection? And what does our feeling imply as to the characters of Falstaff and the new King?

Sir John, you remember, is in Gloucestershire, engaged in borrowing £1,000 from Justice Shallow; and here Pistol, riding helter-skelter from London, brings him the great news that the old King is as dead as nail in door, and Harry the Fifth is the man. Sir John, in wild excitement, taking any man's horses, rushes to London and carries Shallow with him, for he longs to reward all his friends. We find him standing with his companions just outside Westminster Abbey in the crowd that is waiting for the King to come out after his coronation. He himself is stained with travel and has had no time to spend any of the £1,000 in buying new liveries for his men. But what of that? His haste only shows his earnestness in affection, his devotion, how he thinks of nothing else but to see Henry, puts all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him. There is a shout within the Abbey like the roaring of the sea, and a clangour of trumpets, and the doors open and the procession streams out.

FAL. God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!

PIST. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal
imp of fame!

FAL. God save thee, my sweet boy!

KING. My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man.

CH. JUST. Have you your wits? Know you what 'tis you speak?

FAL. My King! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

KING. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old and so profane;

But being awak'd I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;

Leave gormandising ; know the grave doth gape
 For thee thrice wider than for other men.
 Reply not to me with a fool-born jest :
 Presume not that I am the thing I was ;
 For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
 That I have turn'd away my former self ;
 So will I those that kept me company.
 When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
 Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
 The tutor and the feeder of my riots :
 Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
 As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
 Not to come near our person by ten mile.
 For competence of life I will allow you,
 That lack of means enforce you not to evil :
 And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
 We will, according to your strengths and qualities,
 Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord,
 To see perform'd the tenour of our word.
 Set on.

The procession passes on, but Falstaff and his friends remain. He shows no resentment. He comforts himself, or tries to comfort himself—first, with the thought that he has Shallow's £1,000, and then, more seriously, I believe, with another thought. The King, he sees, must look thus to the world ; but he will be sent for in private when night comes, and will yet make the fortunes of his friends. But even as he speaks, Prince John and the Chief Justice return, and the Chief Justice says to his officers :

" Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet ;
 Take all his company along with him."

Falstaff breaks out : " My lord, my lord," but he is cut short and hurried away ; and after a few words between the Prince and the Chief Justice, the scene closes and with it the drama.

What are our feelings during this scene ? They will answer to our feelings about Falstaff. If we have not keenly enjoyed the Falstaff scenes of the two plays, if we regard Sir John chiefly as an old reprobate, not only a sensualist, a liar, and a coward, but a cruel and dangerous ruffian, I suppose we enjoy his discomfiture and consider that the King has behaved magnificently. But if we *have* keenly enjoyed the Falstaff scenes, if we have enjoyed them as Shakespeare surely meant them to be enjoyed, and if, accordingly, Falstaff is not to us solely or even chiefly a reprobate and ruffian, we feel, I think, during the King's speech, a good deal of pain and some resentment, and when, without any further offence on Sir John's part, the Chief Justice returns and sends him to prison we stare in astonishment. These I believe, are, in greater or less degree, the feelings of most of

those who really enjoy the Falstaff scenes (I am aware that many readers do not). Nor are these feelings diminished when we remember the end of the whole story, as we find it in *Henry V.*, where we learn that Falstaff quickly died, and died, according to the testimony of persons not very sentimental, of a broken heart. Suppose this merely to mean that he sank under the shame of his public disgrace, and it is pitiful enough: but the words of Mrs. Quickly, "The king has killed his heart"; of Nym, "The king hath run bad humours on the knight; that's the even of it"; of Pistol,

"Nym, thou hast spoke the right,
His heart is fractured and corroborate,"

surely point to something more than wounded pride; they point to wounded affection, and remind us of Falstaff's own answer to Prince Hal's question, "Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?" "A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million: thou owest me thy love."

Now why did Shakespeare end his play with a scene which, though undoubtedly striking, leaves an impression so unpleasant? I will venture to put aside without discussion the idea that he meant us throughout the two plays to regard Falstaff with disgust or indignation, so that we naturally feel nothing but pleasure at his fall: for this idea implies that kind of inability to understand Shakespeare with which it is idle to argue. And there is another and a much more ingenious suggestion which must equally be rejected as impossible. According to it, Falstaff, having listened to the King's speech, did not seriously hope to be sent for by him in private; he fully realised the situation at once, and was only making game of Shallow; and in his immediate turn upon Shallow when the King goes out, "Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound," we are meant to see his humorous superiority to any rebuff, so that we end the play with the delightful feeling that Henry has done the right thing, and yet Falstaff, in his outward overthrow, has still proved himself inwardly invincible. This suggestion comes from a critic who understands Falstaff, and in the suggestion itself shows that he understands him. But it provides no solution, because it wholly ignores, and could not account for, that which follows the short conversation with Shallow. Falstaff's dismissal to the Fleet, and his subsequent death, prove beyond doubt that his rejection was meant by Shakespeare to be taken as a catastrophe which not even his humour could enable him to surmount.

Moreover, these interpretations, even if otherwise admissible, would still leave our problem only partly solved. For what troubles us is not only the disappointment of Falstaff, it is the conduct of Henry. It was inevitable that on his accession he should separate himself

from Sir John, and we wish nothing else. It is satisfactory that Sir John should have a competence and the hope of promotion in the highly improbable case of his reforming himself. And if Henry could not trust himself within ten miles of so fascinating a companion, by all means let him be banished that distance: we do not complain. These arrangements would not have prevented a satisfactory ending: the King could have communicated his decision, and Falstaff could have accepted it, in a private interview rich in humour and merely touched with pathos. But Shakespeare has so contrived matters that Henry could not send a private warning to Falstaff even if he wished to, and in their public meeting Falstaff is made to behave in so outrageous and infatuated a manner that great sternness on the King's part was unavoidable. And the curious thing is that Shakespeare did not stop here. If this had been all we should have felt pain for Falstaff, but not, perhaps, resentment against Henry. But two things we do resent. Why, when this painful incident seems to be over, should the Chief Justice return and send Falstaff to prison? Can this possibly be meant for an act of private vengeance on the part of the Chief Justice, unknown to the King? No, for in that case Shakespeare would have shown at once that the King disapproved and cancelled it. It must have been the King's own act. This is one thing we resent; the other is the King's sermon. He had a right to turn away his former self and his old companions with it, but he had no right to talk all of a sudden like a clergyman; and surely it was both ungenerous and insincere to speak of them as his "misleaders," as though in the days of Eastcheap and Gadshill he had been a weak and silly lad. We have seen his former self, and we know that it was nothing of the kind. He had shown himself, for all his follies, a very strong and independent young man, deliberately amusing himself among men over whom he had just as much ascendancy as he chose to exert. Nay, he amused himself not only among them, but at their expense. In his first soliloquy—the place we ought always to look to for the key to a Shakesperian character—he declares that he associates with them in order that, when at some future time he shows his true character, he may be the more wondered at for his previous aberrations. You may think he deceives himself here; you may believe that he frequented Sir John's company out of delight in it and not merely with this cold-blooded design; but at any rate he *thought* the design was his one motive. And, that being so, two results follow. He ought in honour long ago to have given Sir John clearly to understand that they must say good-bye on the day of his accession. And, having neglected to do this, he ought not to have lectured him as his misleader. It was not only ungenerous, it was dishonest. It looks disagreeably like an

attempt to buy the praise of the respectable at the cost of honour and truth. And it succeeded. Henry *always* succeeded.

You will see what I am suggesting for the moment as a solution of our problem. I am suggesting that our fault lies not in our resentment at Henry's conduct, but in our surprise at it; that if we had read his character truly in the light that Shakespeare gave us, we should have been prepared for a display both of hardness and of policy at this point in his career. And although this suggestion does not suffice to solve the problem before us, I am convinced that in itself it is true. Nor is it rendered at all improbable by the fact that Shakespeare has made Henry, on the whole, a fine and very attractive character, and that here, he makes no one express any disapprobation of the treatment of Falstaff; for in similar cases Shakespeare is constantly misunderstood. His readers expect him to mark in some distinct way his approval or disapproval of that which he represents; and hence where *they* disapprove and *he* says nothing, they fancy that he does *not* disapprove, and they blame his indifference, like Dr. Johnson, or at the least are puzzled. But the truth is that he shows the fact and leaves the judgment to them. And again, when he makes us like a character we expect the character to have no faults that are not expressly pointed out, and when other faults appear we either ignore them or try to explain them away. This is one of our methods of conventionalising Shakespeare. We want the world's population to be neatly divided into sheep and goats, and we want an angel by us to say, "Look, that is a goat and this is a sheep," and we try to turn Shakespeare into this angel. His impartiality makes us uncomfortable: we cannot bear to see him, like the sun, lighting up everything and judging nothing. And this is perhaps especially the case in his historical plays, where we are always trying to turn him into a partisan. He shows us that Richard II. was unworthy to be king, and we at once conclude that he thought Bolingbroke's usurpation justified, whereas he shows merely, what under the conditions was bound to exist, an inextricable tangle of right and unright. Or, Bolingbroke being evidently wronged, we suppose Bolingbroke's statements to be true, and are quite surprised when Bolingbroke, after attaining his end through them, mentions casually on his death-bed that they were lies. Shakespeare makes us admire Hotspur heartily, and so when we see Hotspur discussing with others how large his particular slice of his mother country is to be, we either fail to recognise the monstrosity of the proceeding, or, recognising it, we complain that Shakespeare is inconsistent. Prince John breaks the last remains of rebellion by practising a detestable fraud on the rebels. We are against the rebels, and have heard high praise of

Prince John, but we cannot help seeing that his fraud is detestable, so we say indignantly to Shakespeare: "Why, you told us he was a sheep"; whereas, in fact, if we had used our eyes we should have known beforehand that he was the brave, determined, loyal, cold-blooded, pitiless, unscrupulous son of a usurper whose throne is in danger.

To come, then, to Henry. Both as prince and king he is deservedly a favourite, and particularly so with English readers, being, as he is, perhaps, the most distinctively English of all Shakespeare's men. In *Henry V.* he is treated as a national hero. In this play he has lost much of the wit which in him seems to have depended on contact with Falstaff, but he has also laid aside the most serious faults of his youth. He inspires in a high degree fear, enthusiasm, and affection; thanks to his beautiful modesty he has the charm which is lacking to another mighty warrior, Coriolanus; his youthful escapades have given him an understanding of simple folk, and sympathy with them; he is the author of the saying, "There is some soul of goodness in things evil"; and he is much more obviously religious than most of Shakespeare's heroes. Having these and other fine qualities, and being without certain dangerous tendencies which mark the tragic heroes, he is, perhaps, the most efficient character drawn by Shakespeare, unless Ulysses, in *Troilus and Cressida*, is his equal. And so he has been described as Shakespeare's ideal man of action; nay, it has even been declared that here for once Shakespeare plainly disclosed his own ethical creed and showed us his ideal, not simply of a man of action, but of a man. (Hudson).

But Henry is neither of these. The poet who drew Hamlet and Othello can never have thought that even the ideal man of action would lack that light upon the brow which at once transfigures them and marks their doom. It is as easy to believe that, because the lunatic, the lover, and the poet are not far apart, Shakespeare would have chosen never to have loved and sung. Even poor Timon, the most inefficient of the tragic heroes, has something in him that Henry never shows. Nor is it merely that his nature is limited: if we follow Shakespeare and look closely at Henry, we shall discover with the many fine traits a few less pleasing. Henry IV. describes him as the noble image of his own youth; and, for all his superiority to his father, he is still his father's son, the son of that "vile politician, Bolingbroke," as Hotspur calls him. Henry's religion, for example, is genuine, it is rooted in his modesty; but it is also superstitious—an attempt to buy off supernatural vengeance for Richard's blood, and it is also in part political, like his father's projected crusade. Just as he went to war chiefly because, as his father told him, it was the way to keep factious nobles quiet and unite the nation, so when

he adjures the Archbishop to satisfy him as to his right to the French throne, he knows quite well that the Archbishop *wants* the war because it will defer and perhaps prevent what he considers the spoliation of the Church. This same strain of policy is what Shakespeare marks in the first soliloquy in *Henry IV.*, where the prince describes his riotous life as a mere scheme to win him glory later. It implies that readiness to use other people as means to his own ends, which is a conspicuous feature in his father; and it reminds us of his father's plan of keeping himself out of the people's sight while Richard was making himself cheap by his incessant public appearances. And if I am not mistaken there is a further likeness. Henry is kindly and pleasant to every one as Prince, to every one deserving as King, and that not out of policy as with his father: but there is no sign in him of a strong affection for any one, such an affection as we recognise at a glance in Hamlet and Horatio, Brutus and Cassius, and many more. We do not find this in *Henry V.*, not even in the noble address to Lord Scroop, and in *Henry IV.* we find, I think, a liking for Falstaff and Poins, but no more: there is no more, for instance, in his soliloquy over the supposed corpse of his fat friend, and he never speaks of Falstaff to Poins with any affection. The truth is, that the members of the family of Henry IV. have love for one another, but they cannot spare love for any one outside their family, which stands firmly united, defending its royal position against attack and instinctively isolating itself from outside influence.

Thus I would suggest that Henry's conduct in his rejection of Falstaff is in perfect keeping with his character on its unpleasant side as well as on its finer; and that, so far as Henry is concerned, we ought not to feel surprise at it. And on this view we may even explain the strange incident of the Chief Justice being sent back to order Falstaff to prison (for there is no sign of any such uncertainty in the text as might suggest an interpolation by the players). Remembering his father's words about Henry, "Being incensed, he's flint," and remembering in *Henry V.* his ruthlessness about killing the prisoners when he is incensed, we may imagine that, after he had left Falstaff and was no longer influenced by the face of his old companion, he gave way to anger at the indecent familiarity which had provoked a compromising scene on the most ceremonial of occasions and in the presence alike of court and crowd, and that he sent the Chief Justice back to take vengeance. And this is consistent with the fact that in the next play we find Falstaff shortly afterwards not only freed from prison, but unmolested in his old haunt in Eastcheap, well within ten miles of Henry's person. His anger had soon passed, and he knew that the requisite effect had been produced alike on Falstaff and on the world.

But all this, however true, will not solve our problem. It seems, on the contrary, to increase its difficulty. For the natural conclusion is that Shakespeare *intended* us to feel resentment against Henry. And yet that cannot be, for it implies that he meant the play to end disagreeably; and no one who understands Shakespeare at all will consider that supposition for a moment credible. No, he must have meant the play to end pleasantly, although he made Henry act consistently. And hence it follows that he must have intended our sympathy with Falstaff to be so far weakened when the rejection-scene arrives that his discomfiture should be satisfactory to us; that we should enjoy this sudden reverse of enormous hopes (a thing always ludicrous if sympathy is absent), that we should approve the moral judgment that falls on him, and so should pass lightly over that disclosure of unpleasant traits in the King's character which Shakespeare was too true an artist to suppress. Thus our pain and resentment, if we feel them, are wrong, in the sense they do not answer to the dramatist's intention. But it does not follow that they are wrong in a further sense. They may be right because the dramatist has missed what he aimed at. And this, though the dramatist was Shakespeare, is what I would suggest. In the Falstaff scenes he overshot his mark. He created so extraordinary a being, and fixed him so firmly on his intellectual throne, that when he sought to dethrone him he could not. The moment comes when we are to look at Falstaff in a serious light, and the comic hero is to figure as a baffled schemer; but we cannot make the required change, either in our attitude or in our sympathies. We wish Henry a glorious reign and much joy of his crew of hypocritical politicians, lay and clerical; but our hearts go with Falstaff to the Fleet, or, if necessary, to Arthur's bosom or wheresoever he is.

In the remainder of the article I will try to make this view clear. And to this end we must go back to the Falstaff of the body of the two plays, the immortal Falstaff, a character almost purely humorous, and therefore no subject for moral judgments. I can but draw an outline, and must be content in describing one aspect of the character to hold another in reserve.

Up to a certain point Falstaff is ludicrous in the same way as a good many other characters, the distinction of Shakespeare's creation being, so far, chiefly the *abundance* of ludicrous traits. *Why* we should laugh at a man with a huge belly and corresponding appetites; at the inconveniences he suffers on a hot day, or in playing the footpad, or when he falls down and there are no levers at hand to lift him up again; at the incongruity of his unwieldy bulk and the nimbleness of his spirit, the infirmities of his age and his youthful lightness of heart; at the monstrosity of his lies and wiles,

and the suddenness of their exposure and frustration; at the contrast between his reputation and his real character, seen most absurdly when, at the mere mention of his name, a redoubted rebel surrenders to him—*why*, I say, we should laugh at these and many such things, this is no place to inquire; but unquestionably we do. Here we have them poured out in endless profusion and with that appearance of careless ease which is so fascinating in Shakespeare; and with the enjoyment of them I believe many readers stop. But while they are quite essential to the character, there is in it much more. For these things by themselves do not explain *why*, beside laughing at Falstaff, we are made happy by him and laugh *with* him. He is not, like Parolles, a mere *object* of mirth.

The main reason why he makes us so happy and puts us so entirely at our ease is that he himself is happy and entirely at his ease. "Happy" is too weak a word; he is in bliss, and we share his glory. Enjoyment—no fitful pleasure crossing a dull life, nor any vacant convulsive mirth—but a rich deep-toned chuckling enjoyment circulates continually through all his being. If you ask *what* he enjoys, no doubt the answer is, in the first place, eating and drinking, taking his ease at his inn, and the company of other merry souls. Compared with these things, what we consider the graver interests of life are nothing to him. But then, while we are under his spell, we do not consider these graver interests; gravity is to us, as to him, inferior to gravity; and what he does enjoy he enjoys with such a luscious and good-humoured zest that we sympathise and he makes us happy. And if any one objected, we should answer with Sir Toby Belch, "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

But this, again, is far from all. Falstaff's ease and enjoyment are not simply those of the happy man of appetite; they are those of the humorist, and the humorist of genius. Instead of being comic to you and serious to himself, he is more ludicrous to himself than to you; and he makes himself out more ludicrous than he is, in order that he and others may laugh. Prince Hal never made such sport of Falstaff's person as he himself did. It is *he* who says that his skin hangs about him like an old lady's loose gown, and that he walks before his page like a sow that hath o'erwhelmed all her litter but one. And he jests at himself when he is alone just as much as when others are by. It is the same with his appetites. The direct enjoyment they bring him is scarcely so great as the enjoyment of laughing at this enjoyment; and for all his addiction to sack you never see him for an instant with a brain dulled by it, or a temper turned solemn, silly, quarrelsome, or pious. The virtue it instils into him, of filling his brain with nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes—

this, and his humorous attitude towards it, free him, in a manner, from slavery to it; and it is this freedom, and no secret longing for better things (those who attribute such a longing to him are far astray), that makes his enjoyment contagious and prevents our sympathy with it from being disturbed.

The bliss of freedom gained in humour is the essence of Falstaff. His humour is not directed only or chiefly against obvious absurdities; he is the enemy of everything that would interfere with his ease, and therefore of everything serious, and especially of everything respectable and moral. For these things impose limits and obligations, and make us the subjects of old father antio the law, and the moral imperative, and our station and its duties, and conscience, and reputation, and other people's opinions, and all sorts of nuisances. I say he is therefore their enemy; but I do him wrong; to say that he is their enemy implies that he regards them as serious and recognises their power, but in truth he refuses to recognise them at all. They are to him absurd; and to reduce a thing *ad absurdum* is to reduce it to nothing and to walk about free and rejoicing. This is what Falstaff does with all the would-be serious things of life, sometimes only by his words, sometimes by his actions too. He will make truth appear absurd by solemn statements, which he utters with perfect gravity and which he expects nobody to believe; and honour, by demonstrating that it cannot set a leg, and that neither the living nor the dead can possess it; and law, by evading all the attacks of its highest representative and almost forcing him to laugh at his own defeat; and patriotism, by filling his pockets with the bribes offered by competent soldiers who want to escape service, while he takes in their stead the halt and maimed and the gaol-birds; and duty, by showing how he labours in his vocation—of thieving; and courage, alike by mocking at his own capture of Colville and gravely claiming to have killed Hotspur; and war, by offering the Prince his bottle of sack when he is asked for a sword; and religion, by amusing himself with remorse at odd times when he has nothing else to do; and the fear of death, by maintaining perfectly untouched, in the face of imminent peril and even while he *feels* the fear of death, the very same power of dissolving it in periffage that he shows when he sits at ease in his inn. These are the wonderful achievements which he performs, not with the discontent of a cynic, but with the gaiety of a boy. And, therefore, we praise him, we laud him, for he offends none but the virtuous, and denies that life is real or life is earnest, and delivers us from the oppression of such nightmares and lifts us into the atmosphere of perfect freedom.

No one in the play understands Falstaff fully, any more than Hamlet was understood by the persons round him. They are

both men of genius. Mrs. Quickly and Bardolph are his slaves, but they know not why. "Well, fare thee well," says the hostess whom he has pillaged and forgiven; "I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peas-cod time, but an honest and truer-hearted man—well, fare thee well." Poins and the Prince delight in him; they get him into corners for the pleasure of seeing him escape in ways they cannot imagine; but they often take him much too seriously. Poins, for instance, rarely sees, the Prince does not always see, what moralising critics never see, that when Falstaff speaks ill of a companion behind his back, or writes to the Prince that Poins spreads it abroad that the Prince is to marry his sister, he knows quite well that what he says will be repeated, or rather, perhaps, is absolutely indifferent whether it be repeated or not, being certain that it can only give him an opportunity for humour. It is the same with his lying, and almost the same with his cowardice, the two main vices laid to his charge even by sympathetic critics. Falstaff is neither a liar nor a coward in the usual sense, like the typical cowardly boaster of comedy. He tells his lies either for their own humour, or on purpose to get himself into a difficulty. He rarely expects to be believed, perhaps never. He abandons a statement or contradicts it the moment it is made. There is scarcely more intent in his lying than in the humorous exaggerations which he pours out in soliloquy just as much as when others are by. Poins and the Prince understand this in part. You see them waiting eagerly to convict him, not that they may really put him to shame, but in order to enjoy the greater lie that will swallow up the less. But their sense of humour lags behind his. Even the Prince seems to take as half-grave Falstaff's sudden transition from remorse to glee at the idea of taking a purse, and his request to his friend to bestride him if he should see him down in the battle.

Again, the attack of the Prince and Poins on Falstaff and the other thieves on Gadshill is contrived, we know, with a view to the incomprehensible lies it will induce him to tell. But when, more than rising to the occasion, he turns two men in buckram into four, and then seven, and then nine, and then eleven, almost in a breath, I believe they partly misunderstand his intention, and the great majority of his critics misunderstand it altogether. Shakespeare was not writing a mere farce. It is preposterous to suppose that a man of Falstaff's intelligence would utter these gross, palpable, open lies with the serious intention to deceive, or forget that, if it was too dark for him to see his own hand, he could hardly see that the three misbegotten knaves were wearing Kendal green. No doubt, if he *had* been believed, he would have been hugely tickled at it, but he no more expected to be believed than when he claimed to have killed

Hotspur. Yet he is supposed to be serious even then. Such interpretations are really destructive of Shakespeare's whole conception; and of those who adopt them one might ask this out of some twenty similar questions:—When Falstaff, in the men in buckram scene, begins by calling twice at short intervals for sack, and then a little later calls for more and says, "I am a rogue if I drunk to-day," and the Prince answers, "O villain, thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last," do they think that *that* lie was meant to deceive? And if not, why do they take it for granted that the others were? I suppose they consider that Falstaff was in earnest when, wanting to get twenty-two yards of satin on trust from Master Dombledon, the silk-mercer, he offered Bardolph as security; or when he said to the Chief Justice about Mrs. Quickly, who accused him of breaking his promise to marry her, "My lord, this is a poor mad soul, and she says up and down the town that her eldest son is like you"; or when he explained his enormous bulk by saying, "A plague of sighing and grief! It blows a man up like a bladder"; or when he accounted for his voice being cracked by saying that he had "lost it with singing of anthems"; or even when he sold his soul on Good-Friday to the devil for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg. Falstaff's lies about Hotspur and the men in buckram do not essentially differ from these statements. There is nothing serious in any of them except the refusal to take anything seriously.

This is also the explanation of Falstaff's cowardice, a subject on which I can say little that was not said a hundred and thirty years ago in Maurice Morgan's essay; but as that essay is so little known a few words may be in place. That Falstaff sometimes behaves in what we should generally call a cowardly way is certain, but that does not show that he was a coward; and if we mean by a coward a person who feels painful fear in the presence of danger, and yields to that fear in spite of his better feelings and convictions, then I confidently say that Falstaff was no coward. The stock bully and boaster is one, but not Falstaff. It is perfectly clear in the first place that, though he had unfortunately a reputation for stabbing and caring not what mischief he did if his weapon were out, he had not a reputation for cowardice. Shallow remembered him five-and-fifty years ago breaking Scogan's head at the court-gate when he was a crack not thus high; and Shallow knew him later a good back-swordsman. Then we lose sight of him till about twenty years after, when his association with Bardolph began; and that association implies that by the time he was thirty-five or forty he had sunk into the mode of life we witness in the plays. Yet, even as we see him there, he remains a person of consideration in the army. Twelve captains hurry about London searching for him. He is present at the Council of War in the

King's tent at Shrewsbury, where the only other persons are the King, the two princes, a nobleman and Sir Walter Blunt. The messenger who brings the false report of the battle to Northumberland mentions, as one of the important incidents, the death of Sir John Falstaff. Colville, expressly described as a famous rebel, surrenders to him as soon as he hears his name. And if his own wish that his name were not so terrible to the enemy, and his own boast of his European reputation, are not evidence of the first rank, they must not be entirely ignored in presence of these other facts. What do these facts mean? Does Shakespeare put them all in with no purpose at all, or in defiance of his own intentions? It is not credible.

And when, in the second place, we look at Falstaff's actions, what do we find? He boldly confronted Colville, he was quite ready to fight with him, however pleased that Colville, like a kind fellow, gave himself away. When he saw Henry and Hotspur fighting, instead of making off in a panic, he stayed to take his chance if Hotspur should be the victor. He led his 150 ragamuffins where they were peppered, he did not send them. To draw upon Pistol and force him downstairs and wound him in the shoulder was no great feat, perhaps, but the stock coward would have shrunk from it. When the Sheriff came to the inn to arrest him for an offence whose penalty was death, and Falstaff was hidden behind the arras, he did not stand there quaking for fear, he immediately fell asleep and snored. When he stood in the battle meditating on what would happen if the weight of his paunch should be increased by that of a bullet, he cannot have been in a tremor of craven fear. He never shows such fear; and surely the man who, in danger of his life, *soliloquises* thus: "I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath. Give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked-for, and there's an end," is not what we commonly call a coward.

"Well," it will be answered, "but he ran away on Glendeshill; and when Douglas attacked him he fell down and shammed dead." Yes, I am thankful to say, he did. For of course he did not want to be dead. He wanted to live and be merry. And as he had reduced the idea of honour *ad absurdum*, had scarcely any self-respect, and only a respect for reputation as a means to life, naturally he avoided death when he could do so without a ruinous loss of reputation, and (observe) with the satisfaction of playing a colossal practical joke. For *that* after all was his first object. If his one thought had been to avoid death he would not have faced Douglas at all, but would have run away as fast as his legs could carry him; and unless Douglas had been one of those exceptional Scotchmen who have no sense of humour he would never have thought of

pursuing so ridiculous an object as Falstaff running. So that he is accurately described by Poins, who says to the Prince about Bardolph, Peto and Falstaff: "For two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms." It is exactly thus that, according to the original stage direction, Falstaff behaves when Henry and Poins attack him and the others. The rest run away at once; Falstaff, here as afterwards with Douglas, fights for a blow or two, but, finding himself deserted and outmatched, runs away also. Of course. He saw no reason to stay. Any man who had risen superior to all serious motives would have run away. But it does not follow that he would run from *far*, or be, in the ordinary sense, a coward.

I have tried, as well as I could in so short a space, to make clear the view¹ that the main source of our sympathetic delight in Falstaff is this humorous superiority to everything serious, and the freedom of soul enjoyed in it. But, of course, this is not the whole of his character. Shakespeare knew well enough that perfect freedom is not to be gained in this manner; we are ourselves aware of it even while we are sympathising with Falstaff; and as soon as we regard him seriously it becomes obvious. His freedom is limited in two main ways. For one thing he cannot rid himself entirely of respect for all that he professes to ridicule. He shows a certain pride in his rank: unlike the Prince, he is haughty to the drawers, who call him a proud Jack. He is not really quite indifferent to reputation. When the Chief Justice bids him pay his debt to Mrs. Quickly for his reputation's sake, I think he feels a twinge, though to be sure he proceeds to pay her by borrowing from her. He is also stung by any thoroughly serious imputation on his courage, and winces at the recollection of his running away on Gadshill; he knows that his behaviour there certainly looked cowardly, and perhaps he remembers that he would not have behaved so once. It is, further, very significant that, for all his dissolute talk, he has never yet allowed the Prince and Poins to see him as they saw him afterwards with Doll Tearsheet; not, of course, that he has any moral shame in the matter, but he knows that in such a situation he, in his old age, must appear contemptible—not a humorist but a mere object of mirth. And, finally, he has affection in him—affection, I think, for Poins and Bardolph; certainly for the Prince—and that is a thing which he cannot jest out of existence. Hence, as the effect of his rejection shows, he is not really invulnerable. And then in the second place, since he is in the flesh, his godlike freedom has consequences and conditions; consequences, for there is something painfully wrong with his great toe; conditions, for he can-

(1) I am indebted here to Rütcher, *Shakespeare in seinen höchsten Charaktergebilden* (1864).

not eat and drink for ever without money, and he can find no remedy for this consumption of the purse. As the Chief Justice tells him, his means are very slender and his waste great; and his answer, "I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater and my waist slenderer," though worth much money, brings none in. And so he is driven to evil deeds; not only to cheating his tailor like a gentleman, but to fleecing Justice Shallow, and to highway robbery, and to cruel depredations on the poor woman whose affection he has secured. All this is perfectly consistent with the other side of his character, but by itself it makes an ugly picture.

Yes, it makes an ugly picture when you look at it seriously. But then, surely, so long as the humorous atmosphere is preserved and the humorous attitude maintained, you do not look at it so. You no more regard Falstaff's misdeeds morally than you do the much more atrocious misdeeds of Punch or Reynard the Fox. You do not exactly ignore them, but you attend only to their comic aspect. This is the very spirit of comedy, and certainly of Shakespeare's comic world, which is one of make-believe, not merely as his tragic world is, but in a further sense—a world in which gross improbabilities are accepted with a smile, and many things are welcomed as merely laughable which, regarded gravely, would excite anger and disgust. The intervention of a serious spirit breaks up such a world, and would destroy our pleasure in Falstaff's company. Accordingly through the greater part of these dramas Shakespeare carefully confines this spirit to the scenes of war and policy, and dismisses it entirely in the humorous parts. Hence, if *Henry IV.* had been a comedy like *Twelfth Night*, I am sure that he would no more have ended it with the painful disgrace of Falstaff than he ended *Twelfth Night* by disgracing Sir Toby Belch.

But *Henry IV.* was to be in the main a historical play, and its chief hero Prince Henry. In the course of it his greater and finer qualities were to be gradually revealed, and it was to end with beautiful scenes of reconciliation and affection between his father and him, and a final emergence of the wild Prince as a just, wise, stern, and glorious King. Hence, no doubt, it seemed to Shakespeare that Falstaff at last must be disgraced, and must therefore appear no longer as the invincible humorist, but as an object of ridicule and even of aversion. And probably also his poet's insight showed him that Henry, as he conceived him, would behave harshly to Falstaff in order to impress the world, especially when his mind had been wrought to a high pitch by the scene with his dying father and the impression of his own solemn consecration to great duties.

This conception was a natural and a fine one; and if the execution was not an entire success, it is yet full of interest. Shakespeare's

purpose being to work a gradual change in our feelings towards Falstaff, and to tinge the humorous atmosphere more and more deeply with seriousness, you see him carrying out this purpose in the Second Part of *Henry IV.* Here he separates the Prince from Falstaff as much as he can, thus withdrawing him from Falstaff's influence, and weakening in our minds the connection between the two. In the First Part we constantly see them together; in the Second (it is a remarkable fact) only once before the rejection. Further, in the scenes where Henry appears apart from Falstaff, we watch him growing more and more grave, and awakening more and more poetic interest; while Falstaff, though his humour scarcely flags to the end, exhibits more and more of his seamy side. This is nowhere turned to the full light in Part I.; but in Part II. we see him as the heartless destroyer of Mrs. Quickly, as a ruffian seriously defying the Chief Justice because his position as an officer on service gives him power to do wrong, as the pike preparing to snap up the poor old dace Shallow, and (this is the one scene where Henry and he meet) as the worn-out lecher, not laughing at his servitude to the flesh but sunk in it. Finally, immediately before the rejection, the world where he is king is exposed in all its sordid criminality when we find Mrs. Quickly and Doll arrested for being concerned in the death of one man, if not more, beaten to death by their bullies; and the dangerousness of Falstaff is emphasized in his last words as he hurries from Shallow's house to London, words at first touched with humour but at bottom only too seriously meant: "Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends, and woe unto my Lord Chief Justice." His dismissal to the Fleet by the Chief Justice is the dramatic vengeance for that threat.

Yet all these excellent devices fail. They cause us momentary embarrassment at times when repellent traits in Falstaff's character are disclosed; but they fail to change our attitude of humour into one of seriousness, and our sympathy into repulsion. And they were bound to fail, because Shakespeare shrank from adding to them the one device which would have ensured success. If, as the Second Part of *Henry IV.* advanced, he had clouded over Falstaff's humour so heavily that the man of genius turned into the Falstaff of the *Merry Wives*, we should have witnessed his rejection without a pang. This Shakespeare was too much of an artist to do—though even in this way he did something; and without this device he could not succeed. As I said, in the creation of Falstaff he overreached himself. He was caught up on the wind of his own genius, and carried so far that he could not descend to earth at the intended spot. It is not a misfortune that happens to many authors, nor is it one we can

regret, for it costs us but a trifling inconvenience in one scene, while we owe to it perhaps the greatest comic character in literature. For it is in this character, and not in the judgment he brings upon Falstaff's head, that Shakespeare asserts his supremacy. To show that Falstaff's freedom of soul was in part illusory, and that the realities of life refused to be conjured away by his humour—this was what we might expect from Shakespeare's unfailing sanity, but it was surely no remarkable achievement beyond the power of lesser men. The achievement was Falstaff himself and the conception of that freedom of soul, a freedom illusory only in part, and attainable only by a mind which had received from Shakespeare's own that inexplicable touch of infinity which he bestowed on Hamlet and Macbeth and Cleopatra, but denied to Henry the Fifth.

A. C. BRADLEY.

THE IRISH LAND BILL OF 1902.

"In an ill-ordered State," a great writer has observed, "a multiplicity of laws is sure to exist." The remark especially applies to the numerous attempts which have been made in the last twenty-one years to effect what have been called "reforms" in the Land system of Ireland. The great Irish Land Act of 1870—carried through Parliament by Mr. Gladstone—was not without grave and palpable defects; but, essentially, it was a statesmanlike measure; it skilfully reconciled the old and the new; it did not defy political science; in the fine language of Burke, "it made reparation in the style of the building," and "showed a disposition to preserve and an ability to improve." And as the Act was based on principles in the main sound, it has stood the infallible test of time; it has not been largely or repeatedly changed; many additions have not been made to it; it has not been so transformed that its author would not know his offspring. It has been otherwise with the legislation on the Irish Land which has been enacted since 1880. The famous Act of 1881 effected a revolution in the Irish Land system, and was contradictory to that of eleven years before; it established the mode of tenure known as the "Three F's" in an exaggerated and pernicious form; it made the rate of rent determined by tribunals of the State, an expedient never known in civilised lands, and to be compared only to the mediæval statutes which fixed the price of bread and the wages of labour. And as this Act carried out principles essentially false, set Political Economy and its teaching at naught, and, whatever may be said, has done infinite mischief, so it has been enlarged, altered, and added to over and over again; shreds and patches have been tacked into the garment to conceal the misshapen and faulty pattern; it is an unsightly structure, on bad foundations, propped up by incessant efforts to very little purpose. And so it has been with the evil system falsely known as "Land Purchase." Legislation here has been wotive in the extreme; Act after Act has been passed to extend and amend it; but its vices have continued, and have only been made worse. The Irish Land Bill of 1902—the latest of the many experiments of the last two decades—has been introduced to deal again with the Irish Land system, and if possible to make it less objectionable than it is. It contains administrative changes that may be of use, on the principles of legislation thoroughly unwise; it has provisions that may be of a certain value. But it does not even touch the roots of the Irish Land Question; it does not set forth a single proposal that would effect a real reform in the Irish Land system,

it is a mere temporary, if a rather clever, makeshift. It is a little cock boat that, were it ever launched—and this is in the highest degree improbable—would soon be swamped in the maelstrom of Irish agrarian troubles; it will never create a permanent settlement of the Irish Land.

The Chief Secretary for Ireland brought in the Bill; he properly confined himself to his immediate subject; he made a very able and lucid official speech. The measure deals with the Irish Land system on the side of occupation and on that of ownership, that is, in the relations of landlord and tenant, and under the policy of what is untruly nicknamed "Land Purchase." Taking the first and infinitely the most important subject, whatever mere theorists may imagine, Mr. Wyndham sadly complained that the Land Act of 1881, which placed these relations on their present footing, and the different Acts which have been auxiliary to it have produced litigation on an enormous scale, and have made the lands of Ireland cockpits for endless lawsuits, provoking and encouraging a war of classes. Three hundred and thirty-six thousand applications to fix "fair rents" have been made; two hundred and forty-seven thousand seven hundred "fair rents" have been fixed; seventy-three thousand seven hundred and fifty appeals have been taken from these decisions: this colossal total is already on the increase. This, the Chief Secretary urges, is "a melancholy state of affairs"; the "machine is clogged," and can hardly do its work; "a burden is cast on Irish agriculture, which it cannot bear." But it does not lie in the mouth of Mr. Wyndham, and still less in the mouths of his older colleagues, to condemn legislation and administration in which they have more than acquiesced, and to which they have been, to a great extent, parties. When in Opposition they denounced Mr. Gladstone's project of 1881, as not only pregnant with gross injustice—Lord Ashbourne, the present holder of the Great Seal in Ireland, declared that it would be a wiser and better course to cut down Irish rents a fourth by a stroke of the pen—they predicted, as the event has proved, that the fixing "fair rents" would throw Ireland into a kind of litigious chaos. Since 1881 they have been in office fourteen years; they are responsible for the state of the Irish Land system: why did they extend and aggravate the legislation, of which they professed to disapprove, so far at least as they were called Conservatives? The administration, again, of the Land Act of 1881, and of its supplements, through courts to which no parallel can be found, was soon perceived to be censurable in the highest degree; false principles were adopted, faulty methods pursued, especially in the province of appeals from "fair rents." All this was dragged into light, a few years ago, limited as the scope of the inquiry was, by a Commission which had Sir Edward Fry as its

head. Why did a Unionist Government refuse an inquiry on the subject, persist in applying no real remedy, make petty palliatives that were almost worse than useless? The less Unionist statesmen say the better with respect to the mischief caused by the Act of 1881, and by its successors. They were *participes criminis*, at the very least; they committed themselves to a bad policy, to stave off agitation and to save themselves trouble. As Burke indignantly wrote of another set of men, they have landed themselves in a pit-fall of their own making, and have not the slightest right to cry out:—"The difficulties, which they rather have eluded than escaped, meet them again in their course; they multiply and thicken on them; they were involved, through a labyrinth of confused detail, in an industry without limit and without direction; and, in conclusion, the whole of their work becomes vicious, feeble, and insecure."

On the side of the occupation of the Irish Land, the Bill is a mere sample of legislation that must have but the smallest effect. Plain men, not the slaves of false theories, might have expected that the Ministry would have made a real effort to mitigate, if they could not remove, the evils flowing from the Act of 1881 and other Acts of the same nature; to lessen the gross wrong that has been done to the Irish landed gentry; to allay the discontent pervading the farming class in Ireland; to diminish the litigation and the demoralisation of the last two decades. The means to accomplish these ends were not wanting, at least to a certain extent; thoughtful men who understand Ireland and Irish land tenures, have long ago come to the conclusion that the only effectual way to make the mischiefs of the existing system less, would be to commute into perpetual rents, or at least into rents continuing for a long space of time, the present "fair rents" which last only for fifteen years, and are then renewed, after incessant lawsuits; here they follow the teaching of Burke, and of John Stuart Mill and, I am happy to add, of Mr. John Morley. This assuredly would not do complete justice, but, in a comparatively short time, and after a thorough inquiry, it would do away with the present detestable system of fixing "fair rents"; it would get rid, if not at once, at least before long, of the ruinous and universal litigation which has been the consequence. The subject of compensating the Irish landlords for the cruel injury they have suffered would remain; it is idle to deny their unquestionable right to this; the truth in this matter could be only ascertained after a careful investigation of the facts of the case; Parliament, it is to be hoped will not be guilty of a gross breach of faith, of evil omen to property in the three kingdoms. But there is not a trace of a reform of this kind in the Bill, no doubt because the Government cling to the false idea that, through the policy of so-styled "Land Purchase," they will be able to abolish what they

call "Dual Ownership," and practically to extinguish the relation of landlord and tenant in Ireland. This expectation, however, is a mere chimera; they would be for an age in their graves before landlords and tenants would cease to exist; even "Compulsory Purchase," as the phrase is, would not efface Irish "Landlordism," as it is called, in half-a-century; it would indeed only reproduce "Landlordism" in the very worst form; and for the present at least they deprecate, nay denounce, this policy. For those reasons the Bill is simply useless, in its most important part it makes hardly any change in the relations of Irish landlords and tenants. It contains a provision indeed that a tenant, who refuses to "purchase" his farm, shall remain under his existing rent, and shall not have a title to get another "fair rent" fixed. This has been condemned as iniquitous by noisy tenant advocates; but it is a proposal, which if by no means unfair, could not have much effect. The other changes in this province set forth in the Bill are a mere shifting of the administrative machinery for fixing "fair rents"; it is doubtful whether they would not be rather bad than good.

The Bill, therefore, is a play with no Hamlet in it, as regards the occupation of the Irish Land, that is, in the relations of landlords and tenants. Malice might hint that its authors had made up their minds to keep Irish landlords under the *prime force et dure* of "fair rents" in order to compel them to part with their estates; it is more charitable to suppose, in Mr. Wyndham's language, that the object was "to shift the burden off the rent fixing leg, and to put it on the purchasing leg," that is, honestly to promote what is falsely known as "Land Purchase." This, no doubt, is the main purpose and end of the measure; a sinister intention, I assume, was no part of the design; there was simply a fixed resolve persistently to carry out a policy the evils of which have only become too manifest. Just now, indeed, it is a little audacious, after making every allowance for the tyranny of false theories, for the shibboleths of party, for the power of self-deception, to facilitate, by any scheme whatever, the so-styled system of the "Purchase" of the Irish Land. That system is no more one of "Land Purchase," in the true sense of the word, than it is one of thimble-rigging, or of gambling in stocks on the Exchange. It bribes tenants into the ownership of their farms, for they do not contribute a shilling of the price; it then gives them the fee simple at terminable annuities much lower than any conceivable rents. These transactions, therefore, are profoundly immoral; and however well these so-named "purchasers" have discharged their obligations to the State—I pass from a subject on which I could say a good deal to prove that this optimism is by no means a safe inference—they have not, as a general rule, become a body of loyal freeholders, or even of successful and progressive

farmers; and this is precisely what was to be expected: what is sound does not grow out of corruption. As their renders to the State, too, are much less than the lowest possible rents, these "purchasers" largely sublet, subdivide, and mortgage their lands; they are gradually reproducing the class of the once nearly extinct middlemen, the rapacious oppressors of a mass of rack-rented serfdom. These, however, striking and vicious as they are, are not the least evils of this absolutely ill-conceived system. The unwise and wholly unfair distinction between rent-paying tenants, an immense majority, and "purchasing" tenants, a small minority, not only cruelly handicaps and injures landlords, who seek to recover even their "fair rents"; it fills the rent-paying tenants with just discontent, and gives them a real and legitimate grievance. Human creatures being what they are, will not tamely submit to being treated as if they were starvelings in one fold and a pampered flock in another. "Land Purchase," therefore, has called into being the demand, now being urged from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, for what is called the "Compulsory Purchase" of all the rented lands of Ireland in order to efface a most unjust difference. But what does "Compulsory Purchase" mean, and what from the nature of the case would it lead to? It would impose an enormous burden on the general taxpayer: it would create a type of ownership in Ireland for which her climate and her soil are unfit: it would annihilate the Irish landed gentry, as a class, by a confiscation the worst that even Ireland has ever known. The Government, it is fair to say, has declared against this policy, but it directly promotes it by its scheme of "Land Purchase"; indeed, but for its fear of the general taxpayer, I have little doubt it would pronounce for "Compulsory Purchase."

Twelve years ago, when "Land Purchase" was first set on foot on anything like an extensive scale, I foretold that, as a matter of course, it would create a widespread cry for "Compulsory Purchase." My forecast has been in all respects verified. A remarkable concrete instance has lately occurred of the pernicious operation of this bad agrarian nostrum. Some months ago, the great estate of Lord Dillon, in Connaught, comprising many hundreds of tenant families and covering an area of many square miles, was transferred by what virtually was an act of the Government to the occupiers in possession of the land, under the system mendaciously called "Land Purchase." The occupiers, not "purchasers" in any true sense of the term, were "rooked and dandled" into their farms, in the words of Burke, without advancing a penny, or making any effort of their own; they were then transformed into owners in fee, at "purchase annuities" a third less than any "fair rents," and payable only for less than half a century. The hundreds of tenants on the neighbouring estates,

still subject to rents, resented the distinction made against them, from the nature of the case; they could not understand why they were to starve in the cold while their fellows were made to thrive in the warmth, one class in a land of Egypt, the other in a land of Goshen; they accordingly made a demand on their landlords for a reduction of rent equal to that made by the "purchase annuities." The landlords naturally declined to be fleeced wholesale; the matter was taken up by the United Irish League; leaders eagerly came forward to guide the tenants. As the result there has been a determined strike against the payment of any rent whatever on the estates bordering on the "purchased estate" of Lord Dillon. "The Land War in Connaught," as is now its name, has continued for months; its consequences already have been of evil omen, they will probably become worse than this, nay, disastrous. I shall not dwell on the ruin in which the wronged landlords are involved, ruin caused by a transaction carried out by the State; but hundreds of judgments have been recovered against the defaulters; in a certain number of instances rents have been paid by stealth, but as yet there is no sign that the strike is abating, and it is frightful to contemplate what may be the results, should the judgments be enforced by the process of the law. Nor is this all, or even nearly all; wherever "Land Purchase" should be effected the movement will probably extend on its present lines; the "Plan of Campaign" may reappear on not a few Irish estates, and all this owing to a most unfortunate policy. The Government has properly made an attempt to put the disorder down where it has broken out in Connaught. It has prosecuted some of the tenants' champions, but these prosecutions have been much criticised, and hitherto have had hardly any effect. In consequence of a distinction very difficult to understand the politicians, who first egged the defaulters on, have not been brought within the reach of the law; its penalties have fallen only on mere subordinate agents. And, in strange contrast to the apathy and remissness seen in other directions, these prosecutions were instituted with such little reflection and care that the gravest doubts as to their legality were raised. Although he was overruled by three of his colleagues, a batch of these was declared to be wholly illegal by Chief Baron Palles, far the ablest and the most fearless of the Irish judges. It might be insinuated, indeed, that all this raw haste was an effort at once to punish and to conceal the effects of a thoroughly bad policy. "Touch a lawyer," wrote Junius, "touch but a cobweb in Westminster Hall and the exasperated spider rushes out to bite you." May not political charlatans be in the same predicament? ¹

The Ministry, however, have set their hearts on carrying out their

(1) Since the above lines were written the Government has struck a feeble blow at Irish lawlessness and disorder, at least three years too late.

policy; as I have said, they still pin their faith in "Land Purchase," as their predecessors fifty years ago pinned their faith in the Irish Encumbered Estates Act, a cruel measure of spoliation, which, I rejoice to think, I emphatically condemned when still fresh from Oxford. The main object of this Bill is, we have seen, to promote "Land Purchase"; it might have some, but not, I believe, much effect; the *primum mobile* is, to a great extent, wanting. The measure, no doubt, proposes that landlords, who care to dispose of their estates, are to receive the price in cash, and not in "Land Stock," now very low; this would be a bonus of from six to seven per cent.; but bad as the position of the Irish landed gentry is, and gloomy and threatening as are their prospects, this would not be largely a sufficient incentive. Many Irish landlords, indeed, took it into their heads that a much ampler inducement would be held out to them. They believed that they would be encouraged to sell their properties, or rather the remains that were left to them, by the payment of a capital sum, equal to three, four, or five years' purchase above the current market value of the lands, the tenant "purchasers" only paying "annuities" at the existing rate, and that the Treasury would make up the difference. And, unquestionably, a speech of Mr. Wyndham at Belfast, if interpreted in a natural sense, appeared to make a promise of the kind; and it has been asserted that the Bill, as it was originally drawn, had some generous provisions in this direction. I for one, however, was steadily sceptical on the subject; I remember saying to a great Irish landlord, cocksure that a dole of this kind would be given, "The general taxpayer does not like bribing Irish tenants; do you imagine that he will stand bribing Irish landlords? You may put such ideas out of your head." The Bill, as I anticipated, contains no bargain of this sort. It was probably discovered that the House of Commons would never give its sanction; and thus what would have been a real motive to make many Irish landlords sell their lands, is not, and I am convinced will never be, forthcoming. Very possibly in this, as in many other instances, this body of men have been deceived, nay betrayed; the confident hopes of a great number have, no doubt, been frustrated. But all this has happened over and over again: Irish landlords were gravely told that the Encumbered Estates Act, through which estates were sold at less than half their value, would relieve them from debt, and do them good; they were informed that the Land Act of 1870 was final; they were assured that the Land Act of 1881 would scarcely reduce rents, which have been cut down about forty per cent.; what else could they expect on the present occasion? Treachery is consistent where its victims have no means of defence.

I have condemned, from the outset, and shall always condemn the system of what is falsely named "Land Purchase." I am convinced it is

an immoral and bad policy, certain to prove ruinous to the Irish landed gentry, even if not designed for this sinister purpose. The Ministry, however, persist in the experiment they have made, though the consequences are staring them in the face; the Bill is very ingeniously framed to help and to extend "Land Purchase," though its operation, I believe, would disappoint its authors. It greatly improves, and even transforms, the machinery by which estates in Ireland may be transferred to their occupants; the process, beyond question, would be extremely simplified. A landlord who, as the law now stands, wishes to part with his estate, has to make separate bargains with each of his tenants; he is obliged to produce strict proof of his title; he is embarrassed by innumerable difficulties, even when the estate has been "purchased." All this causes great expense, delay, and uncertainty; and when the transaction may seem to be complete, it sometimes does not "go off" for different reasons. The Bill gets rid, or nearly so, of these obstacles, and undoubtedly, under the conditions it sets forth, the impediments to "Land Purchase" would be largely removed. Instead of having to haggle with his tenants, a landlord is enabled to apply to the Land Commission for a transfer of his estate at a price it may deem just; and when the Land Commission has fixed the sum, and if three-fourths of the tenants consent, it would become *ipso facto* the owner of the lands. It is then empowered to resell the lands to the tenants; to make exchanges of holdings between tenants; to resell to the former proprietor his demesne or part of it; and to sell to companies whose object is to resell to tenants; and it is further empowered to purchase untenanted lands for the purpose of facilitating "purchases" by petty occupants. The Land Commission, too, is given special power for the sale and transfer of what are called "congested estates." A possession of six years is made *prima facie* proof of the landlord's title; and great facilities are afforded for the distribution of the funds representing the lands among the persons who may have a right to them. This, of course, is the merest outline of the scheme; its essence, it will be perceived, is to place the Land Commission, as soon as possible, in the stead of the former owner; the Land Commission, with this object in view, is given large powers to manage and administer estates. There can be no reasonable doubt but that all taken together, these provisions would tend to accelerate and increase "Land Purchase," though, I repeat, their effects will not, I think, be far-reaching. The objection is evident, that, by the Bill, a Department of the State would be made a great landlord; but this, I believe, would have little real weight in the present instance.

Mr. Wyndham has ruefully acknowledged that Irish landlords have of late been looking askance at the Ministerial nostrum. The

applications for "Land Purchase" have declined in number from eight to three thousand within four years. This falling off, no doubt is to be largely ascribed to the great and rapid depreciation of Irish "Land Stock"; but it is due also to another and more permanent cause. Mr. Wyndham may rest assured that, shamefully as they have been treated, an immense majority of Irish landlords have no notion of parting with their estates; and this resolve is becoming more fixed as the effects of "Land Purchase" are being developed. The evidence of this is becoming apparent; they are being warned by Mr. T. W. Russell that they had better not have their rents adjusted again; they are being told by Mr. T. M. Healy, and men of similar sweetness and light, that sooner or later they will be swept off the face of the earth. Even the baser Ministerial Press has not been without hints; a representative body of Irish landlords lately expressed a hope that the class would not sell their lands, except at a reasonably fair price; for this counsel of prudence they were roundly denounced, so perverted is opinion in Ireland upon this subject. But I trust this deeply injured order of men will either eschew "Land Purchase," an expedient that will bring about their ruin, or will insist on getting what they can for their own; and it is a long lane that has no turning; dark as their prospects are, these may yet brighten. It is not desirable that this Bill should become law; it is constructed on principles essentially false; it all but avoids the principal part of the Irish Land Question; and if it might slightly extend "Land Purchase," it would only make what was bad worse.

But the Land system of Ireland has been made a chaos: can nothing be done to place it on sounder foundations? Much of the evil that has been effected is beyond recall; but partial and useful reform is yet possible. A Commission of the highest authority should be appointed, like the Devon Commission of 1843-44; this should investigate the Irish Land Question in all its bearings; should examine Irish agrarian legislation and administration since 1881; should consider the operation of the system of the three F's, and especially the fixing of "fair rent"; and finally should review the whole policy of "Land Purchase," and expose the results which have flowed from it. And I am convinced that such a tribunal would report that the quackery with respect to the Irish Land, which has been let run riot during the last twenty years, must be changed, and in the long run abandoned; and that true reform can be only found in the improvement of the relations of landlord and tenant, as has long been the judgment of every thinker worthy of the name.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

ORGANISATION OR PROTECTION?

THE Budget lends quite a peculiar interest to the discussion on Free Trade and Protection initiated by Dr. Crozier and Mr. J. A. Hobson in THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW for March. Though they anticipate the abandonment of Free Trade they do so for different and indeed contradictory reasons, and, disagreeing in their aims, they nevertheless agree in each seeking a short cut to financial or commercial prosperity and in neglecting the plain teaching of the evolution of our industry and finances. Mr. Hobson is so terror stricken at the strength of the Protectionist forces that he seems to think gloomy vaticinations of evil to be preferable to a bold fight for financial wisdom, and yet the reception accorded to the new corn duties should rouse him from his slough of despond. The defenders of the new taxation only venture to defend it as a return to the old registration duty, which it manifestly is not, since that duty of 1s. per quarter represented only a 2 per cent. impost when wheat was at 52s. a quarter, while with wheat at 26s. or 28s. the new duty of 3d. a hundredweight works out at a trifle over 4 per cent. Nor does it protect the farmer, whose profits on wheat will be largely counterbalanced by the additional prices he will have to pay for imported feeding-stuffs, while the smallness of the duty will leave the advantages in favour of the foreign wheat grower practically unlesened. If the duty is borne by the millers or bakers they will have no redeeming advantage to comfort themselves with except a sense of patriotic duty well performed. If, as seems more likely, they transfer it to the consumer the latter will have to pay a farthing or a halfpenny extra on the quartern loaf, that is to say from two to four times the tax. This new food tax will leave the rich untouched and will fall severely on the poorest of the poor; even the incomes of the lower middle-class will be sensibly affected. It has every economic fault which a tax can have, and will be a standing warning against financial tinkering.

There is undoubtedly a recrudescence of opinion in favour of protection, as the "fair trade" petitions from such places as Cardiff and Battersea show. Mr. Hobson laments, but at the same time facilitates the downfall of Free Trade by minimising the resources at our disposal and the public resolution to apply them for the public good. Yet there is every reason for confidence rather than despair. It is true that Free Trade has suffered from the discrediting of the general *laissez-faire* theory of which it formed part; it is true that it has suffered even more from rash prophecy and stupid advocacy—

the official opposition of the Cobden Club to the abolition of sugar bounties shows how narrow is the intellectual basis of that body. For a reasoned defence of Free Trade we must turn to Friedrich List, the great advocate of protection, and learn how he held Free Trade to be the only possible policy for a highly organised mercantile country. The part which Society plays as a maker of values is now recognised, and the graduation, though imperfect, of the income-tax and death duties implies the revolutionary doctrine that individual incomes—or, at least, the surplus after a sufficient deduction for family maintenance—are held subject to the demands of the State. There is no doubt that the national revenue, for local as well as central purposes, must be largely augmented in the near future to meet not only the enhanced cost of national defence, but also the establishment of an efficient system of education and the provision of new municipal and national services. In order to raise the necessary funds we must apply more closely and more extensively the principles already embodied in our tax-system before we think of returning to the practices of the Middle Ages. By graduating and differentiating the income tax so as to relieve temporary incomes and tax adequately high permanent incomes; by developing the death duties which to-day are comparatively burdensome on small properties and unduly tender to bloated fortunes; by increasing the stamp duties on Stock Exchange transactions which are rather injurious than beneficial to the nation; by retaking the socially-created wealth which exists in urban site-values; by taxing heavily the State-granted monopoly of publicans' licenses—by these means and others a large revenue can be procured. Against each of these proposals stands arrayed a large mass of vested interests, but in support of them is a great mass of public opinion, which, when the present necessity of maintaining an Imperial policy and letting all else go by the board passes away, will have a good deal to say about fitting the proper shoulders to public burdens. It is truly a sign of the times when taxation of site values finds advocates in the financial press.

It may be that, as Mr. Hobson says, protection is on the line of least resistance; it is unquestionably on the line of least thought. To old-fashioned manufacturers or indolent financiers it may seem simple to "clap on" protective duties every here and there, the administrator knows well the difficulties. If those enamoured of protection would read the accounts of the Australian tariff and its effects on business and on family expenditure, appearing from time to time in *Commercial Intelligence*, perhaps they might be shaken. Or if they would study the logical development of the new sugar duty from a single tax until it now includes twenty-four separate duties on different qualities of sugar, besides separate duties on forty-two other articles ranging from cattle food to obutney—or if they would consider the duties on

dried fruits and the circumstances under which apricots are plums or are not plums—perhaps the complexity of a comprehensive system of protective duties might stagger them. It may be, and doubtless is, politically desirable that there should be some indirect taxes which would reach every section of the people and interest them in public affairs, but that is quite a different question. Such taxes should be few beyond the spirit duties and should fall on articles like tea or tobacco, which do not form the raw material of other goods.

It may sound paradoxical to say that Free Trade has never had a fair chance, but it is nevertheless true. Strictly speaking it is only one part of trade policy, that which concerns foreign exchange; actually it has been taken for the whole, and, hampered by individualism, with its paraphernalia of free competition, free contract and the rest, it has become so discredited that we are in danger, as the Germans say, of "pouring out the baby with the bath." What must be recognised is that in industry we have got beyond the stage of the individual and have reached that of the combination. Organisation is the necessary condition of success to-day; without it neither free trade nor protection is of any avail. Protection is not an unfailing specific; it has not prevented the United States from becoming wealthy, but it has not added much to the industrial strength of France, while in Germany it has stimulated ruinous over-production. A high protective duty did not save the American tin-plate trade from being on the verge of bankruptcy in 1898; to-day the United States Steel Corporation can face Free Trade in most of its products with equanimity, while protection is chiefly defended in the interests of its small competitors. Through syndicates or associations of manufacturers, aided by the co-operation of the Government in granting preferential rates on the State railways, Germany has become a large exporter of iron and steel. The organised Danish farmers, also with Government assistance, have beaten the disorganised English dairy farmers out of the field, and it is through organisation of co-operative creameries that the Irish butter trade is being raised from the low condition of a few years ago. It is only the want of an efficient collecting organisation which prevents us from getting our eggs at home, and presents a flourishing trade to Denmark and Normandy. Through organisation the American Match Trust brought the once mighty British firm of Bryant and May to its knees, and the truculent address of the American representative to the shareholders of the latter firm revealed the penalty which awaits the neglect of modern methods. Too late in the day the Scots shale oil producers are talking of combining against the Standard Oil Company; wiser in their generation the principal British tobacco manufacturers are presenting a united front to the invasion of the American Tobacco Trust. The iron trade, despite the mutterings of

conservative and once distinguished leaders, is arming itself with the same weapon against "the octopus" from the States. Combination of talent, specialisation of function—these are the two watchwords of modern industry, and they cannot be observed by a trade composed of manufacturers each fighting for his own hand, regardless of the common weal.

The future of industry lies with the great combinations, and in that fact is the importance of Free Trade. Combinations, like individuals, work primarily in their own interests. "I don't care two cents for your ethics," said Mr. Havemeyer in expounding the principles of the Sugar Trust. Who can doubt that if we had a protective tariff the British trusts, which have been suffering from declining trade and bad management, would have put up prices? It was Free Trade which saved us from the extortion of the Salt Union; it is Free Trade which is gaining advocates every day in the United States as a remedy for the extortion of the Sugar Trust; it is the rapacity of the Sugar Cartel which is leading Germany to cease from protecting one of its chief industries. Free Trade keeps the door open for actual or potential competition, and safeguards the interests of consumers.

What, then, should be our national policy if we intend to maintain our great industries? In the first place, Free Trade, and side by side with it efficiency in manufacture. "Not protection, but organisation," must be our motto. For some time to come the task must lie chiefly with the manufacturers themselves, but there is still a great field open for State action. We may even doubt the boasted efficiency of protection in the case of infant industries; there are other and less wasteful means. The restoration of the West of Ireland fisheries by the Congested Districts Board, which not only provided the capital but arranged the transport and the marketing of the fish, is an excellent case in point. The organisation of agriculture by the Canadian Government is worthy of all praise. Under the system of State loans to sugar-refiners in Queensland, "so well planned and apparently so well executed," said a competent observer in 1899, "the commercial contribution of Australia to the world's supply has doubled since 1895-96." For Britain, with its old-established industries, there are tasks of prior necessity. Foremost of these is the establishment of a sufficient and efficient system of education, so that the famine of brains which lays waste our industries from top to bottom may be stayed. Subtract from Germany's trade what is due to its scientific training, and very little is left. Secondly, there must be a more equitable system of patent laws to ensure the progressive improvement of processes.

Next in order comes oversight of the means of transport. How much our continental competitors owe to assistance from their

railways has often been told; how much British traders have suffered from preferential rates given by our railway companies to foreign traders is equally well known. It is only one of the crimes of our railway companies that they have played a great part in the ruin of British agriculture; let any one who reads the reports of the meetings of the British Iron Trade Association, deny if he can that our railways are as much an incubus as an aid to our industry. Not only by excessive rates, but by insufficient facilities do they hinder commerce, and even in the simple matter of waggons the directors are only now learning the elementary truth that to convey penny-worths in go-carts is not economical. The British Iron Trade Association in June, 1900, asked for the appointment of a Royal Commission to consider the nationalisation of railways. And to nationalisation it must come if we wish to maintain the trade and commerce of the country. What has been said about railways applies equally to canals. Nor do our troubles cease when we turn to sea-transport, where shipping bounties and shipping rings impede our commerce. It is not proposed that counter-bounties should be granted, but that there should be a somewhat greater infusion of business methods into the practice both of the Government and of private firms. Take only one case. The German line running to East Africa receives an annual bounty of £67,500, and there is a constant service from Hamburg to Zanzibar and Delagoa Bay. There is also a similarly supported French service from Marseilles *via* Zanzibar to Réunion. A British trader in Zanzibar, desiring to ship goods to Europe in British vessels must send them by a Bombay line to Aden, taking four days longer on the journey, and unload them there to await transport in another ship. Naturally, therefore, he sends them by the German line, while passengers go by the French boats. Now the British Consul at Zanzibar maintains that a direct British service would soon pay if, in addition to the mail contract, a guarantee was given that all Government stores and all material for the Uganda railway would be sent by that line instead of by steamers specially chartered at considerable expense. In this way British trade would be fostered instead of German trade. With regard to shipping rings or conferences, it is not denied that common rates of freight are necessary; what is objectionable is rates discriminating against British exporters. To take one example, the difference between freights from Liverpool and New York to Shanghai in favour of the Americans is equivalent to four per cent. of the value of cotton drilling, and while British trade has remained stationary American exports have gone up enormously. Publicity should be made a condition of the legality of all such agreements, and then, following the precedent of the Railway Commission, it should be possible to examine into cases of differential rates on the appeal of the trader and rectify

injustice. At least, proper guarantees should be required from the subsidised mail lines. The Atlantic steamship combine is even more important. Though economies are pleaded as the cause, the rise in freights and rates suggests rather a union of robber barons to plunder the traveller. Nor does the extension of the empire of Mr. Pierpont Morgan make the change more welcome; the situation smacks too much of another Bryant and May surrender. And here protection is useless !

From ships we turn to telegraph cables, where, as Sir Edward Sassoon has pointed out, we are "left to the arbitrary will of companies who do not hesitate to combine against any innovation," and where, as the same authority has shown, the only remedy lies in the acquisition of the undertakings by the State. Lastly, we can only refer to our consular service, where there is a totally unworked field in the utilisation of a properly-equipped and adequately-manned staff (which we have not at present) for commercial purposes. The day of the commercial traveller is past, the time of the commercial diplomatist is at hand, and those at least who have heard Mr. S. G. Hobson's lectures to the Fabian Society on this subject must recognise its vast possibilities.

The course of State activity in the removal of the obstacles to commerce here sketched out is much more complex than the simple panacea of protection, but we must face the fact that our industrial constitution cannot be restored by clapping on a plaster in one place—everywhere it needs repair and support. Above all, the home market must be strengthened by removing the limitations of demand caused by the faulty distribution of incomes. An active home demand means an active industry and a brisk demand for raw materials, and, since we must sell in order to buy, we shall maintain an increased foreign trade through the "open door."

HENRY W. MACROSTY.

NEW FORMS OF LOCOMOTION AND THEIR RESULTS.

For centuries mankind has been struggling to overcome the difficulties attendant upon locomotion. Rapid communications between the centres of population have always been an object of study to every statesman, and it is not a bad test of a nation's civilisation that we should judge by its means of communication, by the excellence of its roads, and generally by the freedom of access to and from every part of the country the degree of perfection attained. Until the beginning of this century the horse may be said to have represented the only form of fast locomotive force, and since the beginning of the world the speed of the horse has been taken as the measure of rapidity, and we have become accustomed to judge all questions of distances, and even of power, from this animal. The engines of the Atlantic liner of to-day or the latest development of locomotive force are measured in terms of "horse" power. Short distances have until quite recently been expressed in the formula "an hour's drive" or "twenty minutes to so and so."

It is only seventy years ago since the first railways were built in Great Britain, a period of time relatively insignificant, and in seventy years railways have already achieved a social revolution, altered the conditions of town and country life to an amazing degree, and entirely changed the methods of commerce.

It is only natural that the public in general is slow to appreciate the great change now taking place, and the new methods by which they should compute distances. I must coin a word to express what is in everyone's mind. "Hourage" not "Mileage" is the real test of distance. Already we see this alteration in the placarded advertisements of the railway companies, who tell you that such and such a place is only "one hour from London," not forty miles distant, or that you can go between the capital of two nations in seven and three-quarter hours, and leave out the exact mileage, which, after all, is merely a geometric term.

If railway traffic has altered our habits, how much more effect will the advent of the motor-car have upon our modern life. In towns not only will our streets be cleaner, but they will certainly be far quieter, and the effect upon where human beings must work and where they can sleep, generally called the housing problem, may be little short of marvellous.

At the present, as in the past, there is unreasoning fear of speed and a natural distrust of new machines of which the public understand little and upon which they look as revolutionary and dangerous.

They must be educated to know that want of proper control and not speed is the real source of danger.

This fear of speed as speed is seen by the attitude of the Legislature, now somewhat more favourable, and the rigid application of obsolete restrictions which were passed in the infancy of motor-car travelling, and which have long since ceased to be useful to the public, but which still remain harmful to the general progress of an important industry and are capable of being used as means of senseless persecution.

In no other capital but London would the omnibus, with its absurdly short wheel-base and its dangerously high centre of gravity, have existed so long. The Local Authorities, as a rule, oppose the extension of electric trams, and the railway companies, in their turn, as, perhaps, they are in duty bound to their shareholders, make the legislative progress of other forms of locomotion, to take for instance the Mono-rail and the underground tube, as difficult as possible.

But after all it is only a question of time before the public is educated to the fact that 100 or 150 miles an hour may easily be possible with the use of rails, and, on the highways of the country, automobiles may be running at speeds which are occasionally indulged in by the pioneers who own the few high speed cars of to-day, but who have hitherto been looked upon by their fellow human beings as candidates for the county asylum or prison. And we must not shut our eyes to the fact that both in America and in France there is not the same unreasoning terror of speed. Whether you take the Calais to Paris train, which averages nearly 60 miles an hour, or any of the fast trains of America, in railway practice both countries beat us in the matter of speed, and that, too, with considerably heavier loads and over gradients equally severe.

It is hardly necessary to enlarge upon the question of the motor-car industry, as the Board of Trade returns of the cars imported into this country from abroad show that we are behindhand in the question of road locomotion. The proposal of a motor road would probably be looked upon with good-humoured contempt by the general public, and it would probably raise a storm in London society if it were proposed to have an automobile or bicycle track specially built and exclusively kept in, say, Hyde Park, for the use of india-rubber self-propelled vehicles. Already the idea has been carried out in France, where, beyond the Arc de Triomphe in the Avenue de la Grande Armée, there are two tracks for cyclists only, and the French Automobile Club is seriously considering whether they will not ask the Municipality to add a motor track, and thus leave to the horse and his unregenerate ways the monopoly of the existing high road.

The Hon. Claude Hay, M.P., in his able paper in the *National*

Review for March, has shown how deplorable are the results of overcrowding, and how the question of accommodation is one of urgent and vital importance to the health of the nation.

There seem to be two schools of thought on the overcrowding problem—one set of thinkers maintaining that the area of London (I am talking now of residential London) is sufficiently large to accommodate its present millions, and possibly even a larger number, if the houses upon the existing area were properly rebuilt and efficiently designed. This theory at first sight seems the easy solution, provided, of course, that either a private philanthropist or some public body, say the London County Council, were able to and would find the money.

The other school of thought favours cheap and rapid transit and homes in suburban areas. But a moment's consideration will show that the former idea is not so simple as it appears, and in the long run it is doubtful if there would be any advantage to national efficiency and national health.

The Rowton houses and the Peabody buildings have proved eminently beneficial in their way for the poorer class of workers. But there is only a very restricted asphalt playground outside the buildings, not sufficient for the proper physical development of the younger generation. These systems also perpetuate the concentration of too many human beings in one mass together, when the sense of individuality is lost, and the lodger finds himself so small and insignificant a part of the vast and complex machine in which destiny has placed him that he resigns any attempt at public spirit, and will barely trouble to exercise his vote, whether for the County Council or Parliament. This I may call the human warren system. Just as you can keep a great number of rabbits alive in an overcrowded warren, or on a piece of ground naturally far too small for their wants, by artificial feeding, artificial burrows, the liberal use of gas lime and other manures, so it is possible to treat human beings.

Human life can be in a similar way preserved and even outwardly made to seem healthy in overcrowded town areas, chiefly by the use of Condry's Fluid for your drains, free medical relief, compulsory inoculation and isolation, and other scientific aids. But do not the warren rabbit and the town-bred human being alike, living in such an artificial state, degenerate and become in a generation or two of slighter build, and of a far less healthy and vigorous constitution than the country bumpkin or non-warren rabbit, who have lived under freer conditions of light and air, and have not been subject to the degenerating tendencies of huddled humanity or overcrowded space?

Nothing is so noticeable in the lesser-used streets of London than the children who are always playing in them; and to put it in another way, they are always incurring the danger of accident

from passing vehicles, a danger to themselves and a serious hindrance to fast traffic. I remember once having to pull up on my motor-car for a cricket match which was being played in the middle of an unused street in the west of London, by the children of the surrounding houses. "This isn't a place to play cricket in," said I. "We ain't got no other," said the child of ten whom I was addressing. The answer was true and not to be denied, for while grown-up life in a town is hygienically inferior to life where more space and air exist, to children it is cruel, stunting to their physical growth and ruinous to their morals.

All these thoughts inevitably make us see that it would be better that the workers should sleep and play in healthy surroundings at a distance from their work, without extra loss of time and quite possibly at a cheaper rate.

The civilising effect of even a geranium pot in a window is something, and a small garden is an elevating influence, besides the increased interest in public or parochial affairs possible in these smaller communities, but impossible in the overgrown town community.

Some time ago Mr. Justice Grantham, in a letter written on this question, suggested that it is better that manufacturers and workers should be close together, and the workshops and the workers' homes should both be in the country; but this is not possible in many trades, which are necessarily centralised whether for the purpose of distribution or collection. In all the great retail trades a shop in a central position is a necessity, if the business is to prosper. The worker in the centralised trades, travelling backwards and forwards, spending his nights in good air, would have a great advantage over the perpetual town dweller. His children would have better air, more room for physical development, and the husband and wife more home life—the foundation of a State's future. There is, also, plenty of waste land within forty miles of London suitable for this purpose. Take for example a large portion of Essex, where new homes could be built on what is now unremunerative agricultural land. Only a new and quicker form of mechanical locomotion is needed, and the houses will grow of themselves.

Neither railways for the purposes of comparatively fast traffic, nor the present omnibus and tramcar services for slower traffic, satisfy the needs of the population of to-day. We want something cheaper and cleaner, more speedy and not less safe—and this can only be achieved by the use of mechanically propelled traffic in some form or other.

How do our railways attempt to grapple with the problem? For example, the South-Western, the Great Western and the Brighton lines are habitually overcrowded at certain times of day. Why have not these companies constructed long ago underground

tubes? The South-Western Railway from Clapham Junction, or if necessary from a more distant point, ought to have done so and linked this system with the present Waterloo and City Railway. It would not matter to the ordinary traveller whether he changed into an electric car at Waterloo, or at Earlsfield, or at Wandsworth. Time, moreover, taken to get to his destination would probably be materially shortened in the case of the two latter points. Instead of this, the railway company, as indeed nearly all similar companies, has confined itself to most expensive widenings between Waterloo Station and Clapham, which, so far as I have been able to ascertain, have cost nearly £1,000,000 a mile between these two points, or more than double as much as the expense of an underground tube.

Take again the Great Eastern, with its tortuous and difficult approach to Liverpool Street, and with land and houses at prohibitive prices surrounding its terminus. A tube from, say, Tottenham or Stratford would have long ago relieved the present overcrowded rails, and be invaluable in times of fog or extra strain.

All these tubes might be made to connect with the existing Metropolitan or Central London Railway. I might also add instances of similar want of foresight in the cases of the Great Western from Ealing, the North-Western from Willesden, and other points. But all these railways continue to widen at enormous expense their above-ground tracks, and always after the traffic has outgrown its facilities, constant delay and an element of danger continually therefore being caused. In the case of Railway Boards, as with Omnibus Company Managers, mistaken ideas seem to have prevailed, and a hand-to-mouth policy has been the only one which has been accepted by the proprietors.

I look forward to the day when, with the help of the mono-rail, the motor road, the tube and the motor-car, the latter the most potent engine of social amelioration, it will be possible for the man working in, say, the Strand, to have his home in the Surrey hills, and to be conveyed there and back in a time not exceeding twenty minutes. One may put the time limit at which it is possible to work in London and have a home in the country as an hour, and colonies of town-working folk cannot afford to live farther than this. A study of the map of England shows that the homes of the London workers are not in any case more than an hour, and probably in most cases less in point of time from door to door. But supposing the present average train speed of 25 miles an hour for such a service be doubled, and for longer distances, the mono-rail at 100 miles per hour takes you to Brighton in half-an-hour, to Eastbourne in forty minutes, to Ascot in twenty minutes, and to places slightly over 100 miles from London, such as Bournemouth, in about an hour. It is then obvious that Bournemouth, for the sake of argument, will

be where Brighton is to-day from point of time, and that in a lesser degree the worker who cannot afford to live farther than, say, Wimbledon, Richmond, or Ealing, will then be able to live at double the distance, and probably pay a lower fare.

But when quicker means of travelling are proposed, whether by road or rail, there are at once protesting voices raised and the danger argument is brought forward with unceasing monotony. Every railway and motor-car expert knows that it is want of control and not speed that constitutes danger. To take two instances—the goods train running at 25 miles an hour, with only brakes on the brake van and engine, is a far more dangerous factor on the railroad than the express train travelling at 70 miles an hour with its Westinghouse or Smith vacuum brakes. The lumbering omnibus, which is not only liable to failure on the part of the horses, but also to skidding, is more perilous to life than a 40 h.p. Panhard capable of something like at least eight times the speed.

I have often thought it very characteristic of the English nation, that on the footboards of our omnibuses, and continually in front of the eyes of the driver, should be written "Drive slowly"—mark the word *slowly*, not carefully, or keep to the left, or any similar instruction in the direction of approaching your destination with the idea of speed and safety combined, but simply the dull, heavy, retrograde motto, "Drive slowly."

If anything were written on the front of the American tram-cars—but the temperament of the nation renders it unnecessary—you would probably have only the word "Hustle."

This present century is the era of the engineer. Now and in the future a certain amount of mechanical knowledge will be considered a necessary equipment of every trained mind, and if the world may be considered to have been "trotting" during the railway era, it is almost safe to prophesy that it will "gallop" when the motor-car and the mono-rail have awakened us once again out of our lethargy.

The economic, social and political results will exceed anything that we can at present contemplate, and if this country is to hold her own against the growing competition of the world outside, our public bodies and public men must make a study of the problems of locomotion which are ever increasing and urgently need solution.

JOHN SPOTT MONTAGU.

NOTE.

THE following statement is one of a series of statements of fact which touch social, political, or national matters of interest and importance.

The matters that will be dealt with here too often escape the notice they merit, or, if shown to the public, they are not infrequently presented obscurely or with bias, or with inaccuracy due to hastiness or to inexperience in handling quantitative facts—a process that is essentially technical.

These statements will be made absolutely without bias, and being prepared by a professional statistician who has had more than twenty years' actuarial experience, there is a considerable degree of probability that inaccuracy will be reduced to a minimum.

III.—BRITISH SHIPPING.

WHEN statements are made with regard to the condition of British commerce, and to the great and growing excess of British imports over British exports, the fact is not infrequently lost sight of, that a considerable part of this excess of imports is paid for by British services to foreign countries as a sea-carrier. While I do not assert that British export trade is as strong as we should like to see it—this part of our commerce is, in fact, sluggish—exaggerated and pessimistic accounts of it are not justified, and many of these are due in part to the omission from the account of our earnings as a sea-carrier, which come to us in the form of imports. The other principal item which tends to make up our excess of imports being our income from British capital invested in foreign countries.

Although it is not practicable to state with precision how much we do earn as a world sea-carrier, it is possible to examine the records of the shipping of the United Kingdom, and to obtain an idea of its progress. I have extended this examination over the fifteen years, 1886-1900, in order that a broad fact-base may be obtained.

First, we may look at the total tonnage of British and Foreign vessels [sailing and steam], entered and cleared [with cargoes and in ballast] at ports in the United Kingdom, from and to foreign countries and British possessions.

Period.	Sailing vessels.	Steam vessels.	Total.
	Millions of tons.	Millions of tons.	Millions of tons.
1886-1890	68	277	343
1891-1895	56	330	386
1896-1900	44	419	463

Thus, during 1886-1890, the total shipping, as above described, was 343 millions of tons [68.6 per year], and during 1896-1900 the amount was 463 millions of tons [92.6 per year]. This is an increase of 35 per cent. since 1886-1890.

This large increase in shipping at the ports of the United Kingdom may now be examined with regard to British vessels and foreign vessels respectively.

Period.	British vessels.	Foreign vessels.	Total.
	Millions of tons.	Millions of tons.	Millions of tons.
1886-1890	251	92	343
1891-1895	280	106	386
1896-1900	319	144	463

We are now able to see the progress in shipping at the ports of the United Kingdom, for British vessels and for foreign vessels. The tonnage during 1896-1900 being compared with that during 1886-1890.

British vessels	.	.	an increase of 27 per cent. since 1886-1890
Foreign vessels	.	.	" 57 " " "
British and foreign vessels	.	.	" 35 " " "

Of the above results, we are now concerned mainly with the 27 per cent. British increase in the shipping at the ports of the United Kingdom; and we have to note that the shipping now under consideration is to and from the United Kingdom and other parts of the world. None of the figures in this account include the shipping at the ports of the United Kingdom *coastwise* [i.e., to and from other home ports].

The above increases include vessels with cargoes and vessels in ballast. Looking now only at vessels with cargoes, the respective increases during 1896-1900, as compared with 1886-1890, were:—

British vessels	.	.	an increase of 21 per cent. since 1886-1890
Foreign vessels	.	.	" 61 " " "
British and foreign vessels	.	.	" 29 " " "

NOTE.—The tonnage of vessels employed by Government in the conveyance of troops, stores, &c., to South Africa is not included in any part of this account.

If we look at the values of the total imports and exports of the United Kingdom, and also at the transshipments, so as to obtain an approximately true comparison between the amount of cargo carried by British and foreign vessels to and from the United Kingdom and other parts of the world during 1886-1890 and during 1896-1900, we obtain the following results:—

Period.	Value of Imports plus Exports plus transshipments, United Kingdom.	Percentages.
	Millions sterling.	Per cent.
1886-1890	3,492	100
1896-1900	3,993	114

Thus, there was during 1896-1900 an increase of 14 per cent. in the value of imports *plus* exports *plus* transshipments, as compared with the value during 1886-1890. But, as we have just seen, there was an increase of 21 per cent. in the tonnage of British vessels [during the same

period] carrying cargo to and from the United Kingdom and other parts of the world, and an increase of 51 per cent. in the tonnage of foreign vessels so employed. These three facts taken in combination appear to suggest that in late years the British vessels have not been so fully laden with cargo as they were during 1886-1890, and have therefore earned less per ton [irrespective of any fall in freights] than they earned in former years. The very large increase in the tonnage of foreign vessels with cargoes, stated above—an increase of 51 per cent. since 1886-1890—is probably one cause of this falling-off in the earnings of British vessels.

In this connection we may look with some interest at the following statement of the total tonnage of British and foreign *steam-vessels only*, entered and cleared, with cargoes and in ballast, at ports in the United Kingdom, from and to foreign countries and British possessions:—

Period.	British steam vessels.	Foreign steam vessels.	Total steam vessels.	Percentages.		
				British (a).	Foreign (b).	Total.
	Millions of tons.	Millions of tons.	Millions of tons.	Per cent.	Per cent.	Per cent.
1886-1890	223	54	277	80·4	19·6	100·0
1891-1895	258	72	330	78·3	21·7	100·0
1896-1900	305	114	419	72·7	27·3	100·0

Columns (a) and (b) above show the measure of the change that has occurred since 1886-1890 in the steam-shipping that enters and clears from ports in the United Kingdom to and from other parts of the world, with regard to the respective shares of British and foreign vessels. During 1886-1890 British steam-ships represented 80·4 per cent. of the total, and foreign steam-ships 19·6 per cent. But during 1896-1900 the share of British ships had fallen to 72·7 per cent., and the share of foreign ships had risen to 27·3 per cent.

It does not necessarily follow, of course, that a similar encroachment upon British shipping by foreign shipping has occurred in other countries. The foregoing facts relate to the United Kingdom only. We may look at them as being one illustration among many of the necessity for wariness in all things that touch our commerce, and for the avoidance of too much assurance that our earnings as a sea-carrier will continue to suffice to make up the great and growing excess of our imports, after the other items to our credit [our exports and the interest on our foreign investments] have been duly taken into the account. We have to bear in mind that the large increase in the carrying of cargoes to and from the United Kingdom and other parts of the world by foreign vessels not only tends to lessen our earnings as a sea-carrier, but also causes us to become indebted to foreign countries for their services as sea-carriers to a greater extent than in former years.

J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

AN AUTHOR AT GRASS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF HENRY RYECROFT.

EDITED BY GEORGE GISSING.

PREFACE.

THE name of Henry Ryecroft never became familiar to what is called the reading public. A year ago obituary paragraphs in the literary papers gave such account of him as was thought needful: the date and place of his birth, the names of certain books he had written, an allusion to his work in the periodicals, the manner of his death. At the time it sufficed. Even those few who knew the man, and in a measure understood him, must have felt that his name called for no further celebration; like other mortals, he had lived and laboured; like other mortals, he had entered into his rest. To me, however, fell the duty of examining Ryecroft's papers; and having, in the exercise of my discretion, decided to print this little volume, I feel that it requires a word or two of biographical complement, just so much personal detail as may point the significance of the self-revelation here made.

When first I knew him, Ryecroft had reached his fortieth year; for twenty years he had lived by the pen. He was a struggling man, beset by poverty and other circumstances very unpropitious to mental work. Many forms of literature had he tried; in none had he been conspicuously successful; yet now and then he had managed to earn a little more money than his actual needs demanded, and thus was enabled to see something of foreign countries. Naturally a man of independent and rather scornful spirit, he had suffered much from defeated ambition, from disillusions of many kinds, from subjection to grim necessity; the result of it, at the time of which I am speaking, was, certainly not a broken spirit, but a mind and temper so sternly disciplined, that, in ordinary intercourse with him, one did not know but that he led a calm, contented life. Only after several years of friendship was I able to form a just idea of what the man had gone through, or of his actual existence. Little by little Ryecroft had subdued himself to a modestly industrious routine. He did a great deal of mere hack-work; he reviewed, he translated, he wrote articles; at long intervals a volume appeared under his name. There were times, I have no doubt, when bitterness took hold upon him; not seldom he suffered in health, and probably as much from moral as from physical over-strain; but, on the whole, he earned his living very much

as other men do, taking the day's toil as a matter of course, and rarely grumbling over it.

Time went on; things happened; but Ryecroft was still laborious and poor. In moments of depression, he spoke of his declining energies, and evidently suffered under a haunting fear of the future. The thought of dependence had always been intolerable to him; perhaps the only boast I at any time heard from his lips was that he had never incurred debt. It was a bitter thought that, after so long and hard a struggle with unkindly circumstance, he might end his life as one of the defeated.

A happier lot was in store for him. At the age of fifty, just when his health had begun to fail and his energies to show abatement, Ryecroft had the rare good fortune to find himself suddenly released from toil, and to enter upon a period of such tranquillity of mind and condition as he had never dared to hope. On the death of an acquaintance, more his friend than he imagined, the wayworn man of letters learnt with astonishment that there was bequeathed to him a life annuity of three hundred pounds. Having only himself to support (he had been a widower for several years, and his daughter, an only child, was married), Ryecroft saw in this income something more than a competency. In a few weeks he quitted the London suburb where of late he had been living, and, turning to the part of England which he loved best, he presently established himself in a cottage near Exeter, where, with a rustic housekeeper to look after him, he was soon thoroughly at home. Now and then some friend went down into Devon to see him; those who had that pleasure will not forget the plain little house amid its half-wild garden, the cosy book-room, with its fine view across the valley of the Exe to Haldon, the host's cordial, gleeful hospitality, the rambles with him in lanes and meadows, the long talks amid the stillness of the rural night. We hoped it would all last for many a year; it seemed, indeed, as though Ryecroft had only need of rest and calm to become a hale man. But already, though he did not know it, he was suffering from a disease of the heart, which cut short his life after little more than a lustrum of quiet contentment. It had always been his wish to die suddenly; he dreaded the thought of long illness, chiefly because of the trouble it gave to others. On a summer evening, after a long walk in very hot weather, he lay down upon the sofa in his study, and there—as his calm face declared—passed from slumber into the great silence.

When he left London, Ryecroft bade farewell to authorship. He told me that he hoped never to write another line for publication. But, among the papers which I looked through after his death I came upon three manuscript books which at first glance seemed to be a diary; a date on the opening page of one of them showed that it had been begun not very long after the writer's settling in Devon. When I read

a little in these pages, I saw that they were no mere record of day-to-day life; evidently finding himself unable to forego altogether the use of the pen, the veteran had set down, as humour bade him, a thought, a reminiscence, a bit of reverie, a description of his state of mind, and so on, dating such passage merely with the month in which it was written. Sitting in the room where I had often been his companion, I turned page after page, and at moments it was as though my friend's voice sounded to me once more. I saw his worn visage, grave or smiling; recalled his familiar pose or gesture. But in this written gossip he revealed himself more intimately than in our conversations of the days gone by. Ryecroft had never erred by lack of reticence; as was natural in a sensitive man who had suffered much, he inclined to gentle acquiescence, shrank from argument, from self-assertion. Here he spoke to me without restraint, and, when I had read it all through, I knew the man better than before.

Assuredly, this writing was not intended for the public, and yet, in many a passage, I seemed to perceive the literary purpose—something more than the turn of phrase, and so on, which results from long habit of composition. Certain of his reminiscences, in particular, Ryecroft could hardly have troubled to write down had he not, however vaguely, entertained the thought of putting them to some use. I suspect that, in his happy leisure, there grew upon him a desire to write one more book, a book which should be written merely for his own satisfaction. Plainly, it would have been the best he had it in him to do. But he seems never to have attempted the arrangement of these fragmentary pieces, and probably because he could not decide upon the form they should take. I imagine him shrinking from the thought of a first-person volume; he would feel it too pretentious; he would bid himself wait for the day of riper wisdom. And so the pen fell from his hand.

Conjecturing thus, I wondered whether the irregular diary might not have wider interest than at first appeared. To me, its personal appeal was very strong; might it not be possible to cull from it the substance of a small volume which, at least for its sincerity's sake, would not be without value for those who read, not with the eye alone, but with the mind? I turned the pages again. Here was a man who, having his desire, and that a very modest one, not only felt satisfied, but enjoyed great happiness. He talked of many different things, saying exactly what he thought; he spoke of himself, and told the truth as far as mortal can tell it. It seemed to me that the thing had human interest. I decided to print.

The question of arrangement had to be considered; I did not like to offer a mere incondite miscellany. To supply each of the disconnected passages with a title, or even to group them under subject headings, would have interfered with the spontaneity which, above all, I wished

to preserve. In reading through the matter I had selected, it struck me how often the aspects of nature were referred to, and how suitable many of the reflections were to the month with which they were dated. Rye-croft, I knew, had ever been much influenced by the mood of the sky, and by the procession of the year. So I hit upon the thought of dividing the little book into four chapters, named after the seasons. Like all classifications, it is imperfect, but 'twill serve.

As for the title chosen, I remembered that in the first letter my friend wrote me from his retreat, he signed himself "An Author at Grass." It suits well enough the kindly-natured man, who had learned not to take himself too seriously.

G. G.

SPRING.

I.

For more than a week my pen has lain untouched. I have written nothing for seven whole days, not even a letter. Except during one or two bouts of illness, such a thing never happened in my life before. In my life; the life, that is, which had to be supported by anxious toil; the life which was not lived for living's sake, as all life should be, but under the goad of fear. The earning of money should be a means to an end; for more than thirty years—I began to support myself at sixteen—I had to regard it as the end itself.

I could imagine that my old penholder feels reproachfully towards me. Has it not served me well? Why do I, in my happiness, let it lie there neglected, gathering dust? The same penholder that has lain against my forefinger day after day, for—how many years? Twenty, at least; I remember buying it, at a shop in Tottenham Court Road. By the same token I bought that day a paper-weight, which cost me a whole shilling—an extravagance which made me tremble. The penholder shone with its new varnish, now it is plain brown wood from end to end. On my forefinger it has made a callosity.

Old companion, yet old enemy! How many a time have I taken it up, loathing the necessity, heavy in head and heart, my hand shaking, my eyes sick-dazzled! How I dreaded the white page I had to foul with ink! Above all, on days such as this, when the blue eyes of Spring laughed from between rosy clouds, when the sunlight shimmered upon my table and made me long, long all but to madness, for the scent of the flowering earth, for the green of hillside larches, for the singing of the skylark above the downs. There was a time—it seems further away than childhood—when I took up my pen with eagerness; if my hand trembled it was with hope. But a hope that fooled me, for never a page of my writing deserved to live. I can say that now without bitterness.

It was youthful error, and only the force of circumstance prolonged it. The world has done me no injustice; thank Heaven I have grown wise enough not to rail at it for this! And why should any man who writes, even if he write things immortal, nurse anger at the world's neglect? Who asked him to publish? Who promised him a hearing? Who has broken faith with him? If my shoemaker, turn me out an excellent pair of boots, and I, in some mood of cantankerous unreason, throw them back upon his hands, the man has just cause of complaint. But your poem, your novel, who bargained with you for it? If it is honest journeywork, yet lacks purchasers, at most you may call yourself a hapless tradesman. If it come from on high, with what decency do you fret and fume because it is not paid for in heavy cash? For the work of man's mind there is one test, and one alone, the judgment of generations yet unborn. If you have written a great book, the world to come will know of it. But you don't care for posthumous glory. You want to enjoy fame in a comfortable armchair. Ah, that is quite another thing. Have the courage of your desire. Admit yourself a merchant, and protest to gods and men that the merchandise you offer is of better quality than much which sells for a high price. You may be right, and indeed it is hard upon you that Fashion does not turn to your stall.

II.

The exquisite quiet of this room! I have been sitting in utter idleness, watching the sky, viewing the shape of golden sunlight upon the carpet, which changes as the minutes pass, letting my eye wander from one framed print to another, and along the ranks of my beloved books. Within the house nothing stirs. In the garden I can hear singing of birds, I can hear the rustle of their wings. And thus, if it pleases me, I may sit all day and into the profounder quiet of the night.

My house is perfect. By great good fortune I have found a house-keeper no less to my mind, a low-voiced, light-footed woman of discreet age, strong and deft enough to render me all the service I require, and not afraid of solitude. She rises very early. By my breakfast-time there remains little to be done under the roof save dressing of meals. Very rarely do I hear even a clink of crockery; never the closing of a door or window. Oh, blessed silence!

There is not the remotest possibility of anyone's calling upon me, and that I should call upon anyone else is a thing undreamt of. I owe a letter to a friend; perhaps I shall write it before bedtime; perhaps I shall leave it till to-morrow morning. A letter of friendship should never be written save when the spirit prompts. I have not yet looked at the newspaper. Generally I leave it till I come back tired from my walk; it amuses me then to see what the noisy world is doing, what new self-torments men have invented, what new forms of vain toil,

what new occasions of peril and of strife. I grudge to give the first freshness of the morning mind to things so sad and foolish.

My house is perfect. Just large enough to allow the grace of order in domestic circumstance; just that superfluity of intramural space, to lack which is to be less than at one's ease. The fabric is sound; the work in wood and plaster tells of a more leisurely and a more honest age than ours. The stairs do not creak under my step; I am waylaid by no unkindly draught; I can open or close a window without muscle-ache. As to such trifles as the tint and device of wall-paper, I confess my indifference; be the walls only unobtrusive, and I am satisfied. The first thing in one's home is comfort; let beauty of detail be added if one has the means, the patience, the eye.

To me, this little book-room is beautiful, and chiefly because it is home. Through the greater part of life I was homeless. Many places have I inhabited, some which my soul loathed, and some which pleased me well; but never till now with that sense of security which makes a home. At any moment I might have been driven forth by evil hap, by nagging necessity. For all that time did I say within myself: Some day, perchance, I shall have a home; yet the "perchance" had more and more of emphasis as life went on, and at the moment when fate was secretly smiling on me, I had all but abandoned hope. I have my home at last. When I place a new volume on my shelves, I say: Stand there whilst I have eyes to see you; and a joyous tremor thrills me. This house is mine on a lease of a score of years. So long I certainly shall not live; but, if I did, even so long should I have the wherewithal to pay my rent and buy my food.

I think with compassion of the unhappy mortals for whom no such sun will ever rise. I should like to add to the Litany a new petition: "For all inhabitants of great towns, and especially for all such as dwell in lodgings, boarding-houses, flats, or any other sordid substitute for Home which need or foolishness may have contrived."

In vain I have pondered the Stoic virtues. I know that it is folly to fret about the spot of one's abode on this little earth.

" All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to the wise man ports and happy havens."

But I have always worshipped wisdom afar off. In the sonorous period of the philosopher, in the golden measure of the poet, I find it of all things lovely. To its possession I shall never attain. What will it serve me to pretend a virtue of which I am incapable? To me the place and manner of my abode is of supreme import; let it be confessed, and there an end of it. I am no cosmopolite. Were I to think that I should die away from England, the thought would be dreadful to me. And in England, this is the dwelling of my choice; this is my home.

III.

I am no botanist, but I have long found pleasure in herb-gathering. I love to come upon a plant which is unknown to me, to identify it with the help of my book, to greet it by name when next it shines beside my path. If the plant be rare, its discovery gives me joy. Nature, the great Artist, makes her common flowers in the common view; no word in human language can express the marvel and the loveliness even of what we call the vilest weed, but these are fashioned under the gaze of every passer-by. The rare flower is shaped apart, in places secret, in the Artist's subtler mood; to find it is to enjoy the sense of admission to a holier precinct. Even in my gladness I am awed.

To-day I have walked far, and at the end of my walk I found the little white-flowered woodruff. It grew in a copse of young ash. When I had looked long at the flower, I delighted myself with the grace of the slim trees about it—their shining smoothness, their olive hue. Hard by stood a bush of wych elm; its tattered bark, overlined as if with the character of some unknown tongue, made the young ashes yet more beautiful.

It matters not how long I wander. There is no task to bring me back; no one will be vexed or uneasy, linger I ever so late. Spring is shining upon these lanes and meadows; I feel as if I must follow every winding track that opens by my way. Spring has restored to me something of the long-forgotten vigour of youth; I walk without weariness; I sing to myself like a boy, and the song is one I knew in boyhood.

That reminds me of an incident. Near a hamlet, in a lonely spot by a woodside, I came upon a little lad of perhaps ten years old, who, his head hidden in his arms against a tree trunk, was crying bitterly. I asked him what was the matter, and, after a little trouble—he was better than a mere bumpkin—I learnt that, having been sent with sixpence to pay a debt, he had lost the money. The poor little fellow was in a state of mind which in a grave man would be called the anguish of despair; he must have been crying for a long time; every muscle in his face quivered as if under torture, his limbs shook; his eyes, his voice, uttered such misery as only the vilest criminal should be made to suffer. And it was because he had lost sixpence!

I could have shed tears with him—tears of pity and of rage at all this spectacle implied. On a day of indescribable glory, when earth and heaven shed benedictions upon the soul of man, a child, whose nature would have bidden him rejoice as only childhood may, wept his heart out because his hand had dropped a sixpenny piece! The loss was a very serious one, and he knew it; he was less afraid to face his parents, than overcome by misery at the thought of the harm he had done them. Sixpence dropped by the wayside, and a whole family

made wretched! What are the due descriptive terms for a state of "civilisation" in which such a thing as this is possible?

I put my hand into my pocket, and wrought sixpennyworth of miracle.

It took me half an hour to recover my quiet mind. After all, it is as idle to rage against man's fatuity as to hope that he will ever be less a fool. For me, the great thing was my sixpenny miracle. Why, I have known the day when it would have been beyond my power altogether, or else would have cost me a meal. Wherefore, let me again be glad and thankful.

IV.

There was a time in my life when, if I had suddenly been set in the position I now enjoy, conscience would have lain in ambush for me. What! An income sufficient to support three or four working-class families—a house all to myself—things beautiful wherever I turn—and absolutely nothing to do for it all! I should have been hard put to it to defend myself. In those days I was feelingly reminded, hour by hour, with what a struggle the obscure multitudes manage to keep alive. Nobody knows better than I do *quam parvo liceat producere vitam*. I have hungered in the streets; I have laid my head in the poorest shelter; I know what it is to feel the heart burn with wrath and envy of "the privileged classes." Yes, but all that time I was one of "the privileged" myself, and now I can accept a recognised standing among them without shadow of self-reproach.

It does not mean that my larger sympathies are blunted. By going to certain places, looking upon certain scenes, I could most effectually destroy all the calm that life has brought me. If I hold apart and purposely refuse to look that way, it is because I believe that the world is better, not worse, for having one more inhabitant who lives as becomes a civilised being. Let him whose soul prompts him to assail the iniquity of things, cry and spare not; let him who has the vocation go forth and combat. In me it would be to err from Nature's guidance. I know, if I know anything, that I am made for the life of tranquillity and meditation. I know that only thus can such virtue as I possess find scope. More than half a century of existence has taught me that most of the wrong and folly which darken earth is due to those who cannot possess their souls in quiet; that most of the good which saves mankind from destruction comes of life that is led in thoughtful stillness. Every day the world grows noisier; I, for one, will have no part in that increasing clamour, and, were it only by my silence, I confer a boon on all.

How well would the revenues of a country be expended, if, by mere pensioning, one-fifth of its population could be induced to live as I do!

V.

"Sir," said Johnson, "all the arguments which are brought to represent poverty as no evil, show it to be evidently a great evil. You never find people labouring to convince you that you may live very happily upon a plentiful fortune."

He knew what he was talking of, that rugged old master of common sense. Poverty is of course a relative thing; the term has reference, above all, to one's standing as an intellectual being. If I am to believe the newspapers, there are title-bearing men and women in England who, had they an assured income of five-and-twenty shillings per week, would have no right to call themselves poor, for their intellectual needs are those of a stable-boy or scullery wench. Give me the same income and I can live, but I am poor indeed.

You tell me that money cannot buy the things most precious. Your commonplace proves that you have never known the lack of it. When I think of all the sorrow and the barrenness that has been wrought in my life by want of a few more pounds per annum than I was able to earn, I stand aghast at money's significance. What kindly joys have I lost, those simple forms of happiness to which every heart has claim, because of poverty! Meetings with those I loved made impossible year after year; sadness, misunderstanding, nay, cruel alienation, arising from inability to do the things I wished, and which I might have done had a little money helped me; endless instances of homely pleasure and contentment curtailed or forbidden by narrow means. I have lost friends merely through the constraints of my position; friends I might have made have remained strangers to me; solitude of the bitter kind, the solitude which is enforced at times when mind or heart longs for companionship, often cursed my life solely because I was poor. I think it would scarce be an exaggeration to say that there is no moral good which has not to be paid for in coin of the realm.

"Poverty," said Johnson again, "is so great an evil, and pregnant with so much temptation, so much misery, that I cannot but earnestly enjoin you to avoid it."

For my own part, I needed no injunction to that effort of avoidance. Many a London garret knows how I struggled with the unwelcome chamber-fellow. I marvel she did not abide with me to the end; it is a sort of inconsequence in Nature, and sometimes makes me vaguely uneasy through nights of broken sleep.

VI.

How many more springs can I hope to see? A sanguine temper would say ten or twelve; let me dare to hope humbly for five or six. That is a great many. Five or six spring-times, welcomed joyously, lovingly watched from the first celandine to the budding of the rose; who shall dare to call it a stinted boon? Five or six times the miracle

of earth reeled, the vision of splendour and loveliness which tongue has never yet described, set before my gazing. To think of it is to fear that I ask too much.

VII.

"*Homo animal querulum cupide suis incumbens miseriis.*" I wonder where that comes from. I found it once in Charron, quoted without reference, and it has often been in my mind—a dreary truth, well worded. At least, it was a truth for me during many a long year. Life, I fancy, would very often be insupportable, but for the luxury of self-compassion; in cases numberless, this it must be that saves from suicide. For some there is great relief in talking about their miseries, but such gossips lack the profound solace of misery nursed in silent brooding. Happily, the trick with me has never been retrospective; indeed, it was never, even with regard to instant suffering, a habit so deeply rooted as to become a mastering vice. I knew my own weakness when I yielded to it; I despised myself when it brought me comfort; I could laugh scornfully, even "*cupide meis incumbens miseriis.*" And now, thanks be to the unknown power which rules us, my past has buried its dead. More than that; I can accept with sober cheerfulness the necessity of all I lived through. So it was to be; so it was. For this did Nature shape me; with what purpose, I shall never know; but, in the sequence of things eternal, this was my place.

Could I have achieved so much philosophy if, as I ever feared, the closing years of my life had passed in helpless indigence? Should I not have sunk into lowest depths of querulous self-pity, grovelling there with eyes obstinately averted from the light above?

VIII.

The early coming of spring in this happy Devon gladdens my heart. I think with chill discomfort of those parts of England where the primrose shivers beneath a sky of threat rather than of promise. Honest winter, snow-clad and with the frosted beard, I can welcome not uncordially; but that long deferment of the calendar's hope, that weeping turbulence of March and April, that bitter blast outraging the honour of May—how often has it robbed me of heart and hope. Here, scarce have I assured myself that the last leaf has fallen; scarce have I watched the glistening of hoar-frost upon the evergreens, when a breath from the west thrills me with anticipation of bud and bloom. Even under this grey-billowing sky, which tells that January is still in rule—

"Mild winds shake the elder barks,
And the wandering herdsmen know
That the whitethorn soon will blow."

I have been thinking of those early years of mine in London, when the seasons passed over me unobserved, when I seldom turned a glance

towards the heavens, and felt no hardship in the imprisonment of boundless streets. It is strange now to remember that for some six or seven years I never looked upon a meadow, never travelled even so far as to the tree-bordered suburbs. I was battling for dear life; on most days I could not feel certain that in a week's time I should have food and shelter; the zeal of combat wholly occupied me. It would happen, to be sure, that on hot days of August my thoughts wandered to the sea; but so impossible was the gratification of such desire that it never greatly troubled me. At times, indeed, I seem all but to have forgotten that people went away for holiday. In those poor parts of the town where I dwelt, season made no perceptible difference; there were no luggage-laden cabs to remind me of joyous journeys; the folk about me went daily to their toil as usual, and so did I. I remember afternoons of languor, when books were a weariness, and no thought could be squeezed out of the drowsy brain; then would I betake myself to one of the parks, and find refreshment without any enjoyable sense of change. Heavens, how I laboured in those days! And how far I was from thinking of myself as a subject for compassion! That came later, when my health had begun to suffer from excess of toil, from bad air, bad food and many miseries; then awoke the maddening desire for countryside and sea-beach—and for other things yet more remote. But in the years when I toiled hardest and underwent what now appear to me hideous privations, of a truth I could not be said to suffer at all. I did not suffer, for I had no sense of weakness. My health was proof against everything, and my energies defied all malice of circumstance. With however little encouragement, I had infinite hope. Sound sleep (often in places I now dread to think of) sent me fresh to the battle each morning, my breakfast, sometimes, no more than a slice of bread and a cup of water. As human happiness goes, I am not sure that I was not then happy.

Most men who go through a hard time in their youth are supported by companionship. London has no *peys latin*, but hungry beginners in literature have generally their suitable comrades, garretteers in the Tottenham Court Road district, or in unredeemed Chelsea; they make their little *vie de Bohème*, and are consciously proud of it. Of my position, the peculiarity was that I never belonged to any cluster; I shrank from casual acquaintance, and, through the grim years, had but one friend with whom I held converse. It was never my instinct to look for help, to seek favour for advancement; whatever step I gained was gained by my own strength. Even as I disregarded favour so did I scorn advice; no counsel would I ever take but that of my own brain and heart. More than once I was driven by necessity to beg from strangers the means of earning bread, and this of all my experiences was the bitterest; yet I think I should have found it worse still to incur a debt to some friend or comrade. The truth is that I have

never learnt to regard myself as a "member of society." For me, there have always been two entities—myself and the world, and the normal relation between these two has been hostile. Am I not still a lonely man, as far as ever from forming part of the social order? ‘

This, of which I once was scornfully proud, seems to me now, if not a calamity, something I would not choose if life were to live again.

IX.

For more than six years I trod the pavement, never stepping once upon mother earth—for the parks are but pavement disguised with a growth of grass. Then the worst was over. Say I the worst? No, no; things far worse were to come; the struggle against starvation has its cheery side when one is young and vigorous. But at all events I had begun to earn a living; I held assurance of food and clothing for half a year at a time; granted health, I might hope to draw my not insufficient wages for many a twelvemonth. And they were the wages of work done independently, when and where I would. I thought with horror of lives spent in an office, with an employer to obey. The glory of the career of letters was its freedom, its dignity!

The fact of the matter was, of course, that I served, not one master, but a whole crowd of them. Independence, forsooth! If my writing failed to please editor, publisher, public, where was my daily bread? The greater my success, the more numerous my employers. I was the slave of a multitude. By heaven's grace I had succeeded in pleasing (that is to say, in making myself a source of profit, to) certain persons who represented this vague throng; for the time, they were gracious to me; but what justified me in the faith that I should hold the ground I had gained? Could the position of any toiling man be more precarious than mine? I tremble now as I think of it, tremble as I should in watching someone who walked carelessly on the edge of an abyss. I marvel at the recollection that for a good score of years this pen and a scrap of paper clothed and fed me and my household, kept me in physical comfort, held at bay all those hostile forces of the world ranged against one who has no resource save in his own right hand.

But I was thinking of the year which saw my first exodus from London. On an irresistible impulse, I suddenly made up my mind to go into Devon, a part of England I had never seen. At the end of March I escaped from my grim lodgings, and, before I had time to reflect on the details of my undertaking, I found myself sitting in sunshine at a spot very near to where I now dwell—before me the green valley of the broadening Exe and the pine-clad ridge of Haldon. That was one of the moments of my life when I have tasted exquisite joy. My state of mind was very strange. Though as boy and youth I had been familiar with the country, had seen much of England's beauties, it was as though I found myself for the first time before a

natural landscape. Those years of London had obscured all my earlier life; I was like a man town-born and bred, who scarce knows anything but street vistas. The light, the air, had for me something of supernatural—affected me, indeed, only less than at a later time did the atmosphere of Italy. It was glorious spring weather; a few white clouds floated amid the blue, and the earth had an exquisite fragrance. Then first did I know myself for a sun-worshipper. How had I lived so long without asking whether there was a sun in the heavens or not? Under that radiant firmament, I could have thrown myself upon my knees in adoration. As I walked, I found myself avoiding every strip of shadow; were it but that of a birch trunk, I felt as if it robbed me of the day's delight. I went bare-headed, that the golden beams might shed upon me their unstinted blessing. That day I must have walked some thirty miles, yet I knew not fatigue. Could I but have once more the strength which then supported me!

I had stepped into a new life. Between the man I had been and that which I now became there was a very notable difference. In a single day I had matured astonishingly; which means, no doubt, that I suddenly entered into conscious enjoyment of powers and sensibilities which had been developing unknown to me. To instance only one point; till then I had cared very little about plants and flowers, but now I found myself eagerly interested in every blossom, in every growth of the wayside. As I walked I gathered a quantity of plants, promising myself to buy a book on the morrow and identify them all. Nor was it a passing humour; never since have I lost my pleasure in the flowers of the field, and my desire to know them all. My ignorance at the time of which I speak seems to me now very shameful; but I was merely in the case of ordinary people, whether living in town or country. How many could give the familiar name of half-a-dozen plants plucked at random from beneath the hedge in springtime? To me the flowers became symbolical of a great release, of a wonderful awakening. My eyes had all at once been opened; till then I had walked in darkness, yet knew it not.

Well do I remember the rambles of that springtide. I had a lodging in one of those outer streets of Exeter which savour more of country than of town, and every morning I set forth to make discoveries. The weather could not have been more kindly; I felt the influences of a climate I had never known; there was a balm in the air which soothed no less than it exhilarated me. Now inland, now seaward, I followed the windings of the Exe. One day I wandered in rich, warm valleys, by orchards bursting into bloom, from farmhouse to farmhouse, each more beautiful than the other, and from hamlet to hamlet hidden amid dark evergreens; the next, I was on pine-clad heights, gazing over moorland brown with last year's heather, feeling upon my face a wind from the white-flecked Channel. So intense was my delight in the

beautiful world about me that I forgot even myself; I enjoyed without retrospect or forecast; I, the egoist in grain, forgot to scrutinize my own emotions, or to trouble my happiness by comparison with others' happier fortune. It was a healthful time; it gave me a new lease of life, and taught me—in so far as I was teachable—how to make use of it.

X.

Mentally and physically, I must be much older than my years. At three-and-fifty a man ought not to be brooding constantly on his vanished youth. These days of spring which I should be enjoying for their own sake, do but turn me to reminiscence, and my memories are of the springs that were lost.

Some day I will go to London and revisit all the places where I housed in the time of my greatest poverty. I have not seen them for a quarter of a century or so. Not long ago had anyone asked me how I felt about these memories, I should have said that there were certain street names, certain mental images of obscure London, which made me wretched as often as they came before me; but in truth, it is a very long time since I was moved to any sort of bitterness by that retrospect of things hard and squalid. Now, owning all the misery of it in comparison with what should have been, I find that part of life interesting and pleasant to look back upon—greatly more so than many subsequent times, when I lived amid decencies and had enough to eat. Some day I will go to London, and spend a day or two amid the dear old horrors. Some of the places, I know, have disappeared. I see the winding way by which I went from Oxford Street, at the foot of Tottenham Court Road, to Leicester Square, and, somewhere in the labyrinth (I think of it as always foggy and gas-lit) was a shop which had pies and puddings in the window, puddings and pies kept hot by steam rising through perforated metal. How many a time have I stood there, raging with hunger, unable to purchase even one pennyworth of food! The shop and the street have long since vanished; does any man remember them so feelingly as I? But I think most of my haunts are still in existence; to tread again those pavements, to look at those grimy doorways and purblind windows, would affect me strangely.

I see that alley hidden on the west side of Tottenham Court Road, where, after living in a back bedroom on the top floor, I had to exchange for the front cellar; there was a difference, if I remember rightly, of sixpence a week, and sixpence, in those days, was a very great consideration—why, it meant a couple of meals (I once found sixpence in the street, and had an exultation which is vivid in me at this moment). The front cellar was stone-floored; its furniture was a table, a chair, a wash-stand, and a bed; the window, which of course had never been cleaned since it was put in, received light through a flat grating in the

alley above. Here I lived; here *I wrote*. Yes, "literary work" was done at that filthy deal table, on which, by-the-bye, lay my Homer, my Shakespeare, and the few other books I then possessed. At night, as I lay in bed, I used to hear the tramp, tramp of a *posse* of policemen who passed along the alley on their way to relieve guard; their heavy feet sometimes sounded on the grating above my window.

I recall a tragi-comical incident of life at the British Museum. Once, on going down into the lavatory to wash my hands, I became aware of a notice newly set up above the row of basins. It ran somehow thus: "Readers are requested to bear in mind that these basins are to be used only for casual ablutions." Oh, the significance of that inscription! Had I not myself, more than once, been glad to use this soap and water more largely than the sense of the authorities contemplated? And there were poor fellows working under the great dome whose need, in this respect, was greater than mine. I laughed heartily at the notice, but it meant so much.

Some of my abodes I have utterly forgotten; for one reason or another, I was always moving—an easy matter when all my possessions lay in one small trunk. Sometimes the people of the house were intolerable. In those days I was not fastidious, and I seldom had any but the slightest intercourse with those who dwelt under the same roof, yet it happened now and then that I was driven away by human proximity which passed my endurance. In other cases I had to flee from pestilential conditions. How I escaped mortal illness in some of those places (miserably fed as I always was, and always over-working myself) is a great mystery. The worst that befell me was a slight attack of diphtheria—traceable, I imagine, to the existence of a dust-bin *under the staircase*. When I spoke of the matter to my landlady, she was at first astonished, then wrathful, and my departure was expedited with many insults.

On the whole, however, I had nothing much to complain of except my poverty." You cannot expect great comfort in London for four-and-sixpence a week—the most I ever could pay for a "furnished room with attendance" in those days of pretty stern apprenticeship. And I was easily satisfied; I wanted only a little walled space in which I could seclude myself, free from external annoyance. Certain comforts of civilised life I ceased even to regret; a stair-carpet I regarded as rather extravagant, and a carpet on the floor of my room was luxury undreamt of. My sleep was sound; I have passed nights of dreamless repose on beds which it would now make my bones ache only to look at. A door that locked, a fire in winter, a pipe of tobacco—these were things essential; and, granted these, I have been often richly contented in the squalidest garret. One such lodging is often in my memory; it was at Islington, not far from the City Road; my window looked upon the Regent's Canal. As often as I think of

it, I recall what was perhaps the worst London fog I ever knew; for three successive days, at least, my lamp had to be kept burning; when I looked through the window, I saw, at moments, a few blurred lights in the street beyond the Canal, but for the most part nothing but a yellowish darkness, which caused the glass to reflect the firelight and my own face. Did I feel miserable? Not a bit of it. The enveloping gloom seemed to make my chimney-corner only the more cosy. I had coals, oil, tobacco in sufficient quantity; I had a book to read; I had work which interested me; so I went forth only to get my meals at a City Road coffee-shop, and hastened back to the fireside. Oh, my ambitions, my hopes! How surprised and indignant I should have felt had I known of anyone who pitied me!

Nature took revenge now and then. In winter time I had fierce sore throats, sometimes accompanied by long and savage headaches. Doctoring, of course, never occurred to me; I just locked my door, and, if I felt very bad indeed, went to bed—to lie there, without food or drink, till I was able to look after myself again. I could never ask from a landlady anything which was not in our bond, and only once or twice did I receive spontaneous offer of help. Oh, it is wonderful to think of all that youth can endure! What a poor feeble wretch I now seem to myself, when I remember thirty years ago!

XI.

Would I live it over again, that life of the garret and the cellar? Not with the assurance of fifty years' contentment such as I now enjoy to follow upon it! With man's infinitely pathetic power of resignation, one sees the thing on its better side, forgets all the worst of it, makes out a case for the resolute optimist. Oh, but the waste of energy, of zeal, of youth! In another mood, I could shed tears over that spectacle of rare vitality condemned to sordid strife. The pity of it! And—if our conscience mean anything at all—the bitter wrong!

Without seeking for Utopia, think of what a man's youth might be. I suppose not one in every thousand uses half the possibilities of natural joy and delightful effort which lie in those years between seventeen and seven-and-twenty. All but all men have to look back upon beginnings of life deformed and discoloured by necessity, accident, wantonness. If a young man avoid the grosser pitfalls, if he keep his eye fixed steadily on what is called the main chance, if, without flagrant selfishness, he prudently subdue every interest to his own (by "interest" understanding only material good), he is putting his youth to profit, he is an exemplar and a subject of pride. I doubt whether, in our civilisation, any other ideal is easy of pursuit by the youngster face to face with life. It is the only course altogether safe. Yet compare it with what might be, if men respected manhood, if human reason were at the service of human happiness. Some few there are who can

look back upon a boyhood of natural delights, followed by a decade or so of fine energies honourably put to use, blended therewith, perhaps, a memory of joy so exquisite that it tunes all life unto the end; they are almost as rare as poets. The vast majority think not of their youth at all, or, glancing backward, are unconscious of lost opportunity, unaware of degradation suffered. Only by contrast with this thick-witted multitude can I pride myself upon my youth of endurance and of combat. I had a goal before me, and *not* the goal of the average man. Even when pinched with hunger, I did not abandon my purposes, which were of the mind. But contrast that starved lad in his slum lodging with any fair conception of intelligent and zealous youth, and one feels that a dose of swift poison would have been the right remedy for such squalid ills.

XII.

As often as I survey my bookshelves I am reminded of Lamb's "ragged veterans." Not that all my volumes came from the second-hand stall; many of them were neat enough in new covers, some were even stately in fragrant bindings, when they passed into my hands. But so often have I "removed," so rough has been the treatment of my little library at each change of place, and, to tell the truth, so little care have I given to its well-being at normal times (for in all practical matters I am idle and inept), that even the comeliest of my books show the results of unfair usage. More than one has been foully injured by a great nail driven into a packing-case—this but the extreme instance of the wrongs they have undergone. Now that I have leisure and peace of mind, I find myself growing more careful—an illustration of the great truth that virtue is made easy by circumstance. But I confess that, so long as a volume hold together, I am not much troubled as to its outer appearance.

I know men who say they would as lief read any book in a library copy as in one from their own shelf. To me that is unintelligible. For one thing, I know every book of mine by its *scent*, and I have but to put my nose between the pages to be reminded of all sorts of things. My Gibbon, for example, my well-bound eight-volume Milman edition, which I have read and read and read again for more than thirty years—never do I open it but the scent of the noble page restores to me all the exultant happiness of that moment when I received it as a prize. Or my Shakespeare, the great Cambridge Shakespeare—it has an odour which carries me yet further back in life; for these volumes belonged to my father, and before I was old enough to read them with understanding, it was often permitted me, as a treat, to take down one of them from the bookcase, and reverently to turn the leaves. The volumes smell exactly as they did in that old time, and what a strange tenderness comes upon me when I hold one of them in hand. For that reason I do not often

read Shakespeare in this edition. My eyes being good as ever, I take the Globe volume, which I bought in days when such a purchase was something more than an extravagance; wherefore I regard the book with that peculiar affection which results from sacrifice.

Sacrifice—in no drawing-room sense of the word. Dozens of my books were purchased with money which ought to have been spent upon what are called the necessities of life. Many a time I have stood before a stall, or a bookseller's window, torn by conflict of intellectual desire and bodily need. At the very hour of dinner, when my stomach clamoured for food, I have been stopped by sight of a volume so long coveted, and marked at so advantageous a price, that I *could* not let it go; yet to buy it meant pangs of famine. My Heyne's *Tibullus* was grasped at such a moment. It lay on the stall of the old book-shop in Goodge Street—a stall where now and then one found an excellent thing among quantities of rubbish. Sixpence was the price—sixpence! At that time I used to eat my mid-day meal (of course my dinner) at a coffee-shop in Oxford Street, one of the real old coffee-shops, such as now, I suppose, can hardly be found. Sixpence was all I had—yes, all I had in the world; it would have sufficed to feed me for that day. But I did not dare to hope that the *Tibullus* would wait until the morrow, when a certain small sum fell due to me. I paced the pavement, fingering the coppers in my pocket, eyeing the stall, two appetites at combat within me. The book was bought and I went home with it, and as I made a dinner of bread and butter I gloated over the pages.

In this *Tibullus* I found pencilled on the last page: "Perlegi, Oct. 4, 1792." Who was that possessor of the book, nearly a hundred years ago? There is no other inscription. I like to imagine some poor scholar, poor and eager as I myself, who bought the volume with drops of his blood, and enjoyed the reading of it even as I did. How much *that* was I could not easily say. Gentle-hearted Tibullus!—of whom there remains to us a poet's portrait more delightful, I think, than anything of the kind in Roman literature.

"An tacitum silvas inter reptare salubres,
Curantem quidquid dignum sapiente bonoque est?"

So with many another book on the thronged shelves. To take them down is to recall, how vividly, a struggle and a triumph. In those days money represented nothing to me, nothing I cared to think about, but the acquisition of books. There were books of which I had passionate need, books more necessary to me than bodily nourishment. I could see them, of course, at the British Museum, but that was not at all the same thing as having and holding them, my own property, on my own shelf. Now and then I have bought a volume of the raggedest and wretchedest aspect, dishonoured with foolish scribbling, torn, blotted—no matter, I liked better to read out of that than out of a copy that was not mine.

But I was guilty at times of mere self-indulgence; a book tempted me, a book which was not one of those for which I really craved, a luxury which prudence might bid me forego. As, for instance, my *Jung-Stilling*. It caught my eye in Holywell Street; the name was familiar to me in *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, and curiosity grew as I glanced over the pages. But that day I resisted; in truth, I could not afford the eighteen-pence, which means that just then I was poor indeed. Twice again did I pass, each time assuring myself that *Jung-Stilling* had found no purchaser. There came a day when I was in funds. I see myself hastening to Holywell Street (in those days my habitual pace was five miles an hour), I see the little grey old man with whom I transacted my business—what was his name?—the bookseller who had been, I believe, a Catholic priest, and still had a certain priestly dignity about him. He took the volume, opened it, mused for a moment, then, with a glance at me, said, as if thinking aloud: "Yes, I wish I had time to read it."

Sometimes I added the labour of a porter to my fasting endured for the sake of books. At the little shop near Portland Road Station I came upon a first edition of Gibbon, the price an absurdity—I think it was a shilling a volume. To possess those clean-paged quartos I would have sold my coat. As it happened, I had not money enough with me, but sufficient at home. I was living at Islington. Having spoken with the bookseller, I walked home, took the cash, walked back again, and—carried the tomes from the west end of Euston Road to a street in Islington far beyond the Angel. I did it in two journeys—this being the only time in my life when I thought of Gibbon in avoirdupois. Twice—three times, reckoning the walk for the money—did I descend Euston Road and climb Pentonville on that occasion. Of the season and the weather I have no recollection; my joy in the purchase I had made drove out every other thought. Except, indeed, of the weight. I had infinite energy, but not much muscular strength, and the end of the second journey saw me upon a chair, perspiring, flaccid, aching—exultant!

The well-to-do person would hear this story with astonishment. Why did I not get the bookseller to send me the volumes? Or, if I could not wait, was there no omnibus along that London highway? How could I make the well-to-do person understand that I did not feel able to afford, that day, one penny more than I had spent on the book? No, no, such labour-saving expenditure did not come within my scope; whatever I enjoyed I earned it, literally, by the sweat of my brow. In those days I hardly knew what it was to travel by omnibus. I have walked London streets for twelve and fifteen hours at a time without ever a thought of saving my legs, or my time, by paying for waftage. Being poor as poor can be, there were certain things I had to renounce, and this was one of them.

Years after, I sold my first edition of Gibbon for even less than it cost me; it went with a great many other fine old books in folio and quarto, which I could not drag about with me in my constant removals; the man who bought them spoke of them as "tomb-stones." Why has Gibbon no market value? Often has my heart ached with regret for those quartos. The joy of reading the *Decline and Fall* in that fine type! The page was appropriate to the dignity of the subject; the mere sight of it tuned one's mind. I suppose I could easily get another copy now; but it would not be to me what that other was, with its memory of dust and toil.

XIII.

There must be several men of spirit and experiences akin to mine who remember that little book-shop opposite Portland Road Station. It had a peculiar character; the books were of a solid kind—chiefly theology and classics—and for the most part those old editions which are called worthless, which have no bibliopolic value, and have been supplanted for practical use by later issues. The bookseller was very much a gentleman, and this singular fact, together with the extremely low prices at which his volumes were marked, sometimes inclined me to think that he kept the shop for mere love of letters. Things in my eyes inestimable I have purchased there for a few pence, and I don't think I ever gave more than a shilling for any volume. As I once had the opportunity of perceiving, a young man fresh from class-rooms could only look with wondering contempt on the antiquated stuff which it rejoiced me to gather from that kindly stall, or from the richer shelves within. My *Cicero's Letters* for instance: podgy volumes in parchment, with all the notes of Grævius, Gronovius, and I know not how many other old scholars. Pooh! Hopelessly out of date. But I could never feel that. I have a deep affection for Grævius and Gronovius and the rest, and if I knew as much as they did, I should be well satisfied to rest under the young man's disdain.* The zeal of learning is never out of date; the example—were there no more—burns before one as a sacred fire, for ever unquenchable. In what modern editor shall I find such love and enthusiasm as glows in the annotations of old scholars?

Even the best editions of our day have so much of the mere school-book; you feel so often that the man does not regard his author as literature, but simply as a text. Pedant for pedant, the old is better than the new.

XIV.

To-day's newspaper contains a yard or so of reading about a Spring horse-race. The sight of it fills me with loathing. It brings to my mind that placard I saw at a station in Surrey a year or two ago, adver-

tising certain races in the neighbourhood. Here is the poster, as I copied it into my note-book :—

"Engaged, by the Executive to ensure order and comfort to the public attending this meeting :—

- 14 detectives (racing),
- 15 detectives (Scotland Yard),
- 7 police inspectors,
- 9 police sergeants,
- 76 police, and a supernumerary contingent of specially selected men from the Army Reserve and the Corps of Commissionaires.

The above force will be employed solely for the purpose of maintaining order and excluding bad characters, &c. They will have the assistance also of a strong force of the Surrey Constabulary."

"I remember, once, when I let fall a remark on the subject of horse-racing among friends chatting together, I was voted "morose." Is it really morose to object to public gatherings which their own promoters declare to be dangerous for all decent folk? Everyone knows that horse-racing is carried on mainly for the delight and profit of fools, ruffians, and thieves. That intelligent men allow themselves to take part in the affair, and defend their conduct by declaring that their presence "maintains the character of a sport essentially noble," morely shows that intelligence can easily enough divest itself of sense and decency.

XV.

On my long walk yesterday, I lunched at a wayside inn. On the table lay a copy of a popular magazine. Glancing over this miscellany, I found an article, by a woman, on "Lion Hunting," and in this article I came upon a passage which seemed worth copying.

"As I woko my husband, the lion—which was then about forty yards off—charged straight towards us, and with my '303 I hit him full in the chest, as we afterwards discovered, tearing his windpipe to pieces and breaking his spine. He charged a second time, and the next shot hit him through the shoulder, tearing his heart to ribbons."

It would interest me to look upon this heroine of gun and pea. She is presumably quite a young woman; probably, when at home, a graceful figure in drawing-rooms. I should like to hear her talk, to exchange thoughts with her. She would give one a very good idea of the matron of old Rome who had her seat in the amphitheatre. Many of those ladies, in private life, must have been bright and gracious, high-bred and full of agreeable sentiment; they talked of art and of letters; they could drop a tear over Leebia's sparrow; at the same time, they were connoisseurs in torn windpipes, shattered spines and viscera rent open. It is not likely that many of them would have cared to turn their own hands to butchery, and, for the matter of that, I must suppose that our Lion Huntress of the popular magazine is rather an exceptional dame; but no doubt she and the Roman ladies would get

on very well together, finding only a few superficial differences. The fact that her gory reminiscences are welcomed by an editor with the popular taste in view is perhaps more significant than appears either to editor or public. Were this lady to write a novel (the chances are she will) it would have the true note of modern vigour. Of course her style has been formed by her favourite reading; more than probably, her ways of thinking and feeling owe much to the same source. If not so already, this will soon, I daresay, be the typical Englishwoman. Certainly, there is "no nonsense about her." Such women should breed a remarkable race.

I left the inn in rather a turbid humour. Moving homeward by a new way, I presently found myself on the side of a little valley, in which lay a farm and an orchard. The apple trees were in full bloom, and, as I stood gazing, the sun, which had all day been niggard of its beams, burst forth gloriously. For what I then saw, I have no words; I can but dream of the still loveliness of that blossomed valley. Near me, a bee was humming; not far away, a cuckoo called; from the pasture of the farm below came a bleating of lambs.

XVI.

I am no friend of the people. As a force, by which the tenor of the time is conditioned, they inspire me with distrust, with fear; as a visible multitude, they make me shrink aloof, and often move me to abhorrence. For the greater part of my life, the people signified to me the London crowd, and no phrase of temperate meaning would utter my thoughts of them under that aspect. The people as country-folk are little known to me; each glimpses as I have had of them do not invite to nearer acquaintance. Every instinct of my being is anti-democratic, and I dread to think of what our England may become when Demos rules irresistibly.

Right or wrong, this is my temper. But he who should argue from it that I am intolerant of all persons belonging to a lower social rank than my own would go far astray. Nothing is more rooted in my mind than the vast distinction between the individual and the class. Take a man by himself, and there is generally some reason to be found in him, some disposition for good; mass him with his fellows in the social organism, and ten to one he becomes a blatant creature, without a thought of his own, ready for any evil to which contagion prompts him. It is because nations tend to stupidity and baseness that mankind moves so slowly; it is because individuals have a capacity for better things that it moves at all.

In my youth, looking at this man and at that, I marvelled that humanity had made so little progress. Now, looking at men in the multitude, I marvel that they have advanced so far.

Foolishly arrogant as I was, I used to judge the worth of a person

by his intellectual power and attainment. I could see no good where there was no logic, no charm where there was no learning. Now I think that one has to distinguish between two forms of intelligence, that of the brain, and that of the heart, and I have come to regard the second as by far the more important. I guard myself against saying that intelligence does not matter; the fool is ever as noxious as he is wearisome. But assuredly the best people I have known were saved from folly not by the intellect but by the heart. They come before me, and I see them greatly ignorant, strongly prejudiced, capable of the absurdest mis-reasoning; yet their faces shine with the supreme virtues, kindness, sweetness, modesty, generosity. Possessing these qualities, they at the same time understand how to use them; they have the intelligence of the heart.

This poor woman who labours for me in my house is even such a one. From the first I thought her an unusually good servant; after three years of acquaintance, I find her one of the few women I have known who merit the term of excellent. She can read and write—that is all. More instruction would, I am sure, have harmed her, for it would have confused her natural motives, without supplying any clear ray of mental guidance. She is fulfilling the offices for which she was born, and that with a grace of contentment, a joy of conscientiousness, which puts her high among civilised beings. Her delight is in order and in peace; what greater praise can be given to any of the children of men?

The other day she told me a story of the days gone by. Her mother, at the age of twelve, went into domestic service; but on what conditions, think you? The girl's father, an honest labouring man, paid the person whose house she entered one shilling a week for her instruction in the duties she wished to undertake. What a grinning stare would come to the face of any labourer nowadays, who should be asked to do the like! I no longer wonder that my housekeeper so little resembles the average of her kind.

XVII.

A day of almost continuous rain, yet for me a day of delight. I had breakfasted, and was poring over the map of Devon (how I love a good map!) to trace an expedition that I have in view, when a knock came at my door, and Mrs. M. bore in a great brown-paper parcel, which I saw at a glance must contain books. The order was sent to London a few days ago; I had not expected to have my books so soon. With throbbing heart I set the parcel on a clear table; eyed it whilst I mended the fire; then took my pen-knife, and gravely, deliberately, though with hand that trembled, began to unpack.

It is a joy to go through booksellers' catalogues, ticking here and there a possible purchase. Formerly, when I could seldom spare money, I kept catalogues as much as possible out of sight; now I savour them page by page, and make a pleasant virtue of the discretion

I must needs impose upon myself. But greater still is the happiness of unpacking volumes which one has bought without seeing them. I am no hunter of rarities; I care nothing for first editions and for tall copies; what I buy is literature, food for the soul of man. The first glimpse of bindings when the inmost protective wrapper has been folded back! The first scent of *books*! The first gleam of a gilded title! Here is a work the name of which has been known to me for half a lifetime, but which I never yet saw; I take it reverently in my hand, gently I open it; my eyes are dim with excitement as I glance over chapter-headings, and anticipate the treat which awaits me. Who, more than I, has taken to heart that sentence of the *Imitatio*—"In omnibus requiem quæsi, et nusquam inveni nisi in angulo cum libro"?

I had in me the making of a scholar. With leisure and tranquillity of mind, I should have amassed learning. Within the walls of a college, I should have lived so happily, so harmlessly, my imagination ever busy with the old world. In the introduction to his *History of France*, Michelet says: "J'ai passé à côté du monde, et j'ai pris l'histoire pour la vie." That, as I can see now, was my true ideal; through all my battlings and miseries I have always lived more in the past than in the present. At the time when I was literally starving in London, when it seemed impossible that I should ever gain a living by my pen, how many days have I spent at the British Museum, reading as disinterestedly as if I had been without a care! It astounds me to remember that, having breakfasted on dry bread, and carrying in my pocket another piece of bread to serve for dinner, I settled myself at a desk in the great Reading-Room with books before me which by no possibility could be a source of immediate profit. At such a time, I worked through German tomes on Ancient Philosophy. At such a time, I read Apuleius and Lucian, Petronius and the Greek Anthology, Diogenes Laertius and—heaven knows what! My hunger was forgotten; the garret to which I must return to pass the night never perturbed my thoughts. On the whole, it seems to me something to be rather proud of; I smile approvingly at that thin, white-faced youth. Me? My very self? No, no! He has been dead these thirty years.

Scholarship in the high sense was denied me, and now it is too late. Yet here am I gloating over Pausanias, and promising myself to read every word of him. Who that has any tincture of old letters would not like to read Pausanias, instead of mere quotations from him and references to him? Here are the volumes of Dahn's *Die Könige der Germanen*: who would not like to know all he can about the Teutonic conquerors of Rome? And so on, and so on. To the end I shall be reading—and forgetting. Ah, that's the worst of it! Had I at command all the knowledge I have at any time possessed, I might call myself a learned man. Nothing surely is so bad for the memory as long-enduring worry, agitation, fear. I cannot preserve more than a few frag-

ments of what I read, yet read I shall, persistently, rejoicingly. Would I gather erudition for a future life? Indeed, it no longer troubles me that I forget. I have the happiness of a passing moment, and what more can mortal ask?

XVIII.

Is it I, Henry Ryecroft, who, after a night of untroubled rest, rise unhurriedly, dress with the deliberation of an oldish man, and go downstairs happy in the thought that I can sit reading, quietly reading, all day long? Is it I, Henry Ryecroft, the harassed toiler of so many a long year?

I dare not think of those I have left behind me, there in the ink-stained world. It would make me miserable, and to what purpose? Yet, having once looked that way, think of them I must. Oh, you heavy-laden, who at this hour sit down to the cursed travail of the pen; writing, not because there is something in your mind, in your heart, which must needs be uttered, but because the pen is the only tool you can handle, your only means of earning bread! Year after year the number of you is multiplied; you crowd the doors of publishers and editors, hustling, grappling, exchanging maledictions. Oh, sorry spectacle, grotesque and heart-breaking!

Innumerable are the men and women now writing for bread, who have not the least chance of finding in such work a permanent livelihood. They took to writing because they knew not what else to do, or because the literary calling tempted them by its independence and its dazzling prizes. They will hang on to the squalid profession, their earnings eked out by begging and borrowing, until it is too late for them to do anything else—and then? With a lifetime of dread experience behind me, I say that he who encourages any young man or woman to look for his living to “literature,” commits no less than a crime. If my voice had any authority I would cry this truth aloud wherever men could hear. Hateful as is the struggle for life in every form, this rough-and-tumble of the literary arena seems to me sordid and degrading beyond all others. Oh, your prices per thousand words! Oh, your paragraphings and your interviewings! And oh, the black despair that awaits those down-trodden in the fray!

Last midsummer I received a circular from a typewriter, soliciting my custom; someone who had somehow got hold of my name, and fancied me to be still in purgatory. This person wrote: “If you should be in need of any extra assistance in the pressure of your Christmas work, I hope,” &c.

How otherwise could one write if addressing a shopkeeper? “The pressure of your Christmas work”! Nay, I am too sick to laugh.

XIX.

Someone, I see, is lifting up his sweet voice in praise of Conscription.

It is only at long intervals that one reads this kind of thing in our reviews or newspapers, and I am happy in believing that most English people are affected by it even as I am, with the sickness of dread and of disgust. That the thing is impossible in England, who would venture to say? Every one who can think at all sees how slight are our safeguards against that barbaric force in man which the privileged races have so slowly and painfully brought into check. Democracy is full of menace to all the finer hopes of civilisation, and the revival, in not unnatural companionship with it, of monarchic power based on militarism, makes the prospect dubious enough. There has but to arise some Lord of Slaughter, and the nations will be tearing at each other's throats. Let England be imperilled, and Englishmen will fight; in such extremity there is no choice. But what a dreary change must come upon our islanders if, without instant danger, they bend beneath the curse of universal soldiering! I like to think that they will guard the liberty of their manhood even beyond the point of prudence.

A lettered German, speaking to me once of his year of military service, told me that, had it lasted but a month or two longer, he must have sought release in suicide. I know very well that my own courage would not have borne me to the end of the twelvemonth; humiliation, resentment, loathing, would have goaded me to madness. At school we used to be "drilled" in the playground once a week; I have but to think of it, even after forty years, and there comes back upon me that tremor of passionate misery which, at the time, often made me ill. The senseless routine of mechanic exercise was in itself all but unendurable to me; I hated the standing in line, the thrusting-out of arms and legs at a signal, the thud of feet stamping in constrained unison. The loss of individuality seemed to me sheer disgrace. And when, as often happened, the drill-sergeant rebuked me for some inefficiency as I stood in line, when he addressed me as "Number Seven!" I burned with shame and rage. I was no longer a human being; I had become part of a machine, and my name was "Number Seven." It used to astonish me when I had a neighbour who went through the drill with amusement, with zealous energy; I would gaze at the boy, and ask myself how it was possible that he and I should feel so differently. To be sure, nearly all my schoolfellows either enjoyed the thing, or at all events went through it with indifference; they made friends with the sergeant, and some were proud of walking with him "out of bounds." Left, right! Left, right! For my own part, I think I have never hated man as I hated that broad-shouldered, hard-visaged, brassy-voiced fellow. Every word he spoke to me, I felt as an insult. Seeing him in the distance, I have turned and fled, to escape the necessity of saluting, and, still more, a quiver of the nerves which affected me so painfully. If ever a man did me harm, it was he; harm physical and moral. In all seriousness I believe that something of the nervous

instability from which I have suffered since boyhood is traceable to those accursed hours of drill, and I am very sure that I can date from the same wretched moments a fierceness of personal pride which has been one of my most troublesome characteristics. The disposition, of course, was there; it should have been modified, not exacerbated.

In younger manhood it would have flattered me to think that I alone on the school drill-ground had sensibility enough to suffer acutely. Now I had much rather feel assured that many of my schoolfellows were in the same mind of subdued revolt. Even of those who, boylike, enjoyed their drill, scarce one or two, I trust, would have welcomed in their prime of life the imposition of military servitude upon them and their countrymen. From a certain point of view, it would be better far that England should bleed under conquest than that she should be saved by eager, or careless, acceptance of Conscription. That view will not be held by the English people; but it would be a sorry thing for England if the day came when no one of those who love her harboured such a thought.

XX.

I am glad that, notwithstanding all disappointment and disillusion and the weariness of labour which seemed as if it would never end, my interest in literary news of the day still remains keen. Partly by good sense, and partly by good luck, I always kept apart from cliques and coterie; I was involved in no inky quarrels; I had no partisans who made it their pleasure or their interest to champion my reputation (poor little reputation!), and I rarely if ever excited the jealousy or the resentment of any fellow-author. In spite of all my experience, I have still a good deal of the fresh feeling with regard to literary events of one who has never been "behind the scenes." How deplorably the mind and character can be affected by over-much intimacy with the writing and printing world, I know only too well; here indeed, if anywhere, familiarity becomes a breeder of contempt. I have known bright and zealous men turned into dull, dry twaddlers, into hard and vulgar traders, into harsh-tongued and barren-witted cynics, by the atmosphere of the literary world. Of course the world which produces this effect is, in truth, not literary at all; it is merely a department, and a very mean one, of commercial life. One of the sorriest features of our time is this confusion of the trading spirit with literary ambition. There are still writers who live and work unaffected by the evil, who possess their souls in quiet, and, even though they may be poor, are not ceaselessly pre-occupied with the thought of their wages; but this is the very exceptional case. Success is more dangerous than failure; it has more numerous and grosser temptations. The life of an author nowadays too often differs little from that of the less estimable type of actor; his satisfactions are those of personal vanity. It is not enough

for his work to be read and admired; his face must be familiar to the multitude; all and sundry must know where he lives and how, the figures of his income, even the peculiarities of his dress. To me the astonishing thing is that men and women who attain and enjoy this sort of popularity are able to do any work at all; I know not how they concentrate their thoughts, how they find the time indispensable for producing their volumes. In short, as some of them would say, I am completely "out of it." In their acceptance of the term, I have never been a literary man at all.

Therefore I still like my literary papers. Two of them come to me every week; two only; and these the most old-fashioned. I enjoy the columns of advertisements, which now and then tempt me to a purchase. I like to see what the learned societies are doing. If anything very noteworthy appears in foreign countries, I am not left darkling. From time to time I find a well-written essay; now and then I see a review at once honest and adequate. Now and then; for the honest and adequate review must not always be expected. Even in these papers, which I think the best, conscientious and capable criticism is by no means a matter of course. However, when I think of what passes for criticism in some scores of periodicals which "deal with" new publications, I am more than satisfied. It is a great thing not to be utterly misled as to the salient features of a book whose title interests one.

Of course we have nothing which even faintly reflects the ideal of a literary journal. Someone may say that those which exist are quite as good as our contemporary literature deserves. Possibly; and I do not dream that any excellence of criticism could promote the growth of good books. But it seems unfortunate, to say the least of it, that the guides of contemporary taste in letters should speak with so little authority. Were a foreigner to ask me who, at this moment, is recognised as a sound and genial literary critic in England—what reply could I make? I could only say that there are a few men who do occasionally write an illuminating word about a book new or old, but that, as for one in admitted and justified authority, why, no such person exists, absolutely not one. There comes forth a poem, a novel, a volume of essays. Suppose one could think—"Ah, it will be interesting to see what X. says about that!" and to think it in the sure and certain hope that X. will speak so as to command all intelligent men's attention—life, it seems to me, would have a new pleasure. But not even the most sanguine tyro can think in this way about anyone who is nowadays known to sit in judgment, and assuredly not about the anonymous reviewer of daily or weekly press. The critic is born, even as the poet; no system of education will produce him, no liberality of stipend will call him forth. Meanwhile, the business of reviewing flourishes, and a most remarkable business it is. On the whole, is any sort of human work so incompetently performed? Is any other kind of artisan so

regularly paid in sterling coin for manufacture so valueless, and often so harmful?

Was ever a reviewer conscience-stricken? Did it ever happen that one of them, man or woman, suddenly awoke to a sense of sin? I think it possible, for reviewers are so numerous, and common honesty is not rare. Perhaps if some charitable person opened a Home for the penitent whose conversion has left them without means—

XXI.

All about my garden to-day the birds are loud. To say that the air is filled with their song gives no idea of the ceaseless piping, whistling, trilling, which at moments rings to heaven in a triumphant unison, a wild accord. Now and then I notice one of the smaller songsters who seems to strain his throat in a madly joyous endeavour to out-carol all the rest. It is a chorus of praise such as none other of earth's children have the voice or the heart to utter. As I listen, I am carried away by its glorious rapture; my being melts in the tenderness of an impassioned joy: my eyes are dim with I know not what profound humility.

XXII.

Were one to look at the literary journals only, and thereafter judge of the time, it would be easy to persuade oneself that civilisation had indeed made great and solid progress, and that the world stood at a very hopeful stage of enlightenment. Week after week, I glance over these pages of crowded advertisement; I see a great many publishing-houses zealously active in putting forth every kind of book, new and old; I see names innumerable of workers in every branch of literature. Much that is announced declares itself at once of merely ephemeral import, or even of no import at all; but what masses of print which invite the attention of thoughtful or studious folk! To the multitude is offered a long succession of classic authors, in beautiful form, at a minim cost; never were such treasures so cheaply and so gracefully set before all who can prize them. For the wealthy, there are volumes magnificent; lordly editions; works of art whereon have been lavished care and skill and expense incalculable. Here is exhibited the learning of the whole world and of all the ages; be a man's study what it will, in these columns, at one time or another, he shall find that which appeals to him. Here are labours of the erudite, exercised on every subject that falls within learning's scope. Science brings forth its newest discoveries in earth and heaven; it speaks to the philosopher in his solitude, and to the crowd in the market-place. Curious pursuits of the mind at leisure are represented in publications numberless; trifles and oddities of intellectual savour; gatherings from every byway of human interest. For other moods there are the fabulists; to tell truth, they commonly hold the place of honour in these varied lists. Who shall count them?

Who shall calculate their readers? Builders of verse are few; the most casual observer will note that contemporary poets have but an inconspicuous standing in this index of the public taste. Travel, on the other hand, is largely represented; the general appetite for information about lands remote would appear to be only less keen than for the adventures of romance.

With these pages before one's eyes, must one not needs believe that things of the mind are a prime concern of our day? Who are the purchasers of these volumes ever pouring from the press? How is it possible for so great a commerce to flourish save as a consequence of national eagerness in the intellectual domain? Surely one must take for granted that throughout the land, in town and in country, private libraries are growing apace; that by the people at large a great deal of time is devoted to reading; that literary ambition is one of the commonest spurs to effort?

It is the truth. All this may be said of contemporary England. But is it enough to set one's mind at ease regarding the outlook of our civilisation?

Two things must be remembered. However considerable this literary traffic, regarded by itself, it is relatively of small extent. And, in the second place, literary activity is by no means an invariable proof of that mental attitude which marks the truly civilised man.

Lay aside the "literary organ," which appears once a week, and take up the newspaper, which comes forth every day, morning and evening. Here you get the true proportion of things. Read your daily news-sheet—that which costs threepence or that which costs a halfpenny—and muse upon the impression it leaves. It may be that a few books are "noticed"; granting that the "notice" is in any way noticeable, compare the space it occupies with that devoted to the material interests of life: you have a gauge of the real importance of intellectual endeavour to the people at large. No, the public which reads, in any sense of the word worth considering, is very, very small; the public which would feel no lack if all book-printing ceased to-morrow, is enormous. These announcements of learned works which strike one as so encouraging, are addressed, as a matter of fact, to a few thousand persons, scattered all over the English-speaking world. Many of the most valuable books slowly achieve the sale of a few hundred copies. Gather from all the ends of the British Empire the men and women who purchase grave literature as a matter of course, who habitually seek it in public libraries, in short who regard it as a necessity of life, and I am much mistaken if they could not comfortably assemble in the Albert Hall.

But even granting this, is it not an obvious fact that our age tends to the civilised habit of mind, as displayed in a love for intellectual things? Was there ever a time which saw the literature of knowledge and of

the emotions so widely distributed? Does not the minority of the truly intelligent exercise a vast and profound influence? Does it not in truth lead the way, however slowly and irregularly the multitude may follow?

I should like to believe it. When gloomy evidence is thrust upon me, I often say to myself: Think of the frequency of the reasonable man; think of him everywhere labouring to spread the light; how is it possible that such efforts should be overborne by forces of blind brutality, now that the human race has got so far?—Yes, yes; but this mortal whom I caress as reasonable, as enlightened and enlightening, this author, investigator, lecturer, or studious gentleman, to whose coat-tail I cling, does he always represent justice and peace, sweetness of manners, purity of life—all the things which makes for true civilisation? Here is a fallacy of bookish thought. Experience offers proof on every hand that vigorous mental life may be but one side of a personality, of which the other is moral barbarism. A man may be a fine archæologist, and yet have no sympathy with human ideals. The historian, the biographer, even the poet, may be a money-market gambler, a social toady, a clamorous Chauvinist, or an unscrupulous politician. As for “leaders of science,” what optimist will dare to proclaim them on the side of the gentle virtues? And if one must needs think in this way of those who stand forth, professed instructors and inspirers, what of those who merely listen? The reading-public—oh, the reading-public! Hardly will a prudent statistician venture to declare that one in every score of those who read sterling books do so with comprehension of their author. These dainty series of noble and delightful works, which have so seemingly wide an acceptance, think you they vouch for true appreciation in all who buy them? Remember those who purchase to follow the fashion, to impose upon their neighbour, or even to flatter themselves; think of those who wish to make cheap presents, and those who are merely pleased by the outer aspect of the volume. Above all, bear in mind that busy throng whose zeal is according neither to knowledge nor to conviction, the host of the half-educated, characteristic and peril of our time. They, indeed, purchase and purchase largely. Heaven forbid that I should not recognise the few among them whose bent of brain and of conscience justifies their fervour; to such—the ten in ten thousand—be all aid and brotherly solace! But the glib many, the perky mispronouncers of titles and of authors’ names, the twanging murderers of rhythm, the maulers of the uncut edge at sixpence extra, the ready-reckoners of bibliopolis discount—am I to see in these a witness of my hope for the century to come?

I am told that their semi-education will be integrated. We are in a transition stage, between the bad old time when only a few had academic privileges, and that happy future which will see all men liberally instructed. Unfortunately for this argument, education is a thing of

which only the few are capable ; teach as you will, only a small percentage will profit by your most zealous energy. On an ungenerous soil it is vain to look for rich crops. Your average mortal will be your average mortal still : and if he grow conscious of power, if he become vocal and self-assertive, if he get into his hands all the material resources of the country, why, you have a state of things such as at present looms menacingly before every Englishman blessed—or cursed—with an unpopular spirit.

XXIII.

Every morning when I awake, I thank heaven for silence. This is my orison. I remember the London days when sleep was broken by clash and clang, by roar and shriek, and when my first sense on returning to consciousness was hatred of the life about me. Noises of wood and metal, clattering of wheels, hanging of implements, jangling of bells—all such things are had enough, but worse still is the clamorous human voice. Nothing on earth is more irritating to me than a hellow or scream of idiot mirth, nothing more hateful than a shout or yell of brutal anger. Were it possible, I would never again hear the utterance of a human tongue, save from those few who are dear to me.

Here, wake at what hour I may, early or late, I lie amid exquisite stillness. Perchance a horse's hoof rings rhythmically upon the road ; perhaps a dog barks from a neighbour farm ; it may be that there comes the far, soft murmur of a train from the other side of Exe ; but these are almost the only sounds that could force themselves upon my ear. A voice, at any time of the day, is the rarest thing. "

But there is the rustling of branches in the morning breeze ; there is the music of a sunny shower against the window ; there is the matin song of birds. Several times lately I have lain wakeful when there sounded the first note of the earliest lark ; it makes me almost glad of my restless nights. The only trouble that touches me in these moments is the thought of my long life wasted amid the senseless noises of man's world. Year after year, this spot has known the same stillness ; with ever so little of good fortune, with ever so little wisdom, beyond what was granted me, I might have blessed my manhood with calm, might have made for myself in latter life a long retrospect of bowered peace. As it is, I enjoy with something of sadness, remembering that this melodious silence is but the prelude of that deeper stillness which waits to enfold us all.

XXIV.

Morning after morning, of late, I have taken my walk in the same direction, my purpose being to look at a plantation of young larches. There is no lovelier colour on earth than that in which they are now clad ; it seems to refresh as well as gladden, my eyes, and its influence sinks deeper into my heart. For soon it will change ; already I think

the first exquisite verdure has begun to pass into summer's soberness. The larch has its moment of unmatched beauty—and well for him whose chance permits him to enjoy it, spring after spring.

Could anything be more wonderful than the fact that here am I, day by day, not only at leisure to walk forth and gaze at the larches, but blessed with the tranquillity of mind needful for such enjoyment? On any morning of spring sunshine, how many mortals find themselves so much at peace that they are able to give themselves wholly to delight in the glory of heaven and of earth? Is it the case with one man in every ten thousand? Consider what extraordinary kindness of fate must tend upon one, that not a care, not a preoccupation, should interfere with his contemplative thought for five or six days successively! So rooted in the human mind (and so reasonably rooted) is the belief in an Envious Power, that I ask myself whether I shall not have to pay, by some disaster, for this period of wondrous calm. For a week or so, I have been one of a small number, chosen out of the whole human race by fate's supreme benediction. It may be that this comes to everyone in turn; to most, it can only be once in a lifetime, and so briefly. That my own lot seems so much better than that of ordinary men, sometimes makes me fearful.

XXV.

Walking in a favourite lane to-day, I found it covered with shed blossoms of the hawthorn. Creamy white, fragrant even in ruin, lay scattered the glory of the May. It told me that Spring is over.

Have I enjoyed it as I should? Since the day that brought me freedom, four times have I seen the year's new birth, and always, as the violet yielded to the rose, I have known a fear that I had not sufficiently prized this boon of heaven whilst it was with me. Many hours I have spent shut up among my books, when I might have been in the meadows. Was the gain equivalent? Doubtfully, diffidently, I hearken what the mind can plead.

I recall my moments of delight, the recognition of each flower that unfolded, the glad surprise of budding branches clothed in a night with green. The first snowy gleam upon the blackthorn did not escape me. By its familiar bank, I watched for the earliest primrose, and in its copse I found the anemone. Meadows shining with buttercups, hollows sunned with the marsh marigold, held me long at gaze. I saw the sallow glistening with its cones of silvery fur, and splendid with dust of gold. These common things touch me with more of admiration and of wonder each time that I behold them. They are once more gone. As I turn to summer, a misgiving mingles with my joy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

THE WAR AND THE LIBERALS.

SIR,—In my article under the above heading in the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW for February last, I stated that “the Transvaal was annexed by the British Government at the instance of Sir Bartle Frere,” the then Governor of the Cape Colony. I find that this statement is not strictly speaking correct, as the late Sir Bartle Frere shortly after his recall wrote an article in the *Nineteenth Century* in which he says: “In judging of the annexation of the Transvaal, I would wish it to be borne in mind, that it was an act which in no way originated with me, over which I had no control, and with which I was only subsequently incidentally connected.” There is, in as far as I am aware, no evidence in Sir Bartle’s correspondence with the Colonial Office that he as Governor ever expressed any disapproval of the policy which had led to the annexation of the Transvaal, a policy whose supervision and direction lay distinctly under his own control; but however this may have been, it is manifest I was wrong in stating the annexation took place at his instance.

I remain, Sir,

Your servant,

EDWARD DICEY.

March, 1902.

* *The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any manuscripts: nor in any case can he do so unless either stamps or a stamped envelope be sent to cover the cost of postage.*

It is advisable that articles sent to the Editor should be type-written.

The sending of a proof is no guarantee of the acceptance of an article.

~~THE~~

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. CCCCXXVI. NEW SERIES.—JUNE 1, 1902.

CORONATION ODE.

Lo ! As from Winter, Spring,
As out of darkness, day,
As earth and everything—
The world's old way—
Leaps to regeneration from decay,
So from the corpse-like chrysalis of grief
Doth sunny joy take wing ;
So to an orphaned people's travailing
At last relief.
Now all the long-pent fountains of the land
Break forth and sing ;
Changed is our bitter bread
By time's sweet leaven ;
The streets breathe music, gaily garlanded ;
The loud-tongued steeples swing ;
While beneath other stars, on many a strand
Sea-severed, but by love of England spanned
As with a rainbow, myriads, gathering,
From the four winds to the four winds of Heaven
Acclaim, acclaim the crowning of the King.

No trivial Act rehearsing in men's sight,
Moves the great pageant on :
It is the Mystery of a nation's might ;
It is the soul of ages that are gone,
Which clad in glittering hues,
And to the eye of day
Flaunting, but inly glorified, pursues
A path more sacred than the Sacred Way,
To loftier heights Capitoline,

And a more lasting sovereignty than thine,
 O mighty Rome!
 For thou full many a dome
 To many a god didst build,
 But at the last, with wantonness fulfilled,
 To Wealth and Pride :
 Whereby that puissant spirit, which from the womb
 Thy birth-right was, within thee sank and died :
 Building to these, thou buildedst thine own tomb.
 But he shall find, who seeks,
 That ever, from of old,
 Through failure and backslidings manifold,
 With inborn virtue graced,
 Nor utterly by love of wealth debased,
 Keen, when oppression speaks,
 The cause to try,
 More nobly none,
 Humane in victory,
 To freedom and to justice—those twin peaks—
 Britain hath upward won.

Scion of Alfred, what a realm is thine !
 A universe beside his petty sway !
 What ocean breaks not on some isle or shore
 That doth thy rule obey ?
 On whose vast bounds Hyperion in a day
 Cannot, for all his haste, make shift to shine,
 But onward posting finds them still before !
 Through seas asleep
 Round half a world thy bitted lightnings leap :
 Who shall confine thee, who shall say thee nay,
 When, dragon-like, on some dread errand sent,
 In adamantine scales armipotent,
 Thy thunder-breathing warders daunt the deep ?
 Thine from the Arctic to Vancouver's Isle,
 Thine east to Labrador,
 From the sky-shouldering Himalayan steep
 Southward, to where Tasmanian waters smile
 In many a sandy bay,
 And that vast Commonwealth of States—— But stay !
 Idly, methinks, we boast
 Thy power from sea to sea, from coast to coast :
 If this indeed be all, all is not well :

If in the dawn of doing it befell,
 While others slumbered, or stretched limbs to rise,
 England rose early and made haste to build,
 Can this alone exalt us to the skies?
 Is this
 Thy sceptre's greatness? Then how small was his
 Whose fame the world a thousand years hath filled,
 Yea, and for yet a thousand will not wane,
 Who shared his parcelled England with the Dane!
 Nay, but, O King, thou knowest who wears of right
 The robe of majesty
 Must inward of the Eternal Counsels be,
 And of their Order Knight;
 Fearless, or but of flatterers afraid;
 Whose favour to men's conscience is a spur,
 Whose wrath a blade
 Keen as Excalibur;
 Who, day by day remembering to be great,
 Arrays his soul, grown weary of the weight,
 In wise humility;
 Bending from his high place to serve the State.
 As Honour's self immaculate,
 Master of all,
 God's thrall.

E'en such a sovereignty of soul was hers
 Who now in love looks down on thee,
 And with maternal smile
 Watches, the while
 Earth's mightiest empire in God's name confers
 Sceptre and crown on thee—
 Crown that she wore,
 And sceptre that she bore,
 To her bequeathed
 In ageless honour wreathed,
 And now
 Thrice consecrated from her hand and brow.
 Nor dimmed by distance, or less pure, appears
 That august spirit, who left the throne forlorn,
 And for long years
 Turned the sweet waters of her life to tears,
 Her diadem to thorn.
 If to be good is to be great,

No victor-potentate
Of east or west
That name hath worthier won,
Than he, whose benediction now doth rest
On thee, his son.

These hail thee from afar,
Bright luminaries that nevermore can set
In memory's heaven. But, close beside thee yet,
With undimmed radiance shines,
Amid the circling signs
That sprinkle life's dark firmament with light,
Thy Morning-Star.
No sun-reflecting, moon-cold satellite,
But self-resplendent, may her gracious ray,
To glad thee, still above the horizon stay—
In this than Alfred happier, to thy gain
Sharing a peaceful empire with the Dane!

What sudden silence holds the gazing crowd,
A moment since so loud?
The air grows dense
With forms impalpable to mortal sense :
Dim presences about us we divine—
Husbands and sons, who from the shores of strife
To sire and wife
Returned not, but of that deep anodyne
Drank, and became
A memory and a name :
The storm-voiced trumpet breathes a tenderer tone,
And a great heart-thrill shakes yon armed line :
For here about thee, bone of England's bone,
Uprand the living walls that guard thy throne,
Our home-bred heroes, and amongst them who,
Brave as the giant-brood,
Storming not heaven but hell,
Beneath that sultry glare
The myriad-hissing hidden death withstood,
Did what a man may do,
And dared what men may dare,
And faltered not, and, mute as those that fell,
Of their own doing have no word to tell.

Ah! if we, too, be mute,
 It is that strong emotion cannot reach
 The folding gates of speech,
 But tears the timely utterance will dispute :
 Yet the heart utters what no ear hath heard,
 The still unspoken word
 We may not raise
 From the deep wells of gratitude and praise.

And here from far away,
 To crown thy crowning-day,
 Behold the men of our own race and tongue,
 Peerless of heart and deed,
 Who in our country's need
 As sons did aid her, soul to kindred soul
 Turning, as turns the needle to the Pole,
 Or as Pacific currents, southward swung,
 Past Valparaiso, past Magellan borne,
 Rounding the Horn,
 Stream upward by Fuego : even so
 To her, to the one Mother, whence we sprung,
 Their hearts went homing, drawn from long ago.

Nor fewer, nor less fain
 With honour to renown thee, in thy train,
 From realms allied,
 Ambassador and princely delegate
 Of Kaiser and of King, or Sovereign State,
 In marshalled order ride—
 Symbols of peace inviolate,
 Which our sons' sons shall see,
 When o'er the nations' face
 Envy in sullen mood
 Hath ceased to brood,
 And race with race
 To nobler ends united, sane and free,
 Build up the great World-Commonwealth to be.

Peace! they are past : and lo! within the shrine
 The King, the Queen,
 Kneeling between

Those buried heroes of his glorious line!
Let us, too, kneel, and say
"Not only, and not most, with might to war,
Or with his realm's increase,
But with uplifted people, but with peace—
Peace which at last, at last
Shall still the trumpet-blast—
Crown him, we cry Thee, that all kindreds may
Laud him and love, who dwell beneath his star;
But with fulfilment of the task begun
By his far-travelled son,
More close to bind
Our closely-knit communion, kind with kind;
But with beneficent strength
Which shall at length—
As in his royal heart the kindling ray
Now quickens into day—
Dawn on the sunless brotherhoods of men,
And humanise the home, and purge the den,
And stay the wing'd battalions of disease:
With the pure lustre of such gracious things—
Regalia from thy spirit-palaces—
Crown him, All-Father, who art King of Kings,
Crown him with these!"

JAMES RHODES.

THE PRACTICABILITY OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

THE first paid message by etheric wave telegraphy was sent by Lord Kelvin on June 3, 1898. The circumstances were these: Lord and Lady Kelvin and Lord Tennyson visited my Alum Bay station in the Isle of Wight. I explained the working of the apparatus and showed how messages were sent and received. Lord Kelvin was so much pleased with what he saw that he desired to send telegrams to various friends on the mainland of England, insisting first that he be permitted to pay for their transmission to Bournemouth at the rate of a shilling royalty per message in order to show his appreciation of the system and to illustrate its immediate availability for commercial use. Messages were sent by Lord Kelvin to Dr. MacLean, his chief assistant in the physical laboratory of the University of Glasgow, to Sir George Stokes at Cambridge, and to Lord Rayleigh and Sir William Preece in London.

He has given his permission to reprint one of the messages—that to Sir George Stokes:

“Stokes, Lensfield Cottage, Cambridge. This is sent commercially paid at Alum Bay for transmission through ether, 1s. to Bournemouth, and thence by postal telegraph, 15d. to Cambridge.—Kelvin.”

Lord Tennyson's message was to his nephew at Eton, and was as follows:—

“Sending you message by Marconi's ether telegraph, Alum Bay to Bournemouth, paid commercially thence by wire; very sorry not to hear you speak your Thackeray to-morrow.—Tennyson.”

Commenting on these messages, the *Electrical Review* of June, 17, 1898, says:—

“With the achievement of these striking results, one ought not to wait long before a practical application is made of the wireless telegraph.”

The successes of my various trials led me to desire some opportunity of testing the practical application of my system on a more extended scale. It is difficult with a new invention such as mine to convince the public, even after the most successful trials, that here is something that should and must be adopted. In a sense it must create a new field for itself, as well as threaten established rivals in old fields. Not only was I compelled to construct a satisfactory apparatus for telegraphing wirelessly, but I had to show by actual

tests some of the ways in which it could be utilised—all of which required much time and money.

I welcomed, therefore, the opportunity presented to me in July, 1898, of showing the practical serviceability of my new system in reporting the races of the Kingstown Regatta for the *Dublin Express*. One of my assistants fitted up a land station at Kingstown and another set up instruments on board the steamer *Flying Huntress*. During the progress of the race the *Flying Huntress* followed the course of the yachts and wireless messages were sent shoreward every ten or fifteen minutes. Several hundred bulletins were despatched and not a single message had to be repeated.

The land station was in a room at the rear of the residence of the Harbour-master. A wire from the instruments was carried to the top of a mast forty feet in height, on which was suspended a wire netting arrangement corresponding to that attached to the mast of the steamer. While the tug was running down to the Kish lightship the final preparations were made for receiving and transmitting messages. The test for finding whether the instruments were sensitive enough is a very simple one. The operator takes an ordinary electric bell, which he holds at some distance from the Morse indicator. He sends out from the battery of the bell a very tiny current, which is instantly responded to by a click, or by the sound of the bell on the indicator. This is of itself a very simple exhibition of wireless telegraphy.

At length all was in readiness, and the first message was received from the tug. The tape emerged with the familiar dots and dashes beautifully printed, ready to be translated for the reporter. As fast as the messages arrived they were telephoned to the office of the newspaper in Cork Hill. The operations were carried out with precision, and in a perfectly matter-of-fact manner.

"Is it an Irish characteristic," said a writer of the *Express*, who was a partner of the experiments, "or is it the common impulse of human nature, that when we find ourselves in command of a great force, by means of which stupendous results can be produced for the benefit of mankind, our first desire is to play tricks with it. No sooner were we alive to the extraordinary fact that it was possible, without connecting wires, to communicate with a station which was miles away and quite invisible to us, than we began to send silly messages, such as to request the man in charge of the Kingstown station to be sure to keep sober, and not to take too many "whiskey-and-sodas." Playing in this way with the great invention probably enabled us to realise better the means at our command than we should have done if the Mail boat, which passed us during the afternoon had gone aground on the Kish Bank, and we had been able to avert

most of all was the fact that by depressing a key at Kingstown it was possible to ring a bell on the *Flying Huntress* lying out in the neighbourhood of the Kish light. It is on the same principle that one is more impressed by seeing a steam-hammer crack a nut than by seeing it crush a ponderous mass of ore."

The following portion of the description of one of the races sent by wireless telegraphy, and published in the *Evening Mail* and *Daily Express*, may be of interest:

"10.55 The *Rainbow* having crossed the line before the gun was fired, was recalled, thereby losing $3\frac{1}{2}$ minutes.

"11.25. Time round Rosbeg buoy :—

	H.	M.	S.
<i>Ailsa</i>	10	54	0
<i>Bona</i>	10	54	30
<i>Isolde</i>	10	58	0
<i>Rainbow</i>	10	59	0
<i>Astrild</i>	10	59	45

"The *Ailsa* stayed, and went away on the port tack, as did also the *Astrild*. After going a short distance, the *Bona* also stayed, following the example of the other two, the *Rainbow* and the *Isolde* standing in under Howth.

"11.17. The *Rainbow* and the *Isolde* are still standing on the port tack, getting a nice breeze, the *Isolde* being well to weather, the *Ailsa* and *Bona* having gone about on the same tack. *Astrild* stood to southwards to get the first of the ebb tide, and is now heading for the ship."

The race reports were entirely satisfactory in every respect, a large number of bulletins being sent, so that the race news was issued by the *Express* much earlier than it could have been in any other way. The *Flying Huntress* was constantly in motion, of course, but this made no difference in the legibility of messages. The distances crossed were small, from five to ten miles.

ON THE ROYAL YACHT.

About this time the Prince of Wales, then stopping with Lord Rothschild, had the misfortune to injure his knee most severely, so that he was confined to the Royal yacht *Osborne* in Cowes Bay. The Prince had already expressed his interest in wireless telegraphy, and when the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland asked if communication between the Royal yacht and Osborne House, Isle of Wight, could be established, I told him I would be delighted to make the necessary installations. We were not long in putting up our stations, and once up there was no hitch in the working either way.

The first telegram sent was :—

"The Prince of Wales sends his love to the Queen, and hopes she is none the worse for being on board yesterday."

More than 150 messages were sent in the sixteen days I was on the

Royal yacht, many of great length. Every morning a bulletin was sent to the Queen, of which the following is a sample :—

“ From Dr. Fripp to Sir James Reid.

“ August 4th.

“ H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has passed another excellent night and is in very good spirits and health. The knee is most satisfactory.”

“ August 5th.

“ From Dr. Fripp to Sir James Reid.

“ H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has passed another excellent night, and the knee is in good condition.”

The instruments on the yacht were operated and observed with great interest by the various distinguished persons aboard, notably the Duke of York, the Princess Louise, and the Prince of Wales himself. What seemed to amaze them above all was that the sending could go on just the same while the yacht was in rapid motion. The following message was sent on August 12th by the Prince of Wales while the yacht was steaming at a good rate off Bembridge, seven or eight miles from Osborne :—

“ To the Duke of Connaught.

“ Will be pleased to see you on board this afternoon when the *Osborne* returns.”

The *Electrical Review*, August 19th, 1898, gives some particulars as to the methods employed :

“ The height of the mast on shore was 105 feet, and that of the top of the wire from the deck of the *Osborne* was 83 feet. The yacht was moored in Cowes Bay, at a distance of nearly two miles from Osborne House, the two positions not being in sight of one another, as they were intercepted by a hill to the rear of East Cowes, which would have rendered signalling impossible between these two stations by means of any optical system. The messages varied in length, some having as many as 100 to 150 words, which is tantamount to a decent letter. Mr. Marconi's assistants were on duty from 9 a.m. until 7.30 p.m. without intermission during the whole period. Towards the end of the time, on the 10th inst., the yacht went on a cruise towards Sandown, and the messages were received correctly close off the *Nab* lightship, which is moored off Bembridge. On the way there, when under steam, a lengthy message was received by the Prince from the Duke of Connaught, and the reply was successfully despatched, though well out of sight of Cowes and Osborne. On the 12th inst. the yacht cruised as far as the Needles, or rather outside, and went on until the instruments picked up Alum Bay station—the Needles Hotel—continuing in communication with them all the way, perfect messages being passed to and from. Communications were kept up throughout the cruise with either the Osborne station or the Wireless Telegraph Company's station at Alum Bay. During the whole of the cruise the Osborne pole was obscured, and all the messages had to pass over land, and the Alum Bay pole was also obscured until coming right into the bay, on account of the station being situated very much below Heatherwood. The messages were sent to Alum Bay from a distance of nearly $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles, although the ground lying between was exceedingly high; in fact, it was about the

highest land met with during the time. It was so high that the poles were screened by hundreds of feet.

"The Prince of Wales and other Royalties gave expression to Mr. Marconi of their high appreciation of his system, and their astonishment at the perfection to which it had been brought. The Prince presented Mr. Marconi with a souvenir in the shape of a very handsome scarfpin, and wished him every success with his interesting invention."

One of the first and most commonly suggested uses for wireless telegraphy was for connecting lightships and lighthouses lying off shore on dangerous rocks or shoals with land stations. The year 1898 was to see the first installation of this nature, between the East Goodwin lightship, located over one of the most dangerous shoals on the British coast, and the South Foreland lighthouse, twelve miles distant. Communication was first established on Christmas eve, 1898, just about four years after my first experiments in wireless telegraphy were made in Italy, and the apparatus had remained in active and successful operation for nearly two years.

The Deputy-Master of Trinity House has publicly stated that there was never a hitch from the start, and that he could endorse every word I said in my lecture before the Institute of Electrical Engineers (March, 1899) regarding the practicability of the apparatus.

The Prince of Wales, as President of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution of Great Britain, expressed himself to the same effect, and said that at last a system had been found which would make navigation much safer and diminish the perils at sea.

Indeed, the apparatus had not long been installed before its value was shown most conclusively by the saving of the lightship herself. She was run down at four o'clock on the morning of March 3rd, 1899, by the steamer *R. F. Matthews*, outward bound from London. The wireless telegraphy operator hurriedly called up South Foreland lighthouse, said that the lightship had been run into and was leaking. Lifeboats were sent out at once and the lightship was saved. Since then several other ships have gone upon the sands and assistance has been obtained by means of wireless telegraphy, the operators telegraphing ashore in each case.

The success of the installation between the East Goodwin lightship, and the South Foreland lighthouse awakened great interest, and the public began to see the practical uses to which the system might be put.

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE.

My first American tests were made during the International Yacht Races in 1899. Shortly after the Kingstown Regatta, the *New York Herald* arranged with me to report by wireless telegraphy the yacht races between the *Shamrock* and the *Columbia*, which took place in New York Bay in October, 1898. There was nothing

different, so far as my methods were concerned, in this work, from what had been accomplished long before, but the subject is worthy of mention in a chronology of the system because of the interest manifested in the trials by the American people. With three assistants, Mr. Bradfield, Mr. Densham, and Mr. Richard, I arrived in New York on September 29th, and on the following day was joined by another assistant, Mr. W. Bowden, who had been conducting experiments in Newfoundland, and had given demonstrations before the Houses of Parliament there. In a few days we had fitted up a land station at Navesink, near Atlantic Highlands, in New Jersey, and ship stations on the cable ship *Mackay Bennett*, and on the steamer *Ponce*. The *Ponce* followed the course of the racing yachts and sent frequent bulletins to the shore station whence they were cabled to all the principal cities of the United States, and to the cable ship, whence they were cabled to London, Paris and other points in the East.

The suspended wires were about 150 feet high in all cases and the distances through which the messages were sent varied from five to twenty miles. The instruments were located in the chart rooms of the ships, and messages were sent at intervals of not more than fifteen minutes. Naturally the many failures of the yachts to reach decisive results were disappointing, but in every case, in spite of storm or fog, the messages I sent were accurate and much in advance of all other means of transmitting the news.

One of the interesting, perhaps amusing, facts connected with my work in America was the diversion caused by rival claimants for wireless telegraphy honours. They believed, and wanted others to believe, that I was receiving credit that belonged to them, which is a not unusual claim in connection with any successful invention.

I am grateful to the *Scientific American* for this expression regarding my work :—

"Whatever may be the merits of this controversy, we are satisfied that it would be as easy to sweep back the tide with a broom as to prevent the system of telegraphy which has just done such good work off New York Harbour and with the English Fleet from becoming for ever identified with the name of the man who first brought wireless telegraphy to a practical and useful consummation."

Before the races began we went over the course carefully, and the first day's trial showed me that nothing could prevent the correct working of the apparatus. From the start down the Bay messages were flashed back and forth with unvarying accuracy, in spite of intervening objects. Many private messages were sent to be forwarded to Washington, or to be cabled to Europe; engagements were made for dinner in New York that evening, and so on.

At the close of the trial cruise, which reached an extreme distance of twenty-two miles, my assistant, Mr. Bradfield, telegraphed :

"Everything has gone off first rate all day. Signals could not have been better if we had been connected with you by wire."

The work of reporting went on regularly during the races, over 1,000 words being transmitted daily. It acquainted the American people with my purpose, and the possibilities of my invention. I was much gratified at the generous treatment accorded me by the American people.

UNITED STATES NAVY TRIALS.

Immediately following the yacht races I was requested to make some experiments for the United States Navy. The cruiser *New York*, and the battleship *Massachusetts*, were arranged for the demonstrations. The commission in charge of the test consisted of Lieut.-Commander J. T. Newton, Lieut. John B. Blish, and Lieut. F. G. Hill. Lieut.-Commander Newton was with me on board the *New York*, and directed the experiments required by the Navy Department. Lieut. Hill was on the *Massachusetts*, and Lieut. Blish was at the Highlands of Navesink, where a wireless telegraphy apparatus was rigged for the purpose of interrupting the messages.

Curiously enough, one of the first requests of the officers was for official proof that the system could be operated for short distances, and two or three days were spent in the East River signalling a few hundred feet. In view of the fact that three navies of Europe had used the systems at distances varying from twelve to eighty miles, the following comment from the *New York Times* is not without point:

"... Is there not something a little provocative of smiles in the 'tests' of wireless telegraphy now making by the Navy Department? It was so very well known to all who have paid the slightest attention to the operation of Signor Marconi that much more can be accomplished by the aid of his device than was attempted in Thursday's experiments! To send signals and messages between warships anchored a few hundred feet apart is a task vastly easier than others which he performed with complete success months and months ago, and surely our naval officials should not need to enter the primer class in this method of communication. There was a trace of deserved sarcasm in the inventor's tone when he said that the telegraphing done on this occasion was a trial of the operators' skill, not of the system. The curious slowness of the Government in taking up new ideas and new implements has often had expensive consequences, and more than once it has had tragical ones, as in the case of smokeless powder and high-power rifles. At present, apparently, they are tempting the laughter of foreigners by treating as novel things that have long been matters of common talk among amateur and professional scientists alike."

However, under direction of Rear-Admiral Farquhar, the ships proceeded out to sea a few days later, and very satisfactory results were attained up to thirty-six miles, the longest distance attempted.

The apparatus on the *New York* consisted of a vertical wire attached to a wooden mast and sprit fastened to the mainmast of the cruiser. The wire, at an acute angle with the mast, extended from the top of the sprit to the after gunroom of the warship, just over the propeller on the gun deck, where it was attached to the telegraphing apparatus. The *Massachusetts* was fitted with a similar contrivance. At the Highlands of Navesink a 150-foot mast was erected, and a vertical wire and electrical attachment of the same kind used by the warships was set up. The electricity used for sending the wireless telegraph messages was furnished by a relay of dry-cell batteries specially prepared for the purpose. Each one of the telegraph instruments was equipped with a Morse ink-writer, so that the messages received were recorded on ordinary tape in the Morse code. At a point about five miles off the Highlands of Navesink, the *New York* anchored, while the *Massachusetts* manœuvred about the flagship.

The first few messages sent back and forth between the two warships consisted of orders to the *Massachusetts* as to the rate at which she was to keep under way, and questions as to the distance she had covered. Then a long despatch was sent from the *New York* to the *Massachusetts*, with the instruction that it be repeated to the sender word for word. This message was sent and repeated without an error. Then messages were sent to the *Massachusetts* and to Navesink ordering the operators there to send messages simultaneously to the *New York*.

The purpose of this order was to have Navesink interrupt the message from the *Massachusetts* to the *New York*. This interference test was in every way successful, with the result that the two messages sent at the same time were jumbled into utter confusion. The dots recorded on the tape of the ink-writer were indiscriminately ticked off and absolutely unintelligible.

The messages between the two warships at intervals of ten minutes, with interruptions from Navesink at longer intervals, were kept up until the *Massachusetts* was thirty-six nautical miles from the *New York*, and then the battleship put about and came back.

Two days later further tests were made. Among the messages received by the *New York* there came suddenly a despatch from the *Massachusetts* reading: "Man overboard." The message was given to Captain Chadwick, and a cutter was lowered from the *New York*. Ten minutes had elapsed from the time the wireless message was received before the same news was conveyed to the flagship by the wig-wag man on the bridge of the *Massachusetts*. Before the cutter had even been lowered from the *New York* to put out for the man who had fallen overboard from the *Massachusetts*, another wireless message was received saying that the man had a buoy and was safe.

Before beginning the test for the United States Navy Department, I sent the following letter to the Commission appointed to make the tests:—

"To the Board appointed by the United States Navy Department to report on the trials of Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy: •

"GENTLEMEN: With reference to the tests of my system which are now being carried out under your supervision, I wish to state:

"First—That the installation fitted up at the Navesink Highlands lighthouse has been installed to meet the wish expressed by various members of your Board in order to facilitate their investigations, but I want it to be understood that the instruments now at the station are not as efficient (being of an earlier type and intended for short-distance demonstrations) as those installed on the *New York* and *Massachusetts*, and results obtained at that station cannot be taken as a test of the system in its present state.

"Second—Having consulted with my partners, I regret to be unable to give a demonstration of the devices I use for preventing interference, and of the system employed for tuning syntonizing instruments. The reasons why I cannot give such demonstrations are:

"(a) The means employed are not yet completely patented and protected.

"(b) Insufficient material and instruments here with me to give full demonstration.

"(c) No detailed information from the United States Navy Department was received by my company prior to my departure from England as to the extent of the demonstrations required.

"Since I last had the pleasure of meeting you, I have received advices from England to the effect that the British Government has decided to make use of my system in the present South African war and also on the fleet. This necessitates my Company supplying to the British Government a large number of instruments and expert assistants, and also further necessitates my early return to Europe. I shall therefore be unable to continue the tests for the United States Navy Department after Wednesday.

"I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

"G. MARCONI."

The report of the United States Navy Commission concerning wireless telegraphy trials is here given:—

"We respectfully submit the following findings as the result of our investigation of the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy: It is well adapted for use in squadron signalling under conditions of rain, fog, darkness, and motion of speed. Wind, rain, fog, and other conditions of weather do not affect the transmission through space, but dampness may reduce the range, rapidity and accuracy by impairing the insulation of the aerial wire and the instruments. Darkness has no effect. We have no data as to the effects of rolling and pitching, but excessive vibration at high speed apparently produced no bad effect on the instruments, and we believe the working of the system would be very little affected by the motion of the ship. The accuracy is good within the working ranges. Cipher and important signals may be repeated back to the sending station, if necessary, to insure absolute accuracy. When ships are close together (less than 400 yards) adjustments, easily made, of the instruments are necessary. The greatest distance that messages were exchanged with the station at Navesink was 16.5 miles. This distance was exceeded considerably during the yacht races, when a more

efficient set of instruments was installed there. The best location of instruments would be below, well protected, in easy communication with the commanding officer. The spark of the sending coil or of a considerable leak, due to faulty incitation of the sending wire, would be sufficient to ignite an inflammable mixture of gas or other easily-lighted matter, but with direct lead (through air space, if possible) and the high insulation necessary for good work, no danger of fire need be apprehended. When two transmitters are sending at the same time, all the receiving wire within range receives the impulses from the transmitters, and the tapes, although unreadable, show unmistakably that such double sending is taking place. In every case, under a great number of varied conditions, the attempted interference was complete. Mr. Marconi, although he stated to the Board before these attempts were made that he could prevent interference, never explained how or made any attempt to demonstrate that it could be done. Between large ships (height of masts 130 feet and 140 feet) and a torpedo boat (height of mast 45 feet), across open water, signals can be read up to seven miles on the torpedo boat and eighty-five miles on the ship.

"Communication might be interrupted altogether when tall buildings of iron framing intervene. The rapidity is not greater than twelve words per minute for skilled operators. The shock from the sending coil of wire may be quite severe and even dangerous to a person with a weak heart. No fatal accidents have been recorded. The liability to accident from lightning has not been ascertained. The sending apparatus and wire would injuriously affect the compass if placed near it. The exact distance is not known, and should be determined by experiment. The system is adapted for use on all vessels of the Navy, including torpedo boats and small vessels, as patrols, scouts and despatch boats, but it is impracticable in a small boat. For landing parties the only feasible method of use would be to erect a pole on shore and then communicate with the ship. The system could be adapted to the telegraphic determination of differences of longitude in surveying. The Board respectfully recommends that the system be given a trial in the Navy."

The call from England was now imperative. Already six of my assistants with full equipment of instruments had started for the Transvaal, and there seemed a probability that more would be called upon. I was, therefore, obliged to stop the work for the United States Navy and also the negotiations with the Signal Service Corps under General Greeley. On the eve of my departure the Navy Commission expressed great satisfaction over the results.

FURTHER PROOFS OF PRACTICABILITY.

While I was in New York, the British Association for the Advancement of Science met at Dover, the French at Boulogne and the Italian at Como. Under the direction of my good friend and adviser, Professor Fleming of University College, London, my system was used in a demonstration before the English and French bodies, and frequent messages were sent across the Channel from one to the other. On the Centenary of the day when Volta's great discovery of the electric current became known to the world, messages of congratulation were sent by the English Association through the ether to the French scientists, thence on to the Italian body by land wires.

Again, a most convincing proof of practicability was given on the afternoon of November 15, 1899, on board the *St. Paul*, in which I was returning to England. I had notified my Company in London that I would communicate with our stations at Alam Bay and The Haven from the incoming steamer. Because of the hurried orders to South Africa, these two land stations had been dismantled and the instruments taken to London, but the day before my arrival Major Flood-Page and Mr. H. Jameson Davis, with assistants, rigged up the stations and awaited signals from me. On the ship we waited until the morning of the 15th, and then secured our vertical wire to a sprit fastened to the mainmast and set up our instruments in the smoking room. It was while we were still sixty miles from Southampton that we received the signals. Within another hour, still over forty miles away, we had received their "Is that you, *St. Paul*?" and then "Hurrah, welcome home, where are you?" Then came war news, four hours before we landed, and we sent telegrams ashore for officers and passengers of the ship. The enthusiasm of all those aboard led to the publication of a paper, which was sold for a dollar a copy for the benefit of the Seamen's Fund, for which \$150 were raised.

G. MARCONI.

THE OCEAN TRUST AND NATIONAL POLICY.

To grasp the real nature of the Shipping Trust it is necessary to fasten upon the vital importance of the distinction, which has been shirked or misstated by every apologist of the Combine. The British lines have been acquired. The German lines have not. Mr. Pierpont Morgan attempted to buy up the Hamburg and Bremen fleets and failed. His success in absorbing the Liverpool companies was complete. As a second best, the great strategist of finance was compelled to compromise with Herr Ballin and to concede to the German negotiators the monopoly of their own ports and the absolute security of their trade and flag for twenty years. This is alliance. What has happened to the British tonnage taken over by the Navigation Syndicate is annexation. At a very short remove the White Star, the Dominion and the American lines have shared the fate of the Leyland line. Or in other words over half a million tons of British shipping have been transferred within twelve months to trans-Atlantic control. Henceforth these vessels, including many of the finest ships in the whole merchant marine of the Empire, will fly the flag on sufferance.

The significance of the contrast between the sale of the British Companies and the contract with the German lines needs no demonstration. It leaps to the eyes. No business reasons, not of a humiliating kind, can be advanced to justify the sale of the British ships, and to explain at the same time how the German boats have been able to maintain their national independence. Equally no patriotic motive could explain the refusal of the great Hamburg and Bremen Companies to sell outright to Mr. Morgan which ought not to have applied with immeasurably more force to the British Companies.

To urge that the loss of about one-fifteenth of our steam-tonnage hardly affects a vast total is in this case like pretending that skimming the milk-pan makes no difference to the milk.

Three theories of the Trust may be held. We may accept the assurances of its advocates that it was inevitable and will not be injurious. We may regard it from the fatalistic point of view as both inevitable and injurious. Or we may believe that it must be injurious but was not inevitable. It is obvious that the latter point is the crux of the argument.

Before the formation of the Shipping Trust there was one sphere of commerce, and only one, in which the permanent preponderance of British trade seemed to be naturally guaranteed by unique conditions. There is not a single branch of manufacturing produc-

tion in which we have anything in the remotest degree resembling a monopoly of material or ability. German exports have gained upon our own hand over hand, until they stand at the present moment to the volume of British in the proportion of six to seven—a fact which, in spite of all the efforts of the persons who used to be called alarmists, is seldom realised in its broad simplicity. By America we have already been fairly passed in the production of coal, the make of steel, and the volume of exports. The factories of the Southern States are consuming more and more of their own cotton, and nothing can prevent them from becoming the greater Lancashire. With regard to manufacturing productions and general export trade, therefore, it has been clear for some time that it will require a more strenuous spirit than we have yet shown, a better educational system than we have yet attempted to create, a more concentrated organisation of private enterprise and capital than we have yet possessed, and a more vigorous and definite action of the State than we have yet seen, to ensure for so long as twenty years *our retention of the second place* in machine industry and export trade.

But with British shipping the case seemed fundamentally better. Alone among nations we have parted for all main purposes with our agriculture. The exchange of manufactures for food, which is an internal process in other countries, figures predominantly with us in the statistics of our foreign trade. The real explanation of the disproportionate bulk of our imports is that we must obtain from without the agricultural supplies which all other great states still obtain chiefly or exclusively from within. Whatever may be the ultimate effect upon the strength, confidence, and safety of the nation, there was this to be said, that the stupendous mass of our imports appeared to be the obvious mainstay of our shipping and of our mercantile supremacy. The volume of our inward trade is more than three times that of the United States (£522,000,000 against £171,000,000) and nearly twice that of Germany (£298,000,000). For many reasons it will be impossible for either America or Germany ever to rival us in that particular. The extent, therefore, of our inward shipments seemed the one vital security for our maritime predominance, and therefore for the maintenance of the Empire.

The amazing argument upon which the formation of the Ocean Trust has been chiefly defended, strikes at the very root of this principle. We are now assured by Mr. Pirrie and his friends that four-fifths of the freights in the North Atlantic are controlled by the American railways, and that the British Companies had to submit to be absorbed or lose their traffic. In other words, because we purchase over forty per cent. of all American exports, admit her goods to our markets free, and hold the prosperity of her trade in the very hollow of our hand, we are to be told that the United States will refuse to

sell to her greatest customer unless she is allowed to monopolize, not only the profits of production but the profits of carriage also. If it is to be admitted that we must pay traffic toll to America for the favour of being allowed to buy half the total exports of a country which shuts out ours, then the relations of trade between the two peoples will have become finally insupportable. The loss of our home agriculture would be economically fatal if we were deprived of the profits of freight upon the foreign agriculture we consume. If we were not to be the carriers of our imports, one of the main sources which has hitherto enabled us to pay for them would be gone, and our maintenance for half a century of a Free Trade system in a Protectionist world would be revealed as perhaps the most appalling fallacy to which a nation ever succumbed.

There is, of course, another side to these considerations. America, it will be said, like every other country, naturally desires to carry her own products in her own bottoms. If every nation is to ship its outward trade in its own vessels there would be no such thing as return freights for the merchant marine of any nation. The country which commands the carriage one way must command it both ways. We are bound to urge a contention precisely the opposite of that which appeals at first blush to the popular mind in America. We must fight, above all, for carrying our own purchases in our own bottoms, and upon our success in maintaining that point must depend the continuance of our mercantile supremacy, and that of the Imperial system of which our ocean shipping is the real nexus. Even America cannot have her argument all ways. She could never hope to sell nearly half her goods in an open market, to raise at the same time an enormous revenue from a Protectionist system, and to use that revenue for the purpose of subsidising ocean services with which to capture the profits of carriage, hitherto the one perquisite compensating her great free trade customer for the remainder of the arrangement. In spite of the argument as to the trans-Atlantic command of freight by which the advocates and minimisers of the Shipping Trust have been bluffed, the Morgan-Pirie Combine was not inevitable. It was preventible, and should have been prevented.

The position of the subsidised cruisers is in itself an entirely minor question. Exaggeration of its importance has unfortunately distracted attention from the true issue. The significance of the whole deal will be missed, as it is intended that it should be missed, if we are induced to believe that the organisation of the Navigation Syndicate has been dictated by purely shipping considerations. Behind the Ocean Trust are the railway interests, though whether these are as comprehensive and omnipotent as we are asked to believe may be doubted. Behind the railway interests is the Steel Trust. There we have the real origin of the whole strategical

schema. For English purposes the most instructive of the interviews with the President of the Billion Dollar Combine has been given, not to any English journalist, but to the New York representative of the *Koelnische Zeitung*. Two months ago there appeared in the great Rhenish journal an article from which we may translate the following very luminous extract:—

"GERMAN JOURNALIST. What, if I may use the phrase, is the foreign policy of the Steel Trust? I am told that its directors intend to conduct it in a rather conservative sense, and to devote themselves above all to the home demand.

"MR. SCHWAB. That doesn't hinder our determination to market our surplus in Europe and the non-American countries generally. England cannot compete with us in cheapness of production. In view of the ease with which the tariff could be put up in France, there is not much to be done there, and as little in Austria.

"GERMAN JOURNALIST. And Germany?

"MR. SCHWAB. Perhaps you will know how to protect yourselves. I don't say that we shall succeed in capturing your home consumption, but we shall cut off your entire export, first in the Far East, then in other parts.

"GERMAN JOURNALIST. But you appear to reckon with especial confidence upon England. May I ask whether the Morganising of whole steamship lines is meant to facilitate these far-reaching plans of yours?

"MR. SCHWAB. They are in that connection.

"GERMAN JOURNALIST. Has Morgan succeeded, as has been rumoured in the last few days, in buying up the great White Star Line?

"But here Mr. Schwab, opening his lips as if on the point of replying as briskly to this question as to the rest, checked himself and said, That is not my concern. You had better ask Mr. Morgan himself.

"GERMAN JOURNALIST. Nevertheless, it is generally maintained here in New York that upon the one hand the prosperous business situation of America, and certain reasons on the other hand, make it advisable that the Trust should give its attention above all to the home market.

"MR. SCHWAB. It is correct that the strength of the internal demand does not let us think of exports at present. But that is merely temporary. Worse times must follow as a matter of natural necessity."

So much for Mr. Pirrie's "community of interests." The shipping lines in the Ocean Syndicate are the tentacles of the Trusts. There is as much "community of interest" between this form of American competition and our own commercial future as exists between the octopus and the object of its embraces. Nothing but the temporary boom which keeps America fully engaged for the present in supplying her home demand, has made it possible that the Shipping Combine should be generally discussed in this country as a thing apart instead of as what it is, a weapon in the grasp of the American trust-system as a whole. The over-capitalisation of the Steel Trust represents an enormous risk. To provide against the contingencies of the period of commercial depression, which must come, as Mr. Schwab says, by natural necessity sooner or

(1) The interview took place in the middle of last March.

(2) *Koelnische Zeitung*, April 1, 1902.

later, it was indispensable that Mr. Morgan should bring into his system the through-lines of traffic round the globe which are now the great ambition of the American mind. If the cheaper cost of production in the United States can be supplemented by cheaper delivery abroad, then the Steel Trust will be well equipped for the task of trying to "cut off the entire export" of British and German iron-industries in the lean years, when we shall realise what American competition is to mean as we have never done before. The Navigation Syndicate is not meant to be confined to the North Atlantic. It is well known that the Steel Trust fixes its confident hope upon the Australian and South African markets. The acquisition of the White Star Line provides Mr. Morgan with an Australian and South African service. We are urged to fear not, and to trust in the tramp steamer. The great advantage of tramp steamers is that they can follow the trade. The Americans have made efficient preparations to take the trade. If the Trusts, combining all their advantages, can quote a cheaper price delivered at South African or Australian or other ports than we can, the trade that the tramp steamers will follow will be, of course, American.

There has been the inevitable pretence of defending Mr. Morgan in the name of sober reason against foolish persons who suspect him of iniquitous political designs upon the British Empire. To suppose that he has been animated by feelings of hostility towards England would be ludicrous. But it would be still more inept to suppose that commercial triumphs over the old island are in themselves disagreeable, or other than pleasing to Americans. Injury to our commercial position will necessarily become sooner or later a main object with those who direct the Steel Trust and will direct the Shipping Trust. We are so situated that injury to our commercial position must mean injury to our political position. From this point of view the popular prejudice against the present transaction is infinitely sounder than the mock-indignant repudiation of melodramatic conspiracies on the part of Mr. W. J. Pirrie and his supporters. Nor must we lose sight of the fact that what we are discussing is not the insertion of the thin end of the wedge, but a blow driving up to the middle a wedge already inserted.

The purchase of the Leyland line enabled Mr. Morgan to bring pressure to bear upon the companies he has since absorbed. As the next step he must desire to bring in the Cunard, the Allan, and perhaps other lines. If he succeeds in that aim the control of the Atlantic will have passed to America, and nothing will be able to prevent the development of the process transferring mercantile predominance to the Stars and Stripes, depriving this country of one of the chief sources of its revenue, and reducing England within a couple of decades to the position of third commercial power.

At this point we reach the question of the retention of the flag upon ships which have ceased for all practical purposes to be British owned. Far too much attention has been attracted by the position of the subsidised cruisers, to the detriment of the more important and difficult aspects of the problem. The Admiralty, as Mr. Balfour remarked in the course of debate, would have time to take steps for providing other subsidised cruisers or for supplying the place of that class of vessels by additions to the regular Navy. The loss of ships like the *Teutonic* or *Majestic*, the *Lucania* and *Campania*, presents in reality the least serious and perplexing part of the matter. With respect to the manning of the fleet there is, of course, a very different issue involved, and we could not see our merchant marine deprived of a large part of its finest ocean services without suffering a profound injury to the conditions of our sea-power. Nothing that Mr. Pirrie and his friends can urge will convince the instinct of the ordinary Englishman that Americans controlling the Navigation Syndicate will not seek gradually or otherwise to substitute the Stars and Stripes for the Union Jack upon the vessels they have acquired or on those which in the regular order of wear and tear would naturally replace them.

In a recent return, Mr. Eugene Taylor, the United States Commissioner of Navigation, estimated that, including the Leyland line, there were already before the formation of the Ocean Trust 672,455 tons¹ of American-owned shipping under foreign flags. With the three Liverpool lines, newly absorbed, there will be a million tons of American shipping under foreign flags. The ensign flown by more than four-fifths of these vessels is the British. It is obvious that the state of American legislation which accounts for this anomaly will not long remain unaltered. As Mr. Eugene Chamberlain remarks: "This tonnage is too great to be long ignored in any project of legislation relating to the mercantile marine." Every unit of tonnage added will increase the force of that significant suggestion. The last has not been heard of the Subsidies Bill, and there is no reason why the million of tonnage under nominal flags should henceforth "be ignored in any project of legislation." The whole tendency of things will ensure the eventual transfer of American-owned ships to the American Register.

Among the strenuous reassurances which have been raised in this connection, there is one more unsophisticated than the rest. If Mr. Pierpont Morgan, it is urged, were actuated by any dangerous intentions towards the British flag, why should he not have bought out all the English shareholders in addition to buying in the English ships? Mr. Morgan is infinitely too shrewd a tactician to attempt a frontal assault of so crude a character. Any immediate action

(1) *Commercial Intelligence*, April 26, 1902.

obviously leading to the removal of the purchased ships from the British Register would have raised a storm of public opposition in which the whole scheme must have foundered. The author of the Shipping Trust knows as well as any man the necessity and value of a period of transition in his present enterprise. Above all, if the United States should pass a Subsidy Bill for ships launched in America, the vessels built under that measure will be protected from the formidable competition by which the British Merchant Marine would have met them had it remained free. Now unless far more energetic and decisive steps are taken, we shall fight against the development of American supremacy on the Atlantic with hands tied behind our backs. There is in short a sufficient certainty that if the nation could be induced by Mr. Pirrie's arguments to remain passive, and to accept this thing exactly as Mr. Pierpont Morgan for the moment wishes it to be accepted, in ten years time the finest passenger steamers and the largest freight fleets on the Atlantic will fly the American flag. And sea-power is single. It is not susceptible of division into geographical compartments. If we lose mercantile ascendancy in one ocean we shall lose it in all. America's immense lead in iron and steel has been won in twenty years. The brilliant expansion of German shipping is the story of a decade. Events march fast with trans-Atlantic driving power behind them. There has never been a single transaction of which it could be said with more certainty than of the Shipping Trust that it must mark, unless speedily neutralised, the turning-point in our commercial fortunes of three centuries.

But enough of the demonstration of the danger. No independent critic viewing the deal strictly from the outside really doubts the danger. Mr. Pirrie's agreement to build no British ships in the yards of Messrs. Harland and Wolff for the future (for this is what the exclusive contract with the Navigation Syndicate and the Hamburg-American line amounts to) shows to what extent he is entitled to be recognised as a representative of national interests. Henceforth what has hitherto been the greatest of British ship-building yards is at the sole disposal of the rivals of British shipping and becomes the Trojan horse of the attack upon our mercantile supremacy. The Belfast building agreement is simply meant to make as difficult as possible any effort on the part of English capitalists to fight the Trust.

The question which engages the inner mind of the whole country is whether the Trust can be fought and how.

There are three theories as to the methods by which the Combine may be broken or restricted. One class of critics suggests that as the result of enormous over-capitalisation the Trust must collapse by its own weight. Another opinion holds that it may be successfully

met by the efforts of British capital. The third argument contends that to trust to either of the former would be to rely upon a broken reed, and urges that there can be no adequate counterpoise to the power of the mammoth alliance of the Steel Corporation, the Railway Ring and the Shipping Combine, but the decisive intervention of the State on this side of the Atlantic. Let us compare these views.

Nothing has been so "Napoleonic" in Mr. Morgan's career as the apparent over-capitalisation of all his enterprises. To the outside estimate the Ocean Trust seems the most audaciously overloaded of all his creations. This is best illustrated by the following comparison. The two great German lines are by far the largest shipping companies in the world. Their tonnage is as follows :—

	Register tons.
Hamburg-Amerika Line	548,618
Norddeutscher-Lloyd	453,917
Total	<u>1,002,535</u>

The corresponding figures for the Navigation Syndicates are these :—

	Register tons.
White Star Line	213,245
Dominion Line	63,054
Leyland Line	239,293
Atlantic Transport Line	58,602
American Line	34,727
Red Star Line*	39,763
Total	<u>648,674</u>

So that the united tonnage of the German companies is more than 50 per cent. greater than that of the Trust, and probably exceeds it in average quality. Yet, while the capital of the former is only £14,000,000 sterling, that of Mr. Morgan's syndicate is £34,000,000. To the insular intelligence the dazzling topsy-turveydom of these figures is as incomprehensible as it is to the German mind. No one outside the confidence of the Billion Dollar Combine and the management of the grouped railways can be competent to give an opinion upon the objects or judgment of Mr. Morgan as respects the capitalisation of the Trust. We are told that he has bought at a price infinitely beyond its value a mass of tonnage which in ten years will be obsolete. It is suggested that his methods must lead to a financial crisis in America, bringing down the whole sky-scraping structure of Morganeering achievements with a stupendous crash. All this is very general speculation. It may be justified by events. It may prove an entirely superficial and mistaken view. In neither case can we abandon ourselves to the contemplative luxury of

possibly fallacious day-dreams. With its twenty millions sterling of profit last year, the collapse of the Steel Trust, in spite of all the academic demonstrations of its presumptive insolvency, seems a distant contingency. It is not wise to under-estimate opponents, even in the case of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. The better plan will be to make up our minds that he believes himself to see his way through this enterprise, and that there can be no safety except from our own counteraction.

Thus we are brought to the next point—whether effective counteraction on the private responsibility of British capital is feasible or likely. There can be little doubt that it is neither. We should all infinitely prefer the spirited solution of the problem by the unassisted energy of a triumphant Counter-Combine. But we must face all the facts. It would be in vain to deny that in the last decade British shipowners and shipbuilders alike have been forced to yield the palm of enterprise and science to their German rivals. German builders in at least one remarkable instance have secured by comparison with British ships of similar date and tonnage, the advantage in speed with equal horse-power by the superior lines of their design.¹ This has resulted from the application of scientific research to shipbuilding as to chemistry. With the experimental tank for shipmodels of the Norddeutscher Lloyd at Bremerhaven we have had nothing to compare. It is incontestable that in carrying off the Atlantic record the German companies have profited by the blow to our prestige. They have gained upon their general business, no matter how the account may have stood with the running of the record-breakers. They have attracted a larger and larger proportion of the best class of Atlantic passenger traffic. Not only so. The German steamers have secured the same ascendancy in the preference of travellers between this country and the Far East and even between England and Australia.

"The steamers of the North German Lloyd," remarked the British Consul-General at Yokohama in his report for 1900, "have undoubtedly become favourites with the travelling public, to the almost entire exclusion—one regrets to say—of the P. and O. service." We need not go further into a comparison distasteful in itself and distressing to pursue. We cannot suppose that the unaided private enterprise of British capital, which has been unable to hold its own against the German lines alone, is really likely to succeed against the German lines and the Navigation Syndicate together.

British competition must be backed, and decisively, by the State if it is to have the least chance against the Ocean Trust, backed by the

(1) *Campania* and *Lucania*, 18,000 tons displacement, 30,000 h.p., 22 knots speed. *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, 20,880 tons displacement, 30,000 h.p., 23 knots. (*Überall* 1901. No 8, p. 184.)

colossal strength of the Railway Ring and the Steel Corporation. In this question, as in every other, modern emergencies are revealing the deficiencies of our political organisation. Contrast the attitude of the German Government with that of the British in face of the same problem. *In Germany the Kaiser has been from the first his own Minister of Commerce. In Russia the most powerful subject of the Tsar is the Minister of Commerce. In England, which depends for the existence of its empire on its sea-borne trade, there is no minister of commerce. Upon the other side of the North Sea, upon the first rumours of Mr. Morgan's attempts to corner the Atlantic, the Kaiser acted with characteristic energy and effect. It is stated in Hamburg that the American organiser's original idea was a world-trust absorbing the German lines, and with Herr Ballin as manager, at a salary of a million dollars a year, and a position equal generally to that of Mr. Charles Schwab. In any case it is certain that the German Government succeeded in preventing the absorption of the German lines. They work with the Trust. They do not belong to it. Their monopoly of the carrying trade between America and German ports is guaranteed by the Trust for twenty years, while the Morgan Syndicate concentrates its parallel efforts towards transferring the trade between British and United States ports to American hands. Having been quite impotent to emulate the German Emperor for purposes of prevention, let us see what the British Government can attempt by way of cure.

(1). *Amendment of Shipping Legislation.*—The whole law of Merchant Shipping should be submitted to a strong Committee for revision. So far as Parliament can secure it, a complete equality of competitive conditions should be established between British and foreign vessels. The anomaly of the lighting dues should be abolished. There is no more reason why shipowners should be compelled to pay for the lighting of the coast than why a special toll should be levied upon omnibus companies for the lighting of London. In the same way the load-line regulations must be equally enforced in British ports, so as to prevent the practice of foreign ships leaving the country under a heavier cargo than British ships of the same tonnage are permitted to carry.

(2). *Improvement of Ports.*—In spite of the great schemes carried out upon the Mersey and the Tyne, the deepening of docks and harbours has not kept pace with the developments of the requirements of commerce, or the enterprise of the Continent. Here also a thoroughly able Minister of Commerce might do invaluable work in stimulating local waking-up. This is an extremely important subject, and for London probably a vital subject. But it hardly possesses the overshadowing significance that Mr. Pirrie recently attached to it in a speech of justification.

(3.) *Subsidies*.—It is evident that this is the problem which comes nearer to the root of the matter. It is one, no less, which demands the gravest consideration of the principles and extent of any action we may decide upon. The recent American Subsidies Bill would have made the sailing of empty steamers by American owners a profitable business. If it is the fact that the Ocean Trust has suppressed this measure, that would be a point in favour of the Morgan Syndicate. That the agitation in favour of subsidy legislation is permanently extinguished in the United States there is no reason to believe.¹ The probability is rather that Mr. Morgan reckons as much upon a future bounty system for ensuring the success of his shipping, as he relies upon the tariff for the security of the Steel Trust. If we once determine to adopt a subsidies system, we must be prepared to outbid even America, and America with her vast surpluses has a deep purse. Our policy can only be that which we adopted in the Sugar question. Either subsidies must be abolished all round, or we must countervail them. If the United States adopts a subsidy system, we must neutralise it as a matter of course. In the meantime it would be well to begin by counterpoising the grant of £280,000, which has enabled German shipping to secure the ascendancy in the Far East.

(4.) *Imperial Steamship Lines*.—We agree that we ought to pay for Imperial cable-communication. It is of immeasurably greater moment that we should control the chief lines of steamer-communication between the various parts of the Empire. The prestige of our merchant shipping as a whole, that is to say one of its principal assets, depends further upon the possession by this country of the best line of steamers to America. Without an Imperial guarantee, no Counter-Combine upon an adequate scale is likely to be formed. If an Imperial guarantee or subvention would form it, the aid ought to be given. In this matter at least we would have the financial assistance certainly of Canada in respect of a first-class trans-Atlantic service, and probably of the Australian Colonies, who have a common interest with Canada in the recovery by British shipping of the premier place in the Pacific. A new line of subsidised vessels making twenty-three or even twenty-four knots, running from Queens-town to Halifax in less than five days, would eventually play a very prominent part in the solution of the whole problem. The object of the State must be to stimulate enterprise rather than to provide shareholders with a gilt-edged security. An Imperial guarantee of a rate of interest would be less effective in encouraging the fullest development of effort than would be a regular subvention.

But the matter is not one which can be decided entirely by academic

(1) Later information suggests that the Subsidy Bill is not yet to be regarded as even temporarily suppressed.

considerations. The present emergency must force the hand of the Government in one sense or another. They are confronted, as seems evident from Mr. Gerald Balfour's statement in the House of Commons, with an immense difficulty. What is to be the fate of the Cunard Line and the Allan line? If they join their forces with the Trust then the situation will be one of a graver character than seems to be for one instant realised in the country generally. With the Cunard and the Allan lines the tonnage of the Trust would be nearly a million. That of the closely-connected Hamburg and Bremen fleets is, as has been already shown, something over a million. The Trust and the German lines would work together against any attempt at independent British competition, and the struggle, desperate in any case, would be hopeless unless backed by every resource of the State. This cannot be too plainly realised. As the nucleus of a Counter-Combine, the Cunard and the Allan line are almost indispensable, and if nothing but subsidies will keep them out of Mr. Morgan's hand we must subsidise at once. In that case British capital would back British enterprise to any extent required for the development of the Counter-Combine into the finest merchant fleet in the world. Anything like similar organisation would show the financial resources of this country to be greater as yet than those of the United States. But our investments are far more dispersed. We have financed the tramways and the gas companies of the Continent in seeking outlets for our savings abroad. America, with the instinct of the larger aim in every sphere of business, devotes her newly accumulated money to the capture of Liverpool shipping and the electrification of London transit.

In face of American competition, fortified by tariffs and trusts, and German competition, conscious of vigilant and unflinching State support, British capital needs to be assured of the true base of external enterprise—home security. So long as the trade of this country can be assailed at its base, while its rivals are more or less certain of their internal markets, the strategic conditions of commerce are absolutely unequal. Once English leaders of industry are sure of Government backing we may see what British enterprise can still do.

(5.) *The Revival of Navigation Laws.*—It has been shown that the North Atlantic and no other region must be the cockpit of the vital principles at stake. Unless we are to be the carriers of our enormous excess of imports, the fundamental condition of our mercantile supremacy is gone. But it is precisely the traffic of the North Atlantic which determines the disproportion between our exports and imports, and if the Americans are to get that part of our carrying trade into their hands they will have conquered the key of the position. It is therefore a genuinely life and death matter that we should resist Mr. Morgan's efforts from the outset. All the

remedies that have been discussed might or might not succeed. The only remedy that would be instantly and absolutely effective would be the revival of a modified form of the Navigation Laws. In consequence of Free Trade and the disappearance of our agriculture, we have become the greatest of the world's markets. We are the master-buyers in foreign trade. If America altogether ceased her purchases of less than twenty millions' worth of goods from us, the effect would be simply a degree worse than that of the McKinley Act. But if we ceased our purchases of American products to the amount of nearly 140 millions, the United States would be at once reduced to fourth or fifth place in the commerce of the world. The export traffic that comes over the American railways, and the revenue that these railways derive from it, are absolutely dependent upon one giant customer, the British consumer.

In the days when we were the world's only great exporters of manufactures, the old Navigation Laws had been reduced to a dead-letter by the extent to which we had been compelled to concede reciprocity. Now that we are the greatest market, to which other countries send their goods, our position is infinitely stronger. If we levy discriminating duties upon all imports brought in foreign bottoms the attempt of the United States to retaliate would be commercial suicide, since we take seven times as much of her products as she takes of ours.

So long as we remain the greatest consuming country, which we shall do as long as we keep our present revenue from ocean freights, the revival of Navigation Laws re-imposing differential duties upon imports in foreign bottoms will secure the retention of supremacy in the carrying trade to British shipping. In the long run there can be no other security. But the vital point, let it be repeated, is that the North Atlantic trade in food supplies is the key of our whole mercantile situation, and that Mr. Pierpont Morgan is attacking it now. No one needs to be reminded that the greatest admirer of the Navigation Laws was the father of Free Trade. Let us recall the famous passage from the *Wealth of Nations* in which Adam Smith stated the case again at issue with the close practical discrimination of which his later and more syllogistic disciples lost the secret:—

"To prohibit by a perpetual law the importation of foreign corn and cattle is in reality to enact that the population and industry of the country shall at no time exceed what the rude produce of its soil can maintain. There seem, however to be two cases in which it will generally be advantageous to lay some burthen upon foreign for the encouragement of domestic industry. The first is when some particular sort of industry is necessary for the defence of the country. The defence of Great Britain, for example, depends very much upon the number of its sailors and shipping. The Act of Navigation therefore very properly endeavours to give the sailors and shipping of Great Britain the monopoly of the trade of

(1) Excellent moderation.

their own country, in some cases by absolute prohibitions, in others by heavy burthens upon the shipping of foreign countries . . . It is not impossible that some of the regulations of this famous Act may have proceeded from national animosity. "They are as wise, however, as if they had all been dictated by the most deliberate wisdom . . . The Act of Navigation is perhaps the wisest of all the commercial regulations of England."

It is true that Adam Smith defended the Navigation Laws as a measure of political economy properly so called, and not as a measure of mercantile economy. "Defence," he said,—and how strangely the words have been forgotten by the vast majority of the politicians who are most accustomed to invoke the authority of the *Wealth of Nations*—"Defence is of much more importance than opulence." In face of the American phenomena of high protection, Billion Dollar Combines, Railway Rings and Ocean Trusts, all dependent one on the other, and creating when linked together an almost irresistible power, Adam Smith would hardly have denied a revival of the Navigation Laws to be the best security whether for defence or opulence. There, and there alone, the whole American system is vulnerable. An amendment of the present state of things with regard to registry would of course be indispensable at the outset. It is the clear intention of British law that ships mainly owned by aliens should not be allowed to fly the British flag, and it is evident that the clear intention of the law ought to receive a more specific expression upon the statute book. In one word, the power of the Navigation Laws to compel importation in British vessels can alone checkmate the power of the American railway ring to divert traffic in favour of other than British vessels, and a revival of "perhaps the wisest of all the commercial regulations of England" would smash the whole theory and process of Morganising at a single blow.

Until the approaching meeting of the shareholders of the Hamburg-Amerika Company, the precise details of the arrangement between the Trust and the German Companies will not be disclosed. They are unlikely to disprove Herr Ballin's assertion that the agreement he has concluded represents "the attainment of a great success."¹ There is no doubt an uneasy feeling among the German Companies that they have been thrown upon the defensive, after the brilliant expansion of the last decade. The Combine, if successful, must check the increase of their tonnage as surely as it will reduce our own. Mr. Morgan, in this respect, has taken a step which makes it more than ever certain that the German dream of naval supremacy is a vain thing. She could never obtain the command of the sea unless she could succeed in mastering, not one but both, the English-speaking Powers. This is a service, as far as it goes, to the Anglo-American ideal. In the same way no one wishes to rail against Mr. Morgan or to

(1) "Der Verlauf den die ganze Angelegenheit genommen hat, ist als ein grosser von den Deutschen Gesellschaften erzielter Erfolg anzusehen."

regard him with other feelings than those of the Emperor Francis Joseph, who listened silently to the courtiers vituperating Bismarck at the Hofburg, and then remarked, "Yes, but I only wish I had him." What we are bound to do, when we find Mr. Morgan attempting, from purely commercial motives, to cut the tap-root of our trading-greatness, is to meet him in the most friendly spirit and to beat him if we can. Whatever may be the ultimate effect of his designs, the present result is to secure the German Companies at least in the possession of their own carrying trade, and to force the alliance of our German rivals and our American competitors in the scheme for transferring our Atlantic carrying trade to American hands.

A sea-fed nation deprived of the commercial sea-power from which alone naval sea-power proceeds, must mean an Empire on sufferance. Only one consideration could make a policy of *laissez-faire* conceivable. An arbitration treaty and a feeding-alliance with America, by which she would undertake to keep up her supplies of wheat and meat in time of war, might induce us to leave the fate of our carrying trade in the Atlantic to the chances of open competition. But American friendship, though rising, is still far from the temperature which would make any such adjustment possible. In the meantime, we must defend every inch of our position in the world's carrying trade by the exertion of our utmost energies and by the use of every means at our disposal. Vast as is our superiority in tonnage, it is no more complete than was our supremacy in the manufacture of iron and steel less than a generation ago. If the Ocean Trust succeeds in the idea of "cutting off our exports," as Mr. Schwab puts it, and impounding all the profit upon our imports, then the obvious likelihood is that our maritime supremacy will have disappeared within two decades.

Free Trade is as much more excellent than Protection as peace is more excellent than war. But we cannot meet Maxims guns by maxims of morality. If American railway rings, as we are assured by Mr. Pirrie and his apologists, can monopolise and manipulate the freight so as to make the independent existence of British shipping companies impossible on Free Trade conditions, we must change the conditions. The cure for the Navigation Syndicate, lies in the Navigation Laws. But Adam Smith would not have regarded them as genuinely protectionist. A Zollverein, for instance, would restrict exchange. Navigation Laws would make British ships precisely what they would be under universal Free Trade conditions, the cheapest medium of exchange. For the rest, there is no greater political ideal in the world than that of Anglo-American friendship. We shall promote it far better by a healthy assertion of our own vigour and resource than by a spirit of maudlin resignation.

CALCHAS.

RODIN.

I

THE art of Rodin competes with nature rather than with the art of other sculptors. Other sculptors turn life into sculpture, he turns sculpture into life. His clay is part of the substance of the earth, and the earth still clings about it as it comes up and lives. It is at once the flower and the root; that of others is the flower only, and the plucked flower. That link with the earth, which we find in the unhewn masses of rock from which his finest creations of pure form can never quite free themselves, is the secret of his deepest force. It links his creations to nature's, in a single fashion of growth.

Rodin is a visionary, to whom art has no meaning apart from truth. His first care is to assure you, as you penetrate into that bewildering world which lies about him in his studios, that every movement arrested in those figures, all in violent action, is taken straight from nature. It is not copied, as you or I would see it; it is re-created, as he sees it. How then does he see nature? To Rodin everything that lives is beautiful, merely because it lives, and everything is equally beautiful.

Rodin believes, not as a mystic, but as a mathematician, I might almost say, in that doctrine of "correspondences" which lies at the root of most of the mystical teaching. He spies upon every gesture, knowing that if he can seize one gesture at the turn of the wave, he has seized an essential rhythm of nature. When a woman combs her hair, he will say to you, she thinks she is only combing her hair: no, she is making a gesture which flows into the eternal rhythm, which is beautiful because it lives, because it is part of that geometrical plan which nature is always weaving for us. Change the gesture as it is, give it your own conception of abstract beauty, depart ever so little from the mere truth of the movement, and the rhythm is broken, what was living is dead.

We speak of the rhythm of nature. What is it, precisely, that we mean? Rhythm, precisely, is a balance, a means of preserving equilibrium in moving bodies. The human body possesses so much volume, it has to maintain its equilibrium; if you displace its contents here, they shift there: the balance is regained by an instinctive movement of self-preservation. Thus what we call harmony is really utility, and, as always, beauty is seen to be a necessary thing, the exquisite growth of a need.

And this rhythm runs through all nature, producing every grace

and justifying every apparent defect. The same swing and balance of forces make the hump on a dwarf's back and the mountain in the lap of a plain. One is not more beautiful than the other, if you will take each thing simply, in its own place. And that apparent ugliness of the average, even, has its place, does not require the heightening energy of excess to make it beautiful. It, too, has the beauty of life.

There was a time, Rodin will tell you, when he sought for beautiful models; when he found himself disappointed, dissatisfied, before some body whose proportions did not please him. He would go on working merely because the model was there; and, after two hours' work, discover suddenly the beauty of this living thing which was turning into a new kind of life under his fingers. Why choose any longer? why reject this always faultless material? He has come to trust nature so implicitly that he will never pose a model, leaving nature to find its own way of doing what he wants of it. All depends on the way of seeing, on the seizure of the perfect moment, on the art of rendering, in the sculptor's relief, "the instant made eternity."

Rodin was studying drawing, with no idea but of being a draughtsman, when the idea of modelling in clay came to him. He had been drawing the model from different points of view, as the pivot turned, presenting now this and now that profile. It occurred to him to apply this principle to the clay, in which, by a swift, almost simultaneous, series of studies *after nature*, a single figure might be built up which would seem to be wholly alive, to move throughout its entire surface. From that time until now, he has taken one profile after another, each separately, and all together, turning his work in all directions, looking upward at the model to get the arch and hollow of the eyebrows, for instance, looking down on the model, taking each angle, as if, for the time, no other existed, and pursuing the outlines of nature with a movement as constant as her own. At the end, the thing is done, there is no need of even a final point of view, of an adjustment to some image of proportion: nature has been caught on the wing, enfolded by observation as the air enfolds the living form. If every part is right, the whole must be right.¹

(1) This method of work is very clearly defined by M. Camille Mauclair, almost in Rodin's own words, in an article on "La Technique de Rodin": "Il eut l'idée de ne point travailler à ses figures d'un seul côté à la fois, mais de tous ensemble, tournant autour constamment et faisant des dessins successifs à même le bloc, de tous les plans, modelant par un dessin simultané de toutes les silhouettes et les unissant sommairement de façon à obtenir avant tout un dessin de mouvement dans l'espace, sans s'occuper de l'harmonisation préconçue de son sujet. C'était obéir aux principes naturels de la statuairie faite pour être vue en plein air, c'est-à-dire la recherche du contour et de ce que les peintres appellent *le valeur*." (*Rodin et son Œuvre*. Edition de "La Plume." 1900.)

But, for the living representation of nature in movement, something more is needed than the exact copy. This is a certain deliberate exaggeration; not a correction, not a deviation, but a means of interpretation, the only means by which the softness and the energy of nature can be rendered in clay. It is a manner of expressing in clay what nature expresses with the infinite resources of its moving blood. "All art," said Mérimée, "is exaggeration *à propos*." It is on the perfection of this *à propos* that everything depends, and here Rodin's training as a draughtsman gives him his safety in freedom. He, who never measures his proportions, can rely implicitly on the exactitude of his eye, in preserving the proportion of every exaggeration.

When "l'Age d'Airain," the bronze which is now in the Luxembourg, was sent to the Salon of 1877, Rodin was accused by the hanging committee of having moulded it on a living model. He protested, there was an official inquiry, and the commissioners came to the conclusion that at least some parts of the body had been thus moulded. It was not until three years later that the charge was finally disproved and officially withdrawn; the statue was again exhibited at the Salon, a medal of the third class awarded to it, and it was afterwards bought by the State. The story is instructive, and might be remembered by those who have since brought against Rodin so very different an accusation. Turn from this statue to the marvellous little bronze of "la Vieille Heaulmière": there, in that re-incarnation of Villon's ballade, you will see the same precision of anatomical design, with an even deeper sense of the beauty of what age and the horror of decay cannot take out of the living body. Rodin has never taken a step without knowing exactly where he is going to set his foot, and he has never turned back from a step once taken. It was not until he could copy nature so exactly as to deceive the eyes of those who imagined that they knew nature when they saw it, it was not until he had the body by heart, that he began to make the body think. He had given it form; the form must be awakened. The touch of life and of thought comes, then, from an exaggeration here, an exaggeration there; a touch, inexplicable and certain, which is at once his method and his secret.

It is on these two methods that Rodin relies for the rendering of his vision of life. The art of the sculptor gives him but one means of expression; all is in relief, all depends on the power, balance, and beauty of the relief. Watching the living movement from every angle, turning about it as a wild beast turns about its prey, spying for the moment to pounce, seize, and possess, he must translate form, movement, light and shadow, softness, force, everything which exists

in nature, by the cunning adjustment of his relief. "*Le style, c'est l'homme,*" we say; "*le modelé, c'est l'art,*" Rodin would say.

Rodin has sometimes been compared with Michael Angelo, but it would be more accurate to trace the principles of his art back to the Greeks. The Greeks worked directly from nature, with a fresh observation, the eyesight of the youth of the world, and its unspoilt mastery of hand. In Donatello we find the same directness, less powerful, but not less sincere. Michael Angelo approached nature through Donatello, so to speak, and then departed from nature, with his immense confidence, his readiness to compete with nature itself on a scale more decoratively impressive than nature's. His exaggeration is not the exaggeration of the Greeks, nor is it Rodin's, an attempt at always greater fidelity, at an essentially more precise exactitude; it deviates, for his own purposes, along ways of his own. He speaks truth, but not without rhetoric.

To obtain grace, Rodin will say to you, you must begin with strength; otherwise the work will become hard and dry. "*Quelque chose de puissant,*" he will repeat, with half-closed eyes, the hands clutching upon the imagined clay. If you remind him of Baudelaire's saying: "*L'énergie, c'est la grâce suprême,*" he will accept the words as the best definition of his own meaning.

The later manner of all great artists, in every division of art, obeys the same law of growth. Aiming always at the utmost precision of rendering his subject-matter, the artist comes gradually to take a different view of what precision really is. He begins by seeking a form which can express everything without leaving anything over; he desires to draw his circle round some separate fragment of nature, and to exhibit the captured, complete thing. Only, nature rebels. Something remains over, stays outside the circle. The breath has gone out of the body, the mystery has gone out of the soul. He has cut off his fragment, if you will, but he has cut it off from life. At this point the public accepts his work; he seems to have attained. At this point he realises how far he is from attainment, and he sets himself to the eternal search. He breaks down the strait limits of his form, he seeks to find new links by which to attach this creature of his hands to the universal life of things. He says frankly to the spectator of his toil: You must come and help me, or I can never tell you all that I have to say. He gives a two-fold burden to the lines of his work: that which they express, and that which they suggest. The lines begin to whisper something to the soul, in a remote voice which you must listen in order to hear. The eyes have something more to do than to see. The mind must collaborate with the eyes, and both must be content to share with life itself the dissatisfaction of an inexplicable mystery left over at the end.

Rodin's earlier form seemed able to say everything which he had to say; the modelling was infinitely detailed, the work lived with a vivid life of its own; and what remained over? Something remained over, the breath was not yet wholly lodged and at home in the body, the soul was not yet wholly conscious of its power of flight. He began to feel towards another form, apparently vaguer, essentially closer to the idea. He learnt how to indicate by a continually greater economy of means, by omission, by the simplification or synthesis of a great complexity of efforts; he found out short cuts, which would take him more swiftly to his end; he built up his new form as much with the brain as with the hand. The Balzac is a divination; everything is there, and it is there as it must be if it is to be shown by sculpture: all depends on the sheer science of the relief, on the geometry of the observed profiles; but the life, the mystery, the thing divined, must be divined over again by every one who looks at it. The work is no longer a block cut sharply off from nature; it is a part of ourselves, to be understood only as we understand one another.

II.

In one of Rodin's finest creations, a great hand, large, strong, and smooth, holds in a paternal grasp a lump of earth, out of which emerge two ephemerides, fragile, pathetic creatures, with the delicate, insubstantial grace of passing things, who cling to each other joyously, accepting life on its terms of brief delight. It is God bidding the earth increase and multiply; it symbolises human life, in all its dependence on that unknown force in the hollow of whose hand it lives and moves. Elsewhere he has indicated the vain struggles, the insane desires, the insatiable longings, the murderous divisions, of the ephemerides, man and woman; here he indicates their not less pathetic content, the butterfly accepting its hour.

All Rodin's work is founded on a conception of force; first, the force of the earth, then the two conflicting forces, man and woman; with, always, behind and beyond, the secret, unseizable, inexplicable force of that mystery which surrounds the vital energy of the earth itself, as it surrounds us in our existence on the earth. Out of these forces he has chosen for the most part the universal, vivifying force of sex. In man he represents the obvious energy of nature, thews and muscles, bones, strength of limb; in woman, the exquisite strength of weakness, the subtler energy of the senses. They fight the eternal battle of sex, their embraces are a grapple of enemies, they seek each other that they may overcome each other. And the woman, softly, overcomes, to her own perdition. The man holds her in the hollow of his hand, as God holds both man and woman; he could close his hand upon the fragile thing that nestles there, and crush it;

but something paralyses his muscles in a tender inaction. The hand will never close over her, she will always have the slave's conquest.

Every figure that Rodin has created is in the act of striving towards something: a passion, an idea, a state of being, quiescence itself. His "Gate of Hell" is a headlong flight and falling, in which all the agonies of a place of torment, which is Baudelaire's rather than Dante's, swarm in actual movement. "Femmes damnées" lean upward and downward out of hollow caves and mountainous crags, they cling to the edge of the world, off which their feet slip, they embrace blindly over a precipice, they roll together into bottomless pits of descent. Arms wave in appeal, and clasp shuddering bodies in an extremity of despair. And all this sorrowful and tortured flesh is consumed with desire, with the hurrying fever of those who have only a short time in which to enjoy the fruits of desire. They live only with a life of desire, and that obsession has carried them beyond the wholesome bounds of nature, into the violence of a perversity which is at times almost insane.

But always, in the clay itself, there is ecstasy. Often it is a perverse ecstasy; at times, as in the Iris, as in the Muse who swoops like an eagle, as in the radiant figure with the sun in his hair who flings open the gates of the mountains in the monument to General Sarmiento, it is pure joy; often, as in the Balzac, the Hugo, the Puvis de Chavannes, it is the ecstasy of creative thought. But always there is ecstasy.

In Rodin's sculpture, clay or marble, that something powerful of which he speaks has ended in a palpitating grace, as of living flesh. He feels, he translates, sensation for sensation, the voluptuous soft cool warmth of the flesh, the daintiness of the skeleton, indicated under its smooth covering; all that is exquisite in the structure of bone and muscle, in the force of man and the suppleness of woman. His hand seems to press most caressingly about the shoulder-blades and the hollows of the loins. The delicate ridge and furrow of the backbone draw his hand to mould them into new shapes and motions of beauty. His hand follows the loins where they swell into ampler outlines: the back, from neck to croup, lies quivering, in all the beauty of life itself.

In the drawings, which constitute in themselves so interesting a development of his art, there is little of the delicacy of beauty. They are notes for the clay, "instantanés," and they note only movement, expression. They are done in two minutes, by a mere gallop of the hand over paper, with the eyes fixed on some unconscious pose of the model. And here, it would seem (if indeed accident did not enter so largely into the matter) that a point in sentiment has been reached in which the perverse idealism of Baudelaire has disappeared, and a

simpler kind of cynicism takes its place. In these astonishing drawings from the nude we see woman carried to a further point of simplicity than even in Degas: woman the animal; woman, in a strange sense, the idol. Not even the Japanese have simplified drawing to this illuminating scrawl of four lines, enclosing the whole mystery of the flesh. Each drawing indicates, as if in the rough block of stone, a single violent movement. Here a woman faces you, her legs thrown above her head; here she faces you with her legs thrust out before her, the soles of the feet seen close and gigantic. She squats like a toad, she stretches herself like a cat, she stands rigid, she lies abandoned. Every movement of her body is seen at an expressive moment. She turns upon herself in a hundred attitudes, turning always upon the central pivot of the sex, which emphasises itself with a fantastic and frightful monotony. The face is but just indicated, a face of wood, like a savage idol; and the body has rarely any of that elegance, seductiveness, and shivering delicacy of life, which we find in the marble. It is a machine in movement, a monstrous, devastating machine, working mechanically, and possessed by the one rage of the animal. It is hideous, overpowering, and it has the beauty of all supreme energy.

And these drawings, with their violent simplicity of appeal, have the distinction of all abstract thought or form. Even in Degas there is a certain luxury, a possible low appeal, in those heavy and creased bodies bending in tubs and streaming a sponge over huddled shoulders. But here luxury becomes geometrical; its axioms are demonstrated algebraically. It is the unknown X which sprawls, in this spawning entanglement of animal life, over the damped paper, between these pencil outlines, each done at a stroke, like a hard, sure stroke of the chisel.

For, it must be remembered, these are the drawings of a sculptor, notes for sculpture, and thus indicating form as the sculptor sees it, with more brevity, in simpler outline, than the painter. They speak another language than the drawings of the painter, searching, as they do, for the points that catch the light along a line, for the curves that indicate contour tangibly. In looking at the drawings of a painter, one sees colour; here, in these short-hand notes of a sculptor, one's fingers seem actually to touch marble.

III.

Rodin will tell you that in his interpretation of life he is often a translator who does not understand the message which he hands on. At times it is a pure idea, an abstract conception, which he sets himself to express in clay; something that he has thought, something that he has read: the creation of woman, the legend of Psyche, the idea of prayer, of the love of brother and sister, a line of Dante or

of Baudelaire. But more often he surrenders himself to the direct guidance of life itself : a movement is made before him, and from this movement he creates the idea of the movement. Often a single figure takes form under his hands, and he cannot understand what the figure means : its lines seem to will something, and to hark for the completion of their purpose. He puts it aside, and one day, happening to see it as it lies among other formless suggestions of form, it groups itself with another fragment, itself hitherto unexplained ; suddenly there is a composition, the idea has penetrated the clay, life has given birth to the soul. He endeavours to represent life in all its mystery, not to penetrate the mystery of life. He gives you a movement, an expression ; if it has come straight from life, if it has kept the living contours, it must mean something, and he is but your comrade in the search for that meaning.

Yet he is never indifferent to that meaning ; he is rarely content to leave any single figure wholly to the chance of interpretation. Rodin is a thinker, as well as a seer ; he has put the whole of his intelligence into his work, not leaving any fragment of himself unused. And so this world of his making becomes a world of problems, of symbols, in which life offers itself to be understood. Here is a face, fixed in an attitude of meditation, and set aside unfinished, to which a hand, lifted daintily to the temples, has found its way out of another study ; and the man's hand waits, giving the movement which completes the woman's head, until the hand of the same model has been studied in that position. Here two lovers, on the back of an eagle, are seen carried to the same point of heaven on the flight of the same desire. Christ agonises in the Garden of Eden, or it may be Prometheus ; he is conquered, and a useless angel, who cannot help, but perhaps comes as an angel of glory, hovers down to him. A shoal of rapid Muses, hurrying to reach the poet, swim towards him as upon carrying waves. A great Muse, swooping like an eagle, hurls inspiration into the brain of the poet. Another figure of inspiration, an Iris, meant for the monument of Victor Hugo, is seen arrested in a moment of violent action, which tears the whole body almost in two. With one hand she grasps her foot, drawing the leg up tight against the body ; the other leg is flung out at a sharp angle, in a sudden, leaping curve. All the force of the muscles palpitates in this strenuous flesh ; the whole splendour of her sex, unveiled, palpitates to the air ; the messenger of the gods, bringing some divine message, pauses in flight, an embodied inspiration.

In a group meant for some shadowy corner of a park, among growing things, dear to Pan and the nymphs, a satyr grasps a woman with fierce tenderness, his gay animal face, sharpened with desire, the eyes oblique like the ears, appearing over her shoulder ; his hoofs clutch the ground ; one hand catches her by the hair, the other seizes her

above the knee, as if to lift her in his arms; she pushes him away, startled, resisting the brutality of instinct, inevitably at his mercy. Here are two figures: one, a woman, rigid as an idol, stands in all the peace of indifference; the other, a man, tortured with desire, every muscle strained to exasperation, writhes in all the ineffectual energy of a force which can but feed upon itself. She is there, before him, close to him, infinitely apart, and he could crush but never seize her. In an exquisite and wholly new rendering of the Temptation of St. Anthony, the saint lies prostrate, crouched against the cross, which his lips kiss feverishly, as he closes his pained eyes; the shoulders seem to move in a shuddering revolt from the burden which they bear unwillingly; he grovels in the dust like a toad, in his horror of the life and beauty which have cast themselves away upon him. And the woman lies back luxuriously, stretching her naked limbs across his back, and twisting her delicate arms behind her head, in a supple movement of perfectly happy abandonment, breathing the air; she has the innocence of the flesh, the ignorance of the spirit, and she does not even know what it is to tempt. She is without perversity; the flesh, not the devil; and so, perhaps, the more perilous.

It is interesting to compare this version of a subject which so many artists have treated, always in a spirit of perversity or of grotesque horror, with all those other versions, from Hieronymus van Bosch, with his crawling and swooping abortions, in whom there could lie no possible temptation, to Rops, with his woman of enticing flesh spread out mockingly upon the cross, from which she has cast off the divine body. To Rodin it is the opposition of the two powers of the world; it is the conflict of the two rejections, the two absolute masters of the human will. St. Anthony cannot understand the woman, the woman cannot understand St. Anthony. To her, he seems to be playing at abnegation, for the game's sake, stupidly; to him, she seems to be bringing all hell-fire in the hollow of her cool hands. They will never understand one another, and that will be the reason of the eternal conflict.

Here is the Balzac, with its royal air, shouldering the crowd apart, as it steps into the final solitude, and the triumph. It is the thinker of action, the visionary creator of worlds, standing there like a mountain that has become man. The pose is that of a rock against which all waves must dash themselves in vain. There is exultation, a kind of ferocity of enjoyment of life and of the making of life, in the great beaked head, the great jaws, the eagle's eyes under the crag of eyebrows. And the rock which suggests the man, the worker wrapped in the monastic habit of his dressing-gown, all supple force under the loose folds of moulded clay, stands there as if growing up out of the earth, planted for the rest of time. It is the proudest thing that has been made out of clay.

It is Balzac, but it is more than Balzac; it is the genius and the work of Balzac; it is the "Comédie Humaine," it is Scraphita and Vautrin and Lucien and Valérie; it is the energy of the artist and the solitude of the thinker and the abounding temperament of the man; and it is the triumph of all this in one supreme incarnation, which seems to give new possibilities to sculpture.

IV.

All his life Rodin has been a fighter, and now, at the age of sixty-one, after the creation of a series of masterpieces, he is still fighting. The history of the Balzac is too well known to need repeating; but that miracle of official imbecility, the refusal of Rodin's work and the substitution of one of the compilations of Falguière (a true artist, born to be a painter, who paints to please himself and does sculpture to please the public) has been followed, only the other day, by a similar insult. The civic authorities of Paris ordered from M. Rodin a bust of Victor Hugo, to be set up in the Place Royale. M. Rodin set to work immediately, and produced the bust, which is now to be seen in the Salon; the bust was photographed, the photographs sent to the Hotel de Ville, and the same evening an official letter was received by the sculptor telling him to consider the order null and void, seeing that an arrangement had been made with another sculptor on better terms ("de considérer comme nulle et non avenue la commande qui m'avait été faite, attendu qu'il avait traité sous de meilleures conditions avec un autre sculpteur"). I take these words, which have their value as a document in the history of the relations of art and the State, from a note in the *Gaulois*, confirmed by M. Rodin himself.¹

No, even now, Rodin is not accepted, universally accepted, as the one great modern sculptor, as the Wagner of sculpture. It is true that one only needs the eyes to see, that one only needs to open one's eyes, and to forget to bring with one any ready-made ways of seeing. There, precisely there, lies all the difficulty. Hardly anyone is able to see what is before him, just as it is in itself. He comes expecting one thing, he finds another thing, he sees through the veil of his preconception, he criticises before he has apprehended, he condemns without allowing his instinct the chance of asserting itself. Take, for instance, the idea of beauty. Almost everyone can see the beauty of Raphael, only a certain number can see the beauty of Velasquez, not

(1) A further comment remains to be added. I find in *La Plume* of the 1st May the following note: "Le Conseil on s'en souvient trouva trop élevé le prix de 2,500 fr. proposé par l'auteur du *Balzac*, pour le buste de Victor Hugo destiné au Centenaire (et qui représentait rien que la récupération des frais). Il s'adressa à un artiste qui faisit à de meilleures conditions." L'artiste a présenté un vote, accepté incontinent: elle s'élève à 25,000 francs. . . . Le promoteur du vote est M. Quentin-Bauchart; le statuaire s'appelle M. Barreau."

many can see the beauty of Blake. In the human figure, everyone can see the beauty of a breast; not many can see the beauty of a shoulder-blade. In nature, everyone can see the beauty of the Alps at dawn; not many can see the beauty of a putrescent pool. Yet all these are but different forms of the same essential beauty; all wait patiently for the same acceptance, all offer themselves to the same mere sight of the eyes.

But we have been taught to see before our eyes have found out a way of seeing for themselves; we have to unlearn whole traditions of prejudice; we have to force ourselves to look things straight in the face. The art of sculpture has seemed the one art which has already reached finality; here, at all events, sighed the public with relief, we shall have nothing more to learn or to unlearn: we know at least what a piece of sculpture is when we see it. From the first Rodin has been perturbing. This warmth of life, is it not excessive? This softness, suppleness, spring, are they quite the qualities proper to sculpture? Here is a back which will shiver if I touch it, but why is the face half lost in the marble out of which the figure seems to grow? Finally, is this a man or a mountain or an eagle which calls itself Balzac, and is so different from the known portraits of Balzac? Something new has come even into sculpture; there is a troubling upheaval of some restless inner life in the clay; even sculpture has gone the way of all the other arts, and has learnt to suggest more than it says, to embody dreams in its flesh, to become at once a living thing and a symbol.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE LABOUR PROBLEM IN SOUTH AFRICA.

AMONG the many difficult problems awaiting solution at the close of the war in South Africa, one of the most pressing is the supply of the necessary labour for mining, agricultural, and general out-door purposes, with especial reference to the position to be assigned to the native tribes. Notwithstanding our boast that a slave cannot exist under the British flag, it is not so very many years since the solution would have been found by tacitly accepting such relations of master and servant as might naturally grow up between the different races; and, though nothing amounting to avowed slavery might have been permitted, it would have been contended—not without a show of plausibility—that a condition of servitude which might easily degenerate into practical slavery, not only afforded the best chance for the ultimate elevation of the race, but was even on the whole the happiest condition of which the individuals were susceptible. But that time has gone by for ever. Under present circumstances the pendulum has swung heavily in the opposite direction; and the danger now is rather that any serious attempt to overcome the inveterate repugnance of the African negro to continuous labour, or to subject him to the restraints and obligations of civilised life, will be stigmatised as “subjecting the native races to a pressure which cannot practically be distinguished from slavery.” And yet it is equally impracticable to leave them to themselves, without any attempt to improve their condition or to utilise their labour. For, unlike other savage races, the negro, when induced or compelled to work, is a very efficient workman, and, except, perhaps, in certain cases of exceptionally severe labour combined with exposure to weather,¹ is probably the most efficient unskilled labourer the world contains. Other savage races, again, when subjected to the restraints of civilisation, “vanish before the white man’s tread”; and though some survivals of them may here and there be found, in rapidly diminishing numbers, as in North America and New Zealand, they are for all practical purposes *une quantité négligeable*, and all questions connected with their status may be left to solve themselves; which they will do, sooner or later, in their extinction, actual or virtual. But the negro, on the contrary, flourishes in subjection, is even in temperate climates more prolific than the white man, and, so far from pining away in captivity, seems to have a special aptitude for slavery, an aptitude at once the probable cause and the natural result of the

(1) I have heard that the planters of Louisiana were unable to clear the swamps of the bayou and there, and were obliged to hire Irishmen for the purpose.

unquestionable fact that from the very dawn of history, if not from long before, he has been "a servant of servants," not only to his brethren but to every variety of human being with whom he has come in contact.

I remember that several years ago, at a meeting of the since defunct Social Science Association, the late Professor Brammy Price propounded the following question:—"What is the peculiar force in man which renders him a civilisable animal, and which is wanting in other animals? Give the answer in two words." The answer which the Professor wanted was "Progressive Desire." This force, which is the very life of the white man—at least in the northern races—and the absence or feebleness of which is the one defect which he seems incapable of condoning in others, is apparently completely wanting in the negro. Living in a climate where such food as he requires is to be had with the minimum of exertion, where clothing is an incumbrance rather than a comfort, and where the sole wealth that he covets—a multiplicity of slave wives—is readily obtainable by other means, he has no sufficient inducement to continuous labour; and when freed from the coercion of slavery, readily abandons himself to the luxury of savagery. And this is true, not only "on his native heath," but in the West Indies and the United States, notwithstanding the association of generations with the most energetic types of white humanity. I perceive that Lord Grey,¹ who may be supposed to have exceptional opportunities of forming an estimate on this point, thinks that "the policy of endeavouring to induce the natives spontaneously to seek continuous employment has already been a success" (in Rhodesia); and he adds, with perfect justice, that "it is a policy the vigorous prosecution of which is demanded by the interests of the natives themselves, of Rhodesia, and also of the Empire." His Lordship's experience (though somewhat qualified by his subsequent remarks) is more favourable than would have been expected from the admitted failure of the same experiment, not only in the West Indies, but also, as I shall show hereafter, in the Colony of Natal itself.

It would, however, appear that, apparently under the allurements of present prices, the inhabitants of Basutoland have developed a spirit of commercial industry which is eminently desirable; and which leads to a hope that, under favourable circumstances, the other native tribes, or some of them, may in the future prove less impervious to the influences which make for civilisation than the experience of the past would lead us to expect. But, however this may be, it is clear that, whether by inducement, coercion, or otherwise, continuous employment of some sort must in some manner be provided for and accepted by the native population, if our government of the country is not to

(1) In his address to the Chartered Company.

prove a ghastly failure. I read lately, in one of the current magazines, an article by a well-known and popular writer, who puts before his readers as the ideal State, a country in which the main object of the rulers is "to efface themselves"; in other words (though he refrains from saying so explicitly), a reproduction of the days when "there was no king in Israel, every man did that which was right in his own eyes." This, though we know what calamities it brought upon the people of whom it was written, represents pretty fairly the aspirations of the negro. Let Lord Grey describe for us the inevitable result of its realisation: "A numerous class of idle vagabonds will be created, who will use their womankind as slaves, and who will become a hindrance and a menace to the whole community: the results to the native population will certainly be disastrous, and it is our plain duty to protect them against themselves."

Here, however, we need to take care lest, in our anxiety to avoid Scylla we fall into Charybdis. From the time when Joshua reduced the Gibeonites to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for their Hebrew lords—if not from a date long prior—down to the days when the Uitlanders were treated as "dumb, driven cattle" in the land which owed its solvency to their presence, and its wealth to their industry, there has never been known a body of men really fitted to be trusted with the possession of arbitrary power. There is no maxim of wider application than this, "The weakest goes to the wall." In the case, however, of peoples of kindred race and similar tendencies, the antagonism is gradually softened, and the distinctions obliterated, by lapse of time, by intermarriages, by continued intercourse, and by the hundred-and-one other agencies which go to the manufacture of nationalities. But when to political supremacy is added the physical aloofness due to difference of colour, the tendency to assimilation is neutralised, the sense of separateness is emphasised, the flow of natural sympathy is arrested, and the danger of oppression, mainly or wholly unconscious on the part of the superiors, is intensified and perpetuated. That this is no imaginary danger is susceptible of easy proof. The peoples of India, various though they be, are one and all (with the possible exception of certain hill tribes) more widely separated from the negro, by descent, by culture, and by all the results of ancient civilisation, than they are, in the opposite direction, from the most advanced nations of Europe; their differences from these are in kind and fundamental, their distinctions from these in degree merely, and, so to say, accidental; they came under British control at a time when the conscience of England, if not yet awake to the horrors of the African slave trade, had become keenly sensitive, as the "great Proconsul" had lately learned to his cost, to accusations of inhumanity or injustice; the details of administration were in the hands of a body of men who, if some-

what inclined (as indeed their successors are to this day) to attain desirable ends by rough-and-ready means, have deservedly earned the reputation of being the most efficient, energetic, and incorruptible Public Service the world has ever seen : and yet, such is the effect of practically irresponsible power that so accurate and fair-minded an observer as Sir James Macintosh could leave on record his conviction that "Every Englishman who resides here¹ very long has, I fear, his mind either emasculated by submission or corrupted by despotic power."

But, it may be replied, "This is ancient history." Let me come to the experience of later times in a matter thoroughly germane to our subject. One of the burning questions which from time to time agitates the Government of India is the supply of coolie labourers to Assam, to several British Colonies (including Natal), and to certain foreign plantations. The coolies are, for the most part, low-caste Hindus from Bengal and the North-west Provinces, where the over-population is enormous, and the prospect of remunerative employment elsewhere is a real "boon and blessing to men." These coolies moreover, unlike the African, are frugal, patient, and industrious ; as eager for work as the other is averse to it, as assiduous as he is desultory, ambitious within the compass of their possibilities, with a keen eye to their own interest, and not willingly parties to a bad bargain. In their own homes, where they are able to act as entirely free labourers, I have never heard it suggested that they are less useful or more unhappy than others of like position in other lands : circumstances, however, negative the possibility of their employment on similar terms in the tea-gardens of Assam, the sugar plantations of Bourbon and Mauritius, or the other places where they are in demand. They are themselves wholly unable to defray the cost of transit, and their would-be employers naturally will not incur the necessary preliminary expense without some reasonable security for getting a sufficient return for their outlay. The intending emigrants, therefore, before they leave the country, are bound by contract to work on the plantations for a specified time and under definite conditions. The transaction is at every step supervised by the Government of India, who have prescribed, in minute detail, the maximum liabilities of the emigrant, the minimum advantages to be assured to him, and an elaborate machinery for his protection : the planters are, as a rule, men of the highest honour and integrity, who would not dream of taking an unfair advantage of any one, and would never be consciously parties to oppressive conduct of any sort. And yet the complaints that kept reaching the Government from the most divers quarters, of frauds by recruiting agents, oppression by garden sirdars, over-exactions of various kinds, and obstacles in the

(1) In Bombay.

way of all attempts at obtaining redress for, or even investigation of, their complaints, were such as to involve repeated amendments of the Act, always in favour of the emigrants, and even, in the case of certain foreign possessions, to lead to a suspension for the time being of all emigration whatever. I was one of the framers of the Inland Emigration Act of 1893; the select Committee, to whom the Bill was referred, spent an immense amount of time and labour upon it, and finally, with the loyal co-operation of the gentleman representing the Assam planters, left it so settled that we thought the force of legislation could no further go, usefully, at any rate; and now I find that the present Chief Commissioner of Assam, a most competent authority, was so dissatisfied with the working of the Act that he has obtained its repeal, and a further amendment of the law (Act 6, of 1901) has been made in the interest of the labourers. If these things are done in the green tree, what may we expect in the dry? If the Government of India, with the best possible intentions, cannot sufficiently protect the coolie, what chance will the authorities of the Transvaal have in the case of the negro?

But here—by way of counterpoise perhaps—we are met by another and opposite danger, bearing a more specious form, indeed, but not less menacing to the prospects of a satisfactory settlement; for while, on the other hand, the men in immediate contact with the workmen are only too likely to press hardly upon them, to resent with impatience their apathy or backwardness, to look in vain for a fitting response to their own energy, and thus to become, to say the least, harsh and inconsiderate, if not actively oppressive, the influence of humanitarian sentiment, on the other hand, upon minds not exposed to the like experiences, has pushed, still pushes, and will assuredly continue to push, to the opposite extreme those who, like the writer to whom I have alluded, regard the question entirely from the outside, and who are apt to treat as “oppressive” and “brutal” actions in respect of which the men on the spot are “astonished at their own moderation.” And as these men are at home, and can make their voices effectively heard, while the others are necessarily handicapped as well by absence as by the suspicion of self-interest attaching to their representations, there is danger that their hands may be unduly tied by mandate of superior authority—a misfortune which has befallen other responsible agents before now—with results which might easily prove destructive of the experiment and calamitous as well to the natives themselves as to the Colony.¹

And here again we are confronted by another and opposite difficulty.

(1) In this I do not refer to the Aborigines Protection Society, which has, in my opinion, on the whole, deserved well of the community, though I have not always been able to accept its conclusions.

Whatever theory may be accepted as to the origin of the human species—and whether the word itself be regarded as singular or plural—it is demonstrably certain that the theoretical equality of mankind asserted in certain historical documents, and occasionally reproduced for oratorical purposes, never has had any practical validity. Even if the essential differences which separate the white man from the black were superficial or historical merely, still the pride of race ingrained in every Caucasian (fair, brown, or swarthy, Japhetic, Semitic, or Coptic), would be sufficient to prevent him from associating on terms of equality with the Mongol, the Melanesian, or the Negro. The Arab and the Hindu show this exclusiveness equally with the European. The average Teuton, indeed (Anglo, German, or Scandinavian), carries his exclusiveness still further; the ordinary seaman will not serve under a “dago,” nor would the British officer of a Sikh or a Mahomedan regiment associate on equal terms—except under very exceptional circumstances—with the officers of the Imperial Service troops, still less with the native commissioned officers of his own regiment—though he has happily ceased to call them “niggers”—and yet in point of race the Spaniard, the Hindu and the Arab are as truly “white men” as any Englishmen of the purest blood.¹

This pride of race, however, would not cause any very serious embarrassment in South Africa, where the conditions are prohibitory of unskilled white labour, were it not for the somewhat unreasonable jealousy of what they consider “unfair,” that is, cheap competition, which seems to have taken possession of white working-men all over the world. Where the alien labour is really competitive, as in the case of Chinamen in California, this jealousy is intelligible, if hardly reasonable; but where, as in this case, and in the present cry for a “White Australia”—the probable effects of which on an important industry in Queensland I need not here discuss—there is no serious rivalry to be apprehended, it appears to me to be both unpatriotic and short-sighted. But it has to be reckoned with nevertheless. Lord Grey tells us the amazing tale that for advocating the continuous employment of natives in the Rhodesian mines he has been accused of seeking to rob the British workmen of opportunities of obtaining employment at high wages. The cry, “We are ruined

(1) I have been informed, on reliable authority, that the children of Hindus proper (Brahmans and Kshatriyas) are born *white*, and do not acquire their normal light chocolate colour till some months old; and I can vouch from personal observation that at the age of three or four it is quite possible to distinguish the brown epidermis of one child (presumably Hindu) from the brown skin of his playmate (presumably Dravidian), though the difference is imperceptible in the adults. The Mahomedans, descendants of Persian and Arab conquerors, are of course as much “white men” as the Jew or the Armenian.

by cheap Chinese labour!" is not confined to the comic poet's page, nor directed exclusively against the Mongol.

The difficulty due to this cause presented itself some years ago in an acute form in the Colony of Natal. While I was in India we had a deputation from the planters of that colony, seeking a modification of the Emigration Acts of a somewhat singular character. Their case, which they presented with great fairness, and pressed with much earnestness, was to the following effect. The character of the work in their plantations *could* not be performed by Europeans, the natives would not be persuaded and could not be forced to work, at least not to give effective or reliable work, and unless they (the planters) could obtain a supply of imported labourers from without, their industry would be ruined. This they had been in the habit of getting from India, but the working-men, who were supreme in the Colonial Legislature (as they are in every representative assembly in the Empire), would not tolerate the introduction of Hindu settlers. It appeared that many of the emigrants, when free from their contract terms, had remained in the Colony voluntarily, and entered into various businesses on their own account. Now the Hindu is not merely an industrious and thrifty workman, whose frugal manner of life enables him to live and thrive upon what would be a mere pittance to a European; many of them are skilled artisans of great merit, who would make very formidable competitors of the white colonists, when freed from the shackles of their contracts. The Legislature, therefore, threatened to pass an Act prohibiting the importation of coolies altogether, unless their return to India immediately upon the expiration of their contracts could be effectively guaranteed. The object of the deputation then was, if possible, to obtain the consent of the Government of India to an enactment, subjecting to imprisonment, to be followed by forcible removal, any imported labourer who did not voluntarily leave the Colony within a specified and very short time after the termination of his contract. I need hardly say that, with every desire to assist the planters, the Government of India were unable to accede to their request; but they suggested that a term might be inserted in the body of the agreements, binding the emigrants in a specified sum, by way of liquidated damages, to leave the Colony within the required time. I had no means of ascertaining the immediate outcome of the matter, but I see that the Natal Assembly have passed an Act for the exclusion of "undesirable immigrants," which is probably aimed at such settlers, and I know that both in the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, before the war, the condition of Indian settlers had been rendered intolerable.

In this conflict of considerations it would manifestly be presumptuous for one "sitting at home at ease" to pretend to direct the

local authorities in matters of detail, but there are some general principles, for the most part of a negative character, which may, I think, be reasonably recommended for consideration.

1. The Administration ought on no account to make itself responsible, directly or indirectly, for the supply of labour. That duty ought to be thrown unreservedly on the employers, and the action of Government should be confined to such supervision as may be possible for the protection of the labourers, and a rigid enforcement, as against both parties, of all proper and equitable contracts of hiring. It will be evident from the foregoing that the men to whom even these limited functions are intrusted will have no sinecure, and that their office will call for the exercise of vigilance, tact, and patience, in no slight degree.

2. The native population cannot be allowed to drift into the condition so graphically described by Lord Grey, quoted *supra*. Whatever steps can be taken, short of violence or physical restraint, to lead, drive, or push the natives into habits of industry and order, ought to be adopted boldly, and carried out unflinchingly, even though some of the measures may apparently be at variance with the unrestricted personal liberty so dear to the Anglo-Saxon, and repudiated or disregarded by every other nation on earth.

In connection with this point it is rather startling to learn that at the current rate of wages in the Rhodesian mines a man can lay by in two years enough money to enable him to maintain himself in idleness for the rest of his life. Having regard to the danger, already referred to, of the creation of a vast army of "idle vagabonds" if the natives are permitted to lead "idle and useless lives," it is anything but encouraging to be told that a short spurt of two years is all that a man needs to become *emeritus*. Signor Beato, who had spent many years in Mandalay, told me that the object in life of a Burman was to scrape together enough money to buy him two wives, "after which he lies on his back, and his wives keep him;" but then the process in his case generally took half a lifetime at least. It ought not to pass the bounds of human ingenuity to devise a scheme which, without unduly diminishing the incentives of labour, should afford some reasonable probability that, in a fair number of instances, permanent habits of industry and order might be looked for. One obvious expedient would be the creation of artificial wants; but the idiosyncrasies of the negro seems to render that suggestion somewhat utopian.

3. It must not be forgotten that—at present at any rate—the demand for organised labour is greatly in excess of the supply; and it should be our anxious care to ensure that no unreasonable impediments are thrown in the way of employers who may seek to supply

the deficiency by importation. We learn from Lord Grey that in Rhodesia they are "experimenting with Arab labour." I presume with some of the tribes of mixed Arabian and African blood to be found in Abyssinia and the Eastern Sudan—and I know that the supply to be obtained in India is practically inexhaustible. But this supply, which is obviously of the first importance to the Colonies, cannot be had upon too one-sided terms.

A policy founded on such lines as these will be far from "heroic," it will please neither the ardent utilitarian reformer nor the humanitarian enthusiast; it will not turn Africa into Europe—or even into Asia—in the third or fourth generation; but it will, I think, if resolutely and energetically persevered in, lay the foundation of that slow but steady progress which ought to be the goal of our endeavours.

ALEX. EDW. MILLER.

FISCAL POLICY REGARDING TRANSVAAL MINES.

THE new Colonies—the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony—now form integral parts of the complex whole known as the British Empire, and their wealth will be open to, and in great measure be the property of, the combined British people. Besides the security and maintenance of prestige, of power, and of position, Great Britain will have new fields of enterprise in the lands, the mines, and in connection with the people of the New South Africa.

Viewed in the light of these considerations, these facts, the question of the War Debt becomes one not so much of attempting the task of exactly apportioning the debt between the inhabitants of the United Kingdom and those of the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies, according to the benefits each may have derived from the successful termination of the war. It is rather one of framing a fiscal policy calculated to encourage the most speedy development of the resources of the new countries, and to free their wealth under such regulations as will secure its widest distribution and confer the greatest immediate benefit to the greatest number of all the British people.

Great Britain, being the predominant partner in the Empire, and her people being the most active and important factor in the development of the enormous wealth of the Transvaal, will, without doubt, secure the greater share of the coming vast production of gold—no matter how the actual settlement of the War Debt is arranged.

After all, the question she has in reality to decide is whether she will take her share of Transvaal gold by waiting for her sons to send it home in the shape of wages earned and fortunes made, or whether she will begin taking at least part of her share now, and gradually, by taxing gold profits and securing a direct share in the undeveloped resources of the countries she has set open. In the former case a large bulk would come to her through the hands of a small number of millionaires, who will from time to time settle down in her capital to enjoy their wealth, paying income tax and death duties, and dispersing their money in a thousand different ways. Under this system the distribution would be more distant, more uneven, more uncertain. The tendency would be still further to accumulate wealth in the hands of a few individuals. That is a result not to be desired. In the second case, the distribution would be immediate and of the widest possible description, as it would be effected by bringing relief of taxation to the mass of the people in Great Britain.

As Sir David Barbour states in his Report on the Finances of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony, such a thing as theoretical per-

fection in fiscal matters is unattainable. The policy which the Government will be wise in pursuing will lie in a combination of both methods of obtaining repayment for the nation's great sufferings and efforts. The present generation of the people of the United Kingdom may certainly claim to have their interests closely watched. To them, to the valour of youth, to determination and doggedness, is due the result of the war. It is only fair they should secure as large a repayment of the cost as possible and in the shortest time, so as to admit of alleviation of taxation without undue delay.

But what is the limit to be? It must be fixed short of that point which, if passed, Transvaal industries would suffer. To go further would be doing injury to Great Britain's own interests. The danger of bringing about a spirit of discontent and hopelessness must be studiously avoided. For these reasons, among others, it is desirable first to ascertain as nearly as possible how much revenue the young but rapidly developing industries of the new Colonies can produce, and secondly to fix a maximum amount of War Debt to be directly paid by them. The second aim can only be attained by estimating and assessing the amount from available data which may be brought out in the examination into the first question.

It is remarkable that Sir David Barbour's figure of £55,000,000, which he indicates as a just proportion of the cost of the war payable by the new Colonies, is the same as has been put forward in the writer's *New South Africa*. It is true the division of the figure is regarded somewhat differently, Sir David Barbour remarking that the "Orange River Colony, in connection with the question of a contribution towards the cost of the war, is practically a negligible quantity."

There is little doubt as to the ability of the new Colonies to pay such an amount, notwithstanding the views which have been put forward in certain quarters. If Great Britain puts a small proportion of the War Debt on the shoulders of the mining Colony, she will eventually get more in profits and in other ways; if she places too much the wealth will remain buried.

In regard to the first aim, that of ascertaining the capacity of the new Colonies, a safe guiding principle is to be found in strictly limiting taxation according to results obtained from the actual work of wealth-production and discovery. This can be effected by—

1. Taxing the profits of the existing mines and industries.
2. By taking an equitable share for the State in all the new mineral areas that may be discovered in the future.
3. By making the most of the present State assets in the shape of lands, mining areas, etc.

In other words, the War Debt should be levied on results only, and upon the results as they declare themselves. The smallest

burden upon effort should be entirely avoided. The people of Great Britain will certainly be the gainers by the adoption of this principle, and Sir David Barbour appears to have found it will best suit the Transvaal people as well. The present inquiry is then brought into two principal heads:—

1. The amount of revenue likely to be produced on the above basis of fiscal policy.
2. The amount of War Debt which may conveniently be charged to the new Colonies—this to be based upon the results obtained from the first inquiry.

The first main question falls into three divisions:—

- (a) The amount of revenue which can be produced from the existing mines and industries after readjustment of taxation.
- (b) The amount obtainable from *bewaarplaatsen*, State assets, etc.
- (c) The share of the State in new mineral areas.

To all the foregoing Sir David Barbour has addressed himself, and in his Report answers are given to most of these questions. In the case of others the *data* at his disposal were insufficient, and consequently he made no definite estimate or statement.

To the recommendations which Sir David Barbour has made in the direction of putting fair taxation upon the mines there is already considerable opposition from one quarter. Further consideration and discussion of the subject may be helpful as well as useful. What is the capacity of the present mines to bear taxation? How will the existing mines be affected by the 10 per cent. tax advocated by the financial expert? These questions will now be dealt with, and it will be seen that even a higher tax than that contemplated could be imposed without any serious effects.

That the mines will be laid under no injustice is clear, if, after paying taxes under the new scheme, the companies can still return dividends to shareholders equal to or greater than those paid before the war. Certainly it will be desirable to keep taxation within the limit indicated, which would just equalise matters. From the first the new Government should prove itself, even to foreign shareholders, a more beneficial one than the old. The taxation scheme for the mines recommended by Sir David Barbour will certainly not be an over-burdening one. Mr. Chamberlain has stated that the Government have practically adopted the Report. *The African Review*, however, which may be looked upon as the organ of the Rand capitalists, has severely criticised it. Sir David Barbour's recommendation, it says, "may be summed up in a single sentence, 'Here is a gold mine; come, let us rob it,' " and a long criticism follows which carefully emphasises what the mines are to be made to pay from profits without mentioning one of the many alleviations which Sir David's proposals would bring them. Further, *The African*

Review no longer speaks as for the Chamber of Mines, but presumes to speak for all the "Uitlanders."¹ This is a presumption of authority to which it has no right. The main stream of "Uitlander" opinion by no means identifies the journal in question as the "Uitlander" organ; and the people of England may rest assured that there will be no objections raised by the population of the Rand to the general principles of taxation as proposed by the expert sent out by the British Government.

It is too well known by the Rand public that in the past the owners of the rich mines were able to throw the burden of taxation on the shoulders of the poorer people and the owners of the poorer mines. Any change of fiscal policy which will ensure a more equitable adjustment of taxation will be welcomed, and will secure plenty of popular support.

Sir David Barbour shows the highest financial wisdom in his statement that "The sound policy for the Transvaal is so to frame its system of taxation as not to increase unnecessarily the initial capital expenditure or enhance the cost of working; and as the Transvaal mines must in any case bear a large burden of the revenue, these results can best be obtained by raising what revenue is required by means of a tax on profits." He also shows a shrewd grasp of the whole question in his references to the heavy incidence of the old system of taxation upon the poor mines and the comparative immunity of the rich ones. Truly does he reflect the minds of the people in stating his opinion that such a policy as he sketches out "is generally approved by local public opinion."

Coincident with his mild tax of 10 per cent. on mining profits, Sir David advocates the abolition and reduction of certain Customs duties, the abolition of transit dues upon goods brought through the southern Colonies, an equitable adjustment of Colonial railway rates, the reduction of the excessive freights charged by the Netherlands Railway, and the sweeping away of the Dynamite Monopoly—which last, he shows, will mean a saving "little if anything short of £600,000 per annum."²

In the author's *New South Africa* a similar reformed fiscal policy is advocated, and calculations are therein presented which show that the saving to the mines on similar bases of fiscal policy to those of Sir David Barbour would be not less than 5s. per ton of ore mined and treated. Mr. John Hays Hammond, the leading authority upon Rand mining, has stated his opinion that the saving under enlightened government will be about 6s. per ton, and that the

(1) "Uitlander," though scarcely a correct word to use, now serves as a convenient expression for the non-Boer population of the Transvaal—those who were Uitlanders under the Republican Government.

(2) Page 17 of Report.

profits per claim will be increased by from £7,500 to £12,000. More recently a Johannesburg writer in the *Fremdenblatt*, quoted in *The Times* of 22nd June, has stated that the saving in working costs will be at least 25 per cent., that is nearly 7s. per ton. It is shown in the *New South Africa* that the net gain to the whole industry on a year's work (the production of 1899 being taken as a basis), after paying the profit tax of 10 per cent., would be at least £1,600,000 a year. Upon the basis of probable production after the elapse of three years from the Declaration of Peace, for the ten years ended 1914, the net saving would be about £2,900,000 per annum.

But over and above these net gains in profits, the mines would profit from the large quantities of low-grade ore which would be rendered available for exploitation. Every shilling by which costs are reduced will largely increase the quantity of ore which can be milled to profit. What this extra gain would be it is almost impossible to estimate, but in many of the mines of the Central Rand it would be very large. The exploitation of the Main Reef would, in many cases, add ten or a dozen years to the "lives" of several mines. Such conclusions as these will give some idea of what benefit good government will mean to mines viewed in the aggregate. But most minds will be convinced more readily by the demonstration of the outcome of the new policy upon individual and typical mines.

The figure of 5s. per ton may reasonably be accepted as the minimum of reduction; it is the least of those previously quoted. For details of how this figure is arrived at the reader is referred to the *New South Africa*. The calculations there made by the writer were based upon the hypothesis that various alleviations in taxation or drawbacks to mining enterprise would be made by the new Government; these are nearly all recommended by Sir David Barbour.

Let us now see what this reduction in costs will mean, taking several typical companies, deducting the gross amount of reduction from the expenditure, i.e., adding to the profits. On the other hand, the suggested tax of 10 per cent. will be deducted from the "revised" profit figure and the difference shown.

Both Sir Michael Hicks Beach and Sir William Harcourt appear to think that the contribution of 10 per cent. upon profits is too small. In view of this, it will be instructive to inquire as to what would be the effect of a tax of 15 per cent.? It may be that the revenue requirements will be such that the lesser tax will be insufficient. There is much to be said in favour of the solution put forward by the writer elsewhere, viz., that the tax should be a variable one, a changing percentage, rising and falling with the requirements of the Government.

The illustrations and concrete instances which follow may be

regarded as typical of high-grade, medium-grade and low-grade mines of the Witwatersrand. Being the last complete period of full and normal working, the year 1898 is usually taken.

Let us consider first the case of the Robinson Mine, the premier mine of the Rand, and one of the largest gold producers and dividend payers in the world. The net profit made by this company in 1898 was £425,935, from a crushing of 184,000 tons of ore. Five shillings a ton reduction in working costs would mean an addition to the profits of £46,000. Ten per cent. upon the enlarged profit of £471,935 (i.e., £425,935 plus £46,000) would be £47,193, or very little more than the saving effected under improved general conditions. The difference at first sight would appear insignificant. But there is, of course, the increased tonnage of low-grade ore that the reduction in working charges would bring into the profit category to be remembered.

Examine as a second instance the Henry Nourse, another high-grade mine. During the twelve months ending 30th June, 1899, 121,185 tons were crushed. At 5s. per ton, the estimated reduction in costs under good government, the annual saving would be £30,296. Adding this figure to the actual net profit of £189,668 gives a total estimated profit of £219,964, 10 per cent. of which is £21,996. This is an enhanced profit of £8,300 in favour of the new régime. Fifteen per cent. tax would come to rather more than the savings made in reduced working costs. The reduction of costs from 26s. 10d. to 21s. 10d. per ton would largely increase the quantity of ore workable to profit in this mine.

The grade of the City and Suburban is about 44s. per ton crushed, or rather above the general average of the Rand. The net profit earned was £188,521 upon a crushing of 218,116 tons. Under the new scheme the profit would be increased by £54,529 to £243,050. Ten per cent. on this profit would be only £24,305, and even 20 per cent. would be less than the estimated saving. Here we see the benefit accruing to the medium-grade mines resulting from new conditions is greater than in the case of the richer propositions.

The Wolhuter may be described as a low medium-grade mine, its recovery value in 1898 being 35s. 8d. The net profit earned was £101,434, equal to 12s. 6½d. per ton on a crushing of 161,712 tons. Five shillings reduction would enhance the profit by the sum of £40,428, while Sir David Barbour's tax upon the "revised" profit would only be £14,185. Apparently the Wolhuter would be better off with a 25 per cent. tax (though, of course, nothing so high as that is contemplated) and 5s. reduction in costs, than under the conditions prevailing under the old Government. Reckoning on a tonnage basis, the tax upon the enlarged profit would only be 1s. 9d. against a saving of 5s.

Lastly, the case of the Glencairn, which wins less than 30s. worth of gold per ton from its ore, may be cited. This mine is operated at a remarkably low cost. During 1898, 191,825 tons were crushed, yielding a profit of £115,408. A tax of 10 per cent. upon the enlarged profit resulting from a saving of £47,956 (5s. per ton on 191,825 tons) would only amount to £16,336, or, roughly, one-third of the saving! Instances might be multiplied almost indefinitely, but those given may be taken as typical.

Going aside from the main argument for a moment, let us see what the effect of a 5s. reduction and a 10 per cent. tax would have been upon an unpayable mine such as the George Goch was in 1898. To prevent misconception it should be stated that the position of the mine is now entirely different to that in the period under notice. The tonnage crushed was 103,444, yielding gold to the value of £113,443, at an expenditure of £116,054. Had costs been 5s. per ton lower, a profit of £23,250 would have been secured, leaving £20,925 net, after paying a tax of 10 per cent.

The foregoing figures will amply demonstrate how little foundation there is for the cry that the projected tax of 10 per cent. will bear hardly on the mines; provided, of course, 5s. can be saved on working costs. There seems, looking at the evidence adduced, little reason to doubt that this can be effected with ease. In almost every case cited it will be seen that the mines will be better off under the new scheme than under the old.

The measure of relief will be greater in the cases of the medium-grade mines than those of the richest, the lowest-grade mines will benefit to a greater extent than the medium class, unprofitable mines will be converted into paying concerns. The general fairness of the proposed taxation must be admitted, for, as Sir David Barbour remarks, "the tax will fall more heavily on the very profitable mines than on the poorer ones, but the gain to the mining industry, as a whole, will be very great. In any case, the more profitable mines are in the best position to bear additional taxation." As will have been seen from the foregoing typical illustrations, the benefit to the lower and lowest-grade mines will be considerable.

To begin with the 10 per cent. tax may be most suitable, but it is evident there is scope for some increase in the rate. Even with a tax of more than 10 per cent. the mines in the aggregate, rich and poor, would be gainers over the old system. Readers are referred to the chapter in the *New South Africa* which shows clearly that this is so. In five years' time, with a 15 per cent. tax, it is probable the mines will be making £2,000,000 more in profits yearly than would have been possible under the old system. Some elasticity of revenue is desirable in a new country to allow for possible hindrances and deficiencies, and it will be better to leave the tax with some "spring" in it.

The probable production of the Rand I have dealt with in the book quoted. Taking the figures therein arrived at, the profits for the first period of ten years after the gold-winning capacity of the industry is fully restored, will average £9,000,000 a year. With a 10 per cent. tax the revenue would be £900,000, and with one of 15 per cent. £1,350,000, these figures of course applying to the whole period and not to the first years. For the second period of ten years the revenue yield may be calculated at £1,600,000, upon a 10 per cent. basis. Sir David Barbour's estimate of initial revenue from this tax is £400,000, which may be regarded as correct for the first year. But on the average for the longer period the figure of £900,000, as indicated above, is likely to be near the actual result. Sir David Barbour might have ventured a little further into the future than he has done, as his estimate gives a misleading idea regarding the ultimate sum which would be derived from the contemplated tax.

In passing, it may be noted that in his endeavour to be strictly and legally impartial, Sir David Barbour has recommended the 2½ per cent. upon the gross yield of *mynpachten*,¹ according to the letter of the Gold Law of the late South African Republic. Not only will this be difficult but in certain cases it would prove unfair to shareholders. The tax upon profits will be quite sufficient without the exaction on *mynpacht* gold production, which Sir David Barbour points out is equivalent to nearly 9 per cent. upon profits from working. So long as the law remains as at present, the ordinary gold revenue from claim licences will probably be about £200,000 a year net.

W. BLEDGETT.

(1) Arrears given out by his Government to the owners of the farm under mining leases.

THE BOER PRISONERS IN BERMUDA.

THE subject of camps and enclosures for the many thousand prisoners-of-war taken in our South African campaign has, of late, forced itself upon the notice of the British public. The enemies of England have sought to find in these camps a convenient peg on which to hang a formidable string of accusations, beginning with imputations of ill-management, and ending with direct charges of inhuman cruelty; doing more harm than good to the cause they seem to favour by their obvious disregard for truth. These tales of ill-treatment have seldom emanated from the Boers themselves, but have, as a rule, been started by the unscrupulous beings who think it no shame to bribe the editor of a second-rate foreign newspaper, and will stoop to any depth of meanness in the hope of raising a new foe to England, while they hide themselves and their falseness under the shadow of the Boer cause. It seems no matter to them that they create and encourage an impression that the Boer is a man of no honour, with a preference for lies and a truly abnormal capacity for inventing them. So long as they have spread a tale to the discredit of the British nation they are satisfied.

There are many, both at home and abroad, whose general faith in the justice and humanity of the military authorities leads them to treat these accusations with scorn. Yet since where little is known—it is the more easy to credit a wild assertion, even as in the days of our grandfathers many a traveller's tale found credence that to-day would be ridiculed—so many stories are believed of the Boer camps now, both in this country and abroad, which can scarcely be said to have even a foundation of fact to support their fiction. This must be my excuse for publishing a simple account of the life in, and management of, the prisoner-of-war camps in Bermuda; telling of an organisation which is so familiar to those who are responsible for its working that it may appear to have no interest, though, if I mistake not, it will come as a surprise to those whose sphere of interest has not brought them within the ken of a great prisoner-of-war encampment at the beginning of the twentieth century.

Surely the truth is best for both sides, for "the first of all gospels is this, that a lie cannot endure for ever."

In the Bermudas there are at present seven separate islands occupied by the Boers and their guards. On five of these are prisoner-of-war encampments, the remaining two being reserved as hospital islands for the sick. The confined space of a guarded enclosure is of necessity small, but care has been taken to give the prisoners what liberty is possible under the circumstances. Instead of a camp entirely surrounded by a barbed-wire fence or a high

palisade, as is usual, full advantage has been taken of the natural suitability of these islands. And the only artificial barrier is a barbed-wire fence, which separates the prisoners from their guards, while otherwise the picturesque rocky coast on their portion of the island has been left free to the Boers, and permission has been granted them to bathe in the sea, and swim to a distance of fifty yards from the shore, small naval vessels being moored in a few commanding positions for the purpose of guarding the waters surrounding the islands. A comparison with the majority of American and Pro-Boer Press statements on this subject shows a curious lack of accurate information. Such statements as the following appear constantly :—

“They are herded in great detention camps. Stockades encircled by fences of barbed wire, escape from which is almost impossible, and life inside of which is almost unendurable.”

The work of selecting and preparing these camps before the prisoners-of-war arrived was no easy task. Every detail became a matter of importance. The Governor himself inspected the few available spots in the Bermudas, selecting the present islands, and directing the general lines on which the camps should be pitched. Small trees and undergrowth were cleared away to allow free ventilation, larger trees were left standing that the prisoners might have shade. Roads were made through the camps; kitchens, wash-houses, etc., were erected in suitable positions, and tents were pitched in long, orderly lines, the ground being raised or lowered as required, that they might stand level. The tents provided are the ordinary military bell tents, with the addition of wooden tent-bottoms as a protection from damp.

For some time the work of preparation absorbed the attention of the various branches of the military service represented in Bermuda. To the Royal Engineers, however, fell the heaviest task, more especially in providing spacious hospitals, landing piers, and a sufficient water-supply for the camps. The Bermudas have neither fresh-water springs nor rivers, and though with care rain-water collected on roofs and water-catches can supply a sufficiency for householders, the needs of men living in tents, with no means of collecting or storing water, could not be so easily arranged for; and it was found absolutely necessary to import no less than six condensing plants from England to ensure a good and sufficient water-supply.

To an onlooker the management of a prisoner-of-war encampment may seem a simple matter, contained in the two broad principles of guarding and feeding the prisoners. Yet, as in all the practical duties of life, what the outsider looks upon as a broad principle is in fact a mass of details, each important in itself, and each tending to the general success or failure of the whole scheme. Constant alterations and modifications must be made by those in authority to suit,

as they arise, the daily and almost hourly new contingencies. The organisation of a town of some thousand inhabitants involves no little labour for those responsible for its welfare; but in the case of a suddenly formed encampment there is no old-standing precedent, no long experience of what is best to do and what to leave. An officer steps into command as commandant of the camp with the weight of great responsibility on his shoulders, and all the enemies of his country ready to cry "shame," should ill befall the prisoners under his care. Nay, ready even when all is going well and no blunder has marred the success of management.

The Royal Warwickshire regiment which brought the Boers over from South Africa has remained to guard them in Bermuda; and though the glamour of martial glory is absent from their somewhat monotonous duties, the responsibility of their work is considerable, and the tact and kindness with which it has been carried out will not easily be forgotten by those who have watched events, or, if I mistake not, by the prisoners themselves.

The first organisation of all the institutions and regulations of the camp, and preparation of the islands for the prisoners, were carried out under the immediate supervision of the late Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Bermuda, General Sir George Digby Barker, K.C.B., and will doubtless be continued by his successor, Sir Henry Geary. But as the difficulties of first experiment slip into the comparatively easy groove of routine, there will be time and opportunity for the further development of the present, and the introduction of new schemes, and doubtless the new Governor will be able to extend the system of employing the prisoners, as also the system of separation of the irreconcilables from the reconcilables. The more detailed charge and organising of the camps fell to Colonel Quayle-Jones, C.B., till the promotion to the charge of a home district recalled him to England, when he was succeeded as Assistant Adjutant-General for prisoners-of-war by Major Morrice, D.S.O. For convenience the island encampments are divided into groups, each having its own camp-commandant. The hospital islands, "Porta and Zeta," are under the charge of the officers of the R.A.M.C.

Within the Boer camp itself a considerable amount of power and responsibility is held by certain of the prisoners. The Boers are allowed to elect their own camp officers, the authority held by minor officials gradually ascending till it is centred in the burgher-commandant. Thus, of the seven men in each tent one is nominated by his fellows to become foreman; he thereby is made responsible for the proper cleanliness and order of his tent and for the good behaviour of his tent-fellows. He in his turn combines with the other tent-foremen of his line to elect a "line-captain." The line-captain is responsible for all matters connected with the discipline

and good order of his line of tents, and becomes an intermediary between the burghers and the burgher-commandant, receiving any complaint or question referring to any tent from the foremen and reporting it to the burgher-commandant. The line-captains also have the responsibility of appointing foremen to enforce the proper care and cleanliness of kitchens, wash-houses, etc.; and they are bound to see that the camp orders are obeyed, that all tents are struck at least once a week, and that the wooden tent-bottoms are placed outside the tents and thoroughly scrubbed three times a week. Above the line-captain comes the burgher-commandant, whose duties are manifold and responsibilities great. He is directly responsible for the order of the camp under his command to the British officer in charge, and he holds a somewhat difficult and trying position. Since he is elected by the Boers, it may be taken for granted that he has no political leanings in favour of the English. Yet, being a man of position and authority in his camp, as he also must be, he is well aware that obedience to and strict observance of all camp rules and regulations and the maintenance of camp discipline means the well-being of the burghers in his charge. At the same time his electors have a keen eye to his doings, and should he be thought to be too actively assisting the English guard an early new election may be looked for.

Any suggestion of reform or innovation in camp-life is looked upon with the utmost suspicion by the Boers, who invariably read therein some ulterior motive on the part of the British. Several rather curious instances of this feeling have occurred in the camps at Bermuda. For example, when they first arrived, an effort was made to obtain statements from each of the prisoners as to what their trades and occupations in South Africa, previous to the outbreak of war, had been, with a view to possibly finding work locally for some of them, particularly if there should be any considerable number of engineers among the number. The plan failed, however, from the absolute refusal of the burghers to give any information about themselves whatever. On another occasion endeavours were made to start some system of police among the prisoners to look after the sanitary condition of the camp, and to see that regulations were carried out. In spite of assistance given by the burgher-commandant and the line-captains, who explained to the prisoners that the police were for the benefit of all, and would be under the command of their own burgher-commandant, the Boers would have nothing to do with it, apparently believing that the scheme must be in some way intended to benefit the British. They objected also to giving any information as to their next-of-kin, or the property they possessed; and did not like burghers being employed as clerks, imagining that they would be used to obtain information from themselves.

The establishment of a Landrost (magistrate) Court has, however, proved very satisfactory; and the system of self-government which the prisoners are allowed to exercise has avoided much possible friction and simplified the discipline of the camp. This Court, which has power to deal with all minor offences committed by burghers, and with breaches of camp discipline, consists of a Landrost, four assessors, a public prosecutor, and a sheriff, and is empowered to administer certain clearly defined and limited punishments, one of these being from one to ninety days hard labour for the benefit of the camp. Every prisoner has the right, should he prefer it, to have his case tried by the British camp-commandant, provided he notifies his wish before his case has been brought before the Landrost.

On coming to Bermuda the prisoners soon settled into their new quarters. For a while there were occasional attempts at escape, and one prisoner succeeded in reaching America. But though it is by no means impossible for the prisoners to swim the short distance from their island camps to the mainland, it is almost impossible for them to leave the Bermuda Islands without detection. And those who made the attempt soon found that the additional severity of their confinement after escape from camp proved the game not worth the candle.

In their camp-life the prisoners are treated as soldiers, and must conform to all regulations for the safety, good order and discipline of the camp. Roll-call is held every morning at 6.30 A.M., and again at 4.30 P.M., also two hours before the sailing of any ship.

There is a canteen in the camp, where the prisoners can buy almost anything they want, and where things that are not kept in stock can be ordered. This canteen is furnished by Mr. W. T. James, by previous agreement, and in accordance with a fixed price list, the clerks and salesmen connected with the detailed working of the canteen being Boer prisoners engaged at ordinary wages.

The amount of money spent by the prisoners in their canteens varies considerably, but it averages well over £100 a month in each of the five islands.

With regard to food, the prisoners receive similar daily rations to those issued to their guards, and the quality of the food is excellent. But should there be complaints, the matter is immediately looked into. Occasionally the bread has proved unsatisfactory, and the whole batch has been returned and supplied fresh by the bakers. A few prisoners have complained that they would like more vegetables, some that they miss the milk and jam rations provided in South Africa, but the majority express themselves entirely satisfied with the food.

The following are the rations provided daily per man:—1 lb. meat, 1½ lbs. bread, ½ lb. fresh vegetables, ¾ oz. of coffee, 2 ozs. of sugar, ½ oz. salt, ¾ oz. of pepper.

Seeing that the matter of free clothing has met with rather heated discussion in the Press, a few notes on the subject may be of interest. On their first arrival in Bermuda, both the prisoners and their guard were in somewhat worn-out clothing, as was only natural seeing from whence they had come. The question of providing new, and of the conditions under which it should become the prisoners' property, came under the immediate consideration of His Excellency the Governor. It was well known that some of the men possessed a considerable amount of private means, and it was not fair to add the cost of clothing such men to the already heavy expenses of the British ratepayer. On the other hand it was only a very limited number of men who possessed money, and there were a great many prisoners who had neither money nor the means of earning it, and whose property was in farms which might, or might not, still be in existence. These men were not in a position to purchase clothing either with ready money or by promissory note; so that the chief difficulty lay in discriminating between those who could and those who could not pay. Any idea of requiring a promissory note was at once discarded as unworkable, and it was finally decided to issue clothing entirely free to all such prisoners as had not the visible means of purchasing for themselves. Practically this amounted to the gift of free clothing to all the prisoners excepting to such of the Boer officers and comparatively wealthy men as had money in the local banks, and who were therefore able to buy their own clothing at the canteen. At first, while the Bermuda summer made coats unnecessary, and even the guard discarded them and worked in shirt sleeves, there was no very great issue called for, but gradually, as the heat cooled and clothes wore out, it continued to increase till by the end of the first six months over 11,500 articles of clothing had been distributed. In December 4,000 great-coats arrived from England and lay stored till the first touch of winter weather should make it desirable to issue them to the prisoners. This occurred about the second week in December, the Bermuda climate being so warm and sunny that it can scarcely be said to have a winter even at Christmas time.

During the distribution of these great-coats the delegate of an American charitable society came to Bermuda, and was granted permission to view the camps, in consequence of which a somewhat quaint story was set in circulation. It is told in a New York paper as follows:—"When the latter [the delegate] had presented his credential at Hamilton, the Governor, for reasons best known to himself, found it desirable to distribute the clothing stored since last summer, free of charge and conditions. After some difficulties and a delay of several days Mr. X. was admitted to the camps, and was surprised to find a part of the prisoners in brand-new clothing. . . . The pressure of public opinion in the United

States and the pressure of an American delegate evidently induced the Governor of Bermuda to part with his stored-up treasure of clothing.⁴

Even supposing this were written in all good faith and that the writer did honestly think the delegate's visit of sufficient importance to cause the British Government immediately to issue free clothing to its prisoners-of-war, one is still tempted to wonder if the honest American citizen would digest this piece of information with his morning paper and his breakfast.

While the clothing question was quietly being solved in Bermuda the Pro-Boer Press began to agitate itself seriously on the subject. The Boer prisoners were represented as being in a terrible state of destitution, and constant appeals for "relief," particularly for gifts of clothing, appeared in the papers. These brought prompt replies from the charitably disposed, and though the majority of the people who contributed in answer to these appeals probably did so in all good faith, yet there can be no doubt that there was a strong anti-British feeling at work, and that the desire of the leaders of the movement was rather to stir up ill-will against England by publishing accounts of "cruelties and hardships" under the excuse of charity, than any wish to send help to those in distress.

As the immediate result of such appeals Bermuda was swamped with old clothes from America. One mail steamer alone brought thirty cases, and the supply seemed unending. A fresh difficulty now arose, for the medical authorities at once saw danger ahead and refused to take the responsibility of admitting such clothing to the camps from fear of infection. Yet it seemed hard to ship straight back to America gifts that were intended for the benefit of the prisoners, and finally it was decided that the clothing should be all disinfected under the supervision of the health officer of the Colony, and then be handed over to the Boer prisoners. At the same time it was felt that something must be done to check the flow, and a notification was issued to the effect that in future the prisoners-of-war would not be permitted to receive gifts of old clothes, and a note was added that though new clothing might be sent to the prisoners by their friends, such gifts were not necessary as the British Government was providing all necessary clothes free of charge, and camp-life did not accommodate itself to the storing of a surplus supply.

This refusal to admit "worn" clothing called forth a perfect storm of abuse, and such statements as the following appeared far and wide.

"It now appears that the Governor of Bermuda refuses to admit any second-hand clothing, ostensibly through fear of infection . . . this refusal seems a subterfuge. The Governor no doubt is alarmed

over the sympathy aroused in this country by previous appeals for the Boer prisoners."

Further attempts were made to stir up ill feeling, and though the appearance of Christian charity apart from party feeling was still maintained, the cloven hoof showed through here and there, and the finding of an inflammatory placard in the pocket of a gift waistcoat told its own tale.

To one living in the midst of these things matters might seem to be growing more and more serious as press-cuttings poured in from all directions. But surely the only sane view to take of such a situation must be that those in authority are responsible to their own Government and to none other, and that the unjust criticism and sensational ranting of a certain section of the Press is not worth worrying about. Truly the pressman's pen "gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

A striking illustration was given some time ago of the fact that this ill feeling in no way originated among the Boer prisoners themselves. One prisoner (not a Boer by birth) wrote a letter full of complaint, which was published in American newspapers. On being shown the press-cutting, the burgher-commandant of the camp was much annoyed, and so strong was the Boer feeling on the subject that the grumbler was made by his fellow prisoners to apologise to the British official for his letter. This shows the line taken by the genuine Boer as opposed to the foreigner, who, in pretending to help the cause of the oppressed, seeks rather to find therein a means of personal advertisement.

There are plenty of irreconcilables in the camp, but the prisoners are taking the chances of war as soldiers. They cannot be expected to like their life, what captive would? But there is no mistaking the good feeling that exists between them and their guards; neither do they hesitate to say that they consider themselves well treated. The Boers have proved themselves sturdy fighters; it is not fair to attribute to them the peevish whining of a spoiled child now they are in captivity, while in truth they are maintaining their character of hardy independence, and are bearing themselves with resignation and quiet dignity. The restlessness that has once in a way appeared in the camp has been almost entirely among the foreigners, or between men of divers political opinions, for the genuine Transvaaler is by no means a quarrelsome person or a mischief-maker when left to himself.

The art of exaggeration is not reserved for one side alone. Many truly ridiculous reports have appeared in the English papers giving accounts of the "luxury" and "pampering" which is said to be provided for "Brother Boer" in Bermuda. Many of the stories sprang from the same source, and their origin was as follows:—

A transport that brought Boers to Bermuda afterwards returned

to England bringing invalided soldiers home. It naturally caused some interest on its arrival at Southampton, and was met by journalists anxious to hear news of the prisoners-of-war and their camp, and, of course, a home-going soldier was easily found willing to give an account of how they did things in Bermuda. Some points of his story were as follows:—

1. The ladies of Bermuda have presented the Boers with a grand piano.

2. The Boers are much better treated than we are, and they have bigger rations.

3. A society has been started to help them, and people send them books and papers which they don't send us.

Now this tale was exaggerated, but for a man who had not been many days in the island, and who could not be expected to know more than what he had learned by hearsay it was not surprisingly so. The curious thing is that, apparently without further authority, it was solemnly repeated and stated as fact in several leading papers, and doubtless believed by their readers. The truth is as follows:—

1. Some of the Boers (officers and others) are men of some culture and of university education; they had already been prisoners for nearly two years, and were glad of anything to break the monotony of life. They asked if they might be allowed to hire a piano from the town, and permission was granted them. They could only raise a small monthly sum between them, and no piano dealer cared to hire out a good piano to stand under canvas; but they succeeded in obtaining a very old square piano which was to be had cheap, and as they were of course unable to visit the town, a lady connected with the Recreation Society arranged the matter for them. So much for the ladies' grand piano.

2. The soldier receives threepence a day for his groceries, and buys what he likes. The prisoner-of-war has his grocery ration issued to him without choice and without pay.¹

3. The object of the society which was started was to provide the Boers with means of recreation and exercise, and to help them to start such industries as wood-carving, &c. Also old magazines and newspapers were sent to the prisoners.

So the soldier's tale had truth, but unfortunately it lent itself to further exaggeration and misrepresentation, and there was the implication of unkind neglect of Tommy Atkins.

Yet one can well imagine Tommy's indignation if a society were started with the express purpose of finding him occupation; still further, if his well-supplied reading and recreation rooms were done

(1) Since their first arrival in Bermuda, some alterations have been made with regard to the rations issued to the soldiers guarding the Boers, and they now receive the grocery ration plus the 3d. a day grocery allowance as when in active service.

away with, and he was expected to say "thank you" for the gift of old magazines and out-of-date newspapers that local readers had done with. As to clothing, he might well feel hurt if, on leaving the seat of war, local charity saw fit to supply him with local civilian clothing as a gift. No! when Tommy is away at the war, and cannot have all he has at home, he is very pleased for his friends to send him presents; but when he is no longer at the front and his regimental institutions are in working order, then he is an independent person—he has his rights, and he and his officer for him sees that there is no neglect. He is not an applicant for local charity, and those who know him hold him and his office in too great respect to offer him their belongings.

On their arrival in Bermuda the Boers soon settled into their new quarters, and began to erect various small contrivances for their comfort and amusement. Several of the men have made themselves hand-lathes with the aid of two trees for uprights, and rough wooden wheels made from old packing cases, on which they have turned some excellent woodwork. Various rough little huts have been built by the burghers for their own use, and one enterprising Boer started a coffee stall, at which if he cannot make his fortune, he can at least turn an honest penny.

The prisoners are allowed to have money sent them by their friends, but they are not allowed to hold more than £2 at a time in their possession, the rest is retained by the Camp Commandant, who keeps the prisoners' money in the Bank of Bermuda. Every burgher is allowed to have his own banking account with the Camp Commandant, and the keeping of these many small accounts adds no little to the Camp Commandant's labours. At the present time over £1,418 is lying in the Bank of Bermuda to the credit of the Boer prisoners. The greater part of this sum belongs to a few wealthy prisoners, and many of the poorer burghers have not a penny to their name.

So far as it has been possible to do so work has been provided for the burghers. Instead of supplementing the soldiers' work by civilian labourers the Boers who were already in Bermuda were allowed to volunteer, in working parties often numbering one hundred or more, to hew trees and make roads in the islands that were still being prepared for those who were expected later. The unskilled labourers receive 1d. per hour for their work; those whose work is of greater value receive higher pay, clerks can earn as much and sometimes more than 2s. a day. This, it must be remembered, being in addition to free food and clothing.

It is, however, of course impossible to provide work for all; and there are many who are unused, and physically incapable of manual labour. With a view to helping these to occupy themselves in such

ways as were possible, the society above referred to was started in Bermuda, its objects being to provide the prisoners with recreation and exercise, and an opening for earning a little pocket money, even if only sufficient to buy stamps and tobacco. The society was warmly welcomed by the prisoners themselves, and its work was considerably lightened by the capital way in which they co-operated with it. Amongst the earliest gifts sent to the Boers were carving tools, carpenters' benches, and wood. Industrial associations were at once formed within the camp, with responsible elected secretaries who undertook to provide for the fair use and distribution of the society's gifts. And before long a small shop was taken in Hamilton to be opened by the society as an agency for the sale of the Boers' handiwork. A scheme was drawn up by which it was thought the agency might be satisfactorily worked under the unusual and difficult circumstances in which it was placed; and a copy was sent in full and carefully explained to the Boers, who heartily approved the system. Their industrial associations undertook the entire management of the agency's affairs inside the camp, regulating the supply of work sent, arranging that each man had his fair chance of getting his work sold, provided it was sufficiently good to be saleable, and carefully marking the selling price on all the articles they sent. These they priced $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. above the sum the maker expected to receive for himself, in order that the difference might be retained by the manager for the working expenses of the agency. Any profit after the current expenses are paid is spent in enlarging the stock kept at the agency, which was at first necessarily small, since the "Scheme" provided that all work should be paid for so soon as it was sent out of the Boer camps to the Hamilton agency. For a little while the agency was kept open at a loss, but under its capable and energetic managers it was soon paying its own way. And the Boer industrial associations and their secretaries set to work with a will to collect and send a suitable supply of carving and knick-knacks. For a month or two the work was very rough and crude, but it rapidly improved both in workmanship and design; till many of the burghers were able to turn out work that might do credit to a neat-fingered carpenter. Some of the men, who had been coach-builders in South Africa, worked together and built a beautiful little model coach, complete in every detail. One man has made a violin, a guitar, and a trumpet, all of which are capable of producing music. Another has made a complete miniature threshing-machine, taking as his model one he bought for use on his farm shortly before the war broke out. Several of the burghers have cameras, and the photos they take find ready sale at the agency, particularly among the many American visitors who come to Bermuda in the winter and spring time.

The society was also able by the gift of rollers, tennis nets, rackets and balls, to enable the prisoners to start tennis in their camps. Horizontal bars and various other means of exercise were also established on the islands, and sufficient books and magazines to start quite a useful little library in each camp. All which gifts, though small in their way, are very warmly appreciated by the Boers.

In accordance with the wishes of the burghers themselves, schools have been established in each of the camps. The British Government, at the request of Sir George Barker, supplied complete school equipment to each of the five islands, and several of the prisoners, who had been schoolmasters or university men before the war, offered their services as teachers. Not only do the boys go to school, but many middle-aged and elderly men are now for the first time learning the rudiments of book-lore.

With regard to the alleged presence of many "children" in the camps, there are 177 lads under sixteen years of age. Of these eight are under twelve years, the others being from twelve to sixteen. Most of the boys were taken in the trenches with their fathers, or were captured with herds of cattle they were tending, and were taken with their fathers, brothers and friends as prisoners-of-war, in preference to being left to shift for themselves with no visible means of support. Statistics show that forty-seven of the boys are with their fathers at Bermuda, the rest being with brothers, uncles, cousins and friends.

Space forbids even the most casual mention of many points of interest in the Bermuda camps, but it is impossible to entirely ignore the subject of the death-rate. More than one newspaper has gone so far as to state that "hundreds are dying of enteric." We have all heard that there are "white lies, black lies, and statistics," and this statement seems to combine two divisions of the category. During seven months of the prisoners' sojourn in Bermuda, there were fifteen deaths in the camps, two only of these being from enteric. The latter part of this time there were 4,500 prisoners, though for the first few weeks there were only about 800, the numbers having increased as the Boers arrived from South Africa in relays of from 800 to 1,000 at a time. The death-rate is therefore unusually low, which is perhaps hardly to be wondered at when it is remembered that Bermuda is far-famed both for its climate and for the fact that it is one of the healthiest places in the world.

K. W. ELWES.

. AMERICAN WIVES AND ENGLISH HOUSEKEEPING.

THE clever woman who wrote *American Wives and English Husbands* put her Californian heroine in a position in which the one problem she was not required to solve was English housekeeping. She might break her heart over her English husband, but the author does not add to our pangs by relating how her American bride, having first studied the peculiarities of her Englishman, next varied her soul's trials by "wrestling" with the lower but equally aggravating problems prepared for her by the English tradesman—under which general term I include all the male and female creatures who, having helped to set up a brand-new household, immediately proceed to hinder it from running.

The problem of English husbands I leave to more gifted pens, but I may perhaps be permitted to tell what the American woman experiences, who, having "pulled up stakes," plants herself on English soil. This era of international marriages is not at all confined to the daughters of American millionaires who can afford the luxury of English dukes; nor, in giving my experiences, do I address the prospective Anglo-American duchess, who would not be likely to spend several sleepless nights, as I did, trying to decide whether she should or should not take her carpets or the "ice chest." I must, however, give one little word of advice to the American girl proposing to turn herself into an Englishwoman: and that is, she must be very sure of her Englishman, because for him she gives up friends and country, and he has to be that and more to her.

To start with, America has an undeserved reputation for being a very expensive place in which to live. The larger earnings are offset, it is said, by expenses out of proportion to the wages. Both facts are exaggerated, and in contrasting English and American housekeeping, one of the first reasons I have decided why English living flies away with money, is that the currency itself tends to expense.

To start with, the English unit of money value is a penny—the American a cent, but observe that a penny is *two* cents in value. I am asked 8d. for a pound of tomatoes—I think "how cheap" until I make a mental calculation, "16 cents, that's dear." It is the guiltless penny which, like the common soldier, does the mighty exertions, and swells the bill. I look on the penny as a cent, and that is the keynote of the expense of living in London. To go farther into the coinage, there is the miserable half-crown—it is more than half-a-dollar, and yet it only represents a half-dollar

in importance. "What shall I give him?" I ask piteously of my Englishman when a fee is in question. "Oh, half-a-crown," he says carelessly; I obey, but I mourn over 12½ cents thrown away with no credit to myself. Poor English people who, have no dollar! Don't talk of four shillings! Four shillings are a shabby excuse for two self-righteous half-crowns. Oh, for a good simple dollar! Five dollars make a sovereign, roughly speaking—that wretched and delusive coin which is no sooner changed into shillings and half-crowns than it disappears like chuff before the wind, while the good dollars repose in one's purse, either in silver or greenbacks (very dirty, but never mind!), and demand reflection before spending. Think of the importance of a man's salary multiplied by dollars! I believe the wealth of France is due to her coinage—francs are the money of a thrifty middle-class—the English coinage is intended for peers of the realm and paupers. A hundred pounds a year is not a vast income, but how much better it sounds in dollars—\$500.00; if, however, you multiply it by francs, 2,500 francs, why it sounds noble! Count an Englishman's income by hundreds, and it does seem shabby! Dollars, when you have 4,000 to spend, represent a value quite out of proportion to the £800 they really are. Change your English coinage—don't have half-crowns or sovereigns, but nice simple dollars (call them by any other name if you are too proud to adopt dollars), and see the new prosperity that will dawn on the middle-classes. I venture to say that a little tradesman struggling along on £150 a year, will feel like a capitalist on \$750.00. I am not straying from my subject, for it was my first observation in English economics.

On the other hand, the days have passed in America for the making of sudden and great fortunes, nor are the streets paved with gold. The lady from County Cork does not step straight from the steerage into a Fifth Avenue drawing-room (unless by way of the kitchen), but there's work, and there are good wages, and if the lady from County Cork and her brothers and cousins would work as hard in Ireland as they do in the United States, that perplexing island would bloom like a rose; that their fences are always tumbling down, even over there, and their broken windows stuffed with rags, is only an amiable national trait to which the Irish are loyal even in America, just to remind them of home.

"Everything is cheaper in England," everybody said when the decisive step had to be taken whether to take or leave the contents of our large house. "It won't be worth packing, taking, and storing. Send everything to auction." That was the advice. I compromised, and one day half of the dear familiar household gods were trundled off to be sold—alas! and the elect were left to be packed. Three decent men invaded the house with great pine boards,

which they piled in our back-yard (every American house has a grass-grown, fenced-in space at the back of the house called a yard, for the drying and bleaching of the laundry), and the making of cases and the packing began. The packing was contracted for. The chief of the firm came, looked through each room, estimated, and gave us the price of the whole work completed and placed on the freight steamer. I am told that the English are the best packers in the world, but I have had more damage done in two cases sent from Bristol to London than in eighty cases sent from Boston to Liverpool. The three men worked three weeks, and then took all the cases out of the house and put them on the freight steamer, and the price of all this wonderful packing was about £40. What will surprise an English person is that not one of these men expected a fee. My one ceaseless regret is that I did not take everything, from the kitchen poker to the mouse-trap. On the arrival of our eighty cases in London, they were received by the warehouse people, who sheltered them until the brand-new English house was ready, which was not for a year. The packing, sending, and storing of all this furniture was under £100, which, with my English experience, I knew could have bought nothing. I did question the wisdom of bringing carpets, and I do not think it pays unless they are very good and large—the re-making and cleaning are too dear to waste on anything not very good. Having my furniture safely landed, the next step was to get a house.

I find that the cheapness of English rents is misleading, for besides the rent the tenant is expected to pay the rates and taxes, which add to the original rent one-third more, only somehow it is ignored. Get a house for £150, and you can add £50 to that by way of rates and taxes. Nor does that enable you to get anything very gorgeous in the shape of a house, but one obtainable for about the same price in New York or Boston, minus those comforts which Americans have come to consider as a matter of course, until they learn better in England. Only in flats are the rates and taxes included in the rent, and when flats are desirable they are expensive. Now, living in flats is undoubtedly the result of worrying servants, and it is obtaining here as rapidly as the English ever accept a new idea—but being impelled by despair they are becoming popular. Small flats for "bachelor-maids" and childless couples are abundant and well enough, but for families who decline to be trodden on by their nearest and dearest these are impossible, and when possible very dear. The "flat" contrived for the "upper middle classes" is a terror, and is devoid of the comforts invented by American ingenuity and skill, and the good taste which makes American domestic architecture and decoration so infinitely superior to all. I do not wish to be misunderstood—if money is no object one can be as comfortable in

London as in New York, but I am only addressing the "comfortably off."

In New York I was in a flat occupied by a clerk in my husband's employ, which proves that the average man can make himself very comfortable. It was in an "apartment house" near Central Park. The street was broad and airy. To be sure the flat was up three flights, and there was no lift—but that is nothing. It consisted of six rooms, besides a kitchen and bath-room, and a servant's room. It was entirely finished in oak, and the plumbing was all nickel-plated and open, and it was furnished with speaking tubes. In the nice kitchen was an ice-box, and the kitchen range was of the best. This model flat cost £6 a month, including heating, and could be given up at a month's notice.

No model flat turning up here, we were reduced to take a house, for which we were willing to give from £150 to £200. The agony of that search, and the horror of the various mansions offered! For the first time I recognised the wisdom that puts no clothes-closets in London houses, when I think of the repositories of dirt they would inevitably become. At that time I was not on such intimate terms with the climate as I have since become, and I did not understand that it is humanly impossible to rise triumphant over fogs, smuts, and beetles. For my benefit, grim and dingy caretakers rose out of the bowels of the earth as out of a temporary tomb (always in bonnets), and showed us over awful houses in which every blessed thing had been carried away, even to the door knobs and the key-holes—I mean of course the metal around the holes. Awful, closetless houses, guiltless of comfort, with dreary grates promising a six months' shiver, and great gaunt windows rattling forebodingly. As for the plumbing—but it is well to drop a curtain over the indescribable. I do protest, however, against the people who live in these houses—houses whose discomfort an American artisan would not tolerate—looking with ineffable self-complacency on their methods, and sniffing at our American ingenuity, and our determination to make life comfortable. Of course, we got a house, thanks to no estate agent, but as we could not rent it we had to buy it—or rather the thirty-eight years' remnant of a lease—a mysterious arrangement to an American. It was rather hard to feel that the house and all our little improvements would, after thirty-eight years, revert to the Bishop of London, to whom the estate belongs, but we thought that after thirty-eight years we might not be so very keen about it, so we disturbed an aged woman in a dusty crape bonnet and some friendly beetles, and they left the premises simultaneously. We took an architect on faith, who was to be our shield and protector against the contractor, then we folded our hands, as it were, and retired to an hotel and proceeded to recover from the horrors of house-hunting. This interval was taken by the trades-

men of my new neighbourhood to recommend themselves to me, whose address they discovered by some miracle; they grovelled before me, they haunted me with samples—eggs, cream, butter, bread followed me to the ends of England, and I finally succumbed to the most energetic. Gradually, I got accustomed to “patronage” and “patron,” rare words in America, where the “I am as good as you” feeling still obtains. I am getting used to them as well as “tradesmen” and “class.” I acquiesce in a distinct serving class, conscious that not to be aware of the dividing gulf would mean the profound scorn of those we have agreed to call our inferiors. To return to the house. The architect and I looked it over—everything was wanting. The plumbing was new, but clumsy and inadequate. In an American house much less costly there would be a hanging cupboard in each room, thus dispensing with the clumsy and expensive wardrobes. The plumbing would be pretty and nickel-plated, resisting the action of the air, and easily kept clean. Here it is always brass or copper, clumsy and always tarnished. The architect suggested only the obvious, and with unwarranted faith I hardly ventured to suggest anything, but when the summer brought an American friend, who looked over the house, then approaching completion, she sat on the solitary chair and shook her head. “He hasn’t thought of a single thing,” she cried. “Think of not having a dumb-waiter (English: dinner-lift) in this unheated house. Stone walls and cold blasts—don’t invite me to your lukewarm repasts.” She added, “You must have a hardwood floor” (parquet floor) “in your drawing-room” (being an American she really said *parlor*). “Think of all the dirty carpets it will save.” I was convinced. “My dear, you don’t mean to say that you will live in this Bunker Hill Monument of a house” (she comes from Boston) “without speaking tubes?” She was aghast. “What an architect! Supposing you want to speak to the cook, why you’d have to run down four flights for a *tête-à-tête*; then supposing you want coals up four flights—must the maid climb up four flights to find out what you want before doing it? My dear, even an English servant has human legs, and she can’t stand it.” I was convinced. I spoke to the architect, and he was politely acquiescent, and as all these very necessary suggestions came late they were doubly expensive, and I have come to the conclusion that domestic architecture is the proper field for a woman with ideas—a mere mau-architect does not know the meaning of comfort, ingenuity, resource, and economy.

As the house declined to get done, I braved the architect, the contractor, and the workmen, and arrived one day in company with a bed, a table, and a chair (also a husband), and took possession. I did have one treasure at the time—a caretaker. She saved my life, and she protected my innocent self from the British tradesman,

whilst she gently taught me what the British servant will and will not do. She informed me when I was paying twice as much as right to the obsequious tradesman, and she regulated the (to me) perplexing fee. She was very religious, and I think she looked upon me as her mission and she was to rescue me—which she did. Her wages were £1 a week including her food, and to be just I could not have got such a treasure in America at the price. The most obvious defect we discovered in our house was that it was very cold—a universal English drawback—and the inadequate open fires seem to accentuate the chill. Would that my feeble voice could do justice to the much-calumniated American methods of heating! It does pay to be less prejudiced and more comfortable! Possibly the furnace and steam heat may be a little overdone, but not with moderate care. No one can make me believe that it is healthy to sit shivering all over, or roasting on one side and freezing on the other; neither do I consider a red nose and chilblains very ornamental. I admit that furnaces are not a crying need in England all through the winter, but from December to March it is a pretence to say you are comfortable, for you are not. There is no doubt but New England has had throat and lung troubles, yet so has Old England, and the hardening process does not save if statistics are right. If I must take cold and die, at least I prefer to do so comfortably.

If I had a furnace I should not need gas-stoves (which are certainly no more poetic than a register or a radiator, besides being distinctly sham), nor would there be a perpetual procession of coal-scuttles going upstairs, unless an open fire is desired for additional warmth and cheerfulness.

This brings me to the relative costs of coal, water, and gas. London coal is greasy, soft, and dear. Where the hard coal is burned in the States it leaves white cinders and ashes. It burns slowly and is therefore very profitable, and the price averages about 24s. a ton. Must the cheek of English beauty always be adorned with "blacks"?

The water-rates here are just double those of Boston, where, O rapture! we had two bath-rooms, and where the "sidewalk" (American for pavement) was thoroughly washed every morning. In Boston gas was charged for at the rate of 4s. for 1,000 cubic feet; here we pay 3s. 6d. for the same, and yet for infinitely less gas used our bills here are mysteriously larger. Our London electricity is both expensive and poor; consumers are at the mercy of the companies, and a little wholesome competition is very imperative.

The English are reckoned a nation of grumblers, but I find the grumbler ends in grumbling, though in moments of supreme anguish he writes to *The Times*, which permits, with the impartiality of

Divine Providence, both the just and the unjust to disport in its columns.

Considering the papering and painting of the house done—the painting done very roughly from our point of view, the kitchen needed a new range and we got the most expensive of its kind—expensive for America even—but the acknowledged solidity of English workmanship (which sometimes becomes clumsiness) is well in place here. The dinner-lift had been constructed for one flight, and was surprisingly dear, while the parquet floor in the drawing-room cost £27 where it would have cost £15 in America.

This brings me to a point on which I wish to lay great stress; the remarkable progress in America in all the applied and domestic arts within the last ten years, which leaves England far behind. Our English house was just old enough to be surprisingly ugly—it belongs to the early Victorian period. Without feeling ourselves justified in spending too much money in its decoration, we did feel that we might put away the funereal mantel-pieces and set up something more æsthetic. Our architect—always obliging and never suggestive—took us to see wooden mantel-pieces, and we found them expensive and clumsy. In this strait my Englishman had an inspiration. “Buy them in New York” (we were just going over), “and you will find them prettier, better, and cheaper even if the freightage has to be added to the price.” I would not believe him because I also was still labouring under the delusion that England was cheap and America dear. However, we went to New York and there we bought three wooden mantels—six feet high and six feet wide—of the best quartered oak, of so simple and graceful a design that they are always noticed and admired, and these three were packed, sent, and landed at our front door in London, and the price, all included, was not much more than we should have paid for the only one in London of which I approved. I feel convinced that there is a great market here for American wood-work as well as leather, iron, and glass, for with English excellence of workmanship they combine a taste which adapts the best to its own uses. It would revolutionise the decoration of English houses. The American has the advantage that he is not conservative where that stands between him and progress. That something was good enough for his ancestors is no reason why it should satisfy him. Because they chose to freeze is no reason why he should. Somehow, I always come back to the inadequate heating, for as I write, my face is flaming while a lively icicle penetrates my spine.

My carpets being now down, I sent to the warehouse for the eighty cases, and after a year I again looked at my household gods. They were, I must say, very skilfully unpacked, but (here is the difference between the English and the American workman) not one of the men

but expected a fee every time he moved a box for me. Every time I went to the warehouse to open a trunk one or two men had to be feed, and at the end it came to quite a little sum, which, in America, would not have been expected, even for harder work done, and quite rightly, for the men were receiving proper wages, and I was paying the Storage Company liberally.

My American furniture being cosmopolitan it was speedily at home in my English rooms, only these high studded rooms have such a way of devouring furniture! I thought piteously of the furniture I had rashly flung into the Boston auction-room, and when it came to replacing it, what did I find? That American furniture is much better and much cheaper. My soul yearned even for the big black chest of drawers which I had left behind, and it loathed the brand-new "art furniture," sticky with paste and varnish. I demanded Chippendale and such—but, alas! their day is over, except for millionaires! Praed Street, Brompton Road, Great Portland Street, and Warlour Street should blush for the faked-up antiquities that ogle the passer-by. I have no prejudice against modern furniture if it is good, nor do I love old furniture simply because it is old, but undoubtedly the old taste was artistic and simple, and workmen had plenty of leisure and used their hands; but when it comes to American or English machine-made furniture, I favour the American because it is in better taste, is made of better wood and is cheaper. I paid 24s. apiece for painted pine chests of drawers for the servants. In New York I saw a pretty one, all of oak with brass handles, for 13s. That is only a sample. Perhaps it is ungenerous urging the importation of American wares that can, because of English free trade, undersell the English manufacturer, but it remains true that it can be done, and ought to be done, and competition will improve the home produce, and there is room for improvement.

Well, having finally got my dwelling into some kind of order, I and my British and old American household gods proceeded to keep house together.

This brings me to the question of English and American domestic service. It is an article of faith that America being the home of the free (and independent), before long there will be no servants there, only "mississen." It is not quite so bad, by any means. To be sure wages are much higher, but the American servant does twice the work of an English servant. The average American family keeps two servants and a man who comes in twice a day to "tend" the furnace—the central stove which heats the entire house. The cook gets £50 a year, the housemaid £40, and the man who gets neither food nor lodging £18; the total is £108, which includes the baking of all the bread and the doing of the weekly laundry for the entire house, the only additional expenses being for coal and soap.

Now for the wages in an English family of the same standing:—Cook £35, parlour-maid £25, housemaid £20, char-boy £8, and £50 to the laundry for work which is quite disgraceful. The sum total is £138, which does not include the feeding of an additional person, and a servant's board is a greater expense than her wages. Distinctly the economy is on the American side.

That the servant business is a trade was impressed on me for the first time by my very intelligent English cook. Each English servant has her trade which she knows, and she declines to meddle with what she does not understand, for which reason the dividing lines are rather strictly laid down. It was something I had to learn so as not to call on one servant to do the duties of another. Our American servants are more liberal, but now I realise that a good English servant is not so much an amateur as an American, but unless you wish to be unpleasantly enlightened as mistress, you must learn her line of duty well. To keep house one must have servants, and in a strange place the first problem is how to get them. Supposing no friend can recommend you one, you are reduced to either advertising or the registry office. Registry offices, through which the majority of sufferers get their "help," riot in ungodly prosperity. They have managers and clerks like a bank, and, like other corporations, they have no souls. If you are a meek lady they snub you, and if you are undecided they give you bad advice. At any rate they take your fee whether you get a servant or not. It seems to me as if a certain amount of honesty should obtain even in this business, and I protest when I pay five shillings for the mere joy of talking to a stately female who pockets my fee, and is the presiding goddess in the generally ill-ventilated temple, and who, as soon as my fee is safe, takes no further earthly interest in me. In Boston I paid two shillings, but not until I was really suited with a servant. The methods of English registry offices seem to me the brazenest kind of piracy. Why don't English women rebel? Are they not the daughters and wives of grumblers, and probably the mothers also? However, fate was kind to me, and I got three servants, two of good village families, while the superior cook was the legacy of a brilliant woman, a good deal of whose wisdom I have since got at second-hand.

In the economy of the universe I know that there is a serving class, but we people of New England are not glib in the use of the word "servant." Do we not call them "helps" (in the country) when the expression is base flattery? Here, class distinctions have put the matter on a practical footing—servants are servants and recognise themselves as such, and have that outward and visible sign of well-trained domestics which the Irish girl, direct from her paternal pig-sty, scorns in New York. "You must not think," said

my intelligent cook, "that we don't have our feelings as much as you." There it was, and she put herself as a matter of course on quite a different plane of human beings; the American servant, on the other hand, would consider herself of the same class, but ill-used by circumstances. I always remember what a clever woman once said to me, "You can't expect all the Christian virtues in the kitchen for five dollars a week!" But we do expect it. Perhaps the most precious gift given to me when I left Boston was this advice: "Don't see too much." Servants are like children; to keep them under control you must impress them. They object to a mistress who is too clever with her hands, but they like her praise. An American servant does not lose respect for a mistress who, if necessary, can "lend a hand," but the English servant sees in such readiness a distinct loss of dignity. Many a time have my American servants seen me on the top of a step-ladder doing something that required more intelligence than strength, and they have respected my power to "do," but here something keeps me from the top of the step-ladder—instinct probably. An American treats her servants more considerately than an Englishwoman. I am conscious that I save my servants too much; often (I confess it with shame) I run down a flight or two to meet them, and I am quite sure that the more I do the more unwilling and ungrateful they become.

My three English servants, a boy, and the weekly laundry doing now the work of two American servants, I proceed. I have mentioned a vital and nearly fatal subject—the laundry. In London it is awful but inevitable, and I do not wonder any more at the stupendous dirt of the lower classes. Are their things ever washed, and if so who pays? After much observation I have decided that they make up by a liberal use of starch what they lack in soap and water and "elbow-grease." Language fails an American direct from the land of clear skies, sunshine and soap and water, when he contemplates the harrowing results of steam laundries. Really the most expensive of luxuries in London is to keep clean. When on Sunday afternoons I see in Kensington Gardens a poor infant with a terribly starched dirty cap on its head (in the form of a muffin), enveloped in an equally dirty and starched cape, and carried by a small girl in fearfully starched and dingy petticoats, I recognise maternal pride which rises superior to London dirt. I am the client of a "model" laundry which sends our linen back a delicate pearl-grey. We call it affectionately the "muddle" laundry, and it costs us one pound a week to keep up to the pearl-grey standard. I wish we could go back to the days of chain-armour! What remedy? I don't know, except country laundries for the rich and great, and no help for the poor! The only result of soft coal and dire necessity is the excellence and cheapness of the cleansing establishments, without which the

long-suffering householder would indeed sit in sack-cloth and ashes!

My one aim in furnishing our little house has been to keep the rooms free from all unnecessary draperies, which are merely traps for dust. It is hard for me to curb my feminine taste, which runs to sofa cushions and Oriental nooks lighted by Venetian lamps, but the exigencies of the London climate make me strictly Colonial (New England Colonial), and I can look into every corner—blessed privilege. The laundry being an accepted evil, one institution I willingly proclaim cheap—the scrub-woman who gets 2s. 6d. a day. Why don't all English scrub-women emigrate to the States in a body? They would get from six to eight shillings a day, overtime overpay.

Coming to the details of housekeeping. The custom here is that tradesmen call for orders. That also obtains in America, but plenty of ladies there go to the markets and select and order for themselves, which is distinctly more economical. Here, as the result of inadequate storage room, the expense of ice, and the by no means common use of the ice-box, there is not much food kept in the house, and I think the laying in of a good supply once or twice a week, if the mistress understands ordering and goes where she pleases, is undoubtedly cheaper than a daily ordering of driblets. It is the same with groceries, and these should be kept under lock and key! To the American that is not only an impossibility, it is nearly an insult, and I know of not a single American housekeeper who weighs out the groceries and other articles to be used week by week. It seems to me to start the mutual relationship of mistress and maid on a basis of suspicion. It is useless to give a tabulated list of values where prices fluctuate. I simply compare the differences as I have found them in my own little housekeeping. Meat, with the exception of fillet and sirloin, is dearer here, and so is poultry. Groceries average about the same, but coffee and flour are dearer. So are butter and eggs. Milk is the same, but tea, so dear to the English heart, is so cheap that one can undermine one's nervous system at a very small expense. Vegetables are good and cheap but there is little variety, while fruit is dear. I miss the ordinary cheap, good fruits, the California grapes and the Concordes with their clusters of deep blue berries, a five-pound basket of which only cost a shilling. They were first grown in the old New England town that Emerson made famous. As for apples, pears and peaches, they are among the cheap fruits over the sea, and I maintain their superiority to their English kin. What oranges equal the Floridas? The "Shaddock," the so-called "grape-fruit," is only just making its conquering way into the English shops. If, as it is claimed, it is the forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden, Eve is nearly justified! Yes, there are many good things in the States and at reasonable prices. I have only to think of the divine "sweet corn" and "squash" and

"sweet potatoes," and even the modest white bean from which all New England makes its national dish of "pork and beans." Fish there is in great variety in London, but that I also find dear. How is it possible for me to live in a land where lobsters and oysters are a luxury and not a necessity? Only a housekeeper knows what a refuge in trouble they are—when an unexpected visitor turns up. Is not the "oyster stew" (a soup of milk and oysters) nearly an American national dish? But it could only reach perfection in that blessed land where to eat oysters is not to suck a copper key, and where they exist in regal profusion. I look with scorn at the measly little lobsters for each of which the fishmonger demands three ridiculous shillings instead of 1s. 3d. My heart longs for lobster *à la Newburg* till I remember that it takes three of these poor creatures to make the dish—nine shillings! So I continue to yearn and keep my nine shillings. I cannot, however, leave the subject without expressing my hearty admiration for the beauty of the English fish shops and butcher shops. To see a fish shop in London is to see a trade haloed over with poetry. If I were a fishmonger I would sit among my stock-in-trade and be inspired. The fishmonger is an artist, he constructs pictures of still-life which would have been revelations to the greatest of Dutch masters, and the same I can say of the butchers' shops. In America our fish shops are devoid of poetry—the only compensation being to see the mountainous piles of oysters, ready to be opened, and innumerable great red lobsters.

To one item of American economy I wish to return with added stress; that is, the baking of bread in each house. This household bread, if well made, is delicious, substantial, and economical. Usually the cook bakes twice a week, and besides that she is expected to have ready for breakfast either fresh baked "biscuits" (scones), "muffins," or "pop-overs." The yearly allowance of flour for each person is one barrel, and I reckon the expense to be about one-half what bread costs here. The English "double-decker" is a fearful and wonderful production that errs on the side of heaviness, just as the American baker's bread errs on the side of frivolous lightness and nourishes like froth.

Whenever I hear Americans proclaim the cheapness of a visit to London I have without exception discovered that they live here as they would not dream of living at home, where, should they take lodgings in the same economic manner, they could live quite as cheaply. Another inexpensive commodity—which becomes very expensive in the end—is cabs. There is no doubt that they are cheap, and the fatal result is that they are used to an extent which makes them a serious item of expense to a family of moderate means. In America we pay 2s. each for a short drive in that stately vehicle called a "hack," and the price is prohibitive for an average

family except on "occasions." So cab fares are not a serious item in domestic expenses.

From experience, I believe that the United States have a very unmerited reputation for expense. Live well, even if not ostentatiously, in London, and it costs fully as much as in New York or Boston—more than it costs in Boston. I do not judge by millionaires or beggars, for both are independent of statistics, but by the middle classes. Houses are here singularly devoid of comforts, and, taking the same income, I should say a middle-class American family could live there as cheaply as here, but with more comfort, and when it comes to schooling for children, an item to which I have not alluded, with infinitely greater advantages.

In writing down these desultory reflections, I have been actuated by the thought that what I have learned may be of use to some puzzled American creature, who, having married an Englishman, proposes, with only American standards to guide her, to live in England. She must not believe, as I was told, that an American income will go one-third farther here. It won't. She must be prepared to accept other methods, even if, secretly, she modifies them a little to suit her American notions, but she must not boast, for her well-meaning efforts will, at best, be regarded with good-natured tolerance.

How I wish I could clap a big, stolid, conservative, frost-bitten English matron into a snug American house, with a furnace, and heaps of closet (cupboard) room, and all sorts of bells and lifts and telephones, and then force her to tell me the absolute, unvarnished truth! What would she say? I know!

In conclusion, I wonder if I, as an exiled American sister, might make a plea to my American brethren? It is this, that when they send me their wedding invitations, as well as others, printed on their swellest "Whiting" paper, they will kindly put on enough postage. Why should I have to pay fivepence on each joyful occasion? On some, bristling with pasteboard, I have even had to pay tenpence,—why add this pang to exile?

ANNIE E. LANE.

THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE AND MIND.¹

DR. LOEB'S RESEARCHES AND DISCOVERIES.

THE morning journals on the first day of the new year brought tidings from the meeting of American physiologists at Chicago that sent many a mind travelling back to the strange news which came out of Germany just seven years before. Then, from the secluded University of Würzburg, came word of Professor Roentgen's discovery of his magic rays, that can lay bare the interior of our bodies, pierce solid metals, books of philosophy even. Seldom had there been so dramatic a step into the invisible and unknown. The man of science marvelled not less than the man in the street.

The papers that were read at Chicago were equally of a sort to stir the imagination of laymen and the elect alike. One, by Dr. Jacques Loeb, bore directly on the arrest of death, the prolongation of life. A second, from the same authoritative source, dealt with the intimate nature of the life processes, and seemed to show that vitality and electricity are one and the same. A third, by Dr. A. P. Matthews, a younger colleague of Dr. Loeb in the University of Chicago, appeared to lay bare the secret of the nerves, the action of anesthetics, to reach close to the nature of the mind. This was a considerable harvest for a day.

All of these papers grew out of a work and an ambition that has occupied the entire career of this Chicago University professor, who, a year ago, was brought so strikingly to the public notice. Then Dr. Loeb showed that it was possible to produce living beings, so to speak, artificially. Chemical agents might effect the fertilisation of the eggs of some lower orders, notably the little sea-urchins which swarm on the shores of salt waters. These discoveries, like those of the present year, seemed to topple the whole structure of our ideas of life. And that was their purpose. They were the outcome of a belief born in the mind of this iconoclast at the beginning of his career.

As Dr. Matthews's ingenious theory of the nerves comes as a sort of a capstone to a long series of researches by Professor Loeb and a multitude of others, an account of Dr. Matthews's work will naturally follow the first. We may go back and trace out how the dreams of a young investigator of Strassburg and Würzburg have reached so brilliant a climax. We may begin with him his search for the mysteries of life and death.

I.

A FAUST WHOSE DREAMS CAME TRUE.

Sitting in his rooms at the Hull Physiological Laboratory of the University of Chicago, Dr. Loeb sketched in an engaging way the genesis of his novel methods and ideas. He speaks rapidly, is just over forty, and gives you somewhat the impression of a very busy and business-like surgeon. And a physician, indeed, he is, as well as a physiologist. But what takes your fancy more than all is that, doing certainly the most original, fertile, and even startling work of any living physiologist, and daring to the last degree, he is yet, withal, so careful to fend credit not his due, so cautious in his statements, so candid as to precisely what he has achieved. His clear-cut features and rather piercing eyes seem the exterior of a clear-cut, piercing mind.

"I very early," he said, "came to the belief that the forces which rule in the realm of living things are not other than those which we know in the inanimate world. Everything pointed that way. Galvani, watching a frog's muscles contract, discovered what we call galvanic or voltaic electricity. The connection of the two must be very close, yet a century has elapsed with hardly a step of real progress.

"I wanted to go to the bottom of things. I wanted to take life in my hands and *play* with it" (a pair of hands, extended as if to clutch this elusive phantom, suit the action to the words). "I wanted to handle it in my laboratory as I would any other chemical reaction—to start it, stop it, vary it, study it under every condition, to direct it at my will!"

Before many another eager mind such dreams as this have floated. The idea must be older than the legends of Faust or Prometheus. And the legends of Faust and Prometheus are very old. Still, readers of Darwin's note-book will not forget that the most far-reaching generalisation in biology was the flash-inspiration of youth. It was at twenty-seven that, reading Malthus "On Population," Darwin conceived his struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. Though he spent twenty laborious years collecting the facts to prove his theory, the theory never changed. A similar unity of purpose threads the work of Dr. Loeb.

THE MYTH OF THE INSTINCTS.

Almost the very beginning was an unlocking of new doors. A moth flies straight for a flame. Sometimes of a morning about the lighthouses the birds lie scattered and dead, seemingly drawn by the glare to strike against the heavy panes. A flower standing in a

room turns its petals toward the light. To the birds we ascribe intelligence, to the flower no more than the attraction of light. Yet it seems as if the self-same forces rule over both.

This is what Dr. Loeb set himself to prove. And with it to explain the origin of all the so-called instincts. When the "new-born" caterpillar climbs to the end of a branch where it may find the fresh bud on which it feeds, it seems as if some dim intelligence were at work. When it is satiated, it climbs down again. A fly will lay its eggs in meat, whereon its larvæ may feed, but not on fat. These and a thousand other marvels of a seeming shaping toward an end have filled physiology with a metaphysical fog.

In a series of researches that sent these fogs flying, Dr. Loeb showed how all these wonderful adaptations to an end could be explained in a very simple way. Young caterpillars, for example, will follow the light so long as they are hungry. If they find no food they will keep climbing, conceivably until they die. When they are cold, they will not move. When the warm sun comes in the spring, they begin to crawl upwards. They will do this anywhere, and on any substance. When they come in contact with food, they begin to eat. When they are fed, the effect of the light seems just reversed; they will crawl away from it. All that is needful to assume is that the light sets up certain chemical reactions which cause the animal to move, just as it sets up a reaction in a photographic plate, or explodes a mixture of hydrogen and chlorine gas. In Dr. Loeb's language, it is merely a working of positive or negative heliotropism, an attraction or repulsion by the light.

So with the fly. Certain chemical stimuli from meat cause a fly to lay its eggs. In the fat these stimuli are lacking. They can be produced artificially. In the shorthand jargon of science, it is simply a chemical reaction between certain substances in the skin or sense organs of the fly, and the meat—a case of chemotaxis.

So some of the flower-like animals, the actinians, so much like vegetables they can hardly be distinguished, will wind their slender tentacles round a bit of crab meat, but reject a wad of paper, which, to us, tastes just the same. It seems like intelligence to watch it, and the older physiologists found no absurdity in saying that these vegetable forms "like" meat and "dislike" paper. Dr. Loeb's work banished these childish ideas. The actinian, like the fly, merely responds mechanically to a chemical stimulus.

And so he went through all the list. Heat may act as a repellent force; and so, for example, if a moth arrive in the neighbourhood of a flame, so that the pushing effect of the heat just balances the pulling effect of the light, the moth will go round and round as planets spin about the sun, or, in other cases, describe a curious

zigzag motion, something like a comet. There is nought here but the play of physical forces.

More curious still is the effect of mere contact. If you turn over a starfish, it quickly rights itself. This seems a highly sensible thing to do. Still, as Dr. Loeb found, if you suspend the starfish in water, attaching its arms to bits of cork, it keeps turning over and over, with no seeming preference for which side is up. If a piece of wood or stone be offered, to which it may cling, no matter what be the position, it seems satisfied. Unless its feet have something solid to cling to, the nerves are apparently stimulated; hence the turning motions. Contact brings the animal to rest. This is what Dr. Loeb calls stereotropism. Long words like these seem merely like substituting one mystery for another, but they describe actions as simple as the words are hard.

A young man with radical ideas is not usually much afraid of consequences. Dr. Loeb is even politely insistent. The logical issue of his experiments he has developed in a book on brain-physiology in a way to make wiseacres rub purblind eyes and stare. For him animals, like plants, are more or less complicated arrangements of proteid substances, responding, in a very simple way, to the influence of the simple physical forces that we know about us.

This was the first step in that dream of "playing with life."

• HETEROMORPHOSIS.

But more curious things still were to follow. The unoffending reader who wends his way through the scried pages wherein Dr. Loeb's work is set down, will recoil before the oriental prodigality of large names. Yet the experiments are simple, their meaning unmistakable. If by his revelations of the rôle of the "trophisms" and "tactisms" Dr. Loeb drove boldly into the domain of mental phenomena, his next invasion struck at the dearest tenets of him who deals with the science of forms—the morphologist. The whole theory of the latter was bound up with the idea that the shape and looks and structure of an animal result from complex arrangements in the germ from whence it springs. That these could be altered at pleasure, even in the lower forms, by the same simple reactions of light and heat, chemicals or gravity, was undreamt of.

Taking one of the lower animal forms, plant-like affairs called the hydroids, Dr. Loeb cut from its body a cube. Quite without regard to which side was uppermost, from the top grew the tentacles or branches which form the head, from underneath the roots. If, when growth was partly complete, the piece was inverted, or even if a naturally grown hydroid were turned upside down, from beside the

upturned roots came a head, from beside the deposed head a growth of roots.

If, in the body of a little affair named, from its gracefully branching head, the cerianthus, an incision were anywhere made, promptly came a new mouth, with its ring of tentacles. Sometimes, if the cut was small; only the tentacles grew. But these would grip food (rejecting wads of paper and things) and draw it in, just as if a mouth were there. If the two mouths, the new and the old, were close enough together for both to touch the same piece of food, a fight ensued. If the same sort of a contest be provoked between the tentacles of the natural mouth and those from an incision where no new mouth had been formed, sometimes the blind "mouth" gets the food, and the animal can thus be led to involuntary suicide.

If a normal animal be cut in twain, in the middle, and a new mouth grown at the lower end of the head half, and the animal then laid on its side, both ends take in food. If fed in succession, one mouth would reject the food it had just swallowed when the other mouth "took tea."

Scores of other experiments, curious and fanciful, disconcerting too, followed. Mere contact with a solid substance could turn one organ into another. Organs were grown in the most absurd places, others were transplanted. This work was of course taken up by hundreds of other investigators all over the world, and, as a purely fantastic instance, Ribbert has recently shown that a mammary gland transplanted to the ear of a guinea-pig would begin to secrete normally when a litter was born.

In brief, Dr. Loeb brought forward conclusive evidence that there is no complex structure in the germ-cells from which these lower animals spring, but that their varying forms are simply a reaction between a specific kind of protoplasm and the physical forces of light, heat, contact, and chemism, which mould it this way or that. It is a fascinating field, and most workers would have counted it sufficient for a lifework. But the demonstration was complete, the new science of experimental morphology was born, and this tireless and restless investigator passed on.

The secrets of life lay deeper.

THE NEW CHEMISTRY.

A new time was stirring in the stagnant provinces of chemistry. Under the lead of van't Hoff, Arrhenius, Ostwald, a mechanism of the atoms, or, as it has come to be called in Germany, a physical chemistry, was developing. Many of Dr. Loeb's experiments had been upon the effect of various chemical stimuli. The new theories, which had divided chemists into camps of friend and foe, seemed to offer new weapons to biology. The revolutionary spirit which had

effected a rebirth in two sciences seized them eagerly. Dr. Loeb is described by his friends as the discoverer of Ostwald to physiology.

One day he took up the problem of the rhythmical contractions of the jellyfish, a subject dear to Romanes, the *protégé* of Darwin. If the upper part of the animal be cut away, the contractions stop. Dr. Loeb tried placing the beheaded animal in a solution of common salt; the movements began again. A trace of potassium or calcium added, they stopped again.

But if this be true of a lowly jellyfish, perhaps it is equally true of the rhythmical beat of the heart. And this Dr. Loeb found to be the case. An excised heart could be kept beating for hours, stopped, started, quickened, or slowed, simply by changing slightly the chemical character of the solution in which it was placed. These were exciting days.

In the same way an ordinary muscle, that, for example, of a frog's leg, could be made to beat in rhythm. Surely this was coming very near to "playing with life." The whole literature of these astonishing researches reads like Faust-dreams come true. If a Newton could tremble before the proof that a mathematical formula, cherished through twenty years, expressed a truth, there can be slight wonder that a work so marvellously successful should cause this daring physiologist to press on in feverish haste. His restraint, his caution, became admirable.

• ELECTRICITY AND LIFE.

It was clear now that the beat of the heart is not due to some mysterious influence of the still more mysterious nerves, as had so long been supposed. It comes from the presence or absence of a minute quantity of certain salts. The new chemistry stepped in to show precisely how these may act.

A lump of common salt dissolved in a vessel of water makes the water a conductor of electricity. Two ends of a copper wire dipped therein start an electric current. A lump of sugar has no such effect.

This was for half a century one of the deepest problems of chemical philosophy. It remained so until the distinguished Swedish physicist Arrhenius brought forward evidence to show that the molecules of the salts and acids are torn apart when they are dissolved, and apparently with tremendous force. We are but on the threshold of a knowledge of the actions which take place in the molecular world; in some instances, as in the case here under view, it seems as if these forces are so great that we have scarce any means of coping with them.

The effect in dissolving the salts is an enormous electrical charge on the individual atoms. In the tearing apart, one set is charged positively, the other negatively. In the case of ordinary salt, sodium

chloride, the metal atoms (of sodium) take the positive charge, the chlorine atoms the negative. These electrically charged atoms, long before their nature was understood, Faraday named *ions*.

This simple conception has revolutionised modern chemistry. In the famous phrase of Arrhenius, "It is the ions which act." And it is the ions which may cause the heart or a muscle to contract. The negative charges set them going. The positive charges stop them. Such, in an extremely popular presentation, is the essence of the discovery which Dr. Loeb—justly, it would seem—regards as the most important of his life. The ultimate cause of muscular action, and, it now seems probable, of all life processes, is electricity.

The applications of this splendid conception are wide.

MANUFACTURING LIVING BEINGS.

If the apparently simple question of solutions was the hardest problem of the chemists, that of the beginnings of life, the process of fertilisation, was the burning question of biology. From the countless myriads of eggs laid by the female organism, and the equal hordes of the sperm cells, a single egg and a single sperm unite to form the single microscopic cell from which all forms of animal life originate. Unfertilised by the male cells, the eggs quickly degenerate and die.

All the problems of life, growth, heredity too, lie buried, then, within this bit of living matter, so small it is invisible to the eye. The sperm and the egg must be the carriers of all that one being transmits to its descendants. Exterior forces here seem to play but a minor rôle. After the union of the two cells, the influence of either parent seems as slight as that of a hen brooding over its nest of eggs. An incubator may replace it, a fact whose wide significance seems a little to have escaped the airy-headed folk who prattle of prenatal influence.

But before the astonishing results obtained by the daring innovator whose work is here considered, no one dreamed that an egg could grow and develop without the remotest aid of the sperms. Else, how explain the supposed "facts" of heredity? How can traits and characters of the male parent be transmitted to his offspring?

The reply, from Dr. Loeb's experiments, is that they do not seem to be transmitted. He has succeeded in producing growth without the sperm. His amazing discovery directly resulted from the application of his chemical theories to these processes.

One of the lowly organisms which lend themselves so well to study and experiment are the little sea-urchins, so valued by biological workers. Taking the sea-urchins' eggs from the ovary, before there could be the slightest possibility of contact with the sperm cells, Dr. Loeb placed them in the ordinary sea water in which the animals live.

STARTING GROWTH BY CHEMISTRY.

"While continuing my studies on the effects of salts upon life phenomena," said Dr. Loeb, "I was led to the fact that the peculiar actions of the protoplasm are influenced to a great extent by the ions contained in the solutions which surround the cells. By changing the relative proportions of the ions, we change the physiological properties of the protoplasm, and are thus able to impart to a tissue properties which it does not ordinarily possess.

"Pursuing this idea, I took unfertilised eggs, and after many trials succeeded in finding a solution of chloride of magnesium, which caused the eggs to develop to the same stage as they do normally in an aquarium. Subsequently other salts and the eggs of other animals would produce the same result. Those results, at first contested and even scouted, have been obtained by other workers in many lands. There is no longer a shadow of doubt that artificial parthenogenesis, as the process is technically termed, is an established fact."

In a strict sense, the unfertilised egg cannot be termed living matter. The first characteristic of living matter is that it can grow. In other words, here is an organic product, like sugar, or starch, or the fats, which, treated chemically, can be developed into a living being. It was near to a realisation of the dreams of Berthelot and Claude Bernard, aye, and of every chemist who ever bordered the mysteries of life, the manufacture of life in the laboratory. In some ways, it was the most vital discovery in the history of physiology. It belongs, uncontested and unshared by any other, to this brilliant young physician of Chicago.

THE ACTION OF POISONS.

A close study of all these novel and unheard-of reactions—the heart which may be started or stopped with a pinch of this salt or that, the muscles which may be made to beat like a heart, the egg which may be vivified by chemical means—soon revealed the common chain that links them all. One of the riddles which faced the older chemists, those of half a century ago, was the curious fact that, when they come to combine with other atoms, some of the atoms seem, so to speak, to have but a single arm with which to take hold, while others have two, some three, some four, and even five. So, for example, when wood or coal "burns," the four-armed atom of carbon can seize and hold two of the two-handed oxygen atoms, while in the molecule of water, each of the two-handed oxygen atoms will bind two of the single-handed hydrogen atoms, and so on.

Chemists, with the old alchemists' love of high-sounding names, called this "valency," or "atomicity."

Very early Faraday saw that each "valence," each arm, was able

to carry a certain quantity of electricity. That was its capacity. These electrically charged atoms, then, are not all alike. The two-armed atoms carry two charges, the three-armed three charges. If, as now seems dimly to be true, what we used to call the loves and hates of the chemical "affinities" was but a name for the action of these electrical charges, then chemistry, like light, will have been annexed to the wide domain of electricity.

Professor Loeb's latest work has done much to fix this impression. He has found, for example, that a pure solution of common salt will not keep the heart or the muscle of the jellyfish going. A little calcium added sets things right, though too much will act like a poison. Some of the ions then are toxic, some are antitoxins. Will this turn out to be true of all poisons—that their action results from the positive or negative charge of electricity they bear? This is but a surmise as yet, but it seems a promising lead.

Meanwhile, it is clear that the "valence," the number of electrical charges, plays an important part. This much Dr. Loeb can at present say:—

"The poisonous working of a single-charged negative ion may be offset by a minimal addition of a double-charged positive ion, and, perhaps, of a still smaller quantity of a triple charge. So, too, a triple charge may destroy the harmful action of a double charge. That seems reasonably certain."

WHAT IS THE USE OF FOOD?

Here, then, are the most intimate and significant of the life processes—growth, reproduction, muscular action, the influence of poisons—brought back to the play of the electrical ions, negative and positive—one, two, or three valent. Almost involuntarily, then, one turns round to ask what is the effect of the food we consume each day. Dr. Loeb's conception supplied the second of the two papers he read last month at Chicago.

"Evidently," he said, "the chief rôle of food is not to be digested and 'burned' in the muscles and organs, as present-day physiology assumes, but to supply ions. The heat developed is a by-product. The chief action is the production of electricity. The body is in some sort a dynamo. Food, then, is of value according to the amount and kind of electricity it affords."

This conception, Dr. Loeb added, has long been with him a belief, or a suspicion. Now he considers that the definite proof is at hand. Here is a large chapter of physiology that, it would seem, must now be re-written. A third science, then, must re-form its line of march from the reports sent back by this single daring scout, working always beyond the farthest outposts of the accepted and the known.

THE PROMISE OF LONG LIFE.

It would be strange if before the eyes of such an investigator had not fluttered that will-o'-the-wisp which has enchanted so many speculative minds, the problem of prolonging life. But Dr. Loeb's idea is, as one might easily suppose, original and new. • •

"My work in parthenogenesis," he said, "made it clear that while ordinarily the unfertilised eggs quickly die, simply by normal or chemical fertilisation they live. It seems as if there were two distinct processes going on. Death and disintegration are not a mere breaking down, a going to pieces, but a specific process, that is checked by the life process.

"But if such a 'mortiferous' action really exists, perhaps it could be checked chemically as well. That is what I tried to see. I chose potassium cyanide, and found that if the unfertilised eggs were placed in a weak solution, they could be kept alive for seven days. If, then, the cyanide be allowed to evaporate, the eggs may be developed and grow in the normal way. If seven days, then it is a mere matter of experiment to produce a condition of equilibrium which will endure indefinitely.

"It seems paradoxical that life may be thus maintained by a powerful poison; but if, as I say, we conceive of a specific mortal process which may be held in check, and regard the potassium cyanide as substituting a condition of suspended action, the matter seems clear."

This reads like a very simple experiment; most great experiments are. It would be idle to suppose from this that Dr. Loeb believes he has discovered the secret of eternal life, but one would be more pre-occupied still who disregarded the significance of this new line of investigation. It is not too much to say that it appears the first real step in a scientific search for long life.

WHAT ONE MAN CAN DO.

Such is his work at forty-two. Perhaps these crowded pages have given but a confused idea of its fertility and range. But by chance this much may be evident, of how singularly those youthful dreams have been realised: "I wanted to go to the bottom; I wanted to take life in my hands and *play* with it; I wanted to direct it at my will."

Yet Dr. Loeb would be the last to claim credit for it all. To the solution of every problem many workers in many lands must contribute. Speaking of those a little too eager to step forward and claim a prize scarce claimable by any one, he remarked: "The work of a single life can add but a drop to the ocean of knowledge." This is the scientific spirit.

German-born, Dr. Loeb came first to Bryn Mawr; then eight

years ago joined the forces of the new University of Chicago. To a suggestion that it is regrettable that American science may not claim the credit for all of him, he replied, very simply:—

"I am an American citizen."

But is it not indicative of unsatisfactory conditions here that, in the face of so richly fruitful a career, there were, even up to a year ago, for him many periods of profound discouragement?

"Had I been an American," he said, "I should never have taken up scientific work. Here the rewards are too slight, the pay is too small, the contempt for science too great. It is to politicians, in politics and out, that America bows. It does not honour its men of intellect."

II.

THE SECRETS OF THE NERVES.

There remained one wide area of the life processes which Dr. Loeb had but bordered—the action of the nerves, the physical processes by which we feel and know—the avenues through which comes the awe of Niagara, the tragedy of a Duse, the wonder of a rose.

Dr. Loeb had, indeed, shown that the mysterious and elaborate structure which present-time physiology attributes to the ganglions and the nerve cells is quite useless, that all we need ask for in a nerve are the most elementary properties of protoplasm, that it may conduct, and react to stimuli. It seems as if the nerve is the least differentiated of all the tissues of the body, has remained the nearest to the primitive plasm with which life begins. Such views opened the way to simple mechanical conceptions of the processes of sensation.

When Dr. Loeb had shown that the muscles might be made to beat or stop under the influence of certain ions, it was but a step to suppose that these same ions might have an equal effect on the tissue of the nerves. That step was taken by Dr. Albert P. Matthews, a colleague and co-worker with Professor Loeb, who had come back last fall to his native city of Chicago after a varied "wanderjahr," to take the post of physiological chemistry in its University.

A mass of observation and experimental material was already at hand. Half-a-century ago Thomas Graham, a highly original English chemist, struck out a broad line of distinction between those substances which crystallise when they solidify and those which do not. The latter he called the colloids, the glue-like substances. An ordinary hen's egg, or gelatine, is a good example. When the cook stirs up fat or jelly in hot water, she makes a colloid solution. Speaking broadly, the human body is such an affair. That is, it is about seventy-five per cent. water, the rest jelly and bones. The

nerves and the brain cells are eighty or eighty-five per cent. water.

The action of the colloids in water was long a bothersome puzzle. Much light came when Hardy, of old Cambridge, in England, demonstrated that the colloid particles bear an electrical charge, that these complex molecules (some chemists suppose the ordinary white-of-egg molecules to contain five or six thousand atoms) act just like a simple ion. Further, Hardy showed that the colloids carry positive electricity, and are precipitated by the negative kinds of ions.

Then there was another notable work being done, by Overton and others, on the effect of anæsthetics; chloroform, ether—all their like dissolve fats. Their action on the nerves is to deaden, to stop sensation—that is, to retard the progress of the nerve impulse. And the nerves are, to put it crudely, simply highly phosphorised fats in a weak salt solution.

WHY A NERVE TENDS TO "JELL."

To bridge over from the one to the other of these striking facts needed but a constructive imagination, and that the quick mind of Professor Matthews supplied. If, he said, the nerves consist of colloid particles in suspension, and the effect of chloroform is to make a solution thinner, by dissolving the particles further, that must be the process by which a nerve loses its ability to be excited. The thinner the solution in the nerve the less easily it conducts. The process of stimulation must be just the opposite. A nerve conducts better, is more easily stimulated, the nearer it approaches a state of jelly. This would be brought about by precipitation of the colloid particles. And if the latter are positively charged, as Hardy has shown, then it would be a *negative* current which would affect such a precipitation, and hence a negative current that produces a stimulus of a nerve.

It was precisely this that Professor Matthews had found to be true, that the stimulus of a nerve by an electric current always proceeds from the negative pole, the cathode. Here seemed quite striking proof that his theory was well grounded. It seemed the opening toward a complete explanation of nerve action. Slight wonder if a young man of thirty, keen to enter the front of the lists, should sit up nights thinking about it, and Professor Matthews did.

Taking the muscles of a frog, to which the motor nerve was still attached by one end, he undertook the systematic study of various solutions of salts, such as Professor Loeb had used to make the muscles beat directly without the intervention of the nerves. The muscle itself was hung so that when it contracted it made a lever work up and down, and the latter, with a pencil attached, traced the jerks on a revolving drum. The nerve is bathed in the solution. To

see the thing in action, with one's own eyes, gives one an uncanny sensation.

HOW A NERVE-WAVE TRAVELS.

It soon was clear that Dr. Matthews was right in his belief that it was the negative ions which make the frog's legs jerk. Their action through the nerve, and on the muscle direct, is the same. The nerve, then, must somehow effect a release of negative ions at the point where it blends with the muscular tissue. How?

If, said Dr. Matthews, the negative ions be in excess in the solution, and the positive and negative ions in the nerve be just balanced, the effect would be the precipitation of the first layer of colloid particles bearing positive charges, and in contact with the solution. This would release a certain number of negative ions lying next in the nerve sheath, and these in turn would precipitate the adjoining colloids. This would result in a kind of wave of precipitation, travelling along the nerve, and at the end would be a set of free negative ions, ready to call the muscle into action. The nerve impulse, then, is a consecutive series of precipitations.

But it remained to be explained how a mere mechanical stimulus, a push or a blow, could set up this wave. This can be accounted for by supposing the effect is the same as when raindrops on a window coalesce when the window is struck. Two or more colloid particles coming together would have their surfaces reduced, hence their electrical charge reduced, hence the release of a corresponding number of negative charges. The wave is started.

All this, it should be understood, is as yet simply a working hypothesis. Whether it turns out to be true depends on how well it agrees with such facts as may come to light later. But on the basis of such material as exists, Professor Matthews has reached an extremely elaborate and ingenious theory. He found that different quantities of different solutions were required to produce the same effect. Comparing his figures, Dr. Matthews found here, as Dr. Loeb had found in previous work, an apparent influence of the valencies. Some of the doubly charged atoms appeared to produce twice the effect of the singly charged, and so with three and four charges.

Yet this simple relation would not explain all. The single and double and triple charged ions varied among themselves. Among the salt-forming elements there seemed to be a curious relationship with their atomic weights. Bromine atoms were more effective than the chlorine atoms, iodine than the bromine. But fluorine, the lightest of the group, was most active of all.

Professor Matthews has essayed to account for these differences by an appeal to the very newest theories of electricity. Taking a leaf

from Larmor's hypothesis of electrons, which supposes a kind of an electric atom, a charge not associated with ordinary matter, he believes that, for example, the electron rotates about the atom of fluorine twice as fast as about the chlorine atom, and hence develops a more powerful field of action.

But all this is merely mathematical speculation. It is interesting, but not proved. Still, the general theory does link together, apparently, a wide number of related facts. Heat, for example, would make the colloid solution thinner, hence the nerve would be less easily stimulated than when cold. At high temperature, the colloids would turn into jelly, and the nerve be excited.

These last are for scientific folk to puzzle over. Simple people will be more interested in the way the theory might explain some every-day affairs.

Chloroform, carried into the blood through the lungs, and so to the brain, tends to dissolve further the highly sensitive brain cells. While this state lasts there can be no sensation. As the chloroform is swept away, consciousness returns. Quite comparable is the familiar fact of intoxication. Alcohol, carried from the stomach, through the arteries, to the brain, has the same effect.

In this same easy fashion one may explain the action of whisky when a man has been bitten by a snake. The effect of the poison is to coagulate the substance of the nerves. Alcohol has the opposite effect, and so may save a man's life. This is important if true.

It is all very new. It will require long and patient experiment to determine its value. Professor Matthews naturally believes that from it much may come.

"It should," he said, "afford the basis for a national pharmacology. By means of the ionic theory the effect of drugs should be computable with a mathematical accuracy. So, too, in the field of psychology; its application should be wide. It should afford such an insight into the mechanism of sensation as at present we have not a trace of. It should, too, reach far into the nature of nervous diseases—St. Vitus' dance and its like—and likewise afford a solid foundation for a nervous pathology. Of what else may come, it is for the future to disclose."

THE SCIENTIFIC SPIRIT.

Such is the effective climax of long labours, days and nights of patient experiment, of ingenious questioning, of slow piecing together the scattered bits of hardly acquired knowledge. It has been the work of an army of investigators, scattered over the earth, but all advancing, under the invisible captains of a common purpose and a kindred hope, toward the conquest of the unknown world which lies beyond our primitive senses.

CARL SNYDER.

THE BUSINESS OF EMPIRE.

"Being a free trader I believe until the world comes to its senses you should declare war."—CECIL RHODES.

CECIL RHODES would have shown himself no mean economist and patriot if he had left for posthumous publication no other sentence than that. If one chooses to take the trouble to grasp its significance, it will be accepted as the text for the only sermon which the economist who is also a patriot will care to preach. How great a loss Cecil Rhodes is to the Empire has been realised more clearly, as the documents he has left behind have been understood. His will is a patriotic-epic in prose; his letter to Mr. Stead the summary of practical sense concerning the business of a great nation. From his coign of advantage at the Cape he saw, and did not hesitate to proclaim, what a few at home have long seen and have hardly dared to avow. Free Trade has left England at the mercy of her commercial rivals, and he is not a good Free Trader who asks his country to risk ultimate if not immediate ruin for the sake of an ideal which is unattainable. Cecil Rhodes was, as any man who has seized the elements of economic truth must be, a Free Trader, but he did not need to be told that there is no Free Trade when one party erects almost insuperable barriers to business, whilst the other party throws down his fiscal defences. The one who "enjoys" Free Trade in that case is not the Free Trader but the Protectionist. And, naturally: he buys little and sells much. Therefore, said Mr. Rhodes, "being a Free Trader I believe until the world comes to its senses you should declare war." By war, of course, he meant commercial war, a war of tariffs as Lord Salisbury long ago characterised it. Cecil Rhodes was for war against all who boycott—should he not rather have said McKinley?—British goods. That the McKinley tariff did immense harm to Great Britain and proportionate good to America is the only lesson to be extracted from the trade returns of a decade past. "Yet the fools," added Rhodes contemptuously, "do not see that if they do not look out they will have England shut out and isolated with ninety millions to feed and capable internally of supporting about six."

What Rhodes grasped intuitively others less gifted have to be educated up to. The conversion of the home-staying Briton to any faith opposed to that in which he has been brought up is an almost hopeless task: if the process is not to be imperceptibly slow he must breathe the air of Greater Britain. It took half-a-century for the

economic wisdom of an Adam Smith to sink into the heads of the statesmen and politicians of England, and when the facts were fully understood, Sir Robert Peel surrendered to the apostles of Free Trade with something like panic precipitancy. When free imports of raw material were adopted there was everything to be said for them. Great Britain was in a position to become the world's workshop, thanks to the strides she had made under Protection. The benefits she derived from cheap material and cheap food might not unreasonably have been expected to constitute an object-lesson which the world would lay to heart. England thrived so amazingly for a while under Free Trade that it became a sort of religion, and thirty years ago, when the first whisperings of discontent were heard, the objectors were regarded as lunatics, traitors, or corrupt self-seekers. When, during the 'eighties and the 'nineties, the course the world's business was taking became more sharply defined, certain brave spirits, mostly youthful and therefore misguided in the view of the elders of the creed, began to ask whether all was well. Their temerity was denounced with such vigour that public men like Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain, who are not inclined to sacrifice country for a fetish, realised that until the process of education was more complete, the sanctity of the Free Trade system, so-called, must not be attacked. "Outside these islands," said Lord Salisbury in 1891, "he is the greatest statesman who can propose the most discriminating tariffs," but he knew he was treading on thin ice when he said that he had never been able "to see the objection to retaliation as an essential part of the doctrine of Free Trade. We love peace, but that does not prevent us from keeping up an army and a navy, and from using them if necessary. We love Free Trade, but that need not prevent us from establishing retaliatory duties, if those duties should seem to us necessary and expedient." Because Protection is too often abused in practice, it is cast aside by the Free Trader as an unclean thing, and there must be no going back on free imports lest we find ourselves once more the victims of fiscal vice. As well might we object to the continuance of domestic service because we are aware of the horrors of slavery. To advocate any departure from the system established in 1846, and rounded off in 1869, is reactionary. It is reactionary in just the same degree as the strategic movement to the rear executed by a body of troops who find themselves in danger of being cut off, if not cut to pieces, is reactionary.

If the world is not beginning to realise how seriously the commercial movement has been against us in the last thirty years the fault does not lie with the statisticians. Bounties and Protection combined have restricted the home market at the same time that they have reduced our opportunities abroad to a minimum and brought agriculture to the point of eclipse. Mr. Holt Schooling's

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estimate¹ is that whereas in the ten years 1881-1890 imports were in excess of exports by £977,000,000, in 1891-1900 they preponderated by £1,456,000,000. Between the two periods we showed an annual increase of nearly five and a-half millions in exports of British produce and of nearly fifty-three and a-half millions in imports for home consumption. But if we eliminate coal, the increase of exports becomes a decrease of £30. Nor is this to be accounted for by any suggestion that foreign countries imported less. On the contrary, while we were selling less, foreign countries increased their purchases by 11 per cent. and British possessions by 17 per cent. Looked at from this point of view Mr. Schooling's figures go to show that we sold in the ten years 252 millions less than we ought to have sold, taking into account population and the opening up of trade generally. "The most notable feature is the very large shortage in our exports to British possessions." There was an actual falling off of 1 per cent. during the ten years, though Colonial purchases advanced by 17 per cent. Mr. Mulhall, in a recent compilation intended to inspire our enthusiasm for Free Trade, pointed out that if our imports had grown in value as they have in bulk during forty years, they would have amounted in 1899 to £960,000,000 sterling. To-day our imports of food alone are estimated to be worth anything from £140,000,000 to £180,000,000. Put it at the lowest figure given recently in the *Saturday Review* and it amounts to £135,000,000, of which £113,000,000 is paid away to the foreigner. No less than 60 per cent. of our imported wheat comes from the United States. How is the huge difference between imports and exports met? Sir William Harcourt would tell you that exports pay for imports. If they did we should be getting 500 millions in exchange for 300 millions per annum. Our excess of imports hitherto has been paid for, of course, by dividends on foreign investments and by the earnings of our ships. The point at which the excess of imports is greater than the amount due to us under these heads is the point at which we begin to move along the road which leads to national bankruptcy. That we are on that road it would be impossible to predict with confidence. But if we are not how are we to account for the transference to America of securities hitherto held by England?² Where are the Americans getting the wealth with which to buy up scrip held in England but from their earnings abroad due to the operation of Protection? The interest on such scrip will in future go to them instead of to us. Where are the Americans getting the capital for the purchase of British steamships but from the balances of trade in their favour; and what of the freights which have assisted hitherto to pay for the excess of British imports? If England is not beginning to live on her capital then computa-

(1) *Monthly Review*, April, 1902.(2) *Contemporary Review*, March, 1902.

tions by competent business men have no meaning. In 1896 it seemed to me clear that the process had begun;¹ in 1901 it is obvious to all who care to follow the trade and finance movements of the country.

In the teeth of facts like these, how long will the argument that such free trade as we have is an unmitigated blessing, be listened to with patience? How long will Britons who can take a larger view of things than obtains in Little Peddlington, be content with the assurance that our exports have not gone back, as conclusive evidence that we have had our share of the world's progress and prosperity in the last thirty or forty years? Slowly but surely, leading minds are awakening to the truth, and with the Imperialist spirit alive to tighten the bonds uniting the Mother Country and the Colonies, there is reason to hope that we are now moving rapidly towards a condition of things which will mean the inauguration of a new epoch in our Imperial and economic history. When men like Sir Robert Giffen have the courage so far to go back on our alleged Free Trade system as to advocate a return to a larger measure of indirect taxation; when philosophers like Mr. Beattie Crozier are convinced that the time has come to reconsider our position, not in the interests of abstract political science, but as a matter of immediate and urgent national necessity;² when Radical pages like those of the *Contemporary Review* admit articles both sensational and sober, advocating at least such a modification of our fiscal arrangements as an Imperial Zollverein would imply; when the *Standard* can find it in its heart to "go for" the fetish worship of the Cobden Club; above all, when so timid a devotee of Free Trade as Sir Michael Hicks Beach can summon up courage to put an export duty on coal and an import duty on corn, we may take it there is an abundance of evidence that, late in the day though it be, the country is becoming alive to its danger. The South African War has been an Imperial blessing in disguise, but in no direction has it done better service than in compelling the Imperial Government and the nation to take economic action which is symptomatic of returning sanity. The attempt is now being made, and of course will be made for some time to come, to show that Imperialism has landed us back on the brink of protection. If Imperialism has turned the thoughts of men more and more to the possibility of devising some scheme of fiscal unity for the Empire, with Customs duties for revenue so far as the members of the Empire are concerned, but with a differential tariff against the foreigner, it will have accomplished something much greater than the assertion of British supremacy in South Africa. It will have paved the way to economic changes that will redound to

(1) "From Cobden to Chamberlain." *Fortnightly Review*.

(2) *Fortnightly Review*. March, 1902.

the mutual advantage of the Colonies and the Mother Country, and it will do this without cost to either. It will restore the independence of which a one-sided free-trade system has deprived us, and Britons who have cherished independence before all things for a thousand years past, "will not refuse longer to pay in cash the price they have never yet refused when it had to be paid in blood."¹

The Colonial Premiers in London for the Coronation will be called upon to discuss many Imperial problems with Mr. Chamberlain, but none more pressing than tariffs and defence, which, as more than one Colonial public man has maintained, should go together. Great changes have taken place since the Colonial Premiers were last in the Metropolis. The war in South Africa has intensified the relations between the Mother Country and the Colonies, and having poured out men and money for the sake of the British flag, the Colonists occupy in our and their own view a position very different from that which obtained before the war commenced. The bond between the various members of the Empire is one of blood to-day, in a sense which it hardly was before, and sentiment has been strengthened a hundred-fold by deeds of devotion which cannot be too generously recognised. The practical proofs the Colonies have given of their readiness to stand shoulder to shoulder with the Mother Country are more dramatic, but hardly more remarkable, than the steps taken by the Mother Country towards rendering possible closer commercial bonds with the Colonies. I say remarkable, because, eight years ago, the one thing that seemed hopeless was to induce Great Britain to see the error of her fiscal ways. In 1894 a conference of Colonial representatives assembled at Ottawa and agreed to resolutions in favour of an Imperial Customs Union and of the Colonies taking steps to place each other's goods on a preferential basis, pending the time when a Customs Union would be possible with Great Britain. Lord Ripon, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, met the proposal with a cold douche of Cobdenism, and succeeded in convincing a good many otherwise intelligent folk that a Customs Union could never be, owing to Imperial treaty engagements and the never-to-be-questioned indispensability of Free Trade to the Mother Country. The very heavens were to fall if the only steps which could make a Customs Union possible were taken. Those steps were taken, and the heavens remain pretty much where they were. Canada was enabled to give the Mother Country preferential treatment without letting in the foreigner also. Bounties were the next thing to be taken in hand. England would never be stupid enough to urge the foreigner to give up a bounty system which presented her with millions sterling a year. According to Mr. Harold Cox the bounties were worth £5,000,000 annually, and enabled us to provide

(1) Mr. W. Frewen Lord. *Nineteenth Century*, June, 1893.

a magnificent fleet for the protection of our commerce! Yet the bounty system has been scotched if not destroyed, notwithstanding the efforts of the Cobden Club to show what a boon it was to Great Britain. It was a boon to one portion of the community at the cost of another portion and of important parts of the Empire. Finally there is, of all things in the world, the duty on corn. The impossible has happened again, and the Mother Country at King Edward's Coronation is economically not the country of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee.

The Imperial Zollverein idea has swept along at a great pace since the Ottawa Conference. The *Daily Chronicle* recently assured its readers that the question of a Zollverein is now seldom discussed. Where can the writer of that sentence have been living for the last year or two? Probably no other subject has been so persistently in evidence in the magazines, and if the home papers have not been full of it the explanation can only be that they still do not follow Colonial movements with the attention they deserve. In 1897 Sir Wilfrid Laurier seemed to be the leading advocate of a closer Customs Union, but he became a recipient of Cobden Club honours—save the mark!—and has succeeded since in confusing the whole issue by suggesting that the commercial union of the Empire will be best accomplished by Free Trade to the whole world. In other words, he proposes that the Empire should become the dumping-ground of foreign merchandise, just as England has been; no doubt he would have the Empire show its strength by its ability to avoid bankruptcy under the ordeal. The idea is too preposterous for serious discussion; yet we find Sir Robert Giffen, whose economic wisdom seemed to be proved by his espousal of a return to indirect taxation, deliberately assuring the world that a Free Trade Empire, by which is meant an Empire with free imports, is the goal to be aimed at by Imperial economists. Sir Robert Giffen is as completely out of touch with the sentiments of the younger generation, whose views will prevail in the near future, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier, on this point, proved himself to be out of touch with level-headed Canadian sentiment. There is no Cobden kink in the average Colonial brain, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier's declaration that Canada desires no return from England for the preference given in the Dominion markets is remembered against him to this day. From out-of-the-way places like Orillia, in Canada, the demand comes for a revision of the fiscal policy of the Colonies and the Mother Country, so that Free Trade within the Empire, with Protection against the foreigner, may prevail. Many important debates have been heard in the Canadian House of Commons on the question, and it would be well for the Briton at home if he could occasionally give an odd ten minutes to speeches by Colonial representatives of whom he has never heard.

Canada has prospered under the National policy which the late Sir John Macdonald inaugurated, and what has been so good for Canada should be good for the Empire. The Empire wants a National policy of its own. It has too long been exploited for the benefit of the foreigner in general and the American in particular. That is the Canadian view. "It is not the brotherhood of man that rules to-day among nations," said Mr. W. F. Maclean in the Dominion Parliament last February, "it is the law governing the struggle for existence that rules." Brotherhood of man, which is implicit in Free Trade arguments, is the merest moonshine; the brotherhood of the British peoples in both hemispheres which is implicit in the Customs Union idea, is, on the other hand, a tangible quantity.

If a Customs Union does not become a fact within a very few years, prejudice, ignorance and superstition must account for the failure. That preference within the Empire would have excellent results, the returns of Canadian trade since the adoption of the preferential tariff in favour of Great Britain go to prove conclusively. In 1873 Canadian imports from Great Britain amounted to \$68,000,000; in 1897 they had sunk to \$29,000,000; in 1901, after three years of preference, they had risen to \$42,819,000.¹ They sank to less than a half in a quarter of a century; they rose to two-thirds again in a year or two. That should be a sufficient answer to doubters like Sir Michael Hicks Beach. That the Empire could feed itself, and is capable of being self-contained in commercial matters, should at this time of day be unquestioned, and there need be no misgiving on the score that prices would go up seriously if the Empire, with its infinite and varied resources, decided to give its own people the first claim to its own markets. On this point some most valuable statistics, compiled by Sir Vincent Caillard,² should be studied. It is a moderate estimate that Canada could produce ten times the cereal crop she does to-day, and another careful statistician³ says there is not much optimism in the view that Canada, with very little encouragement, could, in a short time, treble her wheat produce for export. In Australia, he estimates that New South Wales, Queensland and Victoria have available sufficient acres, even on a low average yield, to meet our present demand for wheat and other cereals. In South Africa, again, there are parts which only need due support to become what might amount to a third Imperial granary. Most of our imported food, according to Mr. Mulhall's very doubtful conclusion, could be raised in England, but at much greater cost, to the detriment of the working classes. It could certainly be raised in the Empire without cost to anyone save the foreigner.

(1) I am afraid there is some falling-off from these figures in the latest Canadian returns, which I have not had an opportunity of examining.

(2) *National Review*, March and April, 1902.

(3) *Saturday Review*.

Australia and New Zealand should have first claim in regard to meat supplies, and their invaluable timber might often be used in preference to that which comes from Russia and elsewhere; Canadian iron and steel resources are so great that there is no need whatever why, if English resources are falling off, the pride of place should be given by the Empire to the American Republic. An organised Empire would save millions now spent abroad for the benefit of the foreigner, and those millions would be enjoyed by the Briton, either at home or in the Colonies. The mere suggestion, I am aware, will call up all sorts of visionary terrors, and impose on the timid the duty of trying to demonstrate that our Imperial position has been much misrepresented.

There is nothing more contemptible in the arguments advanced against the proposal to modify our present fiscal system so as to secure an Imperial preferential arrangement than the suggestion that we should incur grave risks by rousing the implacable hatred of foreign rivals. In 1891 Mr. Andrew Carnegie,¹ while engaged in the business of piling up his millions with the aid of a hide-bound protective tariff, warned Great Britain not to declare war against other nations by means of a Commercial Union with her Colonies—a union which he said might mean starvation to the people at home. Ten years later in the same review he deprecated British pessimism and asked, "Is British trade declining?" He showed that our exports per head have decreased from £6 13s. 11d. to £5 16s. 2d., and that our imports have increased from £11 10s. 1d. to £11 14s. 1d. in the decade. Unsatisfactory as the figures are, they are almost lacking in significance when we regard the exports and imports record extending over the whole period of partially free imports. But how does Mr. Carnegie extract comfort from them? He adds the imports and exports together, and says triumphantly there is all the proof you want that your business is not declining. Obviously, if you add rapidly increasing expenditure to a stationary income you show an advance in the volume of your transactions, but it was not by so naïve a misapplication of the rule of three that the works at Pittsburgh were made the colossal success they became. How can one who takes such perverted views be accepted as a guide in commercial matters? Mr. Carnegie's first argument went home in one direction apparently. In 1897 Lord Rosebery lent his authority to the warning that a Customs Union would be a menace to other Powers, a perpetual irritation, which might involve us in consequences not to be lightly risked. Unfortunately for himself, he instanced the angry threats of reprisals with which the denunciation of the Belgian and German treaties in 1898 was greeted. What those threats amounted to was soon to appear: they were the outcome of disappointment that common-sense had seized the directors of the British Empire, and the

first anxiety of the foreigner was to find some substitute for the treaties less objectionable to the British people. As was said at the time, such a proclamation of fear on the part of Lord Rosebery was unworthy of a British statesman. It has worked much mischief since, and has given a lead to less responsible folk whose business it is to play upon the feelings of the people. The great British Empire lives upon sufferance, and that sufferance is secured to us by the beneficent operations of Free Trade. So in effect argued Lord Rosebery, and so argue others who think with him. What a flood of light the statement lets in upon the profits which the foreigner is making at our expense. We have only to try to keep some part of that profit for our own people, whether in England, Canada or Australia, to undermine our Imperial position.

Hardly more worthy of the true patriot is Sir Robert Giffen's attempt to trail the red herring of Protection, with all its various possibilities, across the path of the Zollverein movement. "The cause of federation of the Empire has come to be identified with a policy of Protection until the adherents of a Free Trade policy are almost under compulsion to choose between the abandonment of their ideas and the promotion of Imperial Federation itself."¹ That is Sir Robert Giffen's way of telling the world that Imperial federation has become identified with the policy of Free Trade within the Empire and Protection without. As Lord Salisbury said, as long ago as 1887, "differential duties in favour of the Colonies, whatever might be said for or against them, cannot properly be described by the term Protection." When Sir Robert Giffen talks of Protection he opens up the whole question of restricted imports and famine prices, and either unwittingly or deliberately fails to inform his reader, that protection against the foreigner means that our markets would be flooded with Colonial wares, whilst Colonial markets would, in the nature of things, secure a larger proportion of British goods than they do now. "A closer union between the Colonies and the Mother Country cannot, I believe, be found in the formation of a Zollverein," says Sir Robert Giffen in *The Times*. "A Zollverein presupposes indeed the geographical contiguity of the countries forming it, so that by making one ring-fence round the aggregate, a Customs barrier between one country and another may be abolished. The British Empire cannot become a Zollverein for the simple reason that its constituent parts are widely separated, communicating only by ships which for obvious reasons must always be supervised at the different ports by the Customs." A Zollverein of the British Empire is therefore "a material impossibility." What sentiments for the subject of a State which claims command of the seas! What imagination! How the whole argument reeks of the Manchester School which convinced itself, but not

(1) *Nineteenth Century*, May, 1902.

the country, that the Colonies must go sooner or later. Sir Robert Giffen does not see that as there never was an empire like the British, so there can be no precedent for any of its arrangements, tariff or other. "A commercial union on a sort of reciprocity basis," he regards as another question. A commercial union on a reciprocity basis is just what we aim at, but lest he should have said something which might give a lead to the Colonies, Sir Robert immediately neutralises his point by doubting whether the Colonies would act wisely for themselves if they adopted Free Trade. For one who is always invoking others to think clearly on these questions, he manages to impart a fair amount of confusing thought into his dissertations. Common sense is the great desideratum of the free importer. F. W. H. appeals to it in *The Speaker*, but apparently the response is not very helpful to him. "A duty which exempts Colonial wheat will produce no revenue," he says. The assertion is so dogmatically simple and has been repeated so often that it is calculated to carry conviction to the minds of the unthinking. F. W. H. either does not know that we get from the Colonies not more than one-fifth of the wheat we import, or, knowing it, writes with intention to mislead. Even if under a preferential arrangement the Colonies trebled their supplies in a year or two, two-fifths of our wheat imports would go to produce revenue, and Colonial competition would assuredly keep down prices.

The fate of the Imperial federation movement hangs on the decision taken with regard to tariffs. "The conviction gaining ground among us," says the Sydney correspondent of the *Morning Post*, "is that, until commercial ties are secured Imperial federation is not likely to advance much beyond the stage already attained." Sir Michael Hicks Beach's Budget presents the best opportunity which has existed since the Empire discovered itself. After the first sense of disappointment with which the Colonies learned that they were to be subjected to the same treatment as the foreigner, it was realised that the Imperial Government at last had something to give for something. Sir Wilfrid Laurier may shortly come to understand that Imperial defence and commercial relations are not to be divorced. No one in England would ever dream of asking the Colonies to participate in any hard-and-fast scheme inflicting on them the nuisance of a standing army, any more than any one in his senses wants protection in a shape which would make life appreciably harder for the poorest in the land. An Imperial Customs Union would send to the Colonies so much new business as to make it to their immediate interest, by assisting in the upbuilding and maintenance of a really Imperial army and navy, to insure against the foreign enmity which startled Lord Rosebery. Why, again, should the Mother Country go on finding practically all the

money for Imperial defence purposes and at the same time give business to the foreigner with which he not only pays for his own army and navy but defeats the Briton even in his own "markets." "Trade dogmatism," as was said recently, "makes us the allies of foreigners against our own people." We need not share the lugubrious convictions of Mr. W. S. Lilly's article in last month's issue of this Review, nor regard Mr. Poulteney Bigelow as an inspired prophet when he proclaims that England's sun is setting, to take a sufficiently serious view of the immediate prospect. Both presuppose first the inability of British statesmanship to rise to a great occasion; and second, the lack of British courage to abandon a faith that has degenerated into mere fetich worship and superstition. The Colonial Premiers separated after the conferences in 1897 pledged to do what they could to advance the cause of inter-Imperial trade. They should not separate after the conferences following the Coronation without some definite scheme having been decided on. Mr. Chamberlain will not, I believe, find the differences of, say, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Seddon irreconcilable, for the very good reason that Canada has spoken with the same voice as New Zealand, and what the Colonies wish their statesmen will see done. If the spirit of Cecil Rhodes should be present at the deliberations of the men in whose hands largely rests the future of the Empire, there need be no misgiving as to the decision at which they will arrive. Lord Salisbury, in characteristic fashion, at the annual Primrose League gathering, deprecated any attempt to force the pace at which we are progressing towards Imperial Federation. But excess of caution may be as harmful as excess of zeal. He once suggested that it was wise to leave the Colonies to make the first move; they have gone far to show that they are prepared seriously to discuss the practicability and the expediency of closer and more business-like relations with the Mother Country. As Mr. Barton said in a speech on the eve of leaving Australia, the Colonial Office conferences are to be no mere appendix to the Coronation festivities, and there will be sore disappointment throughout the Empire if some considerable step forward is not the aftermath of the Coronation.

EDWARD SALMON.

SOCIAL LIFE IN SPAIN.

At first sight it seems somewhat remarkable that, although the history and topography of Spain have been recorded in many tongues, her social aspects should have received but little attention. Yet the explanation is not far to seek. Nowadays the daily life of most European countries may be studied under conditions suited to the numerous requirements of modern man, but with Spain the case is still very different. Though the wolf and the wild boar have been relegated to the more desolate regions of the Peninsula, and to the snow-swept slopes of its Sierras, those not less bitter and more insidious enemies of man, the flea and its gregarious kindred, still thrive in the more populated parts. The culinary art is, moreover, still in a state of infancy in all but the larger cities, while the accommodation offered in the country districts is notoriously poor, and the people can only be observed under the most uncomfortable conditions. The result is that little or no deviation is ever made from the recognised tourist tracks. Travellers fly from city to city, casting from the windows of the train cursory and often depreciative glances at the squalid-looking hamlets and villages, separated by arid plains, parched by a relentless sky, and huddled, as if for protection, around their overgrown churches. Even in the larger towns, where the wants of inner and outer man are better provided for, archaeological interest is wont to monopolise the attention of the tourist, while ignorance of the language is often a bar to social intercourse with the inhabitants.

Hence the idea has grown that the interest of Spain is entirely centred in her past: she is regarded in the light of a museum stocked with historical trophies, and, once her treasures inspected and catalogued, she usually ceases to attract the traveller. Our friends and relatives take a fortnight's tour through the country, and all their spare time, when they are not being conducted round alhambras and churches, is occupied in working out train connections and inspecting hotel bills. The student of human nature, however, if he have not too fastidious a palate, and if he be prepared to lose sight for a while of the comforts of modern civilisation, may find an interesting field of observation in the character of the Spanish people, a character which has undergone but little change during the last three centuries. Life in Spain wears to-day an aspect very similar to that which it wore in the days of Francis Drake and the Spanish Armada. Political degeneration, administrative corruption, and lack of education have, indeed, fostered in the mass of the people lethargy and

indifference, but the main characteristics of the Spanish nation are the same to-day as they were in the height of its glory, when Philip II. sent his mighty fleet on its disastrous errand.

The first impression usually formed by the foreigner on entering Spain is the great courtesy and affability of her inhabitants. After a little travel and observation he discovers that the courtesousness of the Spaniard is equally marked in every class. From the highest and proudest grandee down to the beggar in the street (and these two poles of society are both well represented) there is an entire absence of that vulgarity of manner so characteristic in England of the cockney and the *nouveau riche*. In Spain, each class observes the same code of courtesy towards strangers, and this without ever encroaching on the special attributes of any other class. Rightly or wrongly, poor and rich alike are too conscious that they are natural "gentlemen" ever to strain after appearances. The blatant self-assertion of the modern *parvenu*, who is always trying to live up to his capital or to his clothes, is entirely absent from Spanish society; there, class distinctions are material not moral in their nature and results. Say, for instance, to an importunate beggar that you have nothing on you, and he will answer sympathetically that such is exactly his own case (*eso mismo me sucede a mi*).

Courtesy of manner is universally allowed to be the birthgift of the Spanish people, but there are two aspects of Spanish life which, to a great extent, explain its preservation.

The first is that in Spain no one is ever in a hurry. All classes and all professions have time to cultivate, unconsciously, what Lord Chesterfield called the "*leniores virtutes*." It is extraordinary how the manners, I do not say the morals, of men improve when they are not running a race with time. There can be but little doubt that before the utilisation of steam and electricity our fellow-creatures were more agreeable, if less interesting, companions than they are now. When a man is always timing out his day and dovetailing together the duties which compose his daily life, what he gains in point of usefulness he is apt to lose in point of sociability. In the atmosphere of competition which surrounds him he is disposed to overlook the smaller amenities of life which lend their charm to our every-day intercourse with each other. Now, in Spain, there is a vast amount of talk, discussion, and gesticulation, but action is considered of quite secondary importance. The people, as a whole, have little sense of time, and you may be as sure that the pair of boots you have ordered will arrive a fortnight after the appointed day as that the dinner to which you may have been fortunate enough to be invited will be served at least half-an-hour late.

Another explanation of this general courtesy of manner is to be found in the fact that money-making is not a national ambition, and

does not obscure the national mind. This characteristic, though it has helped to ruin the material prosperity of Spain and induced her to look on with indifference while foreign capitalists and companies have absorbed her riches, unquestionably invests the Spaniards with a charm all the greater in that it becomes more rare as civilisation advances carrying competition in her train. It is not that Spaniards are so inhuman as to scorn the sight of money—far from it. If the output of the Rio Tinto or Bilbao Mines could fall into their hands, without the necessity of any effort on their part, many indeed would be the uplifted palms. But money-making necessitates both physical effort and concentration of thought, and in neither of these do the natives excel. The blue sky of Spain, her ardent sun and limpid atmosphere, are admirably suited to a purely contemplative existence. If money can be obtained without trouble it is as welcome there as elsewhere; but the accumulation of wealth is seldom the sole object of a Spaniard's ambition, and is always subordinated to his other requirements. He, of course, values the purchasing power of money, since mouths must be fed and families maintained; and hence it is that flagrant instances of corruption in public life have been of frequent occurrence, while disinclination for work among all classes breeds a spirit of gambling which is one of the blemishes on the private life of the nation. A hotel proprietor who, through mere lack of energy and enterprise, will let his house get into such a condition as to ruin its financial prospects, will not hesitate to tempt fortune weekly in the public lotteries in the firm conviction that one day he will be able to retire comfortably on his winnings. The iniquity of these public lotteries consists not so much in the fact that they are a form of taxation inflicted on the poorest classes of the people—since every lottery puts many thousands of pesetas into the national exchequer—nor in the fact that much money is individually lost through their agency. The real harm they do is that they propagate through the breadth and length of the land a dislike for honest labour. Among the poorer classes in Madrid there are few who do not gamble regularly in these lotteries, which not unfrequently give rise to most demoralising episodes.

Hence it is not a matter for surprise that, if the native tradesman thinks he can get anything out of you by facile means, he should invariably try to do so. But if he sees you are accustomed to his methods, he will relinquish the attempt with a courteous smile. It is not a matter of vital importance to him whether or not he gets the extra price asked for the article you wish to buy; he would, indeed, sooner have that price than not, but will generally prefer to accept your terms than lose the chance of a sale. A reduction of about 25 per cent. may usually be obtained on goods purchased by foreigners in Spanish shops, and if insisted upon for a sufficient length of time

(remembering always that a Spaniard is never in a hurry), is usually granted in the end with a grace that astonishes the purchaser.

The affable reception accorded to a foreigner in Spain should not, however, lead him to think he is more welcome than is actually the case. If he is paying a short and flying visit to the country, his first impression will probably be his last, and on his return home he will expatiate on the proverbial politeness of the Spanish people, painting a highly coloured picture of Spanish life as he has beheld it from the railway train, or the hotel window, and setting it off with florid descriptions of guitar playing and bull fights. In his praise of Spanish manners, he will not fail to dwell upon the reckless generosity with which everything for which he expressed admiration was placed at his disposal by urbane hotel keepers, munificent fellow travellers, and chance acquaintances. He may, or may not, have remarked that these charitable offers were never meant to be accepted and would certainly have been withdrawn had acceptance followed. In Spain, placing an article at a man's "disposal" is but a mode of speech, implying that the owner is gratified at the appreciation of his possession, and much regrets that as it happens to be his, it cannot also be the stranger's.

In Northern Europe we generally associate urbanity of manner with a good digestion and a kindly heart. It would be a mistake, however, to allow these traditions to tinge with too rosy a colour your first impression of the Spanish people, or to imagine them to be always overflowing with the milk of human kindness. A short sojourn amongst them will probably cause a somewhat rude awakening from your dream, and you will discover that there is at bottom a rooted mistrust and dislike of the foreigner. If you tarry sufficiently long in the country to assimilate his habits of thought and ways of life, you may dispel this prejudice, and you will then find that there is no more agreeable companion and no firmer friend than the Spaniard. But he will not be persuaded to like you without considerable effort on your part, and until you have thrown off your foreign skin and have begun to look at things with his eyes. It must not be forgotten that Spaniards are quick and intelligent enough to understand the backwardness of their own social conditions as compared with those of their more advanced neighbours, and that pride of race is still a prominent feature in their composition. Unfortunately strangers, and especially Anglo-Saxons, scarcely attempt to hide the fact that what interests them is the country, viewed either as an historical museum or as a source of profitable enterprise, and not the people who inhabit it. Spanish ways of life are too mediæval to be practically appreciated by their more civilised neighbours, who like to regard them through a glass and for a moment, as something to be talked of afterwards to their untra-

velled friends, but who make no secret of their own superiority of education and race. It is only natural, therefore, that the Spaniard should think the worst of you until you have proved yourself *gimpatico* to him, and that he should endeavour to conceal his domestic life from foreign gaze and foreign criticism. Before you have entirely cleared your character the Spanish household will be a closed book to you, and your notions of Spanish interiors will be as vague on your return as they were on your outward journey.

The social condition of all countries, past and present, have been moulded to a greater degree by the presence or absence of woman's influence than by any other agency, and it is impossible to appreciate the social aspects of Spain without considering how far Spanish women form and direct the current thoughts of the people. The Spanish woman is always a great puzzle to foreigners. Gautier and other French writers have drawn clever pictures of her, but imagination is apt to run riot with psychology when exotic descriptions are penned for the perusal of the outside world. Spanish writers of this century, such as Caballero, Valera, and Perez Galdos, have given us charming sketches of Spanish life, as accurate in detail as they are picturesque in character, but such works are, generally speaking, not read beyond the Peninsula. The majority of foreigners allow their ideas of a Spanish woman to be derived from books whose authors are entirely unacquainted with the country, or from that still more fallacious source, the stage. The character of Carmen herself has gone far to create a type of woman whose existence is, fortunately for mankind, rare, but who is located by popular imagination in the romantic land of the Cid. Many intelligent persons are firmly convinced that amid the scenes of Don Quixote's exploits one can still meet with the independent, cigarette-smoking, flower-throwing, and masterful type of young lady characterised so admirably in Bizet's opera. I doubt whether this type of woman ever existed in Spain—if she did she is certainly extinct at the present day.

In northern Europe and in the United States of America, the influence of woman is the predominating feature of the society in which she moves. It is she who undertakes the education of man as a social being, and prevents the stress of competition and the struggle for existence from robbing mankind of their gentler qualities. We Anglo-Saxons especially would be a very morose and unamiable race had we not the hand of woman to give to our prosaic lives its lighter and softer touches. Man is the willing slave of woman's caprice; fortunes are founded and lost in order that all the luxuries of civilisation may be hers. She is the great arbiter in all the unwritten code of manners, honour, and morality which make up the complicated machinery of modern society.

However great be the divergence of individual opinion as to woman's proper place in society, there can be no doubt that her release from her former bondage has had a most softening and humanising effect on the other sex. A comparison of the habits prevailing in the higher circles of English society during the early years of the nineteenth century with those of the present day will suffice to convince us of this. In the days of George IV., for instance, it was considered gentlemanly to show one's appreciation of a good dinner by subsiding at the close of it beneath the table. Such customs do not obtain nowadays. Royal mistresses, recognised as such, are almost extinct among the crowned heads of Europe, and if a descendant of kings wishes to follow the practices of Louis XV. of France, or Charles II. of England, he must do so as a private individual. The growth of woman's independence has deprived immorality of much of its coarseness and blatancy; it may be as prevalent as in days gone by, but it is not so obtrusive, and its atmosphere can be avoided by those to whom it is distasteful.

In Spain the position of woman has undergone no such change. As a factor in social life she stands entirely in the background; man has the predominant influence and the position of woman is an entirely subordinate one. To the foreigner the first sign of this is visible in the absence of that easy and homely spirit of hospitality prevalent in other countries, and which owes so much of its character to female influence. In England, friendship between man and man is cemented and often formed on introduction to the family. To an Englishman it seems perfectly natural to introduce his friends to his home circle, and, indeed, it is difficult to conceive of two Anglo-Saxons meeting day after day on the most friendly and intimate terms, but entirely ignorant of each other's domestic life.

In Spain, ideas of the family have a very different complexion, and you must never expect that intimacy with a Spaniard will gain for you an introduction to his home, or an insight into his private life. In this matter the ideas of the Spaniard retain a flavour of orientalism which the progress of time and the general advance of civilisation around him have been unable to dissipate. He possesses what we should call most limited views as to the sphere in which woman should move. He thinks that a good wife should have no interests which may distract her from the duties of her household, and hence these duties—the chief among them being the care and bringing up of children—form the chief occupation of the Spanish lady. I have heard well-to-do and characteristic Spaniards affirm that they would rather their wives should be unable to read or write than have them develop into "blue stockings," and the idea is generally prevalent throughout Spain that the education of woman, so far as the cultivation of the mind is concerned, is quite an unnecessary

and often a dangerous proceeding, withdrawing her attention from occupations which are regarded as the *raison d'être* of her existence, and exposing her to temptations of thought from which it is better she should be free.

Hence any unusual development of intellect in a woman is held by public opinion to be unfeminine, and the proportion of intellectual women in Spain is remarkably small. The majority of Spanish girls are quite uncultivated, in our modern sense of the word, except as regards hand embroidery, music, and dancing, for which the race has considerable aptitude. Half-a-century ago, the orthography of a large percentage of well-born Spanish ladies would not have come up to the standard of one of our elementary Board Schools. The education of Spanish women has indeed improved during the last thirty years owing chiefly to greater facilities for travel and a certain filtering through of foreign habits of life. But this has only taken place within the recognised lines of communication over the country.

Since the privacy of home life in Spain is protected to such a degree, the women, as compared with their northern neighbours, have what the latter would call an uncommonly dull time. One result of the primitive conditions of their life is shown in the premature ageing of the Spanish woman. She has but a short spring-time, if indeed she can be said to have any at all. Usually sent at an early age to a convent, if she belong to the better class of society, or confined strictly to her house if she be of a lower social sphere, she never knows what it is to taste the sweets of liberty. In England or America, girls look forward to their "coming-out" as to a red-letter day in their existence, when the shackles of home supervision will be to a great extent thrown off and liberty of action gained. In the higher ranks of Spanish society there is no especial ceremony associated with the "coming-out" of girls. When they are sufficiently tall and developed to wear long skirts and tie their hair up (this is usually the case at about fifteen), they are allowed to accompany their mammas on occasional visits to friends, to frequent the opera, and above all to attach to their persons a male attendant in the form of a *norio*. But the attentions of the *norio* and his continual presence do not at all signify that the former conditions of the young lady's life are changed. The capture of a sweetheart, so far from opening the doors of liberty, does but close all possible means of egress. The *norio* is never allowed to remain alone with the object of his affections, and the incessant presence of the mamma, or often of some paid attendant, forms a novel *ménage à trois*, which may be witnessed every day in the streets of Madrid.

Tyrant as this mamma may appear to be, the *norio* is usually more so. As long as he retains his title, he enjoys a complete monopoly of the young lady's society. At an early hour of the

morning he appears beneath her window, and engages her in conversation until lunch time; he returns in the afternoon, and joins the family in their post-prandial walk, accompanying them on any visits they may wish to make. In the evening, if it is to be spent at the house of some friends, the *novio* also puts in an appearance and beats himself in a corner with his young lady until it is time to go. If anybody else attempts to interrupt this protracted *tête-à-tête*, infuriated glances are at once cast at the intruder, and complete explanations afterwards demanded of the lady. When, however, an admirer, or *pretendiente* as he is called in this embryonic stage, develops into a *novio* he in no way makes an "engagement" to marry. He may deprive his *novia* of his amorous attentions any fine day he pleases, and nobody will think any the worse of him if he attaches himself to some other *débütante* and leaves his old love pining in a corner. "Engagements" are only formally made in Spain when the head of one family tenders a solemn proposition to the head of the other, and this is generally not done until the last moment. *Mutatis mutandis*, a similar system is adopted in all sections of Spanish society, the advantages of such methods of love-making being obviously on the side of the men.

Physical training plays as small a part in the education of Spanish women as does intellectual culture. In this, too, there is a wide distance separating the Anglo-Saxon woman from her southern neighbour. One of the most noticeable characteristics of the former is the love of exercise which she has recently acquired, and in which she can now with impunity indulge. In Spain, on the other hand, not only do women take little or no exercise, but they have a strong aversion to taking it. Spanish girls are never, in their childhood, taught to appreciate open-air life, and they have no opportunity of acquiring the taste later on. An endeavour was made a short time ago to introduce bicycling into Madrid as a feminine amusement, but the attempt was a failure, owing to the obstructive attitude of both sexes. The new idea was only taken up by a few votaries of foreign fashion.

The absence of the finer and subtler qualities of feminine influence tends to infuse, in all classes of Spanish society, a spirit of coarseness and animalism into the general conception of womanhood, which suggests to the visitor an affinity between Spain and certain Oriental countries. The truth is but little recognised that woman can only command the respect of man and refine the animal in him by calling into play something more than what are called physical attractions. Spanish women are taught to believe that it is through sex, and sex in its most natural and unpolished state, that man can be attracted and won; men, in return, look for this attraction as the best and

soundest quality a woman can possess. Thus it is that in Spain there is, in reality, an absence of the romantic element in life so often associated with this little known country. Romance cannot exist without chivalry, nor can chivalry be inspired where men are the sole arbiters of morality. It is the semi-oriental condition in which women are kept in Spain, and the difficulties surrounding their every movement, which, to the eye of the foreigner, gives an apparently romantic colouring to the landscape. The sight of a swarthy Spaniard, clothed in a "capa," standing beneath the window of his lady-love in one of the tortuous streets of Seville, murmuring words of adoration in a strange dialect to the tune of a guitar hard by, is at once pleasing and picturesque. But there is a reverse side to the picture of a somewhat coarser kind. A pretty woman cannot traverse unaccompanied the streets of the Spanish capital without exposing herself to personal remarks of a familiar and even an intimate nature. To express openly to her his impression of her personal appearance is looked on by the Spaniard as the natural privilege of his sex. Spanish ladies are so accustomed to this that it does not apparently cause them the annoyance which is naturally felt by foreigners. Even the presence of a buxom mamma will not prevent her daughters from being openly praised by passers by. This amusement is indulged in, more or less, by all classes of the male population, who, having no definite occupation in life, spend the greater part of their time loafing in the open air. Needless to say the crudeness of the remarks varies according to the class to which the speaker belongs. An especially popular saying, if the mother be at hand and she, too, be of comely form, is, "*Bendita sea tu madre*" (God bless your mamma). "*Quien fuera duque*" (Oh that I were a duke) is another of the better and more picturesque kinds of exclamation heard in the streets; while "*y luego dicen que los hombres se pierden*" (and then they talk of us men going to the devil) is often uttered in the form of a soliloquy to the accompaniment of a deep and pathetic sigh. It is unpleasant for a woman of refinement to suddenly find herself accosted in broad daylight, and in one of the chief thoroughfares of a town, by a perfect stranger, and still more disagreeable if she discovers that, in spite of all remonstrances on her part, he persists in his attentions. Her astonishment will be trebled when, on addressing herself to a civil guard (the Spanish policeman), as she may very likely do, she discovers that this individual opens his eyes at the extraordinary character of her complaint, and, with a wink at the intruder, who is probably still only a few yards off, expresses his regret that he is unable to help her out of her difficulty. I knew an American lady of a practical turn of mind, who, having exhausted every other method of getting rid of these "mosquitos," as she termed them,

made open use of her umbrella, which ultimately had the desired effect.

While beauty in woman usually calls forth this frank and outspoken appreciation of the multitude, ugliness or eccentricity in dress or feature is greeted with equal candour. A foreigner, male or female, visiting the country, should take especial care to conform as far as possible to the dress of the inhabitants, if he or she wishes to pass unnoticed and to preserve an unruffled temper. I well remember a young Englishman being hooted out of a bull ring because he was foolish enough to beard criticism in a pair of knickerbockers and a Norfolk jacket. Women cannot take too much care to leave behind all articles of clothing which in any way suggest the taking of exercise or the discarding of the inconveniences of sex. Faces, unfortunately, cannot be changed, but I most strongly recommend all ladies with marked facial peculiarities to stay at home, unless they have excellent tempers and a keen sense of humour. I recollect a stout American lady, member I think of some woman's touring club, who came on a visit to Spain whilst I was there, and who, being of a businesslike character, affected short hair and skirts. A brief stay among the natives had aroused all the dormant pugnacity of her race. It had gradually dawned upon her that man in general, and Spanish men in particular, were her natural enemies. Not that she did not receive every possible attention; this is never denied to the fair sex in Spain; but her appearance produced such merriment among the easily amused townsfolk that, declining any longer to serve as a laughing stock, she left the country with her temper greatly impaired.

This freedom of criticism can only be reconciled with the national courtesy by the fact that the Spaniard puts no malice whatever into his words, and bears none in his thoughts. His mind is essentially childlike, he is wilful and outspoken, but entirely free from any wish to harm. His sense of humour is so abundant that it forces itself into expression. No crowd is really better natured than the Spanish crowd, and no country possesses in its lower order more affable and persuasive blackguards. The same street loafer who, a moment ago, was openly expressing his regret to a passing beauty that he had not three millions to offer her, will, if you ask him to direct you to a street, spare no trouble to accompany you thither or to put you in the way of finding it.

Promoters of woman's rights will naturally infer that this denial to the fair sex of the outward respect accorded to her in most European countries, and her subordination in all things to the will of man, must produce in domestic life a state of anarchy and discontent, a combination of the phenomena observable in the household of a drunken costermonger with those of an Eastern harem. They would be

doubtless prepared to hear gruesome accounts of brutality on the part of Spanish husbands, and servile subjection on the part of Spanish wives, and in these expectations they would be justified were conditions of life in Spain similar to those prevailing elsewhere.

In that country, simplicity of life offers easier solutions to what are called conjugal problems than are to be found in more advanced society. We must remember that Spanish women submit without a murmur to the mental and physical subjection in which they are held. I have never yet heard a Spanish woman, living and educated in Spain, suggest the smallest discontent at her mode of life. In fact, she regards the energetic and independent northern woman with a kind of horror mixed with amusement, and anything which interrupts what she considers to be a woman's natural mode of living she holds to be harmful and derogatory. This lack, on the part of both husbands and wives, of any aspirations beyond those arising from the simple performance of domestic duties, may at first sight appear uninteresting, but given the characteristics of this southern race, it is, in practice, remarkably sound. One of the most essential conditions of conjugal happiness is that the views of the contracting parties as to their respective spheres of action should be in perfect harmony. If each accords to the other liberty of thought and action, well and good. But if the mental horizon of one is beyond the range of vision of the other, there is always danger of friction. In Spain, there is never any question of what a woman can or cannot do, or think. She is, so to say, a domestic slave, but she is a perfectly contented one, and no more devoted wives and mothers are to be found than in that country. The men are quick enough to recognise the superior qualities of their women, and nothing will persuade them that greater intellectual and physical freedom would not have a deteriorating effect upon them. There is, I think, some ground for this apprehension. One must not forget the great difference which exists between the southern and the northern nature. The southern woman is an eminently sentient being, passionate and impulsive. She has none of the qualities of calm calculation and self control which so characterise her northern sister, and to which the latter owes to so great an extent her present independent position in society. Unless then the assimilation of advanced ideas as to woman's rights of independence were undertaken very gradually in Spain, there would be great risk of falling into those very dangers which the modern woman boasts of being able to avoid. Moreover, the charm of Spanish women lies greatly in the entire absence of any attempt on their part to encroach on the attributes of the other sex. In no country are women more feminine in their instincts or better fitted for the simple duties of domestic life; in none are wives more generally faithful to their husbands. Love matches are the rule not

the exception in Spain, and although his views on the functions of woman are not lofty according to modern standards, the Spaniard is exceedingly proud and jealous of the honour of his house. However loose his own code of morality may be, he always endeavours to prevent corruption from crossing his threshold, and to bring up his family on good and religious principles. It is perhaps only natural, after what has been said, that the standard of conjugal fidelity imposed on the women should not be applied to the men, and that the spectacle of model wives living uncomplainingly with unfaithful husbands should be by no means uncommon. It is this broad difference, both in the theory and practice of morality, as applied to the sexes, that constitutes one of the most distinctive features of Spanish life.

In this connection two points are worthy of note. 'The first is the closeness and strength of the family tie throughout the Peninsula. No other country in Europe can offer such a striking example of the solidarity of relationship, and in none other is the love of hearth and home so marked. The devotion in all classes between father and son, husband and wife, brother and sister, are among the finest traits of the popular character, and recall a time when, prior to the disintegrating process of civilisation, blood was, in the best sense of the word, thicker than water. This again is but another proof of the survival in Spain of an older order of things. In that country the development of the individual as an irresponsible agent has taken place to a very small extent. The expansion of the sphere of individual thought and action is one of the chief phenomena of the more advanced nations of to-day. In these, civilisation, with all the advantages it has conferred upon mankind by refining every day habits of life, developing the intellect, and ameliorating physical conditions, has had a loosening effect on the simple ties which bind together the members of a common stock. Its rapid strides during the last century have coincided with an increase of population due to the opening out of fresh fields of enterprise and new conditions of life. The struggle for existence becomes severer every day and with it competition grows apace. Every man has to depend more and more on his own exertions, and the bond of family relationship is weakened through the growth of other interests created by a complicated social machinery.

In Spain, the spirit of competition and enterprise still lies dormant, and the individual does not yet fully assert himself. The disintegration of the family has not taken place to any large extent, and it is blood relationship which still lends the most distinctive colouring to social life. This close union between the different members of Spanish families is the surest safeguard against the spread of immorality; it fosters solid identity of interest and invests the idea

of motherhood with a character especially sacred. In Spain, a woman with child experiences no feeling of shame at being seen in such a condition in public, an instructive contrast to the sentiments prevailing on the subject among other more advanced nations.

The second condition of Spanish life which tends to raise the moral standard of the women above that reached by the men is one which can only be lightly touched upon here: I refer to the national religion.

Spain is essentially religious in the sense that there is a universal belief in providential agency, and though the observances of Roman Catholicism are disregarded by a certain proportion of the population, there are few or none who would voluntarily confess to atheism. There are no freethinkers in Spain, nor are there the multitude of religious sects that exist in other countries, and whose bickerings and jealousies are so apt to obscure the simple Christian belief which unites them all at bottom. The absence of rival propaganda in the country tends to preserve a spirit of childlike simplicity in the exercise of its Faith, which is one of the surest signs of religious conviction.

Nowhere can the dire effects of power misplaced in the hands of a corrupt and self-seeking priesthood be better studied than in the history of Spain during the last three hundred years. But lately a process of purification has been taking place. The power of the priests, as a factor in the public life of the nation, has been greatly curtailed, and this has had the beneficial effect of purging that class of crafty and ambitious characters. Their endeavour now is to retain and extend their influence on the private life of the people, and in this effort they are perhaps more successful in Spain than in any other country of Europe. The Spanish priesthood, in the exercise of its influence, presents all the qualities, good and bad, that are inherent in the human race. It would be absurd to suppose that every man becomes a saint by taking holy orders, and, unfortunately, the backward social conditions under which the Spanish clergy labour do not tend to create amongst them a high standard of living. Strong and lofty characters are thus developed side by side with weak and worthless ones.

Taken as a whole, the Spanish priesthood of to-day is fairly representative of the needy, honest, and harder working element of the population. Its defects are its excessive number and its extreme ignorance. It has been found wholly impossible to distribute the thousands of poor priests in such a manner as to secure a healthy amount of occupation for them all, while it is only by hard physical labour and abstemious habits of life that the conditions of life required of the Roman Catholic priesthood can, as a rule, be safely satisfied. The result of this excessive proportion of the clerical to the lay element is a conglomeration of clergy in the larger centres of population where

habits of laziness and intemperance are easily acquired, and the priesthood is often discredited. The country priests are generally honest, simple-minded folk, drawn from the lower classes of society. Placed at an early age in charge of the spiritual welfare of a section of their fellow-countrymen, whose education is rudimentary and whose aspirations are nil, it is but natural that they should reflect the everyday ideas of the people among whom they live, and should seek to strengthen their position by gaining ascendancy over the weaker and more pliable element of society, and by showing indulgence where indulgence breeds goodwill. So far as I have been able to judge, the authority they exercise is seldom knowingly misused; it is more correct to say that ignorance prevents them from exerting it in a wholly beneficial manner.

It is over the female mind in Spain that the most powerful influences of Roman Catholicism are exerted. In that country, the women are far better Catholics than the men, in the sense of following the spirit as well as the letter of their faith. Religious practices are held to be far more important for a woman than for a man, and devotional exercises form a considerable ingredient in female education. Hence the clergy find they can best tighten and retain their influence over the female mind by strict exaction of obedience to the forms and precepts of religion, but are too disposed to keep in touch with the male element by tacit acquiescence in, or at least disregard of, its vices.

The Confessional has been, and always will be, the great depository of power of the Roman Catholic clergy, and one of the chief causes that have helped to preserve a high standard of morality among the women of Spain has been the extensive exercise by the Spanish priesthood of this means of influence and moral castigation. But while the best results of the Confessional are to be found among the female portion of the population, its power is often abused when male offences have to be dealt with. Confession always appeals more strongly to the imagination of woman than to that of man, and, in the case of the latter, the unburdening of sins is generally a more irksome task. Hence it is not a matter of surprise that the officiating priest should often endeavour to lighten the ordeal and render it less distasteful by showing a certain leniency to the male penitent. Thus a different code of morality comes into play and is circulated throughout the country.

The qualities and defects of the Spanish nature are those of children. Like children, they have little power of discrimination. Fashionable life in the capital demonstrates clearly that in assuming new habits and ideas they have little capacity for separating the wheat from the chaff. In that section of society women are, to a great extent, freed from the shackles of domestic life, and the result

is an easier code of morality than that observed by the lower classes. Yet, even here, society has retained many of the finer qualities of the race, and the worst characters that have figured during this century in the high circles of Madrid society have, as a rule, possessed certain redeeming features, such as open-handedness and warmth of heart and feeling, which, in popular estimation, have done much to atone for their defects. The bad example set in fashionable circles has not as yet contaminated the life outside them. A partial explanation for this is to be found in the fact that Madrid is the only seat of fashion, and that slender means of communication cuts off the majority of the dwellers in the provinces from the corroding influences which abound in every capital.

As time rolls on, the conditions of life in Spain are bound to become more and more assimilated to those prevailing among northern nations. In the course of the next few decades large districts of country, hitherto untouched by the advance of civilisation, will probably be opened out to modernising influences. One of the social dangers which Spain has to apprehend is lest these new influences should be brought to bear on the life of the people before they are prepared to receive them, and lest an exotic civilisation, ill-digested and degenerating into corruption, should filter through and poison the lower strata of society. A nation, like an individual, must have toiled for luxuries in order to be able to benefit by them. It is the elementary conditions of private life in Spain that have proved its greatest safeguard through years of intellectual lethargy, and have contributed to the preservation of the best features of the race—the simplicity of its character, the firmness of its family tie, and, last but not least, the honour of its women.

D.

THE TEACHING OF STYLE IN ENGLISH AND FRENCH SCHOOLS.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

"It is notorious," says a writer in a recent Blue Book on English Education,¹ "how inarticulate our boys are, how weak in the art of expressing themselves on paper." This is from the head master of a school; and the complaint appears repeatedly in the important and striking collection of essays on Preparatory Schools of which the Blue Book is composed.² "The standard of Latin, Greek, French, and Mathematics is so high in Scholarship Examinations," writes another master, "that English is knocked on the head. We have no time for it. The public schools require none—practically."³

It is perhaps not quite as true as in the time of Locke, to whose influence in the matter I shall have to refer presently, that if a man learn to write his own tongue with exceptional purity and ease "it is owing to anything rather than his education or any care of his teacher";⁴ the fact remains that the teaching of the art of writing in the vast majority of English schools is either casual or unconscious, and that the results of our system are lamentable.

The boys who enter our public schools inarticulate, often leave them inarticulate. "My son," said a banker to a friend of mine lately, "has been at ——" (naming one of the first public schools in England), "and he can only write letters of which the youngest clerk in my office would be ashamed." It cannot be said that the standard of junior clerks in the matter of correspondence is very high. A Manchester merchant of standing, Mr. Noah Kolp, declared not long since⁵ that hardly a boy who came into a business office could express himself properly. It took him three or four years to learn to write a business letter unassisted.

From the technical side we hear the same story; and indeed the substitution of "scientific" (I use the word with reserve) for literary subjects in the curriculum of higher-grade, technical, and secondary schools has made the deficiency in the teaching of English more

(1) *Special Reports on Educational Subjects*, edited by Mr. M. E. Sadler, vol. vi. "Preparatory Schools for Boys, 1900," article by Mr. G. Gidley Robinson on the *Preparatory School Curriculum*, p. 71.

(2) See especially references by Mr. M. E. Sadler, p. 60, and by Mr. Frampton Stallard, pp. 51, 52 and 59.

(3) *Loc. cit.*, p. 52.

(4) *Thoughts Concerning Education*, section 159.

(5) At a meeting of the Manchester branch of the Teachers' Guild in November, 1900. after the reading of the substance of this article by the present writer.

glaring. Writing on "Electro-technics," so long ago as 1892, Professor Ayrton, F.R.S., of the Central Technical College, joined with Professor Nichols, of Cornell, in deploring "the rarity of finding a student of electro-technics who could write a decent report. The experimental methods employed might have been good, the mathematical analysis suitable, and the calculations exact; but the description of the apparatus and of the results obtained would be scattered pell-mell over the paper."¹

When one asks why English boys are not taught to write their own language, one is met, as a rule, by the answer that the art of writing cannot, and that it need not, be taught systematically—the prose writer is born, not made. And if the matter be pressed we shall probably reach the theoretical conviction on the one hand that the whole "secret of style" lies in subtle characteristics unattainable by the vulgar; and the practical conviction, on the other, that any average boy, by stray hints here and there in the course of translation, by an occasional essay (on a subject above his head)² and by the study of Shakespeare, will be able to express anything that he may have to say in passable English prose. That the practical conviction is unfounded we have seen. The theoretical conviction is, one may assert with some confidence, as unsubstantial. To the English teacher of two centuries ago the art of writing (considered apart from grammar) merely meant the elegances of writing. Since that time the fashion in tropes has changed, and criticism has become subtler in the examination of detail; in the distinction of individual traits. But it is still on detail that our attention is fixed; and as a nation we ignore what Buffon regards as the very "basis of style,"³ what Mr. Pater calls "mind in style,"⁴ the ordering of our facts and ideas on some well thought out plan to some determinate end. When we ask if this, the fundamental element of the art of writing, can be taught, we have only to turn to France for our answer.

The positive merits of average French prose need little witness at the present day. "No prose," says Schopenhauer, "is read so easily and with such pleasure as French. . . . The Frenchman arranges his thoughts in the most logical, and in general in the most natural, order, and places them before the consideration of his reader so that he may be able to give his undivided attention to each in turn. The German, on the contrary, weaves them together into a period in which they cross and cross and cross again, because he wants to say half-a-dozen things at a time, instead of bringing them forward one after another; so that

(1) Presidential Address by Prof. W. E. Ayrton, F.R.S., to the Institution of Electrical Engineers, *Journ. Inst. Elect. Eng.*, vol. xxi., p. 34.

(2) "Patriotism," "The Advantages of Constitutional Monarchy," "Charity," "Woman's Suffrage." I take these from an examination paper of last year.

(3) *Discours sur le style*, 1763.

(4) *Appreciations, Essay on Style*, p. 18.

instead of attracting and holding his reader's attention as he should be doing, he requires him to be thinking of three or four things at once."¹ Between German and French, English occupies an intermediate position. It is largely, though not solely, to Matthew Arnold that we owe our recognition of the fact. "Tardily, perhaps, yet definitely,"² Mr. Symonds wrote some years ago, "we English people have come to acknowledge our own inferiority in the art of prose, and the necessity we are under of learning the rules of that art from French masters."³

Not in literature alone, but in every branch of prose, in history and politics, in religion and philosophy, in mathematics, and in the natural sciences with their various practical applications, we find the French writers pre-eminently clear and attractive.

Admitting all this, it does not follow, it will be said, that this quality of clearness of structure is due to French literary training. What of national aptitude? National aptitudes, in this as in other things, are singularly difficult to dissociate from training and tradition. But we have here, at any rate, an aptitude not to be found in the greatest writers of French prose in the sixteenth century, Rabelais and Montaigne; an aptitude that comes rapidly into the most brilliant evidence *pari passu* with the development of a special kind of literary training in the seventeenth century; and one that has been carefully fostered, and is still kept alive by that very same kind of training in the French schools of the present day. Of this literary training I propose in the next section to give practical details with a practical end in view; its method and significance cannot be understood fully without glancing first at its history; and they will be brought into greater relief if we compare by the way the English history of our subject with the French.

In the Middle Ages throughout Western Europe the art of writing and speaking in Latin, associated together under the name of rhetoric, were included in the *trivium* or first part of the scholastic course. By the sixteenth century this teaching had lapsed into unimportance. But the Renaissance brought with it everywhere a renewed admiration for the models and methods of Greece and Rome and a new enthusiasm for the mother tongues not easy to reconcile. While the national literatures were bursting into fresh life in the outer world, the literary theories of Aristotle, Cicero and Quintilian and the literary exercises of their Greek pedagogic successors were being revived and practised with diligent ardour in the schools.

By the Cambridge statutes of 1549, the lecture on Terence was replaced by one on rhetoric, and the *trivium* was completely recast.⁴

(1) *Ueber Schriftstellerei und Stil*, in *Parerga und Paralipomena*, section 295.

(2) J. A. Symonds, *Essays Speculative and Suggestive*, 1890, i. 309; see also i. 310.

(3) By these statutes the Professor was to use the works of Aristotle, Cicero, Quintilian, and Hermogenes. *The University of Cambridge from . . . 1535 to the Accession of Charles I.*, by J. Bass Mullinger, p. 111.

Under Elizabeth, the place previously occupied by Mathematics was "engrossed by rhetoric, and . . . although the lecturer was enjoined to deliver his discourses in the vernacular, the treatment of the subject was purely traditional,"¹ that is, dealt purely with the classics. Two of the chief English educational reformers, Mulcaster² and Brinsley,³ it is true, advocated the cultivation of the mother tongue at least on equal terms with Latin. But the teaching of rhetoric, out of touch with the great Elizabethan movement of literature (a movement, it is to be remembered, chiefly poetic), and animated by no fresh impulse from within, was doomed to failure. How empty it had become by the end of the seventeenth century we know from the scorn that Locke pours on it in his *Essay*, published in 1690, and in his *Thoughts Concerning Education*, published in 1693.

In the *Essay* he denounces it as an art that serves only to "insinuate wrong ideas, move the passions, and thereby mislead the judgment" (an inheritance from its origin in the Greek Law Courts, hard indeed to get rid of), although he admits that it includes "order and clearness."⁴ In the *Thoughts*, changing his mood, it is on the utter futility of the teaching as a means of education that he dwells, and on the poverty-stricken use of the English tongue by English people. He points to the example of neighbours who have "not thought it beneath the publick care to promote and reward the improvement of their own language," and among whom there is "a great ambition and emulation of writing correctly." He attributes the spread of French, which, "but a few reigns before, was "one of the worst languages, possibly, in this part of the world," to the new movement in France, and finally he points out, as Rollin was to do later to more purpose, that the supposed imitation of classical methods was no real imitation at all, for the Romans daily exercised themselves in their mother tongue, while the Greeks were "yet more nice" in the use of theirs. His suggestions for reform were admirable, but his adverse criticisms alone seem to have been effective. In 1712, Steele tells us, the Universities had grown "dumb in the study of eloquence."⁵ Public discussions and dissertations no doubt continued for a time to

(1) See Mullinger, *loc. cit.*, pp. 401-403. By the Oxford Statutes of 1636 "the lecturer in rhetoric is . . . twice every week, that is to say, on Mondays and Thursdays, and also at eight o'clock in the morning, publicly to explain the rhetoric of Aristotle, Cicero, Quintilian, Hermogenes, and to raise such comparisons among them, as out of them to reduce the precepts of the art to a single body." *Oxford University Statutes*, translated by G. R. M. Ward, 1845, i., 20.

(2) See R. H. Quick's *Educational Reformers*, p. 534.

(3) Brinsley in his *Ludus Literarius*; or, *The Grammar Schools* (1st edition, 1612) makes quaint suggestions for the teaching of English on the model of Latin.

(4) *Essay on the Human Understanding*, Bk. III., Chap. x., Section 34.

(5) *Spectator*, September 15, 1712, a reference for which I am indebted to Sir R. Jebb, whose important article on "Rhetoric" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* should be consulted for the history of the subject. From the context Steele obviously refers to spoken eloquence rather than written, but the study of the two went hand in hand.

afford opportunity for exercise in Latin composition, but the traditional teaching of rhetoric became extinct, and Latin composition has actually come to mean translation from English into Latin. Nothing could more effectually mark the decay and death of the traditional teaching of rhetoric in England.

In France, by the end of the seventeenth century, the state of affairs was very different, different in the schools, different among men of letters. Whereas in England the masters taught "as if the names of the figures that embellished the discourses of those who understood the art of speaking were the very art and skill of speaking well,"¹ the French had from the first come to lay stress on the larger and more essential of the three constituents of style differentiated in the classical treatises: on *invention*, the discovery (and choice) of materials, and on *disposition*, the orderly arrangement of those materials, rather than on *elocution*, the choice of words.² The credit is not to be attributed to France alone. The *Ratio et Institutio studiorum*,³ issued by the Jesuits in 1599, under the generalship of Acquaviva, infused new life into the teaching of rhetoric by the variety of the literary exercises and the thoroughness of literary criticism which it prescribed for the curriculum of the schools.⁴ The teaching was, it is true, entirely in Latin and dealt only with Latin and Greek; the Jesuits abhorred the use of the mother tongue. But it was mainly their pupils, Descartes and Bossuet,⁵ Corneille and Molière, and later Fontenelle, Montesquieu, Voltaire, who brought into French the "lucid order" and perfection of form learnt from a study and practice of Greek and Latin inspired by the *Ratio Studiorum*. The Jesuit methods of teaching were transported into French by the rival congregations of the Oratory, which produced Malebranche and Massillon, and the famous but short lived Port Royal (1643-1660), associated with the names of Pascal and Arnauld, and of whom Racine was the greatest pupil. The University, like the Jesuits,

(1) Locke, *Thoughts*, Section 189.

(2) "Qu'on ne dise pas," says Pascal in a famous passage, "que je n'ai rien dit de nouveau; l'ordre des matières est nouvelle. Quand on joue à la paume c'est une même balle dont on joue, l'un et autre, mais l'un la place mieux. . . . Comme si les mêmes pensées ne formaient pas un autre corps par une disposition différente du discours, aussi bien que les mêmes mots forment d'autres pensées par leur différente disposition." *Pensées*, ed. E. Havet, i., 99. Cf. also ii., 177, Section 128.

(3) A first edition, issued in 1586 ("Ratio atque Institutio Studiorum per Sex Patres ad id usum R. P. Praepositi Generalis deputatos conscripta"), was condemned; it differs considerably from the edition of 1599.

(4) Cf. G. Compayré, *Histoire critique des doctrines de l'Éducation en France*, i., 193; ii., 418, 419, and *passim*.

(5) Bossuet, in 1670, writes:—"Ce que j'ai appris de style je le tiens des livres latins, et un peu des grecs; de Platon, d'Isocrate, de Demosthène, de Cicéron. Les poètes, sont aussi d'un grand secours. Je ne connais que Virgile et un peu Homère." (*Sur le style et la lecture des Écrivains et des Pères de l'Église*, Œuvres, xxvi., 107, quoted by Compayré, *loc. cit.*, i., 318.)

kept to Latin. It was not till the end of the seventeenth century that Hersan¹ and his celebrated pupil Rollin, *le bon Rollin*, introduced "French rhetoric" into the official schools of the University.² In 1719 Rollin, in the course of an official Latin address to the Regent on behalf of the University, demanded that the teaching of French as a classical language (which he had himself practised at the Collège du Plessis) should be introduced officially into the public schools. Rollin, while an advocate for the teaching of style, is a faithful disciple of Bacon, of Comenius, and of Port Royal. "To value things," he writes, "rather than words; to prefer thoughts to the ornament of thought; to find in sound judgment a safeguard against the dangerous sweetness of that polished style which pleases youth only because it has the lightness of youth . . . these are the impressions which we endeavour to instil from the earliest childhood, so that the mind may seem to owe only to itself what comes from a fortunate habit, and may be fitted for every kind of work to which we destine it in the future."³ In 1726, in the first edition of his *Traité des Etudes*, which exerted an immense influence on French education, he laid down the lines on which French should be studied, and recommended certain authors as classical.⁴ We shall see in what follows how the teaching methods of the Jesuits and of Rollin are practised at the present day.

Turning from the schools to the writers themselves, we find a difference between France and England not less significant in regard to the question in hand. From the seventeenth century onwards France has possessed a series of great writers uniting critical with creative genius, the essential for the formation of a true school of prose. The rise of the French Academy, incorporated in 1635, has been quoted as a proof that this union of powers is a national characteristic; its continued existence and authority, in spite of the perils of the official spirit in literature, afford evidence of the fact more conclusive still. It is difficult to over-estimate the action that this combination of authority, originality, and critical power must have exercised on the hierarchic mind of the French schoolmaster and indirectly on his pupils. Moreover, putting the institution itself aside, we find that three of its members who contributed largely towards the creation of modern French prose, Bossuet, Fénelon, and La Bruyère, were themselves teachers, and deeply

(1) Cf. Lantoiné, *Histoire de l'enseignement secondaire au 17^e et au début du 18^e siècle*, 1874, p. 212. Gaullier, regent of rhetoric at the Collège du Plessis, also claimed to have anticipated Rollin in this respect.

(2) "Port Royal a pénétré dans l'Université par Rollin." Sainte-Beuve's *Port Royal*, 5th edition, iii., 511.

(3) Cf. Lantoiné, *loc. cit.*, p. 245-6. By a curious inconsistency, Rollin, in what follows, lays more stress on grace of mind than on solidity.

(4) *Traité des Etudes*, Book II., Chap. 1.

influenced in their writing by the temperament of the teacher. Fénelon in his Letter to M. Dacier of 1714 proposed that the Dictionary of the Academy should be followed by a Rhetoric and a Poetic (among other works).¹ The pre-occupation of teaching constantly recurs in the great French writers. What, indeed, to go back in history for some years, could be more significant than the fact that Racine's greatest masterpieces, *Esther* and *Athalie*, were written for the pupils of Madame de Maintenon at St. Cyr.

In the great period of English literature, the period of Shakespeare and of Milton, we have nothing analogous. In Milton's theoretical *Tractate*, which might perhaps be brought forward here, we find a training in the art of writing English relegated to that distant point in a youth's education (placed by Milton at the age of twenty-one) when he is "fraught with an universal insight into things."

The currents of literary teaching and of literature, both sprung from the Renaissance, form in France one stream. The teaching divided from the literature must have become pedantic and stagnant. It did so, as we have seen, in England.²

II.—THE TEACHING OF COMPOSITION IN FRENCH SCHOOLS.

My knowledge of the French teaching of composition is largely based on what I saw some three years ago in a number of Paris schools, opened to me by the kind courtesy of M. Octave Gréard, the eminent Vice-Rector of the Académie de Paris.³ With full permission to visit any class in any school, I saw during my visit the teaching in a primary school, in a higher primary school (*Ecole primaire supérieure*), in an *école professionnelle* (the *Ecole Dorian*), in six classes in the lycées Henri IV. and Louis le Grand and the *Ecole alsacienne*, from the sixth upwards to the *classe de rhétorique*, and in a training collège for women teachers in elementary schools.

With such differences as one might expect from the difference in age of the pupils, and the great freedom fortunately allowed to

(1) M. G. Lanson in his excellent *Principes de Composition et de Style* quotes Montaigne and Fénelon as the two writers who have lost nothing by being unmethodical; but points out how admirably Fénelon in his *Letter* appreciates the necessity for order in writing.

(2) The critical school of Dryden and of Pope follows that of the French: on the inter-actions of English and French literature in this period, see Professor Elton's *The Augustan Age*, 1899. "By the enhancement," says the author, "of form, definition, finish, and the other characteristic virtues, classicism [transmitted by France] did us immortal service. For these are the qualities which the English have not got naturally, but which they have always shown themselves ready to learn" (p. 322). The readiness to learn has been displayed in our literature, but not hitherto in our schools.

(3) Without actually seeing the teaching in provincial schools, one may assume that it is not different from that in the schools of Paris, since the teaching staff is derived from the same training colleges.

teachers of the subject, I found a method the same in its essentials everywhere.¹

Composition, strictly speaking, is hardly taught before the age of about thirteen. Before then the children learn grammar, and are made to do preliminary exercises not very different in kind from those used in England; they write out accounts of object lessons and relate in their own words stories which have been told to them. But they are in addition taught to be interested in and to estimate the precise value of the words they use by means of special exercises on groups of words either allied or opposed in meaning.² At thirteen the average French boy can construct simple sentences with fair ease and accuracy, and can reproduce in the original order, but in his own words, a story or lesson that he has heard. He has now to learn how to express his own ideas, or ideas which he has to find for himself, clearly and systematically. It is from this point that the teaching of composition really begins.

The pupil is first of all taught to write a simple story dealing with a subject which is within his experience. A plan is given to him and he is told to fill in details, keeping the whole story in the same proportion as the outline. On this point the teacher insists absolutely. The boy may know much more about some one thing in the story than the rest; he has to suppress it. These instructions are not enough. It is so much easier to think about thinking than to think that most children with such a task before them would merely waste time. They must be taught, therefore, to ask themselves definite questions with regard to the subject dealt with. In the first stages these questions will be suggested more or less directly by the plan given, and the replies to them, put into shape, will constitute the composition. But as the pupil progresses the outline given is reduced and the amount required from his initiative increased until at last a bare subject is given to him. He has now to ask his own questions, and these will provide him, if he puts them properly, with an amount of material far in excess of what can be used. He must choose out what seems to him essential and reject the rest; and having done this construct for himself a plan, such as was furnished to him by the teacher at an earlier stage. It is surprising how rapidly boys taught in this way acquire a sense of the architecture of style.

In the primary schools the teachers are necessarily somewhat restricted both with regard to subject and method of treatment. In the higher primary and secondary schools every effort is made to give

(1) I desire also to acknowledge my great indebtedness to my late friend M. Léon Marillier, of the Ecole des Hautes Etudes, for many practical and helpful suggestions; and to the officials and staff of every school I visited for the unfailing courtesy with which I was received.

(2) Want of space forbids me from describing the small differences in the methods used in the different kinds of schools.

the utmost possible variety to the exercises. The story, the description, the dialogue and the letter, are far more frequent in the lower classes than the essay.¹ And while the word *plan* is constantly on the lips of both teacher and pupil, the pedantry of the "twenty-fifthly, and lastly," system would be regarded with no less horror than the inconsequence, say, of a lecture by Mrs. Caudle. The suppleness of French style (and I include here the style of the French schoolboy), is not less remarkable than its clearness. During my experience nothing impressed me more than the admirable accounts of a school journey to the manufacturing towns of the north of France and of Belgium, written by pupils of the Ecole Dorian. The episodes of railway travelling were treated lightly and humorously; the landscapes were sketched in without sentimental and superfluous adjectives; and the descriptions of workshops were written in grim earnest and began in all cases with a statement of the amount of horse power available, an account of the boilers used to produce it, the engines, mode of transmission of power, etc.

I have dealt so far with the actual teaching of writing by practice; there is a second element in the teaching of style which is regarded by the French as no less essential, the systematic study and analysis of the national classics.²

"On leur apprendra à dégager d'un développement l'idée essentielle." The sentence is quoted from that portion of the remarkable official programme for the higher primary schools which deals with the teaching of French. Thus the pupils are taught not only to read great French authors but to analyse what they read, *to pass back from the developed composition to the plan*. And of all authors the one who serves French style best is the incomparable La Fontaine.³ Incomparable for this purpose, because with perfect lightness of touch each fable has been shaped into a complete and definite composition with not a word too much and each word adequate to its intention. But if La Fontaine in his Fables serves as the supreme model for clearness of structure in French schools he is after all only one among many. The use of the *Recueil de Morceaux Choisis* is regarded as an essential feature in the teaching of the mother tongue. These extracts from classical authors are almost invariably chosen so that each forms a complete piece in itself; and the French schoolboy who has not scraped some acquaintance with the prose of Bossuet, Fénelon, Pascal, La Bruyère, Mme. de Sévigné, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, Buffon,

(1) It is significant that in Sonnenwchein's *Encyclopedia of Education*, the article on "Composition" consists of two words "See Essays," and it is interesting to compare with this the treatment of the subject in M. Buisson's *Dictionnaire de Pédagogie*.

(2) Cf. *Ratio Studiorum; Regula professoris rhetorice*, § 8. We have here the original method, applied, of course, to Latin and Greek authors only.

(3) See *La Fontaine et ses Fables*, by H. Taine, 14th edition, pp. 46, 47. For the teacher this book is invaluable.

Diderot, Chateaubriand, Mme. de Staël, George Sand, Michelet, and with the dramas and poems of Corneille, Racine, Molière, Beaumarchais, Voltaire, Victor Hugo, and Lamartine, to say nothing of contemporary authors, is hardly to be found. In the programme for the higher primary schools referred to above translations from foreign masterpieces, English and German, are also prescribed.* Defoe, Scott, Charles Lamb, Dickens, George Eliot, and Mrs. Gaskell figure in the list of authors. In addition a certain number of the classical plays of Corneille, Racine, and Molière are read through and give the pupils an idea of compositions on a large scale; while the *morceaux choisis* give them a freedom of style and fulness of vocabulary that they could not learn from a single writer, however great.

As a result of their school training the pupils learn to write easily, naturally and clearly. *Ce qui n'est pas clair n'est pas français.* As I entered a class-room in one of the *lycées* I heard a master positively thunder at a boy guilty of obscurity, "*Traitez moi comme un ignorant!*" The exclamation is significant. It reveals at once the attitude of the French teacher at work in training his pupils to write, and the fundamental secret of his success. In the next section we shall see that English training in writing, such as it is, proceeds on an exactly opposite principle.

III.—THE PLACE OF THE TEACHING OF COMPOSITION IN EDUCATION.—SUGGESTIONS FOR REFORMS IN ENGLAND.

One may write for two reasons—to formulate one's thought for oneself, or to communicate it to others; and thus the training in style may be considered both as a means of strengthening the mental powers, and as the teaching of an art of primary importance in practical life—as a branch, therefore, of technical education.¹

In treating the subject in its relations to education as a whole, and to reforms at present desirable in England, it is necessary to deal with these two aspects separately. It may be as well at once to consider one extremely grave reproach levelled against the results of the French system. The French, it is often said, are as superficial and as verbose as they are clear. The accusation, when made by shallow and muddy writers in defence of shallow muddiness, hardly needs to be met. But when a competent French critic² writes "*notre enseignement*

(1) "In its widest sense technical education embraces all kinds of instruction that have direct reference to the career a person is following, or preparing to follow: but it is usual and convenient to restrict the term to the special training which helps to qualify a person to engage in some branch of productive industry." Sir P. Magnus's *Industrial Education*, 1888, p. 20.

(2) M. Jules Payot, a distinguished French inspector of schools, to whose admirable articles on the teaching of composition, published in the *Revue Universitaire* for 1897 and 1898, I should have liked to make further reference. I may add that some of his suggestions I found already carried out in the schools which I inspected.

ment tend plus à développer le beau parler que le bien parler," it is a different affair, and truly no one can have read the French journals of a lower order without discovering an excessive talent for putting words into good external literary form that contains simply nothing. If, to state the question in precise terms, it be true that his training gives to the Frenchman of originality exceptional power in making that originality felt by others, does this same training induce in the average man mere gabble and froth? If yes, then clearness of form were bought too dearly indeed. John Bull, seeing something of truth in the allegation, has hitherto cried "plague on your talkative humbugs," and kept on his stolid ways. The fact is that everything in this teaching depends on the nature of the subjects with which pupils are asked to deal at the outset and the way in which they are asked to deal with them.

Formerly, as we can see by the text-books on rhetoric and composition, the themes set in French schools were purely literary. They dealt with thoughts and facts and people learnt from books. The tyranny of the book inherited from mediævalism has been no easy thing to cast off, and the result in France of that tyranny over the intelligence has been disastrous. But in his protest M. Payot voices the feelings of the now generation of French teachers. Everywhere I found a tendency to make all the early exercises deal with things actually known, seen, heard, or felt by the pupils. To observe sincerely, and to describe sincerely, these are the fundamental lessons in the mental training of the writer. Science, in the view of the physicist Kirchhoff and his followers, consists in an accurate and simple description of nature. If this be the method of science it is the method of good literature also, which differs only from that of science by the introduction of the "personal" element. When the descriptions of the pupil become somewhat more ambitious, and when he is allowed to exercise his imagination, a certain difficulty is bound, it is true, to arise, in keeping this personal element sincere, in preventing him from borrowing it from books and falling into bad "rhetoric." But insincerity of this kind will betray itself almost invariably by inconsistency. The pupil's landscape will be (as I have seen it) lurid in the setting sun at the top of his page, while the dew-drops are simultaneously silvered by the moonlight at the bottom. The class itself, judiciously guided, will almost infallibly cure both superficiality and verborosity of style in any one of its members.

To estimate more fully the intellectual value of training in style it is necessary to recall briefly its chief features. The pupil, after preliminary exercises, learns to gather material of his own to deal with. He next learns how to deal with it; to choose from the mass of material that which he regards as worthy of record, and to arrange

it on a clear plan; but not to sacrifice truth to symmetry, for if after beginning to write he finds that something important has been omitted, he must neither leave it out nor put it in anyhow; his plan is bad and must be shaped anew. He learns to deal with more and more difficult subjects, to use the information of others as well as his own (and to acknowledge the fact), but his method and the discipline of his thoughts remain the same from the time he begins. Compositions written in this way give a teacher a unique opportunity of coming to handgrips with the intelligence and with the feelings and convictions of his pupils. It is because the pupils themselves are active and not passive. That is the secret of the whole business. This teaching of the art of writing is in truth a training in continuous and independent intellectual effort, *a training in research* with plastic material costing nothing, and limited only by the experience of the pupils and the capacity of the teacher. Is it not strange that we in England, who lay so much stress on giving children the opportunity of learning to be independent in complex moral and physical action, should give them practically none of being independent in intellectual—that our famous lessons of the playing-fields should never have penetrated into the class-room? ¹

Of late years the evil has been dangerously increased by the very improvement in one branch of our teaching power—that of making pupils, good, bad, and indifferent alike, assimilate the increasing stock of knowledge demanded of them. As the effort of the teacher has become more severe that of the pupil has become less. Is there not, unless we counterbalance this assimilative teaching in some such way as I have suggested, a grave risk of sacrificing the best intelligences to the mediocre, to the loss of the nation at large? At present a great proportion of students come to our Universities with minds, I will not say lazy, but willing only to work in harness. That symptom, the want of intelligent initiative, affords the gravest condemnation of preliminary training that can be found, because it is almost impossible to cure at a later stage. It is a symptom that has shown itself on other ground than that of University education.

We come now to the second aspect of this training, perhaps too hastily called on a previous page the more "practical" one. It is in the art of writing for others rather than for ourselves that we are most deficient in England, and that the French excel. And yet there is one particular branch of this art that we in England cultivate assiduously—the art of explaining things to people who know

(1) The teaching of mathematics must be excepted from these strictures. And it is noteworthy that precisely in the physical sciences, where it is most difficult to leave children to find out for themselves, and where the problems to be solved are of singular logical complexity, an effort has been made of late years to encourage independent investigation. I refer, of course, to Professor H. E. Armstrong's Heuristic system.

more about them than we do. What else, indeed, is the art of the examination room? ¹

Examinations, one may perhaps be excused for saying so, are not necessarily ridiculous. But withholding, as we do, all other teaching of style, is it not very midsummer madness to impose on our boys and girls, by incessant usage and dire pressure, a style absolutely worthless in practical life? This unconscious teaching of style by examination pressure is perhaps one of the worst features of our educational system.

To those who have followed this argument with sympathy, practical methods of reform will suggest themselves immediately. The French method of teaching composition by means of graduated and varied original exercises, and by the analytical study of great writers—this could be introduced bodily into our English schools without offence to our national traditions, if we had the books and the teachers. Our literature will provide us with complete works and with anthologies compiled on a different system from those now in vogue. The provision of teachers, I mean of enough for all our schools, primary, higher grade, technical,² and secondary, is another matter. To read about the general principles of literary construction in a book is one thing, to apply them intelligently to literature and to the written exercises of pupils is another. It must, however, be remembered that many of our teachers in England are now being trained in the art of systematic exposition, although in a somewhat technical way.³ They have still to be taught that it is part of their duty to transmit that art to their pupils. Stylists in England have of late been so hypnotised by attention to the perfection of the sentence and the effort to write something that may be lifted bodily from its context and quoted, that they appear to have forgotten that the composition as a whole is the writer's real unit. That is what the teacher will have both to learn and to teach.⁴ As we improve in the power of continuous thinking

(1) Let us imagine our candidate with ten questions to answer and three hours before him. A systematic exposition of his subject is neither possible nor looked for. His aim in writing must be to establish with his examiner the completest possible understanding in the shortest possible time, and for this purpose he will employ a series of concise and judicious hints totally unintelligible to the previously uninformed. And the examiner, on his part, will be both pleased and flattered to find a man who really possesses this Chinese art of reproducing information for the benefit of a person already possessing it, and in every way wiser than the writer. To examinations in such subjects as mathematics or translation this criticism, of course, does not apply.

(2) Professor Ayrton forcibly points out, in the address previously quoted (*Journ. Inst. Elect. Engineers*, xxi., pp. 35, 36, and *passim*), how essential literary training is in "technical education," considered even in the narrowest sense. If this truth has not been recognised in our "technical" schools, it is because it has not yet been recognised in those actually supposed to give a literary education at present.

(3) According to the 'steps' of Herbart; a system obviously, however, too rigid for universal application in literature.

(4) I have not dealt with the teaching of French normal schools, because this would hardly be of practical use to us at present. Their pupils come to them already capable of writing,

and of expression we shall be able to make demands of a different and higher kind in the examination room and to do away with its present evil effects. We may hope to see the abolition of the "10 question—3 hour—and out with all you know" system, and require in the examination room longer and more carefully thought out answers on fewer subjects. Where a wide range has necessarily to be covered the oral examination might be more largely substituted for the written. But for this to be really satisfactory practice, in speaking the mother tongue (given in the schools of Germany, France, and America, but not in our own) is an almost essential preliminary. Perhaps in the higher examinations we might follow a system sometimes employed in France, and give candidates twenty-four hours and the free use of books for the writing of an essay, or the preparation of a lecture, on a given theme.

These are, however, details. Let us first realise that a better training in the use of the mother tongue, with the independent exercise of the intellectual faculties that this training affords, is, of all the necessities of our national education, the one that is supremely urgent.

P. J. HARTOG.

if not of teaching. The instruction in our own training colleges, for many years to come, must resemble more closely that of French secondary schools. Both in Germany and in the United States elaborate systems of teaching style are in vogue. May I hazard the conjecture that the failure of these systems as a whole to produce a style as clear and forcible as the French may be largely due to inadequate training of the teachers? I regret that want of space has forbidden any detailed discussion of Mr. F. H. Dale's article on "The Teaching of the Mother Tongue in Germany," a study in many ways parallel to the present one (*Special Reports on Educational Subjects*, vol. i., 1896-7, pp. 535-578). But one passage from Mr. Dale must be quoted. Mr. Charles Copland Perry, in an article published after the text of this article was written, has put forward a view coinciding, to some extent, in its general outlines with my own. ("Our Undisciplined Brains—the War Test." *Nineteenth Century*, December, 1901.) At the end of his article, however, Mr. Perry suggests that it is to the German schools that we should look for a model in the teaching of composition. With this suggestion I find myself altogether unable to concur. In the historical essay of the German schools, which Mr. Perry specially commends, the pupil merely reproduces in his own words, "facts and arguments which he has previously heard from the lips of the teacher." Of this kind of teaching we have enough in England already. It is precisely what we ought to avoid in the future. And now to quote Mr. Dale in support of this contention. "It is interesting," he says, "to notice that some German teachers are conscious of the insufficiency of an instruction which lends itself too strictly to the methods and style of composition, and tends to exact elaboration and fine writing at the expense of thought" (*loc. cit.*, p. 577. *Italics are ours*). The German University dissertation, of which Mr. Perry also speaks, comes, no doubt, into a different intellectual category. But University methods lie beyond the scope of this essay. Reform in secondary education is a necessary preliminary to any great reform in our University education.

Of the American teaching of style the detailed curricula and exercises sent over to the Paris Exhibition in 1900, and subsequently exhibited in Manchester by the Technical Instruction Committee, gave the visitor some idea. The results obtained are not comparable with those attained in French schools. Nevertheless, an examination on the spot of American methods of teaching style might yield some valuable results. "Rhetoric and Composition" are taught not only in the schools, but also in the Universities of the United States, but on this higher teaching I cannot venture to express any opinion.

JOHN WEBSTER.

If anyone should wish for a good illustration of that striking anarchy of critical opinion, that arises, not from making balanced and comprehensive estimates, but from the crude expression of individual and one-sided prejudice; if, in short, anyone should be desirous of insisting on the distinction between really just criticism—what is called “criticism of the centre”—and the criticism which is satisfied with a rhetorical triumph or the maintenance of a thesis, he cannot do better than instance the respective judgments of Mr. Swinburne and Mr. William Watson on the merits of the dramatist, John Webster. Mr. Swinburne has exalted his hero in a customary rapture of picturesque enthusiasm. Webster is one of the gulfs or estuaries of the ocean which is Shakespeare. Shakespeare and Webster, alone among dramatists, except by occasional fits and starts, attribute to their characters inevitable utterance. There is no poet morally nobler than Webster. And so far is Mr. Swinburne from blaming Webster for his imitations of Shakespeare, that he does not even specifically allude to them, whilst he will not listen for a moment to those who charge the dramatist with an unhealthy love of horrors and a morbid imagination. But after Mr. Swinburne comes Mr. William Watson. Webster’s “numerous little pilchings from Shakespeare,” he assures us, “are of the sneaking sort; less like heroic spoils of conquest than furtive nibblings at the vast stores of an inexhaustible granary.” Bosola, in *The Duchess of Malfi*, “is a kind of human gangrene, infecting the whole body of the play. His putrid fancy is ingeniously loathsome, and leaves a trace of slime upon all objects which it traverses.” “Webster exhibits in general a singular fondness for illustrations drawn from disease and corruption. In the circuit of his imagery the most frequent halting-places are the mad-house, the lazar-house, the churnel-house.” *The Duchess of Malfi*, after the death of the Duchess, “still drags its festering length through another act.” And elsewhere Mr. Watson alludes to its “gross and melodramatic horrors,” and its “ghoulish banquet.” Brave words indeed! And one is tempted to add, with Parson Evans in the *Merry Wives*, “This is fery fantastical humours!”

Yet “fantastical humours” are not the stuff out of which to make good criticism; and as we read on we begin to wonder, not only how Mr. Watson, in his search for blemishes, has come to overlook so many merits, but whether he has even been at the pains to study his author’s work as a whole. One is tempted to wonder, for instance, whether he has ever read *Appius and Virginia*, a tragedy, I believe,

which is wholly free from images "drawn from disease and corruption," unless Mr. Watson be emboldened to detect one in the passionate outcry of Icilius :—

•

"Would we had met
In a cold grave together two months since!
I should not then have cursed you."

I am not, however, prepared to deny that Webster, in his three remaining unassisted plays, undoubtedly exhibits a morbid tendency; nor do I blame Mr. Watson more for attacking and exaggerating this particular defect than Mr. Swinburne for neglecting and minimising it. Yet either critic, as it seems to me, has proceeded on a method which is radically wrong. The one, because he discovers in an author a matter which he finds particularly offensive, does not pause to consider his merits, but "gathering himself up like a wild beast," springs upon the offender, as Thrasymachus springs upon Socrates in the *Republic*, as if he would tear him in pieces. The other, blinded by a generous enthusiasm, overlooks blemishes and limitations which undoubtedly exist. Either method is radically wrong, for the highest form of criticism, though it sit as a judge between warring opposites, is briefed itself as an advocate for neither. Its business is, not to plead, but to adjudicate; to listen, indeed, to the pleas of either party, but itself to strike the balance between them and to deliver final judgment.

There is, however, reason for believing, on a complete and final survey, that Webster is infinitely the greatest of that fascinating brotherhood of playwrights who cluster, like clever and emulative children, round the gigantic manhood of Shakespeare. At this time of day it is probably possible to pass a definitive judgment on the minor Elizabethan dramatists. For the historian and the antiquarian they will always constitute an inexhaustible store-house of facts. The fashions of the age, its follies, and its quackery; its euphuisms, its quibbles, its humours, its conceits; its exchange, its mad-house, its debtor's prison; its "Paul's-man" and its grave city merchant; its idle young courtier, and its foolish citizen's wife; its lawyer, its physician, its Puritan, its courtesan; its grossness of thought and coarseness of expression, overlying a real and virile morality; its freedom of speech and its endless curiosity—all the symptoms and phenomena, in short, of an exuberant and intensely vital national life, rise before us from the quaint and crabbed pages, often obscured by metaphor and trivial allusion, and heightened no doubt by the hand of caricature, of men like Dekker and Heywood and Jonson, and Massinger, and Marston, and Webster himself. Even though the scene be laid in a foreign country, it is always Elizabethan England which is set before us. "Our old dramatists do not scruple,"

says Dyce, "to attribute to a foreign country the peculiarities of their own." And though we sometimes meet with a saving clause—

"You have the door by the ring;
That's livery and seisin *in England*,"

—the remark is generally just. The historian, the philologist, the antiquarian, cannot, in a word, afford to neglect these minor poets. To give a few instances from Webster alone—there are a couple of references in the *Devil's Law Case* of the very highest historical interest—

" . . . let me die
In the distraction of that worthy princess
Who loathed food and sleep, and ceremony,
For thought of losing that brave gentleman
She would fain have sav'd, had not a false conveyance
Expressed him stubborn-hearted . . . "

"a manifest allusion," as Mr. Dyce says, not more than twenty years after the reputed event, "to the closing scene of Queen Elizabeth's life, and to what Mr. Lodge calls 'the well-known, but weakly authenticated, tale of the Countess of Nottingham and the ring.'" The other reference is even more curious, and its insinuation, so far as I know, has never been discussed.

"There is no reason, as you said even now
To satisfy but (I that) this snit of hers
Springs from a devilish malice, and her pretence
Of a grieved conscience and religion
Like to the horrid powder treason in England,
Has a most bloody, unnatural revenge
Hid under it . . . "

We move here only in a realm of conjecture and of vague contemporary allusion. But if History can gather from these passages no certainty of things that actually occurred, at least she gathers certainty of the thoughts and suspicions that were in men's minds.

The minor Elizabethan dramatists possess, however, a more than merely antiquarian interest. They enshrine the beginnings and perfecting of the English drama; the beginnings and perfecting of English blank verse. They serve as a standard by which to measure the comparative greatness of Shakespeare. Only when we realise how much of their humour, of their philosophy, of their outlook over life, was purely local and fleeting, do we properly realise the immense proportions of the universal element in Shakespeare. But beyond these adventitious merits they possess, perhaps, little absolute value. A few passages in Marlowe—I am afraid very few—rise to the level of pure poetry; and there is not a

dramatist among them but can show, I suppose, his occasional "purple patches." Gifford professed to discover in Massinger beauties not generally discoverable; Tennyson, we are told, was fond of reciting certain scenes from Ford; Charles Lamb, John Addington Symonds, and Mr. Swinburne, are enthusiastic admirers. And these are names with which to conjure in literature and criticism! But does anyone suppose that any of these writers would seriously claim for the great majority of the Elizabethan dramatists that they are to be thought of for a moment in the same class with Shakespeare and Milton—that any one of them would seriously claim it even in the case of Marlowe, having regard, not to Marlowe's promise and untimely end, but only to the absolute value of his accomplished work. On the contrary, it is doubtful whether anyone would claim for them—in the greatest and loftiest sense of the word—the name of poet at all—would allow them more than the faintest glimmering of "the vision and the faculty divine." They are simply more or less capable playwrights, working, perhaps, without enthusiasm, and certainly without inspiration. But with the exception of Marlowe, and with the one further exception of Webster, their work is everywhere pitched in a minor key; and only here and there do they stumble, as by accident, on the larger utterance of great poetry.

The facts of Webster's life—like the facts of the lives of many of his contemporaries—are shrouded in final obscurity. The dates of his birth and death, his parentage, the nature of his bringing up, are equally unknown. His plays suggest a sombre personality, with a bias, perhaps, towards morbid speculation. The littleness of life and its inevitable end must often have occupied his thoughts. His nature was essentially moral, and he exhibits for mere rank, divorced from merit, a bitter and scathing contempt. It is dangerous, no doubt, to attribute to a dramatist sentiments committed to the mouths of his characters. Yet there is a vein of what we should now call "Radicalism"—using the term in a loose and popular sense—a protest against the unjust claims and privileges of the highly-born and highly-placed, which runs so vividly through Webster's more distinctive work, that we need not hesitate in deducing from it a trait of the poet's own character. This curiously modern note has escaped detection at the hands of other writers—a fact which emboldens me to set out at length some passages which suggest it.

ROMELIO : What tell you me of gentry ? 'Tis naught else
But a superstitious relic of time past :
And silt it to the true worth, it is nothing
But ancient riches.

The Devil's Law Case, I. 1.

FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS: Right. You shall see in the country in harvest time, pigeons, though they destroy never so much corn, the farmer dare not prevent the fowling-piece to them. Why? Because they belong to the lord of the manor, whilst your poor sparrows, that belong to the Lord of Heaven, they go to the pot for't.—*The White Devil*, V. 1.

BOSOLA: Some would think the souls of princes were brought forth by some more weighty causes than those of meaner persons: they are deceived, there's the same hand to them, the like passions sway them, the same reason that makes a vicar to go to law for a tithe-pig and undo his neighbours, makes them spoil a whole province, and batter down goodly cities with the cannon.—*The Duchess of Malfi*, II. 1.

The pigeons that belong to the lord of the manor, the vicar who goes to law for a tithe-pig, are strangely suggestive of some modern disagreements. Altogether the tendency of these passages can hardly be mistaken. There is, however, a further statement in the poet's dignified dedication of the *Duchess of Malfi* to the twelfth Lord Berkeley, which justifies beyond all suspicion the inference already drawn. "I do not," he says, "altogether look up at your title, the ancientest nobility being but a relic of time past, and the truest honour, indeed, being for a man to confer honour on himself."

There is another characteristic of Webster, also hitherto unnoticed, which seems to challenge attention. He exhibits throughout a singular fondness for illustrations drawn from Nature, and especially from bird-life. The cuckoo and the hedge-sparrow, the lark and the nightingale, are part of the common stock-in-trade of poets; but Webster's range of natural observation is wider—his employment of natural imagery less conventional. The lark in its cage suggests the imprisonment of the soul in the body; the world is like the bird's little tuft of grass; the heaven above us, like the lark's mirror, gives us only a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison. The dramatist has heard the note which frightens the silly birds out of the corn, and that which allures them into the nets; he knows that the robin redbreast and the nightingale never live long in cages; he has watched the swallows as they fly away before the stormy winter, and the lapwing as it tries to attract the stranger from its nest by singing and beating its wings at a distance. He tells of a blackbird "that would sooner fly to a man's bosom than to stay the gripe of the fierce sparrow-hawk." Striking comparisons, drawn from Nature, seem to rise readily in his mind—the honey-dew, which thrives in rank pastures; the heatless light of the glow-worm; the bee, which when it has shot its sting into your hand, may then play with your eyelid. One would like to picture this sombre personality—this meditator among the tombs and dead-houses—solacing the gloom of a perplexed imagination among the healthful delights and freshness of the country:—an Elizabethan Matthew Arnold escaping from doubt and despondency

to the serene self-sufficiency of sea and sky; an earlier Cowper among his hares.

For that Webster's imagination was to some extent unhealthy—that his mind plung with undeniable persistency to images of corruption, and death, and disease—is hardly to be disputed. I do not base this conclusion entirely, or principally, on the somewhat melodramatic horrors that form part of the machinery of his plays. Such horrors, it is true, are almost as plentiful as blackberries in autumn. The whole fourth act of the *Duchess of Malfi* is a grisly accumulation of them—well calculated, indeed, to effect Ferdinand's grim purpose of bringing his sister "by degrees to mortification." The ghastly business of the dead man's hand; the corpses of husband and children modelled in wax; the wild consort of madmen; the tomb-maker; the awful invitation to the living woman to make her own preparations for committing her body to the grave—come, as Webster says elsewhere of misfortune, "like the coroner's business, huddle upon huddle." The scene between Brachiano and the conjuror, in which the two witness, in dumb show, the murders of Camillo and the Duchess; the poisoning of Brachiano's helmet; the ghosts of the Duchess and Brachiano—the latter carrying "in his hand a pot of lily-flowers, with a skull in it"; the stage direction in *The Devil's Law Case*—"a table set forth with two tapers, a death's head, a book"; the attempt to bring Romelio to repentance by showing him the coffin—these horrors might be thought, if they stood alone, to point at least as much to some mistaken theory of cheap stage sensationalism as to any deep-rooted and incurably morbid trait in the poet's own mind. But Webster's love of the morbid, the horrible, the loathsome, penetrates deeper than the mere machinery of his dramas; it saturates his dialogue; it is the dominant impression of his character—more than his radicalism, more than his love of Nature—that we gather from the study of his works. "He cannot," says Mr. J. A. Symonds, "say the simplest thing without giving it a sinister turn." There is a terrible little model, in a room at Penshurst, of an apartment unearthed at Pompeii. In the centre lies a corpse, partly fallen to pieces, and riddled by crawling worms. This model, in its bare and unpitiful fidelity, reminds one of the genius of Webster. He strips away the disguises and amenities of life in a frenzy of savage exultation. Cursed with a kind of perpetual second sight, he sees the potential death-cloth clinging round every living person.

" Though we are eaten up of lice and worms,
And though continually we bear about us
A rotten and dead body, we delight
To hide it in rich tissue: all our fear,
Nay, all our terror, is lest our physician
Should put us in the ground to be made sweet."

The passage is revolting, yet no one, perhaps, is likely to deny its uncanny, its extraordinary, power. Often, however, the dramatist's fancy is merely putrid and disgusting, without possessing the redeeming quality of strong and vivid presentment. Nothing, it would seem, can possibly be gained by the "ingenious loathsomeness" of the following image, except to establish its author's claim to be considered the Swift of the Elizabethan dramatists:—

"I would sooner eat a dead pigeon taken from the soles of the feet of one sick of the plague than kiss one of your fasting."

But elsewhere Webster's revolting and sinister images—his "wormy circumstance," to borrow an expressive phrase of Keats—create, it may be thought, a legitimate effect in deepening the prevailing horror and darkness of his murky backgrounds. They gleam with a lurid and phosphorescent brilliancy from the sinister and forbidding setting of the great Italian tragedies. A bloodshot eye is like a surgeon's needle; a fowl is confined in a baked meat; the black and melancholy yew tree roots itself in dead men's graves. Weeping widows are likely to re-marry ere the worm pierce their husband's winding-sheet. Places in the court are like beds in the hospital, where this man's head lies at that man's foot, and so lower and lower. Antonio's parting kiss is colder than that which a holy anchorite gives to a dead man's skull. Our bodies are weaker than those paper prisons in which boys imprison flies; nay, more contemptible, since ours is to preserve earth-worms. The Duchess's fault and beauty, blended together, show like leprosy. Bosola thinks that he will shortly grow the common bier for churchyards. Men are only like dead walls or vaulted graves, that, ruined, yield no echo. A grave, says Jolenta, is a rotten foundation. Women, sneers Romelio, are hard-hearted creatures good for nothing else than to wind dead bodies. A winding-sheet is a decent garment which will never be out of fashion.

Of the nine surviving plays in which Webster is known, or is believed, to have had a hand, four only—*Appius and Virginia*, *The White Devil*, *The Duchess of Malfi*, and *The Devil's Law Case*—are his unassisted work. And it is on these four plays—or, rather, on the two Italian tragedies, for *The Devil's Law Case* and *Appius and Virginia* are distinctly unworthy of ranking with their sister dramas—that Webster's admirers make bold to base his claim to be considered, as a dramatist, second only to Shakespeare.

What are the prevailing impressions with which we rise from reading the two great Italian tragedies? An impression, in the first place, of embarrassed and uncertain plots, overcharged with incident and unnecessary episode; of separate scenes of extraordinary power, which yet do not seem to hang rightly together; of a complete

absence of what we are accustomed to look for in well-managed tragedy—of the evolution, that is, of a single interest up to final and overwhelming catastrophe. And secondly, an impression that we have been studying the work of a conscientious, and even laborious, artist—of a poet whose verses come only by study and with travail, not in any sudden accession of plenary inspiration. But we rise also with the impression that here is a genius which, in its own cramped, limited, leaden-clouded sphere, speaks often with the voice of inevitable utterance; which has probed to the bottom the muddy wells of pessimism, of cynical self-contempt, of exultant self-abandonment; which has moments of exquisite pity; which has seen the human soul still master of itself, though racked by the last imaginable horrors of terror, grief, and hopelessness; which has seen other souls hurried on to perdition by their lawless passion and lack of restraint.

It is not easy exactly to define what is meant by the "inevitable" in poetry. It means, if we are to follow Mr. Swinburne, that not merely thus or thus a character *may* have spoken, but that thus or thus he infallibly *must* have spoken. Yet since, in this sense, there is in life itself no speech which is strictly inevitable—since no one can foresee whether the dying ruffian will bluster away his soul in panicky-stricken blasphemy, or turn his face in silence to the wall in the gripping of speechless agony—it is difficult to see how art, which is an imitation of life, and which, however much it may vary, idealise, or re-combine the varying aspects of life, can never really get beyond its original; it is difficult to see how art, any more than life itself, can furnish us, in this strict sense of the term, with inevitable language. But if by "inevitable" we indicate only apparent perfection and finality of utterance; if we mean only that, given a certain expression of a particular idea or emotion, we cannot easily conceive words in which that idea or emotion could be better or more completely portrayed; if we mean only that our imagination is immediately and entirely satisfied, and is troubled with no uneasy suspicion that the thing might possibly have been better expressed in some other way—then we may conclude that in instance after instance Webster may properly be called "inevitable." When Shakespeare makes the dying Arthur exclaim—

"O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones;
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!"

we complain at once that this is not inevitable; not because Arthur could not possibly have uttered these words—a thing, indeed, which is totally unlikely, but cannot be called impossible—but because we at once feel that these words, whether actually uttered or not, are quite unworthy of so tragic an occasion—because they leave the imagination unsatisfied, or troubled even with a sense of displeasure.

Webster, then, in the only conceivable sense of the word, is again and again inevitable; he attributes to his characters sentiments and language that completely satisfy the imagination, and leave us with an immediate and delighted sense of perfection and finality. But the scope within which he displays this power is very strictly limited. The vast horizons—the universal insight—of Shakespeare, are beyond the vision of this crippled disciple. We can picture him, indeed, turning from the thunderblasts of *Lear* or *Othello* to peep and peer into the foggy atmosphere of *Measure for Measure*, but we know that he will never enter the glad woodlands of Arden or the courts and groves of Illyria; will never jest with Rosalind, or Beatrice, or Viola, be present at the moon-lit meetings of Oberon and Titania, or listen to the enchanted song of Ariel; will never experience the glad buoyancy, the all-seeing and all-pervading kindness, the great human laughter of Shakespeare. The dreadful elements among which he works are terror, pain and extravagant passion; his characters are often rotted to the core with pride, with lust, with horrible greed, with limitless anger, with insatiable ambition; he has hardly a clean or wholesome character—Isabella, Cornelia, Marcello, Antonio, or the Duchess of Malfi—who is not sooner or later swept into the same general ruin which engulfs the pander and the adulterer, the wanton and the murderer, the fool and the informer, the poisoner and the fratricide. His fatalism is everywhere supreme. "We are merely the stars' tennis-balls," complains the repentant Bosola, "struck and bandied which way please(s) them." I agree, indeed, with Mr. Swinburne, that no poet is morally nobler than Webster. Even through the gloom and torture of the prison-house he clings instinctively to what is righteous. "Let worthy minds," says Bosola—

" Let worthy minds ne'er stagger in distrust
To suffer death or shame for what is just,"

though his own, he confesses, "is another voyage." Antonio is a type of the purest virtue—"Were there nor Heaven nor Hell, I should be honest: I have long served virtue, and ne'er ta'en wages of her."

Yet the prevailing atmosphere of the Italian tragedies is one of intense and unmitigated gloom—a veritable "vision of sin"; only here no voice calls to the summit to ask if there be any hope; here no God makes himself, in the far distance, "an awful rose of dawn."

Yet within these limits Webster, I repeat, seems to me again and again to attribute to his characters inevitable utterance. Not Shakespeare himself has more powerfully depicted the sheer, unreasoning terror of death—the passionate, unreasoning clinging to life—of a great but undisciplined nature.

BRACHIANO. O, I am gone already! The infection
Flies to the brain and heart. O thou strong heart,
There's such a covenant 'tween the world and it,
They're loth to break

“ . . . What are these?”

FLAMINIO. Franciscans:
They have bought the extreme unction.

BRACHIANO. On pain of death, let no man name death to me!
It is a word infinitely terrible.

It is in curt, brief utterances such as these—the short, sharp outcries of breaking hearts—that Webster is unapproachable. In brevity and precision he is the Tacitus of poets; no other dramatist—not even Shakespeare—condenses such wealth of passion, sarcasm, and terror, into so few words. Even when the subject is commonplace, or, at least, less highly charged with emotion, these “lancet-touches”—to borrow a term applied by Tennyson with no greater apparent justification to the mordant couplets of Pope—these arrows, “concise and pointed, and tipped as it were with fire,” seldom, or never, fail him. When the lying Winnifred, in the Court of Justice, is driven on cross-examination from pillar to post, a whole volume of criticism, in the mouth of Ariosto, is compressed into one sharp and bitter epigram—

“An old hunted hare;
She has all her doubles.”

But Webster more frequently employs his unique and felicitous command of epigram for the expression of passionate feeling. Sometimes it is the vehicle of fierce and unrelenting hatred, as in Ferdinand's brutal retort to Bosola, when the latter shows him the bodies of the murdered children, and asks him in what they had offended—

“The death
Of young wolves is never to be pitied.”

Sometimes it renders a proud and overwhelming resentment, as Lodovico's angry sarcasm—

“O, I pray for them:
The violent thunder is adored by those
Are pashed in pieces by it.”

Or Brachiano's hanghty demand—

“Have you proclaimed a triumph, that you bait
A lion thus!”

It is this scintillation of sharp, passionate retort, like the flashing of sword-thrusts, which lends to that marvellous trial scene of Vittoria much of its character and interest. “O, poor charity,” she exclaims to the Cardinal, “thou art seldom found in scarlet.” When

Francisco tells her that her unhappy husband is dead, she is ready with her impudent retort—

“O, he’s a happy husband
Now he owes Nature nothing.”

When Monticelso taunts her with the departure of her champion, her spirit is unsubdued.

“The wolf may prey the better.”

And in *The Duchess of Malfi* this faculty for concentrated scorn and rebuke rises to its culminating example in Bosola’s cynical sneer—superb in its brutal and un pitying common-sense—at the extravagant and impotent anger of the Duchess.

DUCHESS. . . . I’ll go pray—
No, I’ll go curse.

BOSOLA. O fie!

“DUCHESS. I could curse the stars.

BOSOLA. O fearful!

DUCHESS. And those three smiling seasons of the year
Into a Russian winter: nay, the world
To its first chaos.

BOSOLA. Look you, the stars shine still.

There is no place in this melancholy ruffian’s fancy for any “pathetic fallacy.”

Webster, however, has himself, on more than one occasion, explored the ultimate sources of pity. The scene where Giovanni tells his uncle of his mother’s death—of her patience, of her goodness, of her suffering—and those other scenes where Cornelia bewails the dead body of Marcello and is discovered winding his corpse, are passed over here, not because of any hesitation as to their intrinsic merit, but because they are, perhaps, as well known, through quotation, as any passages in Webster. I prefer, therefore, to dwell rather on the first scene of the second act of *The White Devil*, which deserves to be carefully studied, not merely because of the traces it affords of Webster’s consummately conscientious art, but because it further enshrines, in a typical setting of impatient anger and impetuous scorn, one of the loveliest and most tender pieces of female characterisation in the whole range of English poetry. Isabella, with Giovanni, is newly come to Rome, and is in her brother’s palace. Brachiano’s infatuation for *The White Devil* is now matter of common scandal; he has not yet troubled to visit his wife, but is momentarily expected; and Francisco and the Cardinal are waiting to rebuke him on the score of his infidelity. His arrival is announced, and Isabella retires, but not before beseeching her brother to entreat her erring husband mildly. Brachiano enters, and the Cardinal begs that what they have to say

may be listened to without passion. The Duke consents: he will be "as silent as i' the church," and he answers Monticelso's studiously moderate harangue with a curt and constrained acknowledgment: "You have said, my lord." Then he turns to Francisco:—

"Now you that are his second, what say you?
Do not like young hawks fetch a course about:
Your game flies fair and for you."

The angry challenge is angrily accepted. The Duchess's parting admonition is forgotten, and the bitter wrangling between the two brothers-in-law is only patched up into a hollow truce on the entrance of Giovanni. Afterwards, when Isabella and her husband are alone, the latter's anger again explodes:—

I wonder much
What amorous whirlwind hurried you to Rome.
ISA. Devotion, my lord.
BRACH. Devotion!
Is your soul charged with any grievous sin?
ISA. 'Tis burdened with too many; and I think,
The oftener that we cast our reckonings up
Our sleep will be the sounder.
BRACH. Take your chamber.
ISA. Nay, my dear lord, I will not have you angry:
Doth not my absence from you, now two months,
Merit one kiss.
BRACH. I do not use to kiss:
If that will dispossess your jealousy,
I'll swear it to you.
ISA. O, my lovèd lord,
I do not come to chide: my jealousy!
I am to learn what that Italian means.
You are as welcome to these loving arms
As I to you a virgin.

But Brachiano is not to be appeased. He repudiates his wife for ever; kisses her hand as the latest ceremony of his love; and bids her scornfully go and complain to her brother, the great Duke! Not even now is Isabella shaken from her loving kindness, and, rather than embroil her brother and husband, she is ready to take on her own shoulders the scandal of their separation. The others re-enter, and Francisco looks on in angry astonishment, whilst his sister repudiates, in simulated jealousy, all further relations with her husband, pronouncing the divorce in terms almost identical with those already used by Brachiano. The latter, selfish ruffian as he is, stands by in embarrassed silence, and the Duchess departs under the weight of her brother's denunciation that she is "a foolish, mad, and jealous woman." Mr. Swinburne doubts whether any woman could bring herself to act in this self-regardless manner. He is very

possibly right; but Isabella will still remain—even though a purely ideal conception—a prominent portrait in that wonderful gallery of lovely and enduring women, whose masterpieces are Desdemona and Imogen and Cordelia. After all, no better comment on the gentle loveliness of her nature can be needed than the momentary and half-repentant admission of the ruffianly Brachiano himself, wrung from him in the paroxysm of his anger by the irresistible claims of truth.

FRAN. Thou hast a wife—our sister: would I had given
Both her white hands to death, bound and locked fast
In her last winding-sheet, when I gave thee
But one!

BRACH. Thou hadst given a soul to God, then.

And Isabella, it must always be remembered, is Webster's own creation. The historic duchess of Brachiano is said to have been murdered, with her family's consent, on a suspicion of inconstancy!

From the contemplation of this gracious figure we pass to the study of her counterfoil and opposite. I can remember no other female figure in literature quite of the type of Vittoria Corombona. At once the loveliest and the most audacious of wantons, she is painted without a redeeming feature; her brilliant sarcasm and dazzling physical beauty irradiate with a blinding and baneful iridescence the pages through which she moves. She is a feminine and a worse Brachiano, without even the excuse of passion; a murderess by suggestion—an adulteress in fact—she is inspired only by a cold and calculating ambition. Dowered as she is with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, hers is a nature particularly congenial to the peculiar genius of Webster. The brilliant audacity and insolent assumption of innocence which carry her through the trial scene, culminate at last, when she is committed to the house of convertites, in a very lightning-flash of imperial anger—

“ It shall not be a house of convertites,
My mind shall make it honester to me
Than the Pope's palace, and more peaceable
Than thy soul, though thou art a cardinal.
Know this, and let it somewhat raise your spite,
Through darkness diamonds spread their richest light.”

Well might Monticelso complain that she came into the court “armed with scorn and insolence.” Well may Mr. J. A. Symonds write that “she is possessed with the cold demon of her own imperial and victorious beauty.”

Webster's two typical villains are men who have stripped themselves bare of the last vestiges of self-delusion; men who believe neither in God nor virtue, and who seem to derive an absolute pleasure from the spectacle of their own abandonment. There are

touches, thinks Mr. Swinburne, in the part of Flaminio, that suggest at least an unconscious reminiscence of Edmund in *King Lear*. This may well be the case, though I doubt whether Flaminio is capable of that redeeming spark of human sentiment in the breast of his dying prototype—

“ . . . Yet Edmund was beloved,”

which could spring only from the kingly brain and intense humanity of Shakespeare. There is nothing, perhaps, in the whole range of literature equal in its depths of appalling brutality to the cynical sneer of Flaminio when his mother openly wishes that she had never borne him—

“ So would I ;

I would the common'st courtesan in Rome
Had been my mother, rather than thyself.”

He is, in short, a self-acknowledged scoundrel, without shame and without regret.

Not content with prostituting his sister's honour, he taunts his mother with her honest poverty. “ I would fain know,” he says, as his only excuse for playing the part of pander, “ I would fain know where lies the mass of wealth you have hoarded for my maintenance.” And in answer to her startled query, “ Must we, because we are poor, be vicious,” he contents himself with re-stating the same vile position. He sneers at his soldier-brother's profession because it brings him little profit. His only trouble at the death of Brachiano is his fear of loss of patronage. He is comforted at the news that his sister has been left sole heiress to the Duke. He dies, like Bosola, “ in a mist ” ; but, unlike Bosola, without shadow of repentance, and bidding farewell to “ glorious villains.” The villainy of Bosola is of another order—equally self-conscious, but melancholy and self-reproachful. A little grain of conscience makes him sour. He remonstrates with Ferdinand on the score of the latter's cruelty ; yet he does not refuse, in a borrowed shape, to superintend at the Duchessa's murder. Even his repentance is curiously interwoven with the sting of unrewarded service. He hankers after the price of his crimes almost to the closing scene, and there is, perhaps, a double meaning in the Cardinal's parting sneer, as the two villains and Ferdinand lie dying on the rushes : “ Thou hast thy payment, too.” Bosola, in short, is a weaker scoundrel than Flaminio, but infinitely more human. This precious pair of rascals—the pander and the assassin—are the immediate and active agents for evil in their respective dramas ; the masters to whose violent passions they minister are framed, at least, in more heroic, if not less wicked, mould. Brachiano and Ferdinand are types of the excess of the aristocratic spirit—instances of Aristotle's *μεγαλοψυχία*, badly exaggerated into *χαυνότης*.

Webster, perhaps, with his radical leanings, knew very well what he was doing.

It remains only to attempt, very briefly, some general estimate of Webster's position. It is difficult to rank him with the greatest poets—with Shakespeare, for instance, or with Wordsworth. He neither breathes their large atmosphere nor contemplates their unclouded horizon; he is troubled by that "riddle of the painful earth" which the one puts quietly aside, and above which the other rises magnificently victorious. His scope is narrow, morbid, clouded; he is of the slopes, but they are of the summit. Except in rare moments of lyrical outburst, he is seldom a master of melody; his blank verse is constantly halting, and at best it seldom or never exhibits the harmonies of a great metrical artist. But in his own narrow sphere he speaks with an utterance which, among Elizabethan dramatists, is second only to the utterance of Shakespeare. For certain passions he finds expression of apparent perfection and finality. Especially he is the lord of the language of scorn, of insolence, of arrogant contempt, of pitiless self-disillusion. No man has ever better painted ruffians more absolutely and self-consciously vile—more utterly lost to shame and repentance. And few men have ever touched more cunningly the secret strings of pity, or drawn for us more vividly—

" Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand
The downward slope to death."

J. E. MORRIS.

SCHOOLS FOR STATESMEN.¹

IN the present age of advertisement, the publicity of newspaper announcement and the advice of leading articles have become indispensable adjuncts to any move in responsible statesmanship; with a sense of surprise, therefore, perhaps even of relief, one heard the other day of some representative peers on the Liberal side having met in the private house of one among their number, and having chosen in Lord Ribblesdale's library, as their chief, a nobleman who conspicuously perpetuates the solid and exemplary qualities of his historic ancestor, whose refusal of the premiership devolved that office exactly two-and-seventy years ago upon Lord Grey. Without the preliminary trumpet flourishes in the shape of inspired articles and paragraphic puffs, that preceded the Chesterfield manifesto, Lord Spencer quietly, last month at Bradford, took his party and the public into his political confidence.

"Between ourselves I should like to know your real opinion about Delane" (the great editor of *The Times*). "I think on the whole I would sooner wait till Delane is dead before answering." Such was the fragment of dialogue between Lord Beaconsfield and the late Lord Granville, on the famous editor's retirement from active duty in Printing House Square. The secret of Delane's peculiar influence generally had been less his leadership of public opinion than the manner in which his social opportunities and tact enabled him to focus and reflect in his newspaper what was thought and said by the contemporary makers of political history. Thus during the winter season of 1876, he chanced to meet at a London dinner-table, Sir Andrew Clark; casually remarked the great medicine man, "Lord Lytton wanted to know to-day my opinion on a tropical climate"; the next morning *The Times* was "in a position to announce" that Lord Lytton had been offered and accepted the viceroyship of India; that is a fair specimen of the manner in which the early and exclusive information of such journalistic value often finds its way into print. A shrewd and once well-known editor explained the relations of the press to public men by the figure of the philanthropic passenger who interferes in a street quarrel between a bullying husband and a weeping wife;—the conjugal disputants instead of thanking him combine their forces against the peacemaker, and set upon him; so the newspaper that, with any show of authority or in any tone of personal appeal, indicates to rival statesmen the composition of their dispute, will probably make the two adversaries its foes.

(1) *National Policy: an Address by the Earl of Rosebery*. 1901. A. L. Humphreys, Piccadilly. *Fitt*, by the Earl of Rosebery. Macmillan. 1891.

For good or evil, for support or attack on the policy of a party, or the position of an individual, the effect of the press to-day is not that described by Warrington in *Pendeennis*; this for two reasons. Owing to many causes, rooted in the social condition of the time, the collective and impersonal opinion of the newspaper is not now brought to bear upon events and men with its former precision and weight; the most casual reader can, or thinks he can, analyse and appraise at their true value the personal and component parts of the editorial "we." The literary staffs of Fleet Street are powerfully recruited from a social area much larger than ever before known; on the one hand may thus be a closer sympathy between all sections of national life and all grades of newspaper writers, on the other, while the vocation of journalism has been becoming more and more highly organised, the specialistic demands and tendencies of the day open more and more widely to experts of every degree the once closed doors of "our leading columns." A necessary result of that process has been the tearing aside of the thin remnant of the anonymous veil; that perhaps was rendered inevitable when *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, founded by the late Mr. Frederic Chapman, Mr. Digby Seymour, and one or two more, set the example of signed articles, in periodical letters; about that period, too, the large type letters from eminent hands in daily newspapers first threatened to take precedence of the unsigned "editorials." The older serials, from the great quarterlies to the minor miscellanies, had been organs of opinion; they became now platforms for the individual, they gave to the competent writer advantages never offered by the pamphlet; they made little pretence of advocating a fixed policy, or of harmonising the opinions of different contributors; the antagonisms of writers gave animation to their pages, and attracted readers to a combat of wits. The great daily newspapers all this time had been assimilating magazine features; considerable—for the most part evening—journals began to print their writers' names at the beginning or end of their special pieces; when this was not done new publicists were under no obligation of reserve as to the products of their pen. In the twentieth century the newspaper writers are only less numerous than the newspaper readers; the press is more representative than ever, and is a larger source of reputable and profitable employment to qualified aspirants, but the power of its impact upon affairs and men inevitably has diminished, as the old collectivity of the first person plural has withered, and the individual is more and more. The newspaper is always an enlightened exponent, on social questions always a formidable foe, less often an indispensable or even a highly effective ally. "What will ministers do?" used to be the question after reading the onslaught or the sermon in the *Thunderer*; "Why has So-and-so said this?" is rather the inquiry suggesting itself to the instructed reader to-day. Nor,

indeed, is that personage or any other of his class in the humour to be converted by the writer; the journal is read because it endorses rather than corrects the preconceptions of its patrons; for the most part, therefore, the press emphasizes opinion—seldom changes or even corrects it.

In the case of public men its function is different, and its notable instances show, may be as potent in our period as it ever could have proved. Among the nation's great leaders recently gone, none could affect indifference to the press; one at least largely, if not exclusively, owed to the most popular of modern newspapers the national idea of, and faith in, himself, which made his countrymen see in him the embodiment of those great qualities, his representation of which formed the secret of his power. The first "people's William," known to political history, was the son of Chatham, if not Chatham himself; that the second place in the line of succession fell to the extraordinary subject of Mr. John Morley's forthcoming biography was due to the *Daily Telegraph*, which first applied the words to him, which during the earlier years of that great career, not only proclaimed but to some extent created the uncrowned king. The almost superhuman versatility; the skill in administration; the genius in finance; the eloquence, effectively adaptable for occasions of all kinds, perhaps on the whole unsurpassed and unsurpassable, were, of course, there; but the statesman may need an interpreter as much as the Greek warrior required for immortality the services of the ordained bard. Newspaper exegesis alone rendered Mr. Gladstone perfectly intelligible even to the crowds who punctuated with their plaudits every sentence from the platform; old Mr. Thornton Hunt, the late Mr. James Macdonell, the surviving Sir Edwin Arnold, under the supreme powers of Peterborough Court,¹ being the statesman's interpreters, were in a sense his creators. To the last, his obligations to the newspaper were avowed by Mr. Gladstone; his great rival admitted similar obligations to *The Times*. The Runnymede letters during the early years of the Victorian epoch contained the attacks upon the Whigs which, together with his novels, were not less essential than the invectives against Peel for the early reputation of Disraeli; those letters had experienced several objections before they enjoyed the hospitality of the great newspaper. To the last Disraeli recognised the original obligation—during his reign the earliest official news always went to Blackfriars; nor did the great newspaper, even when opposing him, ever fail to observe the most studied courtesy to the statesman. A crucial instance of this understanding between the two powers was furnished in 1872

(1) At this distance of time it should perhaps be said that here were then the offices of the paper—Peterborough Court being used in a sense analogous to Printing House Square. As these lines are passing through the press, this newspaper alone has correctly reflected those more temperate Cabinet opinions on Irish Policy which will prevail.

when, to the exclusion even of the Party organs, *The Times* alone was able to print from the orator's own draft the full and exact version of the *sanitas sanitatum* speech, delivered the night before in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester.

The public man whose relations to the two parties of the State continue to attract interest is no exception to the rule that the public man cannot yet afford to dispense with newspaper support, effective for the most part as it is unsolicited. Mr. John Bright, during his most vigorous period, relied on no party organisation; he boasted that he had none, but he found it impossible to fight his battle against popular prejudices and sympathies without a newspaper at his back. The old *Morning Chronicle*, to which the future Lord Salisbury and Sir William Harcourt were both contributors, had been the champion of Sir Robert Peel and of Free Trade; so the *Morning Star* mitigated John Bright's sense of political solitariness by its distinction of being the single champion of the Manchester school known in Fleet Street; it was but yesterday that Lord Randolph Churchill, in Mr. Chenery's days, aimed at establishing for himself relations with Printing House Square, not altogether unlike those known by Disraeli. Lord Rosebery entered public life with an abundance of those qualities which ensured his popularity; inevitably, therefore, the press, which is popular or nothing, welcomed his appearance, and approvedly noticed each new achievement of the young peer, to whom sport seemed as natural as statesmanship; the tributes of journalistic goodwill were equally unanimous and spontaneous; it almost seemed the one untoward omen of a promising career that all the newspapers spoke well of him.

In 1894 came the question of the succession to Mr. Gladstone. Well-placed political observers on both sides had long known that the retiring premier had seen in the puissant Scotsman, who had placed him in the Midlothian seat, not only the qualities wanted for the place, but the one alternative to the personal rivalries which his own disappearance must excite, and which might indefinitely disturb the peace of his Party; eight years ago, therefore, the author of the Chesterfield manifesto had ceased to be the dark horse of Liberalism, heavily backed in intelligent quarters; he was increasingly recognised as the one Liberal in either House who would divide his followers the least. There was another reason, which must have prevented, and actually did prevent, any other possible claimant of the Liberal succession from then receiving many signs of public support or recognition. Mr. Gladstone's resignation was kept a technical secret long after it had been decided on and had become something more than privately known; to talk openly of the notoriously impending withdrawal, would, it was said by authoritative persons, with

a grave shake of the head, imply a disloyalty, or at least disrespect, to the abdicating chief; no meetings of the Party, either in or out of London; were held. Besides Lord Rosebery, Sir William Harcourt, as Mr. Gladstone's occasional and most experienced lieutenant in the House, was the only politician whom it would have occurred to any one to name in connection with the vacant office; this, too, was a politician who had begun his career at St. Stephen's over the Public Worship Bill of 1874, as a Gladstonian critic and a Disraelian follower. In anything like newspaper support Sir William Harcourt was altogether wanting; influential men among the constituencies would have been perplexed to define the exact Party to which he belonged. That distinguished Gladstonian incidentally, it may be observed, so far as concerned the mass of his countrymen, had first made his mark as a writer for the press. It is surely worth noticing, by the way, that to-day the Prime Minister and his two most formidable critics not only all began on the press, but were framed in the same journalistic school by an identical teacher. Lord Robert Cecil's articles in the *Saturday Review* attracted more attention than his essays in the *Quarterly*; at the same time Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley were receiving their instructions weekly from the same masterful editor, John Douglas Cook. For *The Times*, Sir William Harcourt did not write leading articles, nor did he at any time take the great newspaper's shilling. A private friend of Mr. Delane, he was one of several capable writers to whom, in the phrase of those days, the leading journal offered the "hospitality of its columns"; yet the letters signed "Historious," and those afterwards, with the single initial "H," in support of the Russell, that was also the Gladstone, variety of Liberalism, first familiarised countless readers with the literary style and the political ideas of a clever practitioner at the parliamentary bar. In the summer of 1894, no effort had been made by Sir William Harcourt's partisans to present his name in a persuasive context in the public press; the daily journal, whose Liberalism then seemed of a socialistic type, day after day advocated the Premiership of Lord Rosebery, with Mr. Asquith for his representative in the Commons, as the combination most likely to prove practically acceptable to the progressive section.

At Court as royalty's friend, as from his connection with the house of Rothschild the depository of the Beaconsfieldian tradition, Lord Rosebery could not fail to be specially acceptable; it was, therefore, and with good reason, universally expected that this particular Liberal peer would be "sent for." No private friendship between two able and ambitious men, whatever their disposition to mutual loyalty, in the existing state of human nature, could have borne the strain imposed on it by these incidents; the connection of Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt at the Home Office

(1881-3) had no doubt been marked by more than one episode, too frivolous to be recalled now, wherein the self-love of one had sustained rather more than a skin wound; during that period, too, between the Gladstone and Primrose families had arisen some coolness, especially out of Lord Rosebery's particularist Scot views, concerning which the final triumph lay with Dalmeny and not Hawarden. Here then, without raking up the dead ashes of back-stairs gossip, is the historical explanation of the imperfect sympathy in which, during the interval that separated the first acceptance of Liberal office in 1881 from his abdication of the leadership in 1896, Lord Rosebery found himself with Gladstonian Liberalism. An interval, not to be computed by the calendar, distinguishes the Whig nobleman who formed a Government in the last years of the nineteenth century from the detached Liberal critic of the twentieth. In his relations to the general body of official Liberalism, to his actual associates in the past, to his inspirers in the present or of an earlier day, to his possible colleagues hereafter, Lord Rosebery has undergone a noticeable change; here it may be of interest to consider his progress and position, as marking stages in the educational course through which statesmen often pass, and as suggesting some among the creative and formative influences whence spring the political ideas to which they give practical expression.

The Chesterfield manifesto of last December was apologetically described by its author as a skeleton, not a speech; artistically regarded it forms not merely a matured sequel to the *William Pitt* of eleven years ago, but a practical and exceedingly interesting application of the political principles grouped and expounded in that monograph. Lord Rosebery made his first appearance on a public platform as Chairman of the Social Science Congress in 1874, being then a young man of seven-and-twenty; "it is the speech," was the comment of one who knew him well but had never heard him before, "of one on whom no moral of history or hint of experience will ever be lost." Since then he has consistently refused all invitations to write in those periodicals wherein it has become the fashion for young politicians of quality to graduate; he has preferred, and as presently will be seen, to some purpose, being taught by the political reviewers to taking his place among them. As for the *Life of Pitt*, that is his *Hamlet*; the Pitt of the book is himself; that earlier manifesto in fact belongs to the same limited class of biography of which Napoleon III.'s *Julius Cæsar* is the best known among modern specimens. The statesman's first duty of understanding the temper of his country, together with the universal tendency of his time, of correctly estimating the power of the instruments and opportunities that fall to his lot, above all of so employing these and so harmonising the various and differing agents at his disposal, that in all departments the

highest efficiency shall be secured ;—such were the principal teachings educed by the twentieth-century ex-minister from the course of his eighteenth-century predecessor ; by these teachings Lord Rosebery has practically shown his desire to profit. The monograph contains, as for its author's guidance, for the most part in a highly epigrammatic form, generalisations from the experiences of Pitt that explain or justify the action of Lord Rosebery. The wisdom of holding aloof from political organisations which fail to gather up within themselves the energies of a party, or to heal the inveterate disease of its divided councils, was realised by the statesman of the eighteenth century ; it is being exemplified by his biographer in the present day. The proprietary principles by alternate Whig and Tory administrations were cleverly employed by Pitt to the sovereign's satisfaction, in so far as he found himself relieved of Fox, as well as to the minister's credit and the nation's good. Not, indeed, professedly, but none the less really, Lord Rosebery finds himself engaged in a like difference with the actual possessors and the titular claimants of political power to-day.

Thackeray, in a well-known passage, describes the effect upon Major Pendennis of a chance meeting in Pall Mall with the great captain under whom he had served in the Peninsular ; the " How-dö, Pendennis ? " and the extended finger-tips, vouchsafed by the Iron Duke, at once caused the other veteran to erect his body, to cock his hat, and generally to copy the air of Wellington during the rest of the walk. The son of Chatham is a statesman who has always stimulated the mimetic aptitudes of his admirers ; his deportment, when receiving deputations, is known to have been copied by Mr. Disraeli, who also successfully reproduced Pitt's inexhaustible patience and hopefulness under circumstances which wear out such qualities in smaller men. The power of serenely waiting for a great opportunity, and so at last seeming literally to command success, is that which most impressed Lord Beaconsfield's casual observers ; it naturally moved the admiration of the receptive and ambitious young Scot, who was able to study the most attractive political genius of his day under circumstances specially favourable as Baron Lionel Rothschild's guest at Gunnersbury.

Disraeli and Pitt, at certain points of their course, are both suggestive instances of the circumstances, external to themselves, in which at all times English statesmen have found the inspirations that it becomes their life-work to translate into history ; Disraeli's early Radicalism not only coloured his own Conservatism, it became the parent of the Tory democracy, whose last considerable propagandist was Lord Randolph Churchill ; Disraeli himself, in some curiously prophetic remarks about Bismarck, of whom he had known, while yet a duel-fighting, beer-drinking student, showed how the germs of State achievements, legislative or diplomatic, must

be looked for anywhere else rather than with the men traditionally credited with them. Pelham, in 1753, by the measure bearing Lord Hardwicke's name, mitigated the Fleet marriages scandals without the initiating pressure of any special organisation, whether of a coterie or a people; his idea of checking the homicidal consumption of gin, popularised after 1688, came to nothing from the want of a friendly lead in the country. The famous conversation between Pitt and Wilberforce on the Slave Trade beneath the old oak at Keston only proved the forerunner of humanitarian reform when Pitt had passed away, and the efforts of his more enthusiastic friend had at length created the machinery which set Westminster in motion; Parliamentary Reform and Free Trade are only the two most familiar instances of a generation by students and theorists of the legislative notions, for which the professional legislators have only done something when the long awaited direction and energy had been supplied from outside. A certain historical instinct and sense of political proportion are nature's gifts to the framer of the Chesterfield manifesto; the voluminous commentators on it have not noticed its apparent indebtedness to other teaching. No one, however, on again looking at it, can fail to recognise in it the product of those influences which animate the *Anticipations* of Mr. Wells, and the more definitely political propaganda of Mr. Sidney Webb; if in these pages anything that might savour of egotism were not to be deprecated, we might perhaps discover the first source of the Derbyshire declaration in a Paper published some seven or eight years ago in these pages under the title, "To your Tents, O Israel"; the opinions brought together under that heading reappeared more recently in another quarter; the authentic gospel of Mr. Webb's coterie seems to be contained in the well-known little volume on the Factory Acts (Mr. Grant Richards). To the question whether these gentlemen really have it in their power to influence responsible statesmen, the Chesterfield speech is the practical answer; the magazinist may almost be said to have forced a card which the orator played; whether "world politics" and industrial collectivism furnished forth a programme with which to win, the next General Election alone can show. Not, indeed, that Lord Rosebery, any more than was his reflection of himself in his *Pitt*, is a collectivist; like Chatham's son, he still believes in Adam Smith; his later address at Swansea shows him to be free from all socialist infection of the Webb variety, as well as a sound supporter of old-fashioned rate-paying orthodoxy; the motive of the Swansea speech may perhaps have been that the public orator of the Empire desired to dissociate himself from the municipal socialism of Mr. Webb and his friends. That these gentlemen have made themselves a political force can scarcely be doubted by anyone who recognises facts,

or who is acquainted with the Fabian tactics; their procedure differs importantly from that adopted by other socialist reformers. For the most part, the socialist society has been conceived of as a political organisation for finally enlisting in its own ranks a majority, in peaceful times, of voters at the polling-booths; at stormier epochs, of combatants at the barricades: this done, the association has taken in hand to reform the world; its executive has superseded the Cabinet, the Chancellery, or the Throne, according to the nature of the polity to be purified and recast. The reformers, now for convenience's sake indicated as Fabians, from the first set their faces against these revolutionary traditions; composed largely of middle-class people, represented by a committee of upper division Civil servants, journalists, and of people knowing a little of society, they first set to work to express socialistic principles in political terms, understood of practical Englishmen; they then ingeniously laboured to graft their ideas on the policies of existing parties, and to prompt their chiefs much as his clerk prompts the magistrate. Instead of making titular proselytes of Liberals and Conservatives, the Fabians apparently merge themselves in the organisations on either side; this, indeed, was not entirely original on their part, but rather the adaptation of those tactics of "permeation" which some twenty years ago, when he represented Chelsea, Sir Charles Dilke impressed so sedulously upon his electors. For instance, Mr. G. B. Shaw joined one of the Liberal or Radical associations in London; he thus induced the local candidate for St. Stephen's to move at an insignificant little meeting a string of seemingly innocent resolutions, drawn up for the purpose by Mr. Webb. The candidate saw to his surprise next morning a newspaper of Fabian sympathies proclaiming these resolutions the beginning of a revolt against the Liberal front bench; a little later the proposals grew into the Newcastle Programme, which, by the way, prepared a nail for the Liberal coffin. The cleverest stroke of work done by the Fabians was the invention of the progressive party in municipal politics. In 1887 had been established County Councils; few people had much idea of what they were really worth, still less of what they were going to do: the Fabian Society saw its opportunity, issued a leaflet of "Questions for County Councillors," and established itself as a political force to be reckoned with—not till then, after they had been at work nine years, did the Press discover that the Fabians were attempting to influence the new local bodies.

Coningsby contains a clever sketch of the three or four young gentlemen who daily lunched together off soda water and a blue-book, and fancied themselves a political party; the novelist was afterwards to ridicule Sir Robert Peel's Free Trade scheme as "Popkins's Bill"; a reminiscence of veritable history might have been:

detected in the taunt; documentary proof exists that the idea of the Household Franchise Bill of 1868 originated neither with Lord Derby, still less with Disraeli, but had first been suggested in a very curious letter, received by Disraeli from Henry Drummond, after the Conservative Government of 1859 had been formed. In the same way, only since his biography by Mr. Graham Wallas saw the light, has it been realised that Francis Place, the Charing Cross tailor, had as much to do with the Reform Bill of 1832 as any other single man, though, as Place's project instead of the patrician Grey's, an aristocratic faction would scarcely have forced it through Parliament. Place's biographer, it may perhaps here be noticed, formerly was a very active member of the Fabian executive; he is now Chairman of the General Management Committee of the London School Board: so Mr. Webb has become a county councillor and Mr. Shaw a borough councillor. Perhaps the historical inspirer of the Fabian methods should also be described as the same Francis Place; the leading ideas of his biographer had at least been given in the *Fabian Essays* long before they were elaborated in the tailor's memoir. This little coterie of strenuous propagandists is of little consequence now, except to the curious historian; its work is done; its ideas have ceased to be its exclusive property; its leading members have reached middle-age; the rising generation looks less to Mr. Wallas and to Mr. Webb than to Mr. H. G. Wells, whose already mentioned *Anticipations* are steadily being transfigured into a political energy that may become not only what the Fabian teachers have been, but also what John Locke's political writings were to the thinkers and statesmen of the Revolution period, or what Adam Smith in his *Wealth of Nations* was to Pitt himself. As for the Fabians in the present era of universal Imperialism, unless, with the energy of new blood, they can combine a practicable and constitutional foreign policy, which shall be to the old internationalism of their communist manifesto what the progressive programme is to the Utopias of Fourier, they will find a place on the same shelf as the Cobden Club.

The orthodox and traditional source of the political ideas that in time become political facts is Parliament or the Press. To-day both of these have become representative, less of opinions than of interests; the former has been more or less disorganised, if not demoralised, since the political confusion consequent upon Mr. Gladstone's disintegration of the Party system. The sentiments generated by, or grouping themselves round, factions and persons, have been and continue to be bitter and blinding; day by day the dividing line between the newspapers on either side becomes less and less that marked by political feeling, and increasingly identifies itself with the temper entertained towards individual chiefs; the entire cause of the Empire embodies itself in Mr. Chamberlain; the only security against

disgrace abroad and anarchy at home is adhesion to Lord Salisbury or Mr. Balfour. The connection between these pillars of the State on the one hand, and the city or the mart on the other, is necessarily close; even could the genuine desires of a nation on any great issue of the moment be entertained, the machinery for giving effect to them might not be found to work.

The representation of interests, in the modern meaning of the word, at St. Stephen's began with the political power exercised at home by the West Indian planters and traders in the eighteenth century; a little later came the parliamentary ascendancy of the nabobs (he of Arcot alone, according to Pitt, returned eight members). The first decade of the Victorian era saw the supremacy of the railway kings; so matters went on until a forgotten satirist of the last century, in a clever "Letter to Benjamin Disraeli," could deplore the disappearance of the squires and the advent in their place of "Brewers and bankers, birds of evil omen, enormous fellows, with immense abdomens; flashy directors, with their diamond rings, lo, here the sum of our six hundred kings." There is, of course, some poetic exaggeration in this; the men, who as shire-knights were the backbone and nucleus of the popular Chamber, who bore the brunt in its debates, who were the founders of parliamentary speaking, are still to be found; to-day a thoroughly typical country gentleman is Chancellor of the Exchequer. At this moment, however, with expenditure going up by leaps and bounds, with daily and nightly scenes, not limited to the Irish members, with the necessity of a fresh gag in view, no one would speak of the House of Commons as either respected or popular; its want of popularity might perhaps be cited as, according to the Disraelian dictum in *Coningsby*, a tribute to its puissance; as for the other quality, it is unfortunately the case that, when this assembly loses, together with the affection, the consideration of the public, it forfeits self-respect as well. So was it under William III., in the period of the Kentish Petition, and of Daniel Defoe's "Legion" memorial. At the beginning of the twentieth century the leaders of the House threw doubt upon its value, and upon the representative principle generally. The First Lord of the Treasury, about a year ago, referred a member, asking a question of retrospective interest, to the parliamentary report in *The Times*; he now treats as below consideration the constituency whose peccant member's delay in apologising for a technical offence for the time disfranchises it. Its conventional reputation as "the best club in London," and its constitutional functions as the manufactory of Statute Law, will prevent some new Cromwell from turning the key in the lock that guards the lobby, and putting up a notice in Palace Yard, "These Premises to Let"; but if, as Mr. Balfour had implied, the publicity, ensured by the news-

paper, is as useful as the talk within the Chamber, the logical conclusion of the First Lord's concern for the easy dining of Parliament men would be to transform St. Stephen's itself into a cycling school, or a covered golf-ground for rainy weather. *

It used to be said by Lord Sherbrooke in his Robert Lowe days—and, as a writer of them, he ought to have known—that the secret of the power possessed by *The Times* under Delane was that its leading articles faithfully reproduced the conversational remarks of clever and well-informed society on the subjects of the hour; nor can one read books like Henry Taylor's, Archibald Alison's, or Henry Reeve's *Memoirs* without perceiving the truth of the observation, and reflecting that the political notions, hereafter embodied in parliamentary Acts, have perhaps generally been brought to the birth in the intimate talk of thoughtful and far-seeking men of the world. In these matters, and particularly just now, there is good reason for rating highly this mode of political genesis. In the October number, 1882, of this periodical, over the signature "Two Conservatives," all the latest successes of that party were shown to have been due to the free exercise of local and decentralised energies; in 1868 electoral arrangements had been left to the London managers; the result was a long period of Gladstonian omnipotence; six years later the initiative was taken by the politicians, most able and influential, in their respective neighbourhoods; the formerly defeated party was then restored to power as well as place with the first working majority it had mustered at St. Stephen's since the period of Peel. Now *les idées Churchilliennes* are constantly showing their posthumous vitality to be greater than the authority they possessed in their founder's lifetime; the single principle animating and connecting the attempts at educational reform, already made or about to be shown forth in any future bill, is the expediency of transferring from Whitehall to local bodies the decision upon the varying provisions best suited for changing conditions of place and time; if the Government ventured to deal with Licensing Reform one may safely predict that the method chosen will be another adaptation of the Churchillian doctrine. The recent disappearance of Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett suggests another instance of the diffusive and energising force that may reside in the political views of a diminutive coterie, not taken quite seriously, while it was still actively in evidence. Had this once notorious and successful *Frondeur*, the hero of a thousand platforms, not mismanaged his affairs and died in obscurity, he might have been honoured with a statue as a constitutional worthy, with the Colonial Secretary heading the list of subscribers; for a simple fact of history it is that, fresh from a visit to the Swazis of South Africa, and his glowing reception by that enthusiastic tribe, the departed patriot first pointed out the danger to his hosts of

extermination by the Boers, and impressed on the Colonial Office the moral necessity of taking the offensive towards the Transvaal.

The Church, the land, the privileged classes, above all the fighting interests, used to be called the fixed rallying centres of Conservative organisation. The reaction of Anglo-Indian convictions or prejudices upon life and thought at home has of late been intensified by the growing interest to the entire middle classes of the Indian Civil Service, and of the Indian Staff Corps as careers; the appointment, in Sir C. P. Ilbert, of a past legal member of the Viceroy's Council to the Clerkship of the House of Commons, may serve to remind us of the facilities now existing for the penetration of our European polity by ideas first planted in an Asiatic soil. At Chesterfield Lord Rosebery mentioned the impotence of Parliament as the chief public danger of the time; together with the consideration here summarised, that debility, if it be a fact, may prepare us for the intellectual forces that are to rule British statesmanship, to look anywhere else than to their reputed cradle in the Houses at Westminster.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.